This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

https://books.google.com

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 00918099 7

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

VWZH

+

Dragon

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 1 SINGAPORE, NOVEMBER 1st, 1886. [Price 10 cents

To Our Readers.

In the year 1878, owing to the Battalion being ordered home from India, "*The Dragon*" was discontinued; but the Editor has much pleasure in announcing to his numerous friends and subscribers that "*The Dragon*" has again revived, and with the support it has hitherto received from them, he hopes to be able to issue a copy on the 1st of each month at the small cost of 10 cents.

A somewhat weary and belated traveller was wandering on the heights of Bukit Timah—the shades of evening were falling, the sun was rapidly retreating in the west! The traveller paused, his footsteps were arrested, he stood entranced with the beauty of the scene. Suddenly he became aware of a stirring, a rustling among the leaves. An indescribable feeling of awe came over him. C-r-r-ash! The thunder rolled—the lighting flashed—its vivid glare shot across the horizon; the storm demon and his legions were abroad! All nature seemed convulsed. High aloft between two giant clouds there appeared a wondrous form to the half-paralyzed gaze of the traveller—it was the mighty "*Dragon*" of The Buffs! Darting fire from his nostrils and lashing his sides with his tail, he gave a roar heard above the thunder, and from his mighty throat went forth the word "*Resurgam*"! The traveller fell with his face to the earth; when he came round the storm had passed away, and the moon was shining brightly from the dark blue vault of heaven.

Yes, it would appear from this awful manifestation, that the proud old Dragon sniffs the battle from afar, and proclaims his right to make his voice heard once again after seven years of *otium cum dignitate*. Perhaps, with his more than mortal instincts, he sees with prophetic eye, at no distant future, the tattered banners triumphant on the breeze, and The Buffs covered with gore and glory, on some well fought and hardly won field of victory in Central Asia.

Veteri Frondescit Honore.

Musketry.—During the month of October, owing to the rifle-range being under repair, no shooting could take place.

Digitized by Google

The Buffs' Annual Athletic Sports.

THE annual Athletic Sports and Assault-at-Arms of The Buffs, which were held at Tanglin on the 18th and 19th instant, by kind permission of Colonel Blacksley, Commanding, were the best contested sports that have been held for years. Every event was keenly fought for, and a finer body of athletes we have never seen in any Regiment stationed here.

Sir Fredk., Lady Weld, and the Misses Weld honored the assembly with their presence on the second day, also a large number of the *élite* of Singapore was present. Fortune favoured them with fine weather after rather a dull morning, and consequently the ladies brightened the meeting by appearing in very pretty and gay costumes. The magnificent Band of the Regiment was present, and contributed greatly to the pleasure of the spectators and performers. The hospitality of the officers was as usual highly appreciated, and the Sports wound up with a quiet little dance given by the Sergeants, which was kept up until an early hour on Wednesday morning. The usual "Aunt Sally" suffered a great deal of knocking about, and caused considerable amusement as was evidenced by the uproarious laughter every time she was hit.

A word of praise is also due to the able and efficient manner in which the Stewards, Starter, Umpires, and Clerks of the Course carried out their various duties, their decisions never having been questioned. The prizes were kindly distributed by Mrs. Reeves.

There were several events open to the Garrison, and we were sorry to see so few entries but trust that more will be made at the next meeting, which will probably be given by the Royal Artillery.

The following officers took charge of the arrangements on both days.

Stewards—Colonel J. Blaksley, Major C. E. Reeves, Major N. Newnham Davis.

Starter—Quarter Master J. W. Coombes.

Umpires—Lieut R. E. Philips, Qr-Mr-Sergt. H. C. Cumber, Color Sergeant J. Bennell.

Clerks of the Course—Lieut. and Adjt R. ard, Sergt-Major J. W. Cook.

FIRST DAY'S PROGRAMME.

Throwing Cricket Ball—First, Pte. Wardle (94 yards 2 feet); second Pte. Wickens.

Long Jump—First, Pte. Walker (17 feet 5 inches); second, Pte. Gallagher: third, Pte. James.

Walking Match 1 mile—First, Pte. Cullen; second, Pte. Maynard. A splendid race from the beginning, Cullen winning easily by 20 yards. Time 10mins.

Half Mile Flat Race—First, Corpl. Watkins; second, Pte. Bell; third, Pte. Wethersby. A good race, Corpl. Watkins, having it all his own way. Pte. Bell a good second. Won by 2 yards. Time 2 mins. 30 secs.

120 yards Flat Race, Privates—First, Pte. Dyke; second, Pte. Woodward; third, Pte. Gardiner. Dyke made the running and breasted the tape 2 yards in front of Woodward with Gardiner close up. Time 13½secs.

200 yards Flat Race, N.-C. Officers—First, Corpl. Reynolds; second, Corpl. Tomlin; third, Corpl. Watkins. Corpl. Reynolds won easily by five yards, a yard between 2nd and 3rd. Time 22secs.

100 yards Boys under 17—First, Boy Davies; second, Boy Cooper. Time 13secs.

120 yards Flat, Sergeants—First, Sergt. Talbot; second, Sergt. McFarlane; third, Col.-Sergt. Gardner. Won by 2 yards; same distance between 2nd and 3rd. Time 14secs.

100 yards Flat, open to Garrison, Navy and Police—First, Corpl. Martin, M. S. C.; second, Corpl. Reynolds, The Buffs; third, Pte. Gardiner, The Buffs. A capital race between Martin and Reynolds. Martin winning by about a yard and a half, 5 yards between second and third. Time 10½secs.

Bayonet *v.* Bayonet—First, Corpl. Eaton; second, Sergt. McFarlane.

Bayonet *v.* Sword—First, Drmr. Bailey; second, Corpl. Eaton.

120 yards Flat, Corporals—First Corpl Reynolds; second, Corpl. Alexander; third, Corpl. Tomlin. Won easily by five yards; two yards divided second and third. Time 13½secs.

100 yards Flat, Regiment—First, Cpl. Reynolds; second, Pte. Dyke third, Pte. Gardiner. Corpl. Reynolds was the last off the scratch, but won a good race on the tape. Not a yard between the first three men. Time 11secs.

Teams of Bayonet Exercise—First, A Company; second, C Company.

Tug-of-war, Regiment—First, E Company; second, H Company, Pulled through a ditch of water. Won by E Company after a very severe pull.

1 mile Flat Race, Regiment—First, Corpl. Watkins and Pte Wethersby dead heat; second, Pte. Wilson. A good race won by two yards. Time 5 mins. 30secs.

SECOND DAY.

Polo Jump—First, Pte. Evans (8 ft. 2in.); second, Pte Perry.

120 yards Flat, Old soldiers—First, Corpl Fisher; second, Col.-Sergt Bennell; third, Pte. Paton. Won easily by two yards; five yards between 2nd and 3rd.

¼ Mile open to Regiment—First, Corpl. Reynolds; second, Corpl. Watkins; third, Pte. Gardiner. Won easily by two yards; four yards between 2nd and 3rd. Time 56secs.

120 yards Marching Order Race—First, Pte. Dyke; second, Pte. Davis; third, Pte. Stanton. Won easily by 2 yards, a foot between 2nd and 3rd.

Putting 24lb. Shot—First, Pte. Leake (28 ft. 8 in.); seconde Corpl Eaton.

High Jump—First, Boy Wilson (4 ft. 9 in.); second, Corpl. Alexander.

Fencing—First, Corpl. Eaton; second, Col.-Sergt. Bennell.

120 yards Hurdles 10 flights—First, Pte. Gardiner; second, Pte. Gallagher; third, Pte Walker. Good race, Gardiner winning easily.

Tilting at the ring—First, Pte. Wardle; second, Sergt. McFarlane. A very amusing incident. A bucket full of water is placed on a horizontal bar with a board fastened to the bottom, a hole being made through the board. One man drives another in a wheelbarrow, who endeavours to put a lance through the hole; and if he fails the bucket turns over, with the result that both men are wetted through.

¼ Mile open to Garrison—1st, Corpl. Reynolds, second, Corpl. Watkins; third, Pte. Gardiner. Corpl. Reynolds made the running from the commencement of the race, and running very strong to the finish won by 10 yards, 5 yards separating 2nd and 3rd. Time 51secs.

Single Sticks—First, Corpl. Eaton; second, Drmr. Bailey.

Sack Race, 80 yards—First, Pte. Hallett; second, Drmr. Cooper.

Sparring—First, Corpl. Scott; second, Sergt. McFarlane.

Tug-of-war, open—First, The Buffs.

Obstacle Race, ½ mile—First, Corpl. Watkins; second, Pte. Hallett; third, Corpl. Alexander. Hallett led by 10 yards until coming to the last obstacle, a pond, when he got stuck in the mud, and Corpl. Watkins passed, winning easily.

Consolation Race, 220 yards—First, Pte. Baker; second, Pte. Cheeseman; third, Pte. Lane. Baker made the running from the start and won easily by two yards; a yard between 2nd and 3rd.

Digitized by Google

Tug-of-war, Officers and Staff Sergeants *v.* Sergeants—Best of three pulls.—The Sergeants wininng on the third try, all, with one or two exceptions having been pulled through the ditch. The wary Sergeants who did not go through were treated to a ducking by their comradres in a muddy pond afterward which caused a great deal of amusement.

Officers' Obstacle Race.—First, Lieut Bayard ; second, Lieut Pemberton ; third, Lieut Hunter. A very amusing race ; it consisted of jumping hurdles, drinking soda and whiskey going through coloured sacks, putting on a mask and cocked hat, riding a chair twenty yards, trundling a hoop, and through a pond.

EXTRA EVENT.

Colonel Blaksley, the gallant commander of The Buffs, gave a Silver Watch for the best soldier within 10lbs of 11 stone either way, in the followieg series of events, viz:—

Putting a 24lb shot
250 yards flat race
Sparring with gloves

This prize was won by Corporal Reynolds, who is really a first-rate all around athlete, and deserved great praise ; he also having won as many events as he was allowed, by the regimental rules during the meeting, his time for all his events being very good.

Corporal Watkins also is a very good runner, but unfortunately was too light to compete in the above event.

Corporal Martin gave an exhibition race of 100 yards against time on Tuesday. He had two men to make the running for him, and succeeded in cutting the tape in 10 and three-fifths secs, timed by three watches. This was slightly over his performance in the Garrison 100 yards run on Monday.—*Straits Times.*

THE CHILDREN'S SPORTS.

By kind permission of Colonel Blaksley, the sports for the School children, under the able management of Schoolmaster and Mrs. Whittle came off on Saturday, October 16th, upon the Recreation Ground and by the laughter and happy faces of the little ones they seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves, and also enjoyed the good cake, sweets, &c., so kindly provided by the Colonel. The various races resulted as follows:—

100 yards Handicap for all School Children—First , Charles Cumber ; second Herbet Cumber ; third, Arthnr Orr.

100 yards Skipping Race for Girls—First, Charlotte Green ; second, Charlotte Cumber ; third, Jane Green.

Skipping Competition—First, Cecelia Cumber ; second, Jane Green; third, Charlotte Cumber.

200 yards for Band and Drmr. Boys attending School—First Drmr. Davis; second Band Boy Featherston ; third Drmr. Cooper.

100 yards Quadruped Race—Handicap all Boys. First, Herbert Cumber ; second, Arthur Orr ; third, Robert Cook. A very amusing race, the boys having to run on all fours, some of them getting very many falls during the course, one little chap turning right round and running back to the starting post.

Hop, Step and a Jump—First, Herbert Cnmber : second, A Orr.

The proceedings wound up by Mrs. Reeves kindly distributing the prizes, and the little ones giving three cheers for Colonel Blaksley and officers, Mrs. Reeves and ladies, and Schoolmaster and Mrs. Whittle.

GENERAL'S INSPECTION.

H E Major-General W. G. Gameron, C. B., Commanding China, Hong-Kong and the Straits Settlements, inspected the Battalion on 24th, 25th, 27th, and 29th of September last, and it was one of the minutest inspections that they have had for years. He very frequently expressed his approbation at the manner in which the outdoor work was performed in his presence, and, at the conclusion of his last parade, congratulated the Battalion on the highly satisfactory state he found them in, expressing a hope that when called upon to do their duty in Central Asia it would be done as efficiently and willingly as the theoretical part had been done before him.

The latest General Order from the Salvation Army is published for information :—

1. 9. 86—It having been brought to the notice of the Staff Council of the Salvation Army, that Lieutenants expected head-quarters to consent to their courting and engagements, and that instead of trying to qualify themselves for captains, their thoughts and attentions were directed to their sweet-hearts they have just issued the following stringent order.

"That in furture no sanction will be given to courting or any engagement of any male lieutenant. He must get promoted to the rank of captain before anything of the kind can be recognised. No captain is to expect head-quarters consent to his marriage either after two years service or more, unless he has proved himself an efficient and successful officer, and is backed by his divisional officer, who, in consenting to his marriage, must agree to give him three stations. In future, no marriage will be agreed to by head-quarters unless we have consented to the engagement at least 12 months before. The old rules remain in force, that there must be at least 12 months' service in the field as a commissioned officer before any engagement can be sanctioned. Communications with regard to engagements must be made to the divisional officers, who will refer the matter to head-quarters."

Digitized by Google

BIRTHS.

GREEN.—29th October, 1886, the wife of Pioneer Sergeant J. Green, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

SIMPSION.—19th October, 1886, Corpl. C. Simpson, of Pneumonia.

THE MAILS.

THE mails for the United Kingdom are expected to leave as follows —

Monday, November 1st by P & O.
" " 9th by M M.
" " 15th by P & O.
" " 22nd by M M.
" " 29th by P. & O.

The mails for the United Kingdom are expected to arrive as follows:—

Wednesday, November 3rd. by M M.
Thursday, November 11th, by P. & O.
Wednesday, November 17th, by M M.
Thursday, November 25th, by P. & O.
Parcels by Post are only carried on the P. & O boats.

OUR TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

We are glad to see our Total Abstinence Society getting on so well, and under such good supervision as Corporal Burrows hope to see it flourish more so.

At present there are 42 enrolled members eight of whom joined in the past month, who pay an entrance fee of 10 cents and a monthly subscription of 20 cents. They have a very nice little bungalow where meetings are held monthly, and where the members can pass their spare evenings away, reading the latest news from home in a variety of papers, or playing indoor games, &c. All are invited by the President to join Refreshments, such as lemonade &c. can be purchased at a very small cost. At present they have a balance in hand of $18, which is very creditable to its committee of management, and we hope, on the arriaval of the Battalion in India, to see the society prosper as well, if not better, than here.

RAJA BROOKE.

Many of our readers must have noticed the portrait of the celebrated Raja Brooke on numerous coins at present in circulation in Singapore. We have not space to give a detailed account of the old chief, but possibly a short sketch of his life may not be uninteresting.

James Brooke was the son of a Bengal civilian and at the age of sixteen received a commission in the army of *John Company*, but a protracted illness, caused by a wound received in the first Burmese war, compelled him, after a short time, to retire into civil life. During the next five years our hero led a most restless speculative career. As Dryden says of Buckingham—

"A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome,
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was Chymist, Fiddler, Statesman and Buffoon;
Then all for women, rhyming, drinking,
And a thousand freaks, that died in thinking."

However, when the fickle goddess appeared to have forsaken him altogether, his father died and left him the comfortable fortune of £30,000. Brooke immediately invested in a yacht, and at the close of 1838 started for Borneo with the fixed intention of counteracting the Dutch policy in the Eastern Archipelago, civilising the natives and extending British influence. In 1839 he landed at the capital of Sarawak, and by his tact of pluck, induced the Raja, y'clept Muda Hassim, to hand over to him his government and powers. Brooke's philanthropy was now put to a severe test, and it did not, we are afraid, come scathless through the ordeal. There is little doubt he certainly aspired to the suppression of robebry and murder and slavery, but at the same time he had in his mind's eye the formation of an absolute monarchy. He ultimately succeeded in both his objects, and the story of how the petty monarch spent his revenue of £6,000, how he drew up his code of law and even invented a religion, reads like a romance in these matter of fact days. In 1846, Lubuan, of which Borneo is a dependency, was annexed by the English Government, and

Digitized by Google

Brooke, now in the full tide of his prosperity, went home to find himself an object of universal admiration. He was received at Windsor, made a K.C.B., freedoms of cities were hurled at his head, every learned society and club claimed him as a member; in short, for a brief period he was lionised by peers and commons Brooke returned to the East surfeited with applause and flattery and a royal commission in his pocket. But, alas, the many-headed is fickle in its favours! A speculating gentleman called Wise, sent letters home telling tales of rapine and cruelty. Hume and Cobden poured forth floods of eloquence in the House of Commons inveigling against the unprincipled adventurer, and poor Brooke lost his title of Consul General.

Misfortunes never come singly. Worse than the rabid attacks of local editors, and the invectives of philanthropic members of Parliament, was an insurrection of the Chinese gold diggers, and the unlucky Raja was driven an outcast into the jungles. By dint of wonderful feats, Brooke partially recovered his former position, but his day was over, and he returned home in 1858 The remainder of his career is rather sad. The old chief was struck with paralysis, and although he sufficiently recovered to visit again the scenes of his former triumphs, the fire and energy of his character had all but disappeared. Finally Brooke settled in Devonshire, where he enjoyed a quiet domestic life until, in June 1868, he gently passed away.

SERGEANTS' QUADRILLE PARTY.

The Warrant and Non-commissioned Officers, members of the Sergeants' Mess, gave a Quadrille Party on the 15th October, which was held in the large room next to the mess.

The Commandant and Mrs Ryan honored the party with their presence, and also several ladies and officers of the Battalion. Dancing was kept up with great vigour until 4 a m. on Saturday morning. The Sergeant Major made a very good MC. Sergt. Dray and Color-Sergt Gardner deserve a word of praise for the decorations which were very tastefully done.

Correspondence.

To The Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

Having seen in the *Straits Times* of the 25th ultimo, that Pte Cullen of "A" Co credits himself with walking one mile in 7 mins. 15 secs. I am quite willing to make a small bet (say $5) that he cannot walk over exactly the same course in eight minutes on any day he likes. Should he be willing to take up this bet I would like to hear from him.

A. H. Baker.

A NEW INVENTION.

To The Editor of the Dragon.

Sir,

Through the medium of your paper I wish to make it known to the troops in garrison generally, that I have in my possession a new invention in the shape of a model of a cartridge for the better defence or use of Her Majesty's soldiers in the time of war, combining powder and dynamite. My argument for this invention is why should not dynamite be used in time of war, in the shape of my invention with good effect, and I guarantee that a few shots well directed, would soon despatch a detached party of twenty or thirty men, or put them into such confusion as to compel them to retire from their position. Should any person deem it necessary to push on this invention or assist me to push it on to the proper authorities, I should be greatly obliged for such assistance. I do not give any of the principals of this invention, and as I claim the original of it, I claim the right of not allowing anyone to known my principals, on which I have founded my invention, without first receiving a written agreement that no one will be allowed to make any spurious imitation of my originality. These cartridges can be used both for Martini-Henry and Enfield rifles, and the same application can be applied for cannon shots.

Pte Jordan Wells.
Act. Bandsman, The Buffs.

(It is very pleasing to his many friends to know that Pte. Wells is engaged in perfecting so expeditious a method of disposing of his enemies. Editor.)

Digitized by Google

Regimental Items.

No. 1474, Pte. G Collins appointed Pioneer, 11th October.

Lieut. C. K Greene, granted leave of absence on private affairs from 15th October 1886 to 14th October 1887.

Lieut. A. L Bell granted leave of absence in extension on medical certificate, from 8th Sept. 1886 to 25th December, 1886.

No. 314, Corpl. G. Eaton awarded 2nd class certificate of Gymnastics.

Captain J. Hughes granted leave of absence on medical certificate for six months from date of embarkation.

Lieut. Greene embarked on S. S *Glengarry* on the 15th inst. for England.

Sergt. A. Buck transferred to Corps of Military Staff Clerks, with the rank of Color-Sergt., from May 7th, 1886.

Lieut. D A. Hamilton embarked on *S. S. Saghalien* on the 23rd inst. for Hong-Kong to join garrison class.

The undermentioned amounts have been deposited in or withdrawn from the Regimental Savings Bank during the month of October.

	Deposits £ s. d.	Withdrawals £ s. d
A Company	20 5 0	7 10 0
B „	34 5 0	2 0 0¾
C „	15 10 0	14 10 11½
D „	32 18 0	6 13 2½
E „	19 15 0	4 15 8½
F „	12 3 0	9 10 0
G „	21 5 0	7 8 1½
H „	12 15 0	... ...
Total	168 16 0	52 8 0¾

The undermentioned men are entitled to Good Conduct Pay from the dates specified:—

At One Penny.

Pte.	E. Jordan,	6th August.
„	J. Hall,	11th „
„	W. Tebboth,	26th September.
Drmr.	C. Mepham,	13th October.
Pte.	H. Blackwell,	1st „
„	W. Westley,	1st „
„	J. Cook,	2nd „
„	C. Anderson,	2nd „
„	J. Collett,	2nd „
„	W. Russell,	2nd „
„	W. Havill,	8th „
Pte.	G. Hardinge,	11th October
„	A. Goddard,	7th „
„	A. Golder,	11th „
„	W. Jones,	13th „
„	C. Williams,	13th „
„	J. Blockley,	15th „
„	C. Eggleston,	16th „
„	W. Cox,	16th „
„	A. Wardle,	16th „
„	A. Sadler,	16th „
„	G. Smyth,	17th „
„	E. Hoghan,	17th „
„	R. Price,	18th „
„	G. Bryan,	18sh „
„	G. Cowley,	20th „
„	C. Haydon,	20th „
„	C. West,	21st „
„	C. Rows,	21st „
„	J. Caffery,	21st „
„	J. Hall,	28rd „
„	J. Chembion,	30th „
„	A. Reed,	30th „

At Twopence.

„	J. Carey,	3rd „
„	R. Scott,	3rd „
„	G. Klackner,	21st „

At Threepence.

„	H. Whitnell,	5th „

A Board of Examination for Non-commissioned officers for promotion was held at Tanglin on the 28th and 29th ult,; about 36 men were examined in drill &c., and the name of the successful candidates are as follows:—

For Color Sergeant.

Sergt. W. Lishman.

For Sergeant.

Lce.Sergt. W. Webster	Corporal G. Tester
Corporal R. Watson	C. Woodward
B. Gates	C. Cook
G. Eaton	J. Buckley
T. Cheal	C. Peters
C. Martin	R. J. Parsons
E. Keeler	H. J. Pay
W. Hunt	

For Corporal.

Lce-Corpl. W. Hyatt	Lce-Corpl. J. Alexander
H. Halford	W. Cox
J. Benabo	T. Greenland
C. Perry	W. Donnelly
W. H. Smith	T. Higgins
S. Thorne	J. Tomlin
G. Cork	J. Reynolds
F. Staunton	R. Price
J. F. Strike	G. Scott
C. Burrows	

We hear from good authority that the amateurs of our detachment at Penang are going to give a dramatic entertainment shortly, and we hope it will be as successful as those that have taken place here.

No definite news has at present been received about our conjectured move to India, but we except shortly to be able to give our readers some reliable information on this subject.

Digitized by Google

Dramatic Notes.

The members of the Sergeants Dramatic Club gave a musical and dramatic performance on the 4th and 5th of October, and by the crowded houses, the frequent burst of applause and repeated encores, I should say was highly appreciated.

The first part of the programme consisted of a concert, to the success of which Mrs. Birmingham, by her brilliant pianoforte solos and good singing, contributed not a little. Lieut. Greene seemed an immense favourite with the audience and was repeatedly encored. Sergt. Dray was also very good and makes up well, and is no doubt a good support to the club Col. Blaksley gave in his usual grand style "My Wife's Cousin." "The Moorish Maiden," and Mr Buzfuz from *Pickwick* in his eloquent appeal to the Jury on behalf of Mrs. Bardle. We are afraid that this will be our gallant Colonel's last appearance on the stage of The Buffs, as, according to the wretched system now prevailing, he will shortly have to retire.

The next part of the programme was "Naval Engagements," and a greater hit has not been made on the boards since our arrival here. Sergt Dray as Admiral Kingston was all that could be desired; Mrs. Whittle was also a most decided success as Mrs. Pontifex; the love-making between all parties, viz. Lieut. Kingston (Sergt Talbot) and Miss Mortimer (Mrs. Buck). and Admiral Kingston and Mrs. Pontifex, was first-class and really very amusing, and nothing could exceed the great astonishment of Dennis (P.M.S. Wilson) and Short (Sergt. McFarlane) when they beheld the tender embraces betwixt the couples towards the end of the piece. A word of praise is due to Sergts Wilson and McFarlane for the able way they took their parts. One word of advice is to speak up, so as to give the "Gods" a chance of hearing, as at present the folk behind are rather in the cold, and can only conjecture by the actions of the performers what is going on. The next performance we hear is coming off early in December, when we expect a treat.

SOME HINTS TO OUR HISTRIONS.

The very earnest way in which the Sergeants and two of our companies have set to work to amuse themselves and us by play-acting, must plead my excuse for trying to point out to them a few of their faults, and the way to correct them. Before I go any further, I must warn off anybody who is not interested in matters theatrical from reading this article, for there is nothing more deadly dull to people who have not been bitten by stage fever than theatrical talk.

To plunge into my subject at once. A good many of our actors do not seem quite at home in the management of their arms and hands. A low comedian or character actor generally has something given him by the author to occupy his hands, but the noble hero or the flippant light comedian has nothing in particular to do with his arms except to keep the audience from noticing how very uncomfortable he is in the possession of those members. If you can forget on the stage that Heaven has given you forelegs as well as hind ones, so much the better, but, if you cannot think out carefully your movements throughout, and, above all things, dont hold your hands in front of you as if you were carrying a tray. Put your hands in your pockets, behind your back, let them hang by your side, occupy them with a stick, a watch chain, a hat, a pair of gloves, a handkerchief; any movement which you feel to be natural and unconstrained; and if you can beg or borrow a big looking-glass try the effect before it.

"Business" is just as important as the words of a piece. The first thing a professional does when he gets his part given him is to think out the action before he begins to learn his words, and the more business you can introduce, without interfering with the course of the plot the better.

Making up is a very important part of the proceedings. Many a good actor spoils the effect of his part by a careless make up. Nobody, man or woman, can afford to go on the stage without their war paint on. If they do the effect is that they look as if they were suffering from jaundice. Different shades of toilet rouge can always be bought, but if ever there is difficulty in obtaining it, jewellers' rouge or ruddle make good substitutes. Ladies should remember to keep the rouge high up on their cheeks, otherwise they look as if they were suffering from a swollen face. The French actresses bring their rouge right up on to the forehead. An old man's wrinkles should not be painted black, but a mixture of indian red and indian ink. Be careful that the hair on your face suits the part you are playing. To give an instance. In "Naval Engagements" the Admiral should either have been clean shaved or have worn a

Digitized by Google

beard. As it was, he looked more like a Commissariat Officer in his best clothes than anything else A make up box and a little two shilling book called "How to make Up" are necessities to every company. I have always found the best make up boxes are those sold at a guinea by Fox of Russell Street, Covent Garden.

Dont try and make every sentence tell. Play the conversational parts conversationally, and then, when you come to impressive parts, the contrast gives them added weight. If you have been giving all the emphasis you can to a drawing-room conversation, you have no reserve power to pull out when it comes to the heavy father's course, or the hero's defiance of the villain, or the leading lady's appeal to Heaven. Besides, it wearies the audience. Above all things be letter perfect in your part; for if there is one man more than another who is the bane of a stage-manager's life, and who brings evil words to his lips, it is the light hearted and confident histrion who carries his part in his hand at the last rehearsal, but is quite certain that he will be all right on the night—*An Old Hand.*

Cricket.

Captains of Cricket Clubs are requested to send accounts of all matches to the Editor, and they will be published if space admits. Forms for entering matches on can be obtained from the Regimental Press at 20 cents per dozen.

Shooting Matches will also be reported if the full scores are forwarded.

THERE have been no Cricket Matches played during the month of October.

The Battalion Challenge Shield for Cricket has arrived; it is a fine work of art, and will look highly ornamental. with a red cloth background, on the wall of the Mess or Company which may have the luck to win it.

The teams that have to play off for this splendid shield are as follows:—

Sergeants, "E," and "G" Companies.

The Sergeants and "E" Co. will play as soon as the ground is at all safe to play on. The winners will then have to play "G" Co., but whether here or at Penang, is at present undecided.

Varieties.

A spinster lady in Glasgow, was once asked to assist in getting some men for the Volunteers; she replied "hoot mon; fer forty twa years are been trying to get a mon for myself, and as a no can do that, a'll be domned if a'll get a mon for any person else."

A Hibernian had sworn i court that a certain horse was fourteen feet high, and when he, afterwards, in cross-examination, said that the animal wa- fourteen hands high, his former statement was pointed out to him; he exclaimed "did I say that now, then faith I'll stick to it, begorrah! your worship! he was fourteen feet high."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Time honoured corps, for centuries, the name,
Recalled to England glorious deeds of fame,
But now Red Tape's most ruthless fingers,
Commands new name tho' still the old one lingers.

LIGHTS.

1. An article to which you'll plainly see.
   My "primal light" will give an easy key.
2. A cry of exultation English to the core,
   Heard midst our scenes of pleasure, or in the battles' roar.
3. To every other regiment you will hope with me,
   The soldiers of our corps, this "light" will ever be,
4. One finds the other, as I've always heard,
   You'd choose the latter, if you'd but take my word.
5. With varied feelings by a soldier done.
   In English home or neath a sultry sun.
6. Bravely before this "light" we all are told to stand.
   But I think I would feel braver behind a bag of sand.
7. This is a service we canuot do at home,
   And to fulfil it, we abroad must roam.
8. The service now, like whist, has been curtailed,
   Tho' wiser men have oft against it railed.

E. W. B

THE BUFFS'

Regimental Press,

Tanglin.

Military Printing done in all styles at Moderate Charges.

Theatrical and Ball Programmes, Menu Cards, and every description of work neatly executed.

Printed by W. Clark, at The Buffs' Regimental Press, Tanglin, Singapore.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS. 1888.

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 2 **SINGAPORE, DECEMBER 1st, 1886.** [Price 10 cents.

BIRTHS.

EDWARDS.—2nd November. 1886, the wife of Pte. T. Edwards of a daughter.

BENNELL.—22nd November. 1886, the wife of Col. Sergeant J. Bennell of a son.

DEATHS.

GLEESON.—1st November. 1886, Joseph Michael, only son of Canteen Sergeant and Mrs. Gleeson, of Bronchitis.

TAYLOR.—1st November. 1886, Pte. F. E. Taylor of Pneumonia Phthsis.

(It is requested that domestic occurences may be reported as soon as possible by all who belong to The Buffs, whether subscribers or not.)

FAR from all earthly discord, high above the region of storms a celestial banquet was prepared. The three great Dragons at present guarding their precious charges in the East, viz., those of The Buffs, of China and of Japan, were entertaining their august compeers and all their courtly retinues;—an awful trinity did they appear as,

> "High on a throne that far outshone
> The wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

they sat. The guests were countless; many were the fine old scaly heroes of historic fame; many the elderly she Dragons, stately and majestic, but perhaps a trifle too long in the tooth to be tooth-some; many the smart masher Griffins, and coquettish youug Wyvernesses with sparkling bangles on their curly tails; even our little friend from Temple Bar, conspicuous from his aural appendages, and elegant attitude, had left his usual perch and soared eastward.

Sumptuous was the repast, rich was the flowing nectar, rare were the feast of reason and the flow of soul!

"Tell us, good neighbour mine," quoth he of the uplifted dextral, "how wags it down below?

"Well,—at present," replied he of the golden Chopsticks, "but these mortals wax pugnacious, and troubles are looming in the west."

"Ah! truly," said he of the land of the Rising Sun, "and by the way, a Caledonian Centurion travelling in our country, was heard to say, speaking of your corps —'why, mon, ar think The Buffs will soon be in India.'"

"Tis true, my imperial brother, and proud am I to think they are again on their way to glory. I am always with them; they have just revived my organ."

"I congratulate you," said he of the Rising Sun.

"They distinguished themselves in *our* land" said he of the Chopsticks, "some quarter century

Digitized by Google

ago,—we both witnessed how Pte. Moyse allowed himself to be cut down and killed, rather than obey the law, and kowtow to our Mandarin."

"That might truly be called a *Draconian* law," said he of Temple Bar

"That's not bad for *you*," said the old Dragon of Wantley.

"You are very proud, I opine, of that old Regiment of yours,—here's to its health!" said a grand old warrior Dragon, who had not yet spoken.

"I am truly,—as proud as ever was St. George when he vanquished you in Palestine."

"Hah!" said the tough immortal, "he thought he had killed me, but I shammed, and no sooner had the Champion of England turned away, than I executed a strategical movement."

"You had a reason" said he of the Rising Sun land, "but talking of a *movement*, I *move* that we drink the health of The Buffs, coupled with our noble friend here."

This was rapturously drunk, &c.

"The Buffs seem to stick to Paddy Lands," said he of Temple Bar, "and when next you see them, you can ask them this riddle,—What is the difference between the Paddy of the Emerald Isle, and the Paddy of Green Bengal."

"I know," said a smart young brunette Wyverness from the country of the Indus, her very tail crinkling with delight,—"In the one the Paddy makes the riot, and in the other the ryot makes the Paddy."

"Oh! you *are*," said an admiring dude of a Griffin, by her side.

"Be quite! don't pinch my chumrah! leave my tail alone!" said the Indian brunette.

The company were getting lively—hilarity prevailed—laughter shook the vault of heaven; she Dragons tried to catch one another's eye, as who should say, is it not time to rise?

They were very mirthful, frolicsome, and free,—unhallowed fire flashed from many eyes; puritanism had never invaded Dragondom; the sickly dreams of hysterical women and half-starved men had never troubled them.

"Happy thought," cried one, "let us go earthwards, and see how they are greasing the wheels of existence on that funny old ball rolling below."

"Excellent idea!" said another, "let us make a *descensus averni* towards that moist and gruesome old city of the lions, Singapore."

They descended.

"Why, there are more pigtails here than anything else," said he of the Chopsticks, "how do the Buffs like it?"

"So, so" said he of the Dextral, "but some of them think with the Laureate,

'Better fifty years of Europe
Than a cycle of Cathay.'"

"Hark! the band is playing a Spanish serenade," exclaimed a joyful young Wyverness, who had ridden on a typhoon across from Manila to the banquet

"Yes," said a grim Humgruffin from the depths of the clear blue water of the Straits. "but some of the unco gude and pious folk cry out because they call it Sunday."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed he of the Dextral, "why, their old world will be jostled by a comet, cannon up against the moon, and all three together tumble *into* the sun some fine day, and what day will they call *that*, I wonder?"

. . . . . .

Throughout the night their revels lasted even till the rosy chariot of Aurora appeared in the East, before which even Dragons must retire and disperse; he of the uplifted dextral remains aloft, puissant but invisible, to watch over the fortunes of The Buffs.

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer will not be published; any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To The Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

In your last issue, I offered to bet Pte Cullen that he could not walk one mile in *eight minutes*, after he having written to the *Straits Times* saying he completed the Mile Walking Race in the Regimental Sports in *seven minutes fifteen seconds*. He now refuses to undertake

Digitized by Google

to attempt the task (even in eight minutes) which I think plainly proves that he is unable to perform the feat he so publicly declared having accomplished. The time in which the mile in the Sports was actually walked was *ten minutes*, according to several reliable stop watches, so there is little wonder that he will not accept my bet. A. H. BAKER.

[Why not split the difference? Is it certain that Pte. Cullen can do it in nine minntes over the same ground as before?—EDITOR]

THE NEW INVENTION.

To The Editor of the Dragon.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Referring to the letter in your last issue on the above subject, it is very satisfactory to learn that we have a man in the Regiment with such brilliant imaginative genius, but are sorry to see that the "invention" of your correspondent Jordan Wells is already and has for the past six months, been experimented upon on the European continent. He has, therefore, been evidently, too long studying this momentous idea, before publishing his originality. I would suggest that Pte. Wells would, however, exhibit his model cartridge (say in the Recreation Room) for the edification of the troops in garrison generally, this I feel sure would not spoil his chance of taking out a patent (if he could obtain one) on his arrival in England, and it would be looked upon with varied feelings, not only of interest and pleasure, but also of horror and dread at the very sudden termination of our miserable existence, which we would undoubtedly come to, providing the "powder and dynamite" cartridge was used by marksmen, such as our old friends the Boers for instance. It would also prove a very formidable and invaluable article in the hands of the Moonlighters of the present day, and would give General Buller far more work for his pay than he has to do now.

Yours truly,

"NO SAVVY."

To The Editor of the Dragon.

Sir,

With regard to my invention of last month, I have already sent the plans to my brother, Mr. John Wells, Northbourne Court, Deal, together with the plans of a second invention, combining three military entrenching implements, a hatchet, a spade, and a pick; also the plans for a carriage for the same. In this invention the implement can be slun over the left shoulder of the soldier, leaving the hands unencumbered for the free use of his rifle.

Pte. J. WELLS,

Acting Bandsman.

GENERAL'S INSPECTION.

The following is an extract from a Memo addressed by the D.A.A.G. to Colonel Blaksley, Commanding the Battalion:—

"With regard to the inspection of the Battalion generally the Major General is much pleased, and is convinced that its state of efficiency could not have been arrived at without a good regimental system. The military bearing of all ranks, and their knowledge of the application of drill, outpost duty, and minor tactics was, on the whole, very satisfactory comparatively with the many other regiments seen by the Major General, but there is still much to be learnt in order to arrive at the high state of efficiency which will be required on an European campaign. The system of Officers lecturing and catechizing their men, has been paid attention to with good results. The quad system (ordered by the Major General) appears to have been established on a sound basis, and judging from the general good behaviour of the Battalion, has not been without its good effects though it is perhaps too early to form an opinion. It gave the General especial satisfaction to see the zeal and energy shewn, and the interest taken by the men in all matters of drill, lectures, &c.; and with plenty of instruction they ought to arrive at a high state of efficiency, and His Excellency trusts that no efforts will be spared, with this great object in view. Most of these remarks apply to the Detachment at Penang as well as to the Head Quarters of the Battalion. All these remarks are to be placed before the next General Officer Inspecting, in accordance with para 161 Inspection Report. In conclusion I am to inform you that it will give the Major General Commanding much pleasure to make a favourable report of the 1st Battalion The Buffs, East Kent Regiment, for the information of his Royal Highness the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief."

Digitized by Google

Notes from Penang.

THE Detachment here has been very fortunate in its Cricket Matches, as out of six played five have been won and the other drawn. The following are the matches played :—

On November 24th and 26th, 1885, at the Penang C. C. Ground *versus* Penang C. C. result a draw.

On May 24th, *versus* H M.S "Daring," at the Lines; the Detachment winning by an innings and 11 runs.

On June 19th and 21st, at the Lines, *versus* Penang C. C., and won by the Detachment by 44 runs.

On 31st August, at Thaiping, *versus* Perak C. C; the Detachment winning by six wickets. For this match the Perak Government very kindly sent up their steam yacht to fetch us, and had a special train waiting at Port Weld to takk us to Thaiping. The Perak people treated us in the most hospitable way, sending us back to Penang in the same comfortable way as they fetched us, except that at Port Weld every member of our team was put on board the steamer, each with his quart of "Dry Monopole." I am sure our cricket team will look back to the 21st of August as one of the happiest days of their lives.

On October 11th, at the lines, *versus* H.Ms.I.M S. "Tenasserim." Result a win of the Detachment by an innings and 110 runs.

The cricket ground here is very large and very level and good. We are very anxious for the winning team in the ties for the cricket shield at headquarters to come up here for the final, to play our winning team (G. Company), as we hear your cricket ground is not a good one. We promise your team, if it will come, a cordial welcome and a good time generally.

ATHLETIC SPORTS AT PENANG.

By kind permission of Major Kerr, Command, ing, the Annual Athletic Sports of the Detachment were held at the Lines, Penang, on the 18th of Vovember. There was very good competition for each event, and everything went off capitally. The Resident Councillor, and all the rank, beauty, and fashion of the island witnessed the sports. The Drums and Fifes of the Detachment, under the able direction of Corpl. Stevens, played an excellent selection of music at intervals during the afternoon, and were much appreciated. An "Aunt Sally," a Nigger Lawn Tennis Party, and a Negro Troupe, were all very amusing, the former specially getting a great deal of patronage.

Committee—Capt Chippindall, Lieut Booth, Lieut Annesley.

Starter—Capt Tipping, C. & T Staff.

Umpires—Capt. Chippindall, Lieut. Booth, Color-Sergt. Armistead.

Clerks of the Course—Lieut. Annesley. Color-Sergt. Nicholas.

PROGRAMME.

Throwing the Cricket Ball—First, Pte. Veal (98 yards 2 feet); second Corpl. Godfrey (87 yards).

Long Jump—First, Pte. Cassidy, (17 feet 4 inches); second, Pte. Revell. (16 feet 10 inches).

100 yards Flat Race—First, Pte. Else; second Pte. Williams; third, Pte. Hilderbrand. A good race, barely a yard between the first three.

High Jamp—First, Pte. Woods, (4 feet 6 inches); second, Pte. Taylor (4 feet 5 inches).

Half mile Flat Race—First, Pte. Wooding; second, Pte. Free; third, Pte. Cassidy. Won easily by 10 yards.

Putting the 18lb Shot with follow—First, Pte. Revell, (37 ft. 3 in): second, Pte. Williams, (34 feet 10 inches).

120 yards Sergeants Race—First, Sergt. Sheppard; second, Sergt. Turner. A good race, won by a yard.

Quarter mile Race open to all comers—First, Pte. Else; second Pte. Wood M. S. C.; third. Pte. Fulford

120 yards Corporals' Race—First, Corpl. Godfrey; second, Corpl. Turner. Won by a foot.

120 yards Hurdle Race 8 flights—First, Pte. Woods; second Pte. P. Taylor. A very exciting race, won by a few inches.

Quarter mile Race for Native Police. Sikhs and Native Warders—First, Constable Abdul Ramen; second, Bugler Cassim; third Constable Ramsammy.

220 yards Flat Race for H.M.S. Satellite—First, A B. Russell; second. A. B. Bishop.

Tilting at the Ring—First, Ptes. Fulford and Dailey; second, Ptes Veal and Puxton.

Veterans' Race 200 yards Handicap—First, Copl, Braham; 2nd Pte. Hickey. In this race the starters all had to have 16 years' service or more, and one yard was allowed for every year. Corpl. Braham ran in fine form and won as he liked.

Tug-of-war, Companies—First, G Company. This was pulled over a ditch 5 feet deep filled with water. After a most desperate struggle lasting twenty one minutes G Company proved the victors, having pulled everyone of F Company through the water, which amused the lookers on immensely and must have been very refreshing to the defeated team after such a gallant struggle.

Bobbing the Treacly Rolls—First, Pte. B. Sayer; second, Pte. Puxten. This was a most amusing contest. The competitors first had their hands tied behind their back and then had to mount a row of tables, above which at about 5½ feet were suspended good sized rolls smeared with treacle. Each competitor had his own roll. The winners got through theirs with marvellous rapidity and must have been very hungry before and very thirsty after the contest.

SHOOTING MATCH AT PENANG.

THE BUFFS *v.* H. M. S SATELLITE.

This Match was fired at Penang, on the 20th ult., and resulted in a victory for our Detachment by 74 points. The distances were 200, 500, and 600 yards, ten shots at each distance. Regulation target.

THE BUFFS.		H.M.S. SATELLITE.	
Sergt. Andrews	94	C. P. G. Basketa	78
Corpl. Braham	86	Simpson	72
Col. Sergt. Armistead	79	Brocking to	64
Corpl. Greig	68	Russell	64
Col. Sergt. Nicholas	68	Ward	57
Sergt. Rielly	68	Lee	55
Sergt. Stevens	56	Vaughan	50
Corpl. Stevens	52	Gage	43
Total	557	Total	483

Digitized by Google

THE MAILS.

The Mails for the United Kingdom are expected to leave as follows :—

Monday, December 6th by M. M.
" " 13th by P. & O.
" " 20th by M. M.
" " 27th by P. & O.

The Mails from the United Kingdom are expected to arrive as follows :—

Thursday, December 2nd, by M. M.
" " 9th, by P. & O.
" " 16th, by M. M.
" " 23rd, by P. & O.
" " 30th, by M. M.

Parcels by Post are only carried on the P. & O. boats.

Dramatic Notes.

On Monday the 15th, and Monday and Tuesday the 22nd and 23rd of last month, D. Co.'s "Griffin" Amateur Club played H. J. Byron's drama, in a prologue and three acts, called "Blow for Blow." The plot of this well-known piece turns on the revenge wreaked by a sister on the man who she supposed to have married and deserted her twin sister. There are in the piece two excellent low comedy parts, Spraggs and Miss Wobbler, and an effective villain's part. Mrs. Birmingham appeared as the twin sisters, Alice Petherick and Mildred Craddock—they never have to be on the stage together—and threw herself heart and soul into a rather heavy and tearful part. Mrs. Buck played Kitty Wobbler prettily, and looked charming, but she had not grasped the comic side of the character. Mrs. Marshall played Lady Ethel Linden very acceptably on the first two nights, and a special words of praise is due to Mrs. Ellis who, owing to the unfortunate illness of Mrs. Marshall, was called upon on the third night to play the part at an hour's notice. Of the men, Pte Haley deservedly gained the most applause as the volatile Charley Spraggs. He made that scamp a very amusing personage, though some of the good things in the part were lost by not being spoken clearly enough. Pte. McDougall was a well made up and impressive villain, but he did not throw that intensity into the part that one expects in a revengeful scoundrel like John Drummond. Pte. Taylor was a gentlemanly naval officer—with a moustache, so perhaps he was a marine—and the other characters were satisfactorily filled. The piece, especially on the first night, showed many signs of not having been sufficiently rehearsed, and the big situations did not make the effect they should have; but, taking it all for all, the play was a decided success, and should encourage the Griffins to further efforts.

TOMMY ATKINS.

By the Author of "Tom Bullkley of Lissington," &c.

[We reprint the following from the old *Dragon*. as it may amuse some of our readers who have not had access to that paper.]

Tommy Atkins is the generic name for the British private. It is derived from the prescribed form of his monthly accounts, the soldier's signature to which stands thus :—

his
Thom :—Atkins *
mark

Everyone who knows anything of the Army knows him under this name, and I notice that the correspondents on the Gold Coast adopted it freely in their letters.

I know Tommy well, and I like him. I have known him in weal and woe, on land and sea, in three out of the four quarters of the globe, and I shall ever look back on my relations with Thomas, "through all the changing scenes in life." in a spirit of kindly remembrance; and if ever in my humble way I can do him a good turn, I'll do it.

I have seen him in health and sickness, in joy, in sorrow, in honour, and degradation. I have heard him trolling out some Soldiers' song, or seen him in his Barrack room footing it merrily to the fife's shrill notes. I have sat by his sick bedside and I have seen him in his death agony, I have seen him amidst the acclamations of his countrymen on the return from some gallantly fought campaign. I have seen him tied up to the triangles in the Barrack square quivering under the lash, or on board ship in mid ocean lashed to a grating, getting four dozen from a boatswain's mate, sights which, thank God, I can never see again. I have seen him receiving the Victoria Cross from his Sovereign; I have seen him alas! on the scaffold.

At 5 a.m. daily, supposing it to be summer, the reveill brings Tommy out of bed and after rolling up his mattress, strapping it up tight, folding his sheets and rug, all exactly according to a little drawing of how it is to be done hanging up in the room, he proceeds to make toilette. He sticks his broken piece of looking glass (at least I never came across Tommy with a whole one) against the window, and shaves according to regulations with a regulation razor, a regulation brush and a piece of soap of the regulation size. He then takes his towel and soap and repairs to one of the ablution rooms, of which there are always a sufficiency in every barrack. After a short stay here he emerges shining from his matutinal "rinse," and completes his toilette. At about 6-30 a.m. he turns out for early morning drill, at which the Non-commissioned Officers, the Sergeant Major, and the Adjutant are present. After about an hour or so of "right 'arf turn; left 'arf turn; take the beggar's name down" (as chronicled by Punch), he is dismissed with a pretty keen appetite for his breakfast. This, as provided for him partly by Government, consists of a basin of hot tea or coffee, and as much of his day's allowance of bread as he likes to consume. But Tommy is a bit of an epicure, and he generally has a penny or two to expend in a saveloy, a bloater, a bunch of radishes, or a sausage, wherewith to give a zest to his morning meal: there are always authorised vendors of these luxuries in camp and barracks. I don't think from what I have seen of him that Tommy is particular about his sausages, and I imagine he would listen to that thrilling verse of the "little weo dog" which throws a horrible light on their manufacture with a smack of the lips rather than a shudder. After breakfast he prepares himself for the great event of the day, the Commanding Officer's parade at half-past ten or eleven.

(To be continued.)

* A vigorous attempt has been made (see pattern page new Ledger) to turn him into an "Alfred Seymour" but until our globe be swallowed up in the sun he ever will remain "Tommy Atkins."—Editor.

Digitized by Google

Regimental Items.

Lieut D. A. Hamilton passed in subjects A and B for rank of Captain, 22nd October.

The undermentioned transfers take effect from November 1st.

Sergt. F. Butler transferred from E to D Co.
Lce-Corpl, J. Barnes ,, ,, B to D Co.
Pte. J. Newton ,, ,, H to D Co.

Sergt. E. Breen returned to regimental duty, having resigned the appointment of Acting Warder Civil Prison, November 17th.

The undermentioned men are entitled to Good Conduct Pay from the dates specified ;—

At One Penny.

Pte.	G. Apps,	5th September
,,	A. Rose,	17th October
,,	J. Chase,	3rd November
,,	J. Etherington,	3rd ,,
Lce.-Cp.	J. F. Stirke,	4th ,,
Pte.	R. Barton,	5th ,,
,,	H. Richardson	6th ,,
,,	J. Hartley,	6th ,,
,,	J. Gray,	6th ,,
,,	E. Mepham,	6th ,,
,,	J. Redman,	8th ,,
,,	G. Lehane,	8th ,,
,,	E. Harvey,	10th ,,
,,	J. Cassidy,	10th ,,
,,	A. Hussey,	10th ,,
,,	A. Hutchins,	12th ,,
,,	W. Alderson,	12th ,,
,,	A, Newing,	13th ,,
,,	G. Spencer,	21st ,,
,,	G. Collins,	21st ,,
,,	W. Beezley,	21st ,,
,,	J. Walker,	21st ,,
,,	J. Chapman.	2nd ,,
,,	M. Clancey,	25th ,,
,,	G. Hunter,	27th ,,

At Twopence.

Pte.	A. Bird,	19th November
,,	J. Lindsay,	24th ,,

The undermentioned amounts have been deposited in or withdrawn from the Regimental Savings Bank during the month of November.

	Deposits £	s.	d	Withdrawals £	s.	d
A Company	14	10	0	9	0	0½
B ,,	15	5	0	4	0	5¾
C ,,	16	18	0	14	16	5½
D ,,	30	14	0	19	10	11¾
E ,,	13	10	0	6	15	11
F ,,	12	0	0	13	6	7
G ,,	14	0	0	17	6	2
H ,,	63	15	0	6	5	9¾
Total	180	1	0	91	2	2¼

Sergts. Bates and Strutt joined from Penang, and posted to A and D Companies respectively, 8th November.

The detachment of the Battalion which has been stationed at Fort Canning for some time, under the command of Lieut Pemberton, rejoined headquarters on November 16th.

Lieut. L. G. N Eales rejoined from leave of absence on November 24th and took over command of Letter E Company

Lieut G. V. Dauglish joined from 2nd Battn. on November 25th, and took over command of Letter A Company.

Lieut. R. E. Philips proceeded to Penang on the 30th ult, for court martial duty.

Lieut. A L. Pilleau has been seconded for service with the Indian Staff Corps. 8th Oct.

A foot Paper Chase, about three miles, will leave the small square, on Monday, 13th instant. The hares will start at 5 o'clock p. m. and the hounds at three minutes past, weather permitting. Ptes Weathersby and Wilson will be the hares Anyone wishing to join in the chase can do so by giving their names to Corpl G. Watkins, or to either of the hares, by the 10th instant. [It is hoped that the properties of all the surrounding nobility and gentry will be avoided in the chase, which ought not—being the first—to be over a difficult line of country : three minutes seems a very short start.—EDITOR]

The Singapore Autumn Horse Races were held on the 9th, 11th, and 13th of November, and were a great success, the racing being of a very superior kind It would be useless to give a detailed account of all the different races as they have already appeared in the daily papers, but suffice it to say that the Band, under the able management of Bandmaster Birkhead, played each day a very nice programme, which was highly appreciated. The Regimental Nigger Troupe, under the charge and conductorship of Color Sergeant Gardner, also contributed very much to the amusement of the Singaporeans, who were highly delighted at their merry pranks, songs, and dances The Chinese and Klings could hardly bring themselves to believe that they were Europeans, and looked upon them at first as a sort of newly imported nigger from one of the numerous adjacent islands. One word of advice to the Nigger Troupe, don't squeeze the *backshish*, allow it to come to you voluntarily, it looks better, and people would then think that you had not come to the races on purpose to increase your contribution to the canteen or to multiply your Savings Bank account.

Digitized by Google

Cricket.

Captains of Cricket Clubs are requested to send accounts of all matches to the Editor, and they will be published if space admits. Forms for entering matches on can be obtained from the Regimental Press at 20 cents per dozen.

Shooting Matches will also be reported if the full scores are forwarded.

B COMPANY *v* E COMPANY.

This match was commenced on the 10th of September, and owing to the heavy rain, had to be postponed. It was, however, resumed on the 11th of October, and ended in a victory for E Company by two runs. The scores were as follows:—

E Company.

Pte.	Knight c Gilbert b Townsend	3	c Raward b Rolllu ...		4
,,	Mitchell c Frazer b Gilbert, ...	4	b Townsend ...		5
,,	Edmonds c Townsend ...	17	c Townsend b Gilbert...		4
Cpl.	Reynolds c Townsend b Gilbert	0	b Gilbert ...		6
Pte.	Roberts b Townsend ...	9	c Hills b Gilbert ...		2
,,	Straw c Riley b Townsend ...	16	leg before wckt b Gilbert		0
,,	Simmonds, stmp Frazer b Rollins	0	c Raward b Gilbert ...		6
,,	Wickens b Rollins ...	2	c Mitchell b Gilbert ...		13
,,	Tom in c Riley b Townsend ...	2	not out ...		4
,,	Hallet b Rollins ...	3	b Gilbert ...		0
,,	Rose not out ...	1	hit wicket b Townsend		1
	Extras ...	9	Extras ...		10
	Total ...	66	Total ...		55

B Company.

Col. Seagt.	Paterson c Hallet b Straw	4	b Reynolds ...		2
Cpl.	Ratten c Rose b Straw ...	4	b Simmonds ...		6
Pte.	Rollins c Edmonds b Straw ...	14	b Simmonds ...		7
,,	Gilbert c Wickens b Reynolds	13	c Edmonds b Simmonds		8
,,	Mitchell b Reynolds ...	0	b Reynolds ...		3
,,	Frazer run out ...	1	run out ...		16
,,	Riley b Reynolds	0	b Wickens ...		2
,,	Holland b Roberts ...	1	not out ...		5
,,	Peters b Reynolds ...	7	c and b Simmonds ...		0
,,	Gibbs not out	5	b Simmonds ...		3
,,	Townsend b Roberts ...	1	c Roberts b Reynolds		5
	Extras	7	Extras		5
	Total ...	57	Total ...		62

D COMPANY *v.* THE BAND.

This match was played at Tanglin on the 18th of November, and resulted in a win for the latter by four runs and nine wickets; the scores are as follows:—

D Company.

Cpl.	Walsh b Whyatt... ...	5	b Whyatt... ...		0
Pte.	Beck b Gilbert	4	b Whyatt... ...		0
,,	Goodings run out ...	7	b Gilbert		15
,,	Price b Gilbert	1	b Whyatt... ...		8
,,	Davis b Gilbert	1	b Whyatt... ...		0
,,	Pennells b Whyatt ...	3	b Gilbert		0
,,	Howarth c and b Gilbert ...	1	b Whyatt... ...		0
Drm	Manville run out ...	0	run out		6
Pte.	Hargreaves b Gilbert ...	7	b Whyatt		0
,,	Mepham b Gilbert ...	0	b Gilbert		0
,,	Turner not out	0	not ont		0
	Extras	4	Extras		3
	Total ..	33	Total ...		32

The Band.

Pte.	Lawrence c Goodings b Price...	5	not out		0
Sergt.	Steel b Davis ...	22			
Lieut.	Bayard b Davis... ..	7	b Hargreaves b Manville		12
Cpl.	Roach b Davis	1			
B Sergt.	Whyatt c Hargreaves b Manville ...	9			
Pte.	Howe c Davis b Manville ...	2			
,,	Gilbert c Manville b Davis ...	1			
,,	Raward b Manville ...	0			
Corpl.	Tozer not out	3			
Pte.	Knight b Davis	0			
,,	Hindmarsh c & b Davis ...	0			
	Extras	7			
	Total ...	57			21

CRICKET AT PENANG.

Perak C.C. *v* Detachment The Buffs.—The second match between the Thaiping eleven and our Detachment, took place at the Lines, Penang, on the 8th and 9th of November, and principally owing to the admirable bowling of Corporal Godfrey, resulted in another victory for the latter by 20 runs. Full score:—

Detachment The Buffs.

Col. Sergt.	Nicholas b Walker ...	3	b Tranchell, ...		7
Pte.	Hilderbrand c and b Walker ...	10	c and b Walker ...		6
,,	Klucker b Walker ...	0	b Tranchell ...		5
Capt.	Tipping, C. & T. C., c Emphraims b Tranchell ...	7	b Tranchell ...		0
Cpl.	Godfrey c Mais b Walker ...	6	c Walker b Tranchell		14
Pte.	Woods c Ephraims b Walker	5	b Tranchell ...		1
,,	Daily c and b Tranchell ...	4	c Mais b Vane ...		0
Lieut.	Booth b Tranchell ...	0	b Vane ...		0
Pte.	Else c Walker b Tranchell ...	4	run out		7
,,	Day c Emphrains b Walker ...	8	not out		6
,,	Hussey not out	2	b Vane		
	Extras	0	Extras		3
	Total ...	49	Total ...		49

Perak C.C.

Mr.	Mais c Kluckner b Daily ...	2	l b wkt b Nicholas ...		1
,,	de Trafford l b wkt b Godfrey	3	not out		3
Major	Walker c Woods b Nicholas	39	c Hilderbrand b Kluckner ...		3
Mr.	Jones c Hussey b Godfrey ...	8	c Kluckner b Godfrey		0
,,	Tranchell c and b Nicholas ...	0	c Day b Kluckner ...		4
,,	Bowen b Godfrey ...	1	c Else b Godfrey ...		0
,,	Trotter b Godfrey ..	0	b Godfrey ...		0
,,	Scott run out	3	b Godfrey ...		0
,,	Vane run out	0	run out		2
,,	C. Ephraims run out ...	4	c Nicholas b Godfrey ..		0
,,	W. Ephraims not out ...	1	c and b Godfrey ...		0
	Extras...	10	Extras		7
	Total ...	65	Total ...		20

Digitized by Google

A cricket match, Sergeants *v.* Band and Drums, was commenced on the 4th ult.. but owing to the very heavy rain it had to be abandoned, and was drawn very much in favour of the Band and Drums. Pte. Gilbert batted very well for the Band, making 49 not out,

Sergeants ... 28
Band and Drums 87 for 3 wickets.

Varieties.

USE OF SECOND NATURE.—Major N —— upon being asked wether he was seriously injured when the St Leonard Steamer's boiler exploded, replied, that he was so used to being blown up by his wife, that a mere steamer had no effect upon him.

NEW METHOD OF VEXING.—A tall man, whose mother bore a very indifferent character, asked a little man how it happened that he was so short; the little man replied, I had the misfortune to have only one father.

LOVE MAKING IN PADDY LAND.

1. UNDER KITTY'S WINDOW.

"Ah! then; who's that there talking?"
"Sure its only me, yer know,
I was thinking we'd go walking—"
"Wer ye raly thinking so?"
"Och! ye needn't be so cruel,
An me thrudged this sivin miles—"
"Is it cruel Michael, jewel,
Sure I'm dhressing all the while."

2 BEFORE MICHAEL'S COTTAGE.

"There now, that's my cottage Kitty"
"Is it, Mike?"
"Yes; an isn't it pretty?"
"H'm! lonesome like."
"Lonesome!" (now's your minute!
Michael strike !
"Darlint! if you were in it;"
"Arrah! Mike!"

There has lately been a scare in a Military Station not many hundred miles from Singapore in consequence of the presence of a crocodile or two in a large lake. The military men whose barracks are near the lake, being anxious to destroy the voracious reptiles, have gone so far as to watch for them at night. Early the other morning a Son of Mars was found asleep on the bank of the lake, *but in evening dress.* He of course explained that he had been "watching for crocodiles."

ACROSTIC.

Though pleasant here the hours have been
With the girls we leave behind us,
Yet let us hope that where we go,
They'll captivating find us.

LIGHTS.

1. When this we get (as we're about to do.)
We'll stuff it full and say good bye to you.
2. No cash we carry; this we freely give,
And still shall do where we're about to live.
3. Too oft you love yourself, I find;
To me you should bo just as kind,
4. Your master if you will—what no? well then,
At least I am the most excellent of men.
5. Here have we come and here we stay
Despite the fact we go away.
6. Of this we'll deal out ones and twos
And thus dispose of our adieux.
7. In courts I'm expected,
And highly respected,
By some (though) rejected,
Outside I'm in strife
Midst the lowest of life;
With anger I'm rife,
Frequently used,
Often abused,
With fury infused;
And often I goes
Together with blows.
(With fists and with toes,
On eyes and on nose)
And all sorts of woes!
8. For digging and diving,
Protection deriving,
For piling up bricks
And similar tricks,
For scooping up mire
In ghastly attire:
For defying the slosh
(Because wearing the galosh);
Scorning rain overhead
Under gingham outspread;
For blundering sadly
And doing things badly
We are the boys;
These are our joys.
9. T'is the truth, the whole truch, nothing less I should be
But, alas! what is truth? it depends, oft you see,
Upon how it strikes A, and how it suits B.

(We hope that the contributors of the above witty and happily turned acrostic, and of the former one will again favourus)—EDITOR.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S ACROSTIC.

T h E
H urr A
E xample S
B ille T
U npac K
F ir E
F oreig N
S hor T

Correct answers to the above were received from—"No SAVVY and NANTI."

Answers are requested to the acrostics, and will be received by the Editor up to the 22nd inst, but if possible, before.

Printed at The Buffs' Regimental Press Tanglin, Singapore.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1898.

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 3. **SINGAPORE, December 31st, 1886.** [Price 10 cents.

BIRTH.

SUMMERS.—27th November, 1886, the wife of Sergt. Summers of a son.

(*It is requested that domestic occurrences may be reported as soon as possible by all who belong to The Buffs, whether subscribers or not*).

Le Roi est mort. Vive le Roi.

COLONEL BLAKSLEY, who has commanded us for the last four years, leaves us, and another Colonel reigns in his stead.

In losing Colonel Blaksley we lose our editor who has again roused *The Dragon* to life after its slumber of the mystic seven years.

Parting from a regiment after twenty-two years service in it, must be a cruel wrench, and perhaps the fewer farewell words said, the better. So on behalf of the paper and our readers, we will content ourselves with wishing our late Colonel and editor a very pleasant journey towards Old England, and assure him that we shall much miss his facile pen from our columns. Below will be found Colonel Blaksleys' farewell order;—

"Colonel Blaksley in taking leave this day of the Battalion in which he has served twenty-two years and commanded for the full period allowed by regulation, takes this opportunity of thanking all of all ranks who have so ably and successfully supported him as to have maintained the good regimental system, and brought the Battalion to that state of efficiency in which it has lately been stated to be by H.E. the Major-General. Colonel Blaksley wishes them all good-bye and that good luck may attend them."

***

By the time our little paper is in the hands of our readers the old year, 1886, will have passed, and we shall have entered upon 1887 with all its possibilities. What the new year may bring to us as a regiment is impossible to predict. We are going to a country in which one of the greatest struggles of the world must sooner or later be fought out, and when the two-headed eagle makes its swoop down upon the plains of India, we trust that The Buffs will have the honor to be part of the force which will hurl back the defeated invader. We wish our readers a very happy New Year, and trust we shall all be as happy and well at the beginning of 1888, as we are now in 1887, and that we may find ourselves—who knows?—with our brand-new white facings gilded with the blood of some victorious eastern battle-field.

Digitized by Google

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

To The Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

May I be permitted to say a few words with reference to your article in the last issue of *The Dragon*, about the Nigger Troupe which attended the Horse Races. The troupe was chiefly composed of private soldiers, (who have not as a general rule many dollars to spare) and as instruments had to be purchased, and costumes &c. had to be provided, the money to defray these expenses had to come from somewhere, and if it had not been for squeezing the "backshish" the troupe would have been considerably out of pocket, which could scarcely have been afforded by them; in any case. I am perfectly sure had contributions not been openly sought for, they would not have come voluntary.

Yours truly,

"CAT-GUT."

[Certainly "Cat-Gut" can say a few words. Why not? we meant thoroughly what we said about the "backshish" hunting. Do you think re-blocking the little hat will be such an expensive operation?—EDITOR.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A.B.C. Penang.—We are afraid your poem is too long for our Variety Column. What would Mrs. Grundy say to that line describing a lady's little accident? If the poem is original try and send us something shorter.

"Surrey."—We regret that you are not coming to Ranikhet with us. We think your proposed manufacture of clips at Singapore prices, would be a startling success.

"Tommy."—We don't publish your letter, but we have seen that the facts should be brought before the committee, and no doubt, whatever causes of complaint there are, will be removed.

MUSKETRY.

Practice shooting matches have taken place during the month, but not any very brilliant scores have been made. The range is still in the hands of the Public Works Department, and likely to be for some little time longer, as they are fixing up the new targets (running and disappearing men) just received from England.

ATHLETICS.

THE R.A. ATHLETIC SPORTS.

These sports came off on the 14th instant, but unfortunately it rained nearly the whole of the early part of the afternoon, and made the ground very heavy. There were three events open to the Garrison, Navy and European Police, viz., 100 yards, 440 yards, and tug-of-war.

The 100 yards was well contested, there were about 10 starters, who got away together after one or two false starts. Corpl. Reynolds, The Buffs, and Corpl. Martin, M.S.C., made the running, Martin eventually winning a splendid race by about 1½ yards in 10⅗; Reynolds second, eight yards ahead of the remainder.

About eight started for the quarter mile, and kept very well together until about 150 yards from home when Corpl. Reynolds, The Buffs, drew away and won easily by about 12 yards; Corpl. Watkins, The Buffs, second, and Pte. Gardiner, The Buffs, third, five yards behind Wrtkins. Time 59 secs.

The tug-of-war was pulled off on the 27th instant, and was won by the Royal Artillery.

The first of a series of foot paper-chases was held at Tanglin Barracks on the 13th December, Ptes. Weathersby and Wilson being the hares. They made off with a three minutes start from the small square, past the ration-stand into the jungle, followed after the allowed time by the hounds, Corpl. Watkins, Drummers Dillon, Manville, Watson, and Ptes. Knight, Humphrey, Gorin, Price, Perry, Blackwell, Gates, Lane, Gower and Ryder. On the whole it was a very exciting chase. The hares were very successful, they having thrown the hounds off the scent in the cocoa-nut plantation. Ptes. Blackwell and Price, however, found the track by the back of the magazine. The "pussies" made off through the barracks, across the field into Bamboo Lane, but there again they were lost sight of for about 40 seconds. Corpl. Watkins was the first to find the track, bringing the hounds up with him with a loud shout, gave chase with such effect that the hares were pressed extremely hard up Tanglin, Kem Seng, and River Valley Roads. There, there was a loud outcry as the huuted ones were again sighted, but they made off very swiftly to the Irwell Bank Road and thence up Barrack Road to the

Digitized by Google

Officers' Mess. The hounds kept well together for the first mile or so, after which they began to drop off, Ptes. Blackwell, Ryder, and Perry, especially proved themselves sound of wind and limb. Great praise is certainly due to the hares, as they arrived on the small square at about 5.55 p.m., after a spin of 55 minutes, hard pressed by Corpl. Watkins and Pte. Blackwell, who were within a hundred yards of their quarry. The rest of the hounds came up a few minutes later. It is to be hoped that a greater number of hounds will have the courage to turn out for the next chase at 5 p.m on the 6th of January, 1887. It is a good manly sport and should be properly supported.

A foot paper-chase, about three miles, will leave the small square on Thursday, January 6th 1887, also on the 20th of the same month. The hares will start at 5 o'clock p. m., and the hounds at three minutes past, weather permitting. Ptes. Weathersby and Wilson will be the hares. Anyone wishing to join in the chase can do so by giving their names to Corpl. G. Watkins or either of the hares, by the 4th and the 18th of January, respectively, to enable them to provide a pass.

OBITUARY.

LIEUT. H. ST. D. JARRETT.

The lamented death of Lieut. Jarrett is thus referred to by *The Hong-Kong Telegraph.*

A deep feeling of regret pervaded the colony on the 16th inst., when a telegram arrived announcing the death, at Harrow on the 15th inst., of Lieut. Herbert St. David Jarrett of The Buffs. Early in the morning a wire was received announcing his serious illness, and later in the forenoon a second message arrived, stating he was dead. Lieut. Jarrett who came to Hong-Kong with the Grand Old Buffs early in 1882 soon became popular in social circles, and took high rank as a cricketer and athlete. Modest and unasuming in his manners, he was a true type of an English Officer and gentleman, it is no secret that he was engaged to be married to one of the most estimable and accomplished young ladies this colony has ever seen, and the marriage had been arranged to take place within the next few months *mais l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*, and we are sure that the young lady and her family will have the respectful and heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in their bereavement. The illness to which poor Lieut. Jarrett succumbed is not known for a certainty, although it is said to have been an attack of typhoid fever, and it will be some weeks before full particulars reach here. His death, apart from dearer and closer relationships have deprived many in Hong-Kong of an esteemed friend.

SERGT. J. ALLEN.

Several of our readers will no doubt remember Sergt. Allen, whose wife was schoolmistress of the Battalion for several years, and who left us in Aldershot, in 1882. We regret to see his death recorded in the *Pioneer* of the 11th ult., and append an extract from it. He was one of the fine old stamp of soldiers that one does not very often see in these days, and we sympathize very much with the widow and family in their trouble.

"Sergt. James Allen who served for 21 years in the 3rd Regt., The Buffs, died at Peshawur on the 10th November. He joined the regiment in 1854 at Malta, served in Greece, and landed in the Crimea in 1855. He was wounded in the trenches, and on recovery volunteered as one of a party to cover the storming of the Redan. He carried Captain Dunbar out of the Redan under a heavy fire when that officer was severely wounded, and also carried out Sergeant Hart, who received a special pension on account of his dangerous wounds. Sergt. Allen also served with his regiment in China, and was present at the actions of Sinho, Tangkoo, and the storming and capture of Taku Forts. For his long and distinguished services he received the Crimean medal with clasp for Sevastopol, the Turkish medal, the China medal with clasp for Taku Forts, and the medal for long service and good conduct. He was also recommended for the medal and annuity for long and meritorious service. Through the kindness of Lieut.-Col. Harvey, Commanding the 2nd Battalion (Duke of Edinburgh's) Wiltshire Regiment, this good old soldier was buried with full military honors, and was borne to his grave by the Sergeants of the Wiltshire Regiment."

Digitized by Google

WHERE are our contributors? "I still want a page of matter for *The Dragon*!" this was the startling announcement which greeted the editor on the morning of the publication of *The Dragon*. These things should not be. Independently of the fact that it necessitates the editor sitting down to cudgel his brains, after an all night's sitting at the police ball, it shows either lack of talent or too much indifference amongst the officers and men of the battalion. What we want is a paper written for The Buffs by The Buffs, but at present all the writing has been done by a very small coterie. Acting Bandsman Wells certainly has flashed upon an astonished world his inventions through our columns, and a rising young journalist (whose writing, by the way, nearly drove our printer mad) has given us an account this week of Ranikhet, but we look in vain for the mass of original literary matter which, when we started, we imagined would be showered upon us. What is Penang doing? they made a brave show in our second number, and recorded the fact that each man in their cricket team was capable of drinking a bottle (or was it a magnum?) of champagne, but since then we have received nothing from the island of spices. We have had some nicely put together reports, but still nothing like the amount that we expected. If the paper is to flourish, and not to limp along, new blood must come forward. We are delighted to hear from anyone, but our contributors must not be offended if we sometimes cannot insert their screeds, or if we have to cut them down.

Now some of you stir up. If you think you have anything which might amuse or edify your brother Buffs put it down on paper in the most straightforward way you can, write on one side of the paper only, and don't use high-flown language. The best written article is the article which comes nearest to good conversation.

CHRISTMAS, 1886.

Christmas Day for 1886 was kept up by The Buffs in their usual style of festivity and pleasure. Each company (with one exception) Band and Drums, were very tastefully decorated with evergreens, and mottoes with reference to their Officers, N.-C. O's., &c., and it would be very hard for one to choose the best, but if any is to be called *primus* it must be the Band, their only drawback being that they, evidently, had quite forgotten to eulogize their Band Sergt. He is about to leave them after 25 years with the Band alone, and one little motto, however small, would, no doubt, have been gratefully thought of and highly appreciated by him. The Band by the way, obtained permission, and gave a jolly little dance which was carried out very successfully, and kept up with great vigour until 1 p.m. "H" Company looked very nice, aud quite sustained their '85 prestige amongst the companies.

We had almost forgotten our teetotal friends the "Invictas," their lodge looked quite a little transformation scene and reminded one of the old "Drury" on Boxing-night, only they were minus the ballet ladies requisite on those occasions. The decorations were beautiful, and all done under the able management of Ptes. McGee and Newport. The dinner to which 30 members sat down, was simply second to none, and very carefully prepared and put on the table by Pte. E. Kent. The liquors! !—well, ditto, ditto.

A tea was also given on the 26th by Pte. E. Kent, to which about 40 members of the lodge sat down, and was a great success.

TOMMY ATKINS.

By the Author of "Tom Bulkley of Lissington," &c.

(*Continued*).

This is a much more trying ordeal than the Adjutant's or Sergt.-Major's drill in the morning, inasmuch as the whiteness of his belts, the length of his hair, the spotlessness of his clothes, the shinyness of his buttons and boots, the set of his forage-cap or shako, in short his appearance from top to toe will be subject to the severe test of his Captain's inspection, and Tommy prepares himself for it with a full sense of its importance. As soon as the Captain of his Company has finished this rigorous scrutiny the drill commences, and for the next hour and a half or two hours Tommy's hard at it, wheeling into line, forming squares, firing volleys, and having "his name taken down." As soon as the parade is dismissed, Tommy, generally with wild shouts and rough gambols like an emancipated schoolboy rushes off to his barrack-room and takes off his belt. The mornings' parade has given him a keen appetite and he is quite ready for his dinner. The table is soon laid for the repast. The centre-piece is a plate of salt and pepper, and Tommy completes this arrangement by putting his basin, with his knife, fork and spoon beside it, on the board. He then gets his bread down from the shelf above his head and awaits the sound of the bugle. Exactly as the barrack-clock strikes one, the bugle call of "pick 'em up, pick 'em up, hot potatoes!" falls invitingly on his ears, and simultaneously there enter the mess orderlies enveloped in a delicious fog of steam from their precious burden. There are no trays or waiters or dishes, the meat is carried in mess-tins, and "spuds" as Tommy calls his potatoes, peep from between the meshes of a net, in which they have been boiled, to prevent them from mingling with the "spuds" of other messes in the great joint boiler. If at this moment you observe an extra glisten in Tommy's eye, you will know that it's "duff day" *i.e.*, the ration of meat will be made into pies instead of plain boiled in nets like the "spuds," or made into soup. By the way, if you want to see potatoes properly done, just drop in on Tommy about one o'clock in the day, and you will behold a picture of mealiness rarely equalled, never surpassed on your own table. It must not be supposed that each Company just furnishes a couple of men as cooks, who are left to their own devises. There is a Regimental Soyer, who reigns supreme in the cook-house, a Sergeant who, under the title of "Master Cook," rules in his culinary sphere with a rod of iron—the poker, presumably. The mess orderlies having deposited their precious burdens on the table, the Corporal or Lc,-Corporal of the mess devides the rations into the requisite number of portions, and Tommy at once lays on. He has just about settled down to his work when a cane is struck sharply against the open door, and a N.-C. Officer yells out "shun!" Tommy drops his knife and fork as if he had been shot, bolts what he has in his mouth, and glares straight

Digitized by Google

to his front, "Any complaints?" asks an Officer, either the Captain of the day or the Orderly Officer, as he pops his head in at the door. As a general rule the answer is "none sir." The Officer then vanishes, and Tommy again goes at it tooth and nail literally. The meal is generally washed down with a draught of porter, and then after clearing away and cleaning up, he lights his pipe and sits bown on his iron bedstead, which is his chair by day, or else on a form outside in the sun. He has not much time for digestion or meditation though, for at two o'clock he must be out on the barrack-square again, for Adjutant's, Sergeant-Major's or Subaltern's drill, as the case may be, and he has to turn out spick and span, or it will be the worse for him.

(*To be continued*).

DRAMATIC NOTES,

Last month it fell to our lot to criticise the Griffin Dramatic Club, this month the Dragon Club have their innings, and gave us two farces and a miscellaneous musical entertainment. Billy Doo was the first piece, and the Doo was the best done part, Sergt. Dray showed that he had a good deal of low comedy humour. Corpl, Martin struggled bravely through an uninteresting character, but he is not such a flier over the dramatic course as he is on the running track. An apology was made for a change of characters, which no doubt explained the lack of acquaintance with the words which all the actors showed at intervals. In the musical interlude, Corpl. Martin, got up faultlessly as a modern masher, sung to us very pleasantly about the sweetheart of his infantile years, and Sergt. Dray with a pocket-handkerchief knotted round his throat, and Corpl. Martin and Pte. Belcher in most ecclesiastical white chokers, told us of those very good young men who never went astray. Sergeant Dray showed phenomenal powers in forgetting his words in "Oh I Say!" and Corpl. Batty got a well deserved encore for a bucolic ditty. "Hunting a Turtle" suffered like the other farce, from insufficient rehearsal. Mrs. Buck was, as she always is, charming, pretty, and intelligent as "Mrs. Turtle," but she did not make the most of the possibilities of the part. Pte. Belcher when he learns to keep a little quieter on the stage will be a decided acquisition as a light comedian, and Sergt. Dray, (badly made up by the way) did all that was necessary as the uxorious "Mr. Turtle." Corpl. Keeler, as "Mr. Levison's servant," appeared to be a great favourite with the audience. The members of the Dragon Club have a certain amount of talent, but if they expect to keep the patronage of a paying audience they must spend a great deal more trouble on their rehearsals. Why do not all the rival clubs combine and give us a regimental one?

A SUGGESTION.

A correspondent writing to us makes the following suggestions:—

Why not start a regimental club, combining football, cricket, and shooting; pay, say a nominal monthly subscription. We always had a Regimental Cricket Club when the Battalion was in India before, and one of the best cricketing Officers was elected captain.

At present there appears to be a great difficulty for anyone to get a team together, the men appearing rather dubious about playing; why, no one knows. If the club was started the captain could have practice matches once a week, say play 15 of a company, never mind if the 11 lost, it would make the players work together, and each would know his place, as now when the captain of the field takes a team to Singapore he is very naturally at a loss to know whether Pte. Brown fields well at cover point, or is better fitted for square leg. I am sure our Officers would support the club, and also the canteen fund could not be applied to a much more suitable object, and would fully come within the spirit of the regulations on the subject. Might I suggest also that the same liberality be shewn when they played matches, as is done in our 2nd Battn. viz., that of giving each player a pint of beer at 1 p.m. and another after the game was over, this I think would be a perfectly legitimate charge against the canteen fund, and as we are aware, encourage the men.

I can safely say that when we left India in 1879, we were second to none in respect to our cricket, and I hope that we shall be the same soon after our arrival there.

Football is played very much in India during the monsoon season. The Buffs started their first football team in 1874, during our stay in Calcutta, and prior to that date the Calcutta Football Club were never beaten by soldiers until The Buffs did it, which happened on more than one occasion. Practice used to take place about one evening a week at which about 30 men took part, these men were supplied, after the game, with a quart of beer each, expenses of which was defrayed as I suggested in the cricket matches.

Shooting is, no doubt, upheld by everyone in India, from the Commander-in-Chief down to the Drummer, and a battalion that cannot produce good teams are looked upon by the other corps as

Digitized by Google

"regular duffers," and so they are, but I am sure this will not be our case as we have lots of good material to work up, and all that it wants is plenty of practice under Officers and N.C.O's. who will put their whole heart into it.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

The following Non-Commissioned Officers have passed in drill, for promotion:—Corpls. Carnell, Braham, and Greig.

Lieut. A. J. Stuart rejoined from leave of absence on the 25th December, 1886.

Capt. H. Blackburn rejoined from leave of absence on the 27th December, 1886.

Lieut.-Colonel H. T. Halahan will arrive in H.M.S. Himalaya, early next month.

The wife and family of Pte. Collopy will arrive in H.M.S. Himalaya, early next month.

The undermentioned N..C. O's. and men have been awarded school certificates on the 23rd November, 1886.

SECOND CLASS.

Corpl.	R. Watson.	Pte.	T. Latter.
Lce.-Corpl.	G. Cork.	,,	S. W. Johnson.
,,	J. Greenland.	,,	F. Brown.
,,	F. Staunton.	,,	T. Hickmott.
,,	T. Higgins.	,,	J. Oudnie.

Lce.-Corpl. J. Harlow.

THIRD CLASS.

Pte.	J. Davies.	Pte.	H. Raines.
,,	S. G, Stampton.	,,	G. Veal.
,,	F. G. Lee.	,,	J. Smalley.
,,	T. Pollard.	,,	E. Sayers.
,,	F. Hearn.	Drmr.	J. Stevens.

FOURTH CLASS.

Pte. W. Moon.

The undermentioned amounts have been deposited in, or withdrawn from the Regimental Savings Bank during the month of December.

	Deposits. £	s	d	Withdrawals. £	s	d
A Company	6	10	0	4	1	0½
B ,,	1	15	0	28	0	10¾
C ,,	12	1	0	16	0	3¼
D ,,	18	4	0	18	6	10¾
E ,,	4	5	0	21	16	7
F ,,	6	10	0	54	16	10½
G ,,	7	0	0	23	14	9¾
H ,,	11	1	8	4	10	9½
Total	67	6	8	171	8	2

Pte. G. Chaney joined Depôt from 1st Battn., on the 24th September, 1886.

Sergt. J. Goodwin joined the 2nd Battalion from Netley on the 2nd October, 1886.

Sergt. Drmr. J. Osborne joined School of Music, Kneller Hall from 1st Battalion, on the 18th October, 1886.

The undermentioned N.-C. Officers have been promoted from the dates specified:—

Lce.-Sergt. Webster to be Sergeant, 7th May, 1886.
,, White to be paid Lce..Sergeant, 7th May, 1886.
Lce-Corpl. Hyatt to be Corporal, 7th May, 1886.
,, Halford to be Corporal, 1st October, 1886.
,, Perry to be Corporal, 20th October, 1886.
,, Staunton to be paid Lc.-Corpl., 7th May, 1886.
,, Burrows to be paid Lc.-Corpl., 1st October, 1886.
,, Tomlin to be paid Lc.-Corpl., 20th October, 1886.

Sergt. J. Connell confirmed by Horse Guards' authority, in his appointment as Master Tailor, 20th April, 1886.

Sergt. W. Keteon awarded Good Conduct Medal without gratuity, 1st November, 1886.

RANIKHET.

As it is almost certain that we shall go to India early next year, and that our first station there will be Ranikhet, a short description of the place from a visitor there last summer, will be interesting to our readers.

The distance from Bombay is 1346 miles of which probably 1226 will be done by rail to Bareilly or Moradabad, and the remainder by march to Ranikhet. It lies high up in the Himalayas, about 120 miles from the town of Bareilly, and is about 30 miles from Naini Tal where the terrible landslip occurred about eight years ago. The town itself consists of a bazaar and a few native shops, but the place is so scattered that it is very hard to tell how large it really is. A succession of ridges run from north to south, with deep valleys, or khuds as they are more generally called, between and on these ridges are the bungalows where Tommy takes up his residence for the time being. About four miles away, and about 1500 feet higher, there is a small village called Chaubuttia where there is always a half battalion of another regiment, and besides this there is a large standing camp for young soldiers just come out from home, and lastly a large bungalow for a lot of the married people from the plains. Sport of every kind can be obtained; tiger, leopard, bear, deer, and every description of birds abound, and at a very little distance away can be got magnificient fishing.

Digitized by Google

The snowy range is visible whenever the weather is clear, and only 80 miles away is the celebrated Pindi glacier, over which the traveller must go if he wanted to get to Cashmere. From here can also be seen Badrinath or the Holy Mount (at the source of the Ganges), and Tresool a Himalaya peak 18,000 feet high.

CRICKET.

Captains of Cricket Clubs are requested to send accounts of all matches to the Editor, and they will be published if space admits. Forms for entering matches on can be obtained from the Regimental Press at 20 cents per dozen.

Shooting Matches will also be reported if the full scores are forwarded.

"E" COMPANY *v.* SERGEANTS.

As this match was for the Challenge Shield, great interest was taken in it by nearly the whole of the Battalion, who turned out to witness the game. It was considered to be a walk over for "E" Company, but when three of their best wickets fell for 21 runs, things commenced to look a little brighter for the Sergeants, who eventually won a most exciting match by seven wickets, owing no doubt to the splendid bowling of the Band-Sergt. who, in the second innings, clean bowled six wickets at the small cost of two runs per wicket.

"E" COMPANY.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.
Pte.	Wickens, b Cumber	5	c Steele b Whittle 5
"	Simmonds, run out	2	b Whyatt 15
"	Elmonds, b Cumber	11	run out 12
"	James, run out	6	b Whyatt 0
"	Straw, b Whyatt	1	b Whyatt 0
Cpl.	Reynolds, run out	4	b Whyatt 2
Pte.	Roberts, stmp. Steele b Whyatt	5	run out 0
"	Pollard, b Cumber	8	b Whyatt 0
"	Holmes, stmp Steele b Whyatt	0	not out 1
Cpl.	Perry, run out	0	b Whyatt 2
Pte.	Waters, not out	0	run out 2
	Extras	1	Extras 4
	Total	43	Total 43

SERGEANTS.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.
Qr.-Mr.-Sergt.	Cumber, c Perry b Reynolds	8	not out 12
Sergeant	Birmingham, run out	2	b Roberts 5
Band-Sergt.	Whyatt, c Straw b Reynolds	10	run out 1
Sergeant	Bovenzer, b Reynolds	1	c Elmonds b Roberts 1
"	Brewin, c Elmonds b Wickens	11	not out 6
Sergt.-Major	Cook, c Reynolds b Wickens	1	
School-Mr.	Whittle, b Wickens	4	
Lce.-Sergt.	Steele, b Wickens	5	
Sergeant	Lishman, not out	5	
"	Ongley, run out	8	
Col.-Sergt.	Bennell, ht. wkt. b Roberts	0	
	Extras	4	Extras 4
	Total	59	Total 29

"C" COMPANY *v.* THE BAND.

Played on the 4th inst., and resulted in a tie. It was afterwards discovered that the scorers had made a mistake in the totals, but too late to give "C" Company the claim to the match.

"C" COMPANY.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.
Cpl.	Alexander, b Gilbert	0	b Gilbert 5
Pte.	Beeden, b Gilbert	2	b Tozer 4
"	Ware, run out	12	b Gilbert 23
"	Golder, b Whyatt	1	run out 15
Cpl.	Eaton, c Roach b Gilbert	1	b Tozer 0
"	Brain, c Lawrence b Gilbert	0	b " 0
Pte.	Patterson, b Whyatt	5	b " 0
"	Gardiner, b Whyatt	1	c Steele b Tozer 0
"	Johnson, c Bayard b Gilbert	7	c Brooks b Gilbert 3
"	Finch, b Gilbert	2	not out 2
"	Golds, not out	0	b Gilbert 1
	Extras	1	Extras 6
	Total	32	Total 64

THE BAND.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.
Lieut.	Bayard, b Ware	6	run out 7
Pte.	Lawrence, c Johnson b Ware	0	b Gardiner 3
Lc.-Sgt.	Steele, c Beeden b Gardiner	0	run out 0
Pte.	Gilbert, c Ware b Gardiner	16	c Brain b Gardiner 20
Corpl.	Roach, l.b.w., b Gardiner	0	b Gardiner 0
Sergt.	Whyatt, c Alexander b Gardiner	2	c Alexander b Ware 0
Pte.	Howe, b Ware	8	not out 5
Corpl.	Tozer, b Ware	1	l.b.w., b Gardiner 0
Pte.	Knight, run out	3	b Ware 5
"	Nobes, st. Patterson b Gardiner	4	b Gardiner 3
"	Brooks, not out	3	c Eaton b Gardiner 3
	Extras	3	Extras 4
	Total	46	Total 50

"A" COMPANY *v.* "B" COMPANY.

Played on the 16th and 18th instant, and much to every cricketers' surprise, was won by "A" Company by 54 runs, owing to the good batting of Sewell and Edwards, and the bowling Leek, who took four wickets in one over. Pte. Gilbert batted and bowled well for "B" Coy.

The scores were as follows:—

"A" COMPANY.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.
Pte.	Fisher, run out	2	b Gilbert 1
"	Leek, b Gilbert	1	b " 3
"	Brewer, b Gilbert	4	b Townsend 1
"	Sewell, b Gilbert	48	b Gilbert 5
"	Edwards, b Baker	26	b " 0
"	Ransley, b Mitchell	7	c Baker b Gilbert 5
"	Darby, b Baker	3	b Townsend 0
"	McGee, not out	1	b Gilbert 1
"	Etherington, b Baker	5	b Townsend 2
"	Rye, st. Raward b Baker	0	b " 0
Sgt.	Birmingham, b Gilbert	2	not out 6
	Extras	9	Extras 20
	Total	103	Total 44

"B" COMPANY.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.
Pte.	Gilbert, c Birmingham b Brewer	10	c Rye b Birmingham 18
"	Hills, c Leek b Brewer	3	c Fisher b Leek 3
"	Rollins, b Brewer	13	b Leek 1
Cpl.	Patten, b Brewer	7	b " 4
Pte.	Frazer, b Birmingham	5	b Birmingham 0
"	Townsend, c Birmingham b Brewer	13	c Edwards b Leek 0
"	Rielly, c Birmingham b Leek	2	b Leek 0
"	Reward, b Leek	0	b Birmingham 9
"	Baker, st. Fisher b Brewer	2	not out 0
"	Sageman, c Leek b Brewer	2	b Leek 0
"	Mitchell, not out	0	b Birmingham 0
	Extras	2	Extras 4
	Total	59	Total 59

Digitized by Google

VARIETIES.

ARMY PRIZES.

In consequence of the Commander-in-Chief offering a prize of 100 guineas for the first boat which reaches a certain point on the Nile, it is understood that the War Office has been so struck with the idea that a code of prizes has been arranged for war time as follows:—

£10 for the Sharpshooter who can pick off a General Officer at 500 yards.

£12 7*s* 6*d* for the last regiment which turns its back on the enemy.

£14 14*s*. for the regiment which goes into action with the best pipeclayed belts. (Special prize of the Duke of Cambridge).

£15 15*s*. to be divided among the Battalion which can sing the chorus of "The British Grenadiers" most musically.

£20 to the Cavalry Squad which can charge without at least 10 per cent of the Troopers falling off their horses. (This applies to Reviews and sham fights). And also £500 to the Commanding Officer who can remember the regiments under his command, according to the present absurd system of classification.—*New York Herald.*

(Of course this is only a Yankee view of the matter).

"Oh I Say!" Billy, why did you get so frightfully mixed up? it was really, "Oh, too peculiar!" what a pity you did not get through, but never mind now, don't "Stop it," for we should like to see you try again next month, and I am quite sure you would then triumphantly exclaim, "I did it" "Rather!"

ARTIFICIAL MEMORY.

Now gentlemen will you allow me to tell you a little story, which illustrates that happy spirit which sees "sermons in stones, lessons in running brooks, and good in everything?" In the old Covenanter times in Scotland, a soldier was one Sabbath day discovered during the service, within the sacred precincts of the church actually shuffling a pack of cards. You may guess that he was promptly arrested for this apparently hideous act of sacrilege, and taken before a Magistrate. Being called upon for an explanation of his conduct, he said: If it please your worship, I am a poor man and have no Bible or Prayer Book. I have nothing but my clothes and this pack of cards, and those cards represent to me, sir, the whole body of religion and morality."

Here he spread out his greasy pack saying "when I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God, when I see the deuce it reminds me to beware of the enemy of souls; when I see the three it reminds me of the Blessed Trinity; the four reminds me of the four Evangelists who wrote the Gospels; the five, of the five wise Virgins who trimmed their lamps and went in with the bridegroom; the six reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and the seven, that on the seventh day He rested, the Sabbath day; the eight reminds me of the eight righteous persons saved in the Ark: the nine, of the ten leppers who were cleansed, nine ot whom did not return to give thanks; and the ten, of the ten commandments which the Lord handed down to Moses. When I see the king I think of the King of Heaven, and when I see the Queen I think of the Queen of Sheba, who came to visit Solomon and brought fifty sons and fifty daughters, all dressed alike, so that Solomon could not tell which were boys and which were girls, and only found out by setting water before then, when the boys all washed up to their wrists, and the girls to their elbows. "Well said the judge, you have described everything but the knave," "well. said he if your worship will forgive me, I think the greatest knave is the constable who brought me before you." But the resources of this wonderful book were not exhausted, and the soldier continued saying that the spots on the cards were three-hundred and sixty-five, the number of days in the year; the number of cards was fifty-two, which was the number of weeks in the year; the picture cards were twelve, the number of months in the year: thesuits were four, the number of weeks in the month; the tricks thirteen, the number of weeks in the quarter. The prisoner was discharged without a stain on his character.

A Christmas number of *The Dragon*—Snap Dragon.

PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT.

Captain,—"Now my man are you sure of your former employment when you join the Army Reserve?"
Tommy.—"Certain sure, sir."
Captain.—"What employment was that, my man?"
Tommy.—"Lookin' for work sir."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The ship has arrived, and I must away,
As the time has come to leave you.
It would give me pleasure with you to stay
But alas! I have to say adieu.

LIGHTS.

1. This have I been for many a year,
Thro' peace and war, privation and good cheer.
2. If this "light" you seek, then I'll be bound,
That if you try the Sol fa, it will be found.
3. Later on would do, my friends, I fancy,
No! well then, follow on behind our Nancy.
4. The power of steam by me first brought to notice,
I'm extremely useful when you require a poultice.
5. What's that I see? a ghost or elf?
Foolish fancy—why, 'tis but myself.
6. You should have come an hour ago at least,
I now have made the cake without the yeast.
7. This "light" I am sure you'll try to do,
In everything that's attempted by you.
8. Hark! listen! tell me, what is it?
Why, only one of those shouts of Bridget.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTHS' ACROSTIC.

S a c K
I O U
N e i g h b o u R
G o v e r n o R
A s i A
P P C
O a t H
R E
E v i d e n c E

Correct answer was received from "P.W.G."

Incorrect answers were received from "No Savvy," "Nanti" and "F.W."

Answers are requested to the acrostics, and will be received by the Editor up to the 22nd inst., but if possible, sooner.

Re-printed at "THE BUFFS" Regimental Press, Dum Dum.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1893

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 4. **SINGAPORE, JANUARY 31st, 1887.** Price 10 cents.

DEATH.

LESLIE—27th November 1886, at Corravahan, Co., Cavann, Ireland, Major A. T. Leslie, The Buffs, deeply regretted.

(It is requested that domestic occurrences may be reported as soon as possible by all who belong to The Buffs, whether subscribers or not.)

WHEN next the Dragon spreads his wings, which means when we next, by hook or by crook, succeed in getting out this paper, we shall all have braved the perils of sea sickness, and have worn out the soles of those two pairs of serviceable boots in our trudge up the Himalayan hills. The short period during which we have been stationed in Singapore has, on the whole, passed pleasantly (though it was described by an irrepressible subaltern as convict life in an obscure Asiatic village), and we shall take with us some pleasant memories and leave behind us a good many friends. With the exception of the fever which was so prevalent during the past year, and to which we probably owe our change of destination from Kurrachee to Ranikhet, we have had nothing to grumble at, the rate of exchange perhaps excepted, and we can say good-bye to Singapore with very friendly feelings.

In the country we are going to we shall find the name of the regiment well known, for on its last tour of service it gained for itself the credit of being the best infantry regiment in India. In marching, shooting, and sport of all kinds, it more than held its own, and we shall have all our work cut out for us if we are to emulate the achievements of The Buffs who marched, shot, and played in India before our time. Very few of the old hands, who served in the regiment in those days are with us still, and we are a much younger body of men than that which formed the battalion when it last embarked for India, but our *esprit de corps* is as strong as ever, and with every man doing his best for the credit of the old corps we should be able to maintain the Indian idea that the name of The Buffs was synonymous for all that is good and praise worthy in an infantry regiment.

OUR appeal for copy has borne good fruit so much so that, though we have added another four pages to our original eight, we have not been able to publish all the contributions we have received as we should have liked to have done. We hope our contributors will keep on in their-well doing.

Digitized by Google

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

In justification of the Regimental Crew, the following account may perhaps explain the apparently poor show made by them in the four-oared race on New Year's Day last. The Buffs crew were well trained, had a good boat, and every chance of winning the race. In the race itself they had got away with a good start, when, owing to a barge crossing the course, one foul, followed by a second (which stove in the rudder of The Buffs boat) occurred with the boat of H.M.S. Zephyr. To explain a foul is always difficult, and as the matter was decided against The Buffs, nothing further need be said.

Directly after the race a challenge was given to the Zephyrs to row a fresh race on the same conditions, which was accepted, and the race fixed for the following Monday. On Monday, however, a letter was received from Commander Hope of H.M.S. Zephyr, greatly regretting that, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, there would be no race.

After many delays, however, the Zephyrs were at last persuaded to row, but only on conditions that could not be otherwise than favourable to themselves; but The Buffs were determined to have a slap at them, and to show that it was not the custom of the regiment to refuse to row, when the chances were against them.

Five-oared boats, a long course, *i.e.*, two miles, a short warning for day of race (The Buffs' crew had been in training for five days only) and the inside station being won by the Zephyrs; these were the conditions under which the race was rowed, and no wonder if the Zephyrs thought they were going to make an example of The Buffs the same as they had of the Satellites.

The course was, start from the *Zephyr*, round the *Satellite* and back to the *Zephyr*. At first start the Zephyrs got off with a slight lead which they increased to a length and a quarter on reaching the *Satellite*, there, however, The Buffs' boat rounding the ship better than their opponents, began to reduce the gap, and rowing in splendid style, drew nearly level when about 200 yards from home. The excitement on the *Zephyr* at this time was intense—the partisans of either boat shouting themselves hoarse—and, amid a whirlwind of shouts, cheers and countercheers, the Zephyrs rowed in the winners by a quarter of a length. Both crews were deservedly cheered on returning to the ship, and after partaking of refreshments, provided by the kindness of the Zephyrs, The Buffs' crew rowed off, giving three cheers for their opponents, which were heartily returned and thus ended a most exciting race, and one that reflects great credit on The Buffs' crew for the plucky way in which they rowed, and who with a little more training would probably have turned the tables on their opponents.

COXSWAIN.

To The Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

As we soon leave Singapore for England's greatest and richest possession, it would be as well for some of your younger readers to receive a few words of advice from one who was there some little time, and I hope the advice will be taken in the same spirit in which it is given.

1st. Be very careful with the sun, don't play with it, *always* when out from sunrise to sunset wear a helmet or sola topee.

2nd. Take plenty of exercise morning and evening, but not too violent—good walks, cricketting, and putting the shot, all are advisable.

3rd. Avoid laying about and sleeping during the day, particularly *after* the mid-day meal do anything in preference to sleep, if you do not look out for your liver.

4th. Avoid drinking spirits (particularly country drinks) stick to beer, but not too much of that either.

5th. Another thing, which does not appear very important, don't run about without something on your feet, going about in bare feet is very conducive to diarrhœa.

6th. If any serious disease breaks out, don't get frightened at it, and go off and get drunk, as those are the people who generally fall victims to any epidemic about.

7th. If you find yourself unwell go to hospital at once, it is the best place; put on one side all your prejudices about shirking duty, &c., you will be immediately treated, and by doing this very often lives are saved or a long spell of hospital dispensed with.

8th. Avoid eating unripe or a large quantity of ripe fruit.

Digitized by Google

9th Last, but not least, "keep out of the clutches of the Sergeant of the Guard," as the prisoners' room is not generally situated in the most desirable spot.

Yours truly,

MEMO.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

In your last issue you publish a suggestion from a correspondent with regard to a regimental club, combining shooting, cricket, and football. I feel quite certain that a club so started would meet with every support. I have sounded the troops at Penang on the subject, and could promise at least 20 members betwen the two companies, some fairly good cricketers, some good shots, and others with a knowledge of football. If your correspondent would, therefore, undertake to draw up rules and have them circulated, the rules of course being subject to alteration by a committee hereafter formed, I am sure that in a short time we conld well name the club the "Invicta."

A CRICKETER (Penang).

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

According to the suggestion in last month's *Dragon*, I think it a very favourable one, especially the shooting club, not only for a regimental club, but companies as well, but I think if it was under the same heading as our 2nd Battalion, it would be much better for everyone, and allow more matches to be fired, that is. pay four-pence a month, and when leaving the regiment receive his credit or pay if he should be in debt, and not take money out of one club to help another; let the three be separate,—shooting, football, and cricket clubs

Yours truly,

"FOLLOW."

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

I have the names of about 20 men who are anxious to form a Harrier and Football Club at Ranikhet. I think that if it could be formed, it would be very successful, if properly organized, as it would not only be a very healthy pastime, but would also afford plenty of amusement. I am anxious to get more names of men willing to join, as the more we get the merrier the Club will be.

GEO WATKINS, *Corpl.*

The Buffs.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PTE. J. WELLS.—We are sorry we have not space for your communications this month. If "No Savvy" wishes to see your cartridge he would do well to apply to you personally. Before our next number appears we will, if you wish it, see it ourselves and give some slight description of it.

ONE OF 'EM.—Our appeal for copy has filled up our columns, so we cannot insert your poem.

"For in war or love no matter which,
He'll leave his trail behind him"

Savours rather of a compulsory remittance.

A. J.—See answer to "One of 'em." You are not quite right as to your facts in the verse

"Tell me who knows what they yet may be called upon to do,
The deeds they've done in India, and do it they could too,
Or what was done in China when that noble fellow shed his blood
Rather than betray his country to a cursed Chinee cub."

Obituary.

MAJOR ARTHUR TREVOR LESLIE.

IT is with feelings of the greatest regret that we have to record the death of Major Leslie. He had been lingering through a very long and painful illness, and perhaps to a man who had never known what a day's illness was until suddenly stricken down by paralysis, death came as a welcome relief from suffering. His tall fine figure and energetic bearing are still stamped upon the memory of most of us. Kind, cheerfull, brave and obliging, he was always ready to assist the men in their games; had a kindly word for everyone; volunteered for every dangerons service in the field; and never for a moment considered what inconvenience his gifts might entail upon himself so long as he could do a kind act to help those in need.

A well-read man, he had a great admiration for the heroes of ancient days, and had he been born in the earlier centuries would assuredly have become a knight-errant riding abroad to redress wrongs.

A splendid athlete when in his prime, he was the moving spirit in working the battalion up to the state of athletic efficiency they attained when last in India.

He served through the Perak campaign, and was A.-D.-C. to General Maude when that officer commanded the line of communication in the Kyber Pass in 1878. He was Editor of this little paper for four years, and would have hailed with delight *The Dragon's* reappearance. In losing him we have lost a good soldier, a trusty friend, and a true gentleman.

Digitized by Google

Travellers' Notes.

A TRIP OVER UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN.

By Captain H. Blackburn.

I sailed from Nagasaki for Kagoshima on the 24th of October in a little Japanese coasting steamer. The day was as fine as could be, but the vessel, which was built exactly on the lines of a child's Noah's Ark, managed to make very bad weather of it. So, when a boy, clad in a pair of slippers and very little else, came and told me dinner was ready. I went below and found things in a complete jumble. The cabin was rigged like a Japanese room, that is to say, with a flooring of slippery mats and no other furniture. On the floor were sliding about two Japanese gentlemen, dinners for three and all our baggage, and a small boy in much the same costume as the first (minus the slippers) was trying hard to keep them all steady.

Considered as sport, pursuing one's dinner round the cabin was fairly exciting, but as a means of satisfying one's hunger it didn't answer. After we had had enough of this amusement we turned in on the floor, but we found sleeping to be as hard work as eating had been, for we all got well mixed together and bumped about against the sides of the ship till about 3 A.M., when we got into smooth water and anchored. Even then, there was no sleep to be had, for a doctor and a policeman came on board to feel all our pulses and see that we hadn't got cholera, and my two fellow-passengers got into a lively conversation with them which lasted till daylight, so I roused myself up and enquired where we were, and learnt that it was Ushifuka, in the island of Amakura, a place I had never heard tell of before. On going ashore in the morning I found we had to be fumigated before being allowed to go about. The manner in which this process is carried out in Japan is so different from the custom in Europe, and so illustrative of the kindliness and hospitality of the Japanese, that it may be worth while to describe it. First, we were shown into a large room, and received with great politeness by an official. We all squatted round in a circle on the floor, and had tea and cigarettes, and polite conversation with this gentleman, while a servant brought in a lot of baskets and clean cotton dressing-gowns. Having put on these and sent our own clothes away in the baskets to be fumigated, we were offered hot baths to pass away the time. Now, a Japanese hot bath is one of the pleasantest possible ways of spending half-an-hour or so that has yet been invented. The principle of it is that you have a fire under the bath, so that the water grows warmer the longer you stay in. After boiling myself sufficiently I returned and made further efforts to talk Japanese with the official until my clothes were brought back smelling vilely of sulphur After this the purser of the ship took me in tow, and showed me round the place.

Ushifuka is a large fishing village built on a stone quay round the head of a small bay with a circle of low hills at the back. As it is only once in several years that a stranger is ever seen there, the people turned out in large numbers wherever we went. The purser seemed to know everyone, and took me round to call on all the principal people, and we finished up with a dinner party of about a dozen. We had a fairly merry evening, and the ladies of the party entertained us with much dancing and singing until well on in the night.

In the morning at daylight we got under way again, and got to Kagoshima about 2 A.M., where we had the same episode of the doctor and policeman over again, and on landing in the morning we repeated the fumigation. Kagoshima was, in the old days, the capital of the princess of Satsuma, and one of the finest towns in Japan, but was bombarded by the British fleet in 1863, and was burnt in 1877 at the end of the great Satsuma rebellion. There is nothing left now to show what a great place it was except the huge sea wall and breakwaters extending along some two miles of the coast. The present town looks very new and rather poverty stricken. It is very easy to lose one's way in it, as it is all divided up by creeks and inlets of the sea, and the streets dodge and twist about to avoid them.

(To be continued).

—: o :—

Our Route.

As many of our readers have not been in India before, it may be of some interest to them to have a short account of the journey from Bombay, as far as the railway journey is concerned, and the places we shall pass through *en route* to Ranikhet. The different rest camps are situated

Digitized by Google

as follows, with the intermediate distances given in miles, and the total distance from Bombay of each.

Railway.	Rest Camp.	Miles.	Bombay Miles.
Great India Peninsula	Deolali	113	113
	Khundwa	240	353
	Jubbulpore	263	616
East India	Allahabad	228	844
	Cawnpore	119	963
Oudh and Rohilkund	Bareilly *via* Lucknow	182	1155
	Moradabad	72	1262
Road	Ranikhet	120	1346
	Route march in about 10 days		

As the *Orontes* enters Bombay harbour, on the left will be seen the island of Colaba with lighthouse on the end of it. Here the Royal Artillery are stationed, and there are also a military sanitarium and lunatic asylum. As the vessel proceeds up harbour to the man-of-war buoys, we shall see Malabar hill, a favourite suburb where merchants of Bombay and Government officials have their country houses, a most delightful position, as however hot the day, a pleasant cool breeze springs up every evening and comes in from the sea refreshing the wearied inhabitants and putting new life into them. If the ship arrives early in the morning, the baggage-room will be at once opened, and the baggage got up and stowed as quickly as possible in scows alongside. As soon as the first set of scows are full they will be stowed by a steam-tug to the Carnac Bunder, or wharf, a Company proceeding with them to load the baggage into the railway waggons. The unloading the ship and loading the waggons will continue until all is finished. About 4 P.M. a wing of the regiment will be landed at the Carnac Bunder having been preceded by the married families, and on the troop boats returning, the remaining wing will land. In the meantime the first wing and families will have been provided with a tea meal in the troops' refreshment-rooms, after which they will have been entrained ready to start. The same takes place with the second wing. The two troop trains, both with their proportion of baggage waggons, travel up to Deolali with about an hour's interval between them. In crossing the island of Bombay, there is nothing of interest to be seen, and it soon becomes dark.

No description has been given of the city of Bombay as to do so would take up too much space, but it may be briefly stated that it possesses some very handsome public buildings, amongst others the General Post Office which collects nearly all the mails from other parts of the world for India and distributes them throughout the country. The first station passed is Byculla, a suburb of Bombay, where the race-course is, also the Victoria Botanical Gardens, a very nice and pretty lounge in the afternoon. The first stoppage will probably be at Callian junction, for a few minutes, 34 miles from Bombay. At this station the Great India Peninsular Railway divides, one branch going south-east *via* Poona to Madras, and the other, which we follow, north-east to Jubbulpore. At Kasara 75 miles from Bombay, we arrive at the Thull Ghat. Here each train is divided into two, and each half has a special Ghat engine put on to it and powerful breaks behind, and then commences an ascent of about 10 miles to Igatpura, which is situated on the top of the Ghat 1,900 feet above the sea-level. About half way up the train runs into a long level siding, and then the brakes and engine change ends, then the train continues its journey up hill, but going the reverse way. At Igatpura the first half of the train waits for the second half, and when it comes up they are joined together and proceed to Deolali.

2nd Day.—Here the regiment again entrains *er route* for Khundwa. The first station passed is Nassick Road (Bombay 117 miles) which is the station for Nassick (6 miles), a holy city on the Godavery, a sacred river celebrated for its Buddhist and Hindoo temples, both in the city and cut out of the rocky hills in the surrounding country. At 178 miles from Bombay Nandgaum is passed, which is the station for the celebrated Buddhist, Brahaminical and Jain cave temples, thirty-six in number, at Ellora, 13 miles distant. At Bhosawul junction, 276 miles from Bombay, a branch line goes to Nagpore, 244 miles in length. Bhosawul is situated on the river Taptee, and is in the province of Berar. Chandni station, 322 miles from Bombay, is where troops disentrain for Asseerghur, a hill fort on the left of the line on a large rock which

Digitized by Google

rises abruptly out of the jungle, and is visible for many miles. It is a State prison where there are still some native prisoners confined. The garrison consists of a commandant. Fort Adjutant, a company of European infantry from Mhow, and a company of native infantry.

3rd Day.—At Khundwa the train runs into the barrack siding where part barracks and part camp is the accommodation provided for the day's rest. This station is the junction for the Rajputana-Malwa and Holkar State Railway, 73 miles up, which is Mhow, the head-quarters of a division; with a European cavalry regiment, a battery R. H. Artillery, a garrison battery with siege train drawn by elephants, a European infantry regiment, and two native infantry regiments, besides, a complete field transport train of elephants, camels, mules and bullocks, and a small arsenal. In the evening the regiment is again entrained for Jubbulpore. During the journey the train crosses the Nerbudda River at Seonee (Bombay 443 miles) and also at Nirgary (Bombay 606 miles), near which are the celebrated marble rocks through which the river has cut a passage. At the marble rocks are large quantities of wild bees which it is most dangerous to disturb, as is attested by the monument to a foolhardy sportsman who fired his gun at a cluster of them, when he was immediately attacked by the whole swarm, and in his agony from their stings jumped into the river and was drowned. The rocks are about two miles from the station and near the Badaghur Fall. The passage through the rocks which are of many colored marbles is about two miles long, and the cliffs are from fifty to eighty feet high. We next arrive at Jubbulpore, a large civil and military station, where the Great India Peninsula Railway terminates. Here the regiment goes into canvas for the day, and the baggage has to be transferred into trucks belonging to the East India Railway.

4th Day.—Jubbulpore is the head-quarters of a Brigade of the Bengal army, but is situated in the Central Provinces near the Sautpoor Hills or Northern Ghauts, and is 1,460 feet above sea-level. It is a thriving place and trades in lac dye, opium, jute, iron, grain, cotton and salt, &c. In the evening the regiment again entrains as before, but in carriages of the East India Railway, for Allahabad. There is but little of interest on the route. At Nynee, 5 miles from Allahabad (Bombay 839), the Calcutta branch joins, and, just after, the train runs over a bridge which crosses the Ganges, on the right side of the line being a handsome fort built by Akbar at the confluence of the rivers Ganges and Jumna, a specially sacred place to which the natives make pilgrimages, and more especially so at the time of the Mag Mela fair, which is held on 14th December.

5th Day.—At Allahabad, which is a divisional command, the regiment goes into the rest camp which is close alongside the railway. Allahabad is the capital of the North-West Provinces, seat of the Lieutenant-Governor, of and a very large cantonment with good shops and hotels, public buildings, &c., and large works of the East India Railway. At the frontier post-office in the station, the mails from the south, east, and west are sorted and sent on to their various destinations. In the evening the regiment will entrain for Cawnpore, the junction for the Oudh and Rohilkund Railway. At Futtehpore (Bombay 916 miles, Allahabad 72 miles), a small town in the plain lying between the Ganges and Jumna, Sir Henry Havelock, on his way to Cawnpore, routed the mutineers on 12th July, 1857. At Cawnpore the regiment will probably disentrain, go into rest camp, and shift baggage into trucks of the Oudh and Rohilkund Railway.

6th Day.—This is a large city with military cantonment, situated on the Ganges, doing a good trade in native products, such as harness, saddlery, cotton goods, tints, indigo, and saltpetre, and has a Government harness factory. It is situated in a hot sandy plain, 600 feet above the sea. This city is notorious for the murder of so many Christians, mostly English women and children, which took place at the time of the Mutiny, whose bodies were thrown into a well, which has since been covered in and a beautiful white marble angel holding a cross, carved by Baron Marochetti, placed over it in 1863. The massacre took place on the 17th of June 1857, at the time that General Wheeler's garrison embarked in boats to go down the Ganges at the Suttee Chowra Ghat, the whole of whom perished (with the exception of Captains Mowbray and Delarosse, and Privates Sullivan and Murphy) as they fell into an ambuscade laid by Nana Sahib. The four who escaped did so by swimming down stream. After the fight at Futtehpore, mentioned before, Havelock pushed on to Cawnpore, which he reached on the 15th of July, 1857, and rescued the remnant of the garrison. On the 27th July, 1857, he marched on Lucknow, but was obliged to return on 13th of August. On 16th of August at Bithoor he beat Nana Sahib. On 15th September, General

Digitized by Google

Outram, who was senior to Havelock, arrived with reinforcements, and waived his seniority to serve under Havelock. The two marched on Lucknow, reaching it on September 23rd, 1857. In the evening the regiment will entrain for Bareilly. Forty-two miles from Cawnpore and 1,009 from Bombay is Lucknow, the capital of Oudh. It is a large civil and military station, with banks, library, churches, hospitals, English shops and schools, &c. It is situated on the Gomtee River on a rich plain 300 feet above the sea-level. The history of the defence, when the Mutiny broke out here on 30th June 1857, under Sir Henry Lawrence, Major Banks, and Sir H. Inglis, until relieved by Havelock and Outram, would fill a volume, and the mutineers were not finally quelled until 19th March, 1859, when the English troops under Lord Clyde re-captured the city. Among the defenders who lie buried here are Sir Henry Lawrence, who was killed on July 4th 1857, Major Banks, who was killed on July 21st, Sir Henry Havelock, who died of cholera, October 24th, and General Neill, who has killed on Septmber 26th whilst storming the entrenchments. The principal objects of interest are the Kaiserbagh or Cæsar's Garden, the Juraumbarra, now turned into an arsenal and storehouses, the Jumma Musjid or great mosque, now a gaol, the Martinière College, the Secunder Bagh, where Captain Hodson of Hodson's Horse was killed in 1858, the Alum Bagh or Queen's Garden, where Havelock is buried. 102 miles north-west of Lucknow is Shahjehanpore, a civil and military station, with sugar works and a distillery. Bareilly, where the next halt is made, is the chief town of Rohilkund, North-West Provinces, and is an important civil, revenue circuit, and militay station. It is situated on the Ramgunga or ford. It has well built cantonments, church, college, bank, central prison, old and new forts. It was captured by Lord Clyde from the mutineers in 1858, after they had murdered Judges Robertson and Raikes, and others. Furniture, gold and silver tinsel and perfumery are made here.

7th Day.—The regiment will probably leave in the evening for Moradabad. The only station of any interest *en route* is Chandausi, 44 miles from Bareilly and 1,199 miles from Bombay, which is the junction for Aligarh.

8th Day.—Moradabad is the end of the railway journey, and is in Rohilkund on the Ramgunga or ford, and 700 feet above the sea-level. It is a civil and military station and has a paved street one mile long.

The remainder of the journey will be by route march from Moradabad to Ranikhet, a distance of above 120 miles, and generally performed in ten days.

Ranikhet, being a comparatively new station, is not marked on the maps, but the following points will determine its situation. It is 30 miles north of Nynee Tal, which is situated in the Himalayas 22 miles south-west of Almorah, 64 miles from Moradabad, and 76 miles from Bareilly, and north of it.

—: o :—

Dramatic Notes.

"Trial by Jury" as given by the Sergeants' Amateur Dramatic Club was good, decidedly good. Of course, no amateur performance is perfect, and therefore there were some openings for fault-finding, but it was the best rehearsed and played piece that has been placed on the Tanglin boards during the time the regiment has been here. The Bandmaster is to be congratulated on the excellent accompaniments; he had evidently spent much time and trouble over the matter, for the scoring of the piece for the orchestra must, itself, have involved a great deal of labour. Some of the *tempi* were taken slower than is customary, but probably that was owing to the performers on the stage and not to the orchestra. To turn to the caste. Mr Whittle made a very good Judge, and almost succeeded in disguising the fact that he is the owner of a very fine and large moustache. He sang the music of the part with perfect clearness, and the only fault to be found with his performance is that when singing his song he forgot the dignity of his position and indulged in rather extravagant action. Sergt. Lishman was thoroughly capable as the Counsel for the Plaintiff, but why did he look for his law in an *Army List?* The Defendant was played by Lce.-Corpl. Hodgins (who has anticipated the happy day when he himself will become a sergeant, and has already joined their company theatrically), by whom the part, which is a difficult one, was satisfactorily filled, though at times he did not seem quite at home on the stage; he has a nice light tenor voice, which he has apparently taken some pains to train. The Usher was played with the necessary solidity by Sergt. McFarlane, but he sang "Now Jurymen" too slowly. Mrs. Birmingham made a very charming Plaintiff, and of

Digitized by Google

course sang the music very well. The chorus of bridesmaids and jurymen did their work capitally, led by the foreman and the chief bridesmaid, and the scenery bore quite enough resemblance to one of Her Majesty's courts to keep up the illusion. "Naval Engagements" has been criticised before. The play went better than it did on the last occasion, probably owing to more rehearsal, though it was not played as crisply as it should be. Sergt Dray had discarded his whiskers for a more suitable make up, but Mrs. Whittle had disguised her pretty face with some lines which did not give any idea of wrinkles. Both Mrs Birmingham and Mrs Whittle played well, as in fact did all the rest of the caste. The Sergeants' Club should make a good nucleus whenever the talked of Regimental Club is formed. Dramatic critics are supposed to be omniscient, but they cannot be omnipresent, and therefore as the humble individual who takes stock of theatrical matters in this paper had business elsewhere, he was unable to be present on the Monday and Thursday, but in his place an efficient deputy looked after the interests of *The Dragon* His remarks are as follows :—

"Done on both Sides," Sergt. Dray made up carefully as "Mr Whiffles" played very well and shewed great submissiveness to his better half (Mrs. Birmingham) who got through her part in her usual taking style, appearing to great advantage when ordering Whiffles to get on with the various household duties. Schoolmaster Whittle, as the ubiquitous, self-inviting, hard-up young masher, played "Mr. Brownjohn" to perfection, particularly in making himself at home with the Whiffles family. Mrs. Whittle made a very charming Lydia (Whiffles' daughter) and got through her part splendidly, which was rather a difficult one. Sergt. Lishman as "Mr. Phibbs," a wealthy relative of the Whiffles, was all that could be desired, and he was thoroughly astounded at the very peculiar style of the Whiffles, in depriving him of his present of venison for the President of the Veterinary College, making him wait at table, and sundry other menial duties. The whole wound up with the usual explanations, and everything was put to rights by the Whiffles acknowledging their various little deceptive tricks.

"All's fair in Love" was put on the boards, and was performed in great style, Buttons (Sergt. Talbot) and Jemima. (Mrs. Whittle) frequently bringing out rounds of applause for their unique acting of the "Stage-struck boy" and the charming lady's maid, who stands up for womans' rights, and her little speech (standing on a chair) upon that subject, was really good. Sergt. Dray was capitally made up and played the Squire remarkably well, getting through his courting and rheumatism in first-rate style. Mrs Birmingham made a very pretty Constance (the Squire's ward) and acted in her usual taking and effective manner the double part of pleasing the guardian and his nephew, Mr. Blount (Sergt. Gray). Sergt. Gray got through his part fairly well, but speaks rather too fast and a little too quickly, but probably practice will improve him bye-and-bye.

"Jesse Vere" was the last piece played, and, all things considered, passed off very well. The characters were slightly altered from the last time it was played, Sergt. Dray as the country clergyman played his character very nicely. Mr. Whittle as Arthur Temple was all that could be desired ; Mrs. Whittle as Jesse Vere, made up charmingly, was no doubt *the* character of the piece, and Mrs. Birmingham (Polly Perkins, was very good, and in her attack with the umbrella upon the pair of ruffians who were attempting to steal Jesse's child, she was perfection, and brought down the house Sergt. Gray (Arthur Temple's half-brother) got through a very difficult deep-dyed scoundrel's part tolerably well, but at times was scarcely to be heard. Sergt. Lishman (Jacob Thorne) did not get on quite so well as before. although on the whole he was tolerably good. Policeman A-1 (with the white cuffs on) should have captured Jacob's unmuzzled dog before it got into Jesse's apartments in London, and then it would not have howled in the middle of a very interesting scene. Chirrup (Color.-Sergt Gardner) and Nightingale (Sergt. Talbot), two notorious scoundrels, were mostably represented, and caused lots of fun in this capacity. Chirrup, as the flunkey to Arthur Temple, looked quite at home in that charracter, and was made up without a fault right down to his calves. Sergt. Summers made a natural rustics. The two policemen (special no doubt) would have done better to remain out of sight until their presence was required on the stage, and not have got amongst the audience, but probably one of them was doing a little rehearsal on his own account, prior to his going to England, where we suppose he will be in a couple of months holding a similar position. This, we are sorry to say, will be Mrs. Birmingham and Sergt. McFarlane's last appearance on The Buffs' stage, and we feel certain they will be keenly missed by all, and more so by the Sergeants' Club.

Digitized by Google

Musketry

The musketry course for 1885-86 has been completed, and the following are the results, which are satisfactory:—

Best Shooting Company.
Letter C, Captain H. Blackburn.
Figure of Merit 153.22.

Figure of Merit of Companies.

C 153.22	F 140.54
A 145.94	G 132.68
B 143.17	D 132.61
E 141.47	H 129.32

Battalion figure of merit, 140.07.

Best Shot of Sergeants—Col. Sergt J. Bennell.
Ditto Corporals—Corpl. W. Braham.
Ditto Privates—Pte. C. Munson.
Second Best—Pte. M. McDonald.

Best Shots of Companies.

A Pte H. Glibbery	E Corpl. J. Greig
B Pte W. Smith	F Pte. F. Ledger
C Pte A. Page	G Pte. T. Boyles
D Lce. Corpl. Burrows	H Pte. T. Richard

The three best Judges of Distance are—

Sergt. Lishman	Average point per answer	1.64
C.-Sergt. Thomsett		1·43
Sergt. Stevens		1.40

The following are Marksmen:—

A COMPANY.
Corpl. T. Cheal Pte. E. Kent.
Pte. G. Lipscombe' Corpl. S. Greenland Corpl. H. Lock

B COMPANY.
Sergt. C. McFarlane Pte. A. H. Baker Pte. H. Mitchell

C COMPANY.
Corpl. G. Brain Pte. J. Murrell
Pte. A. Patterson ,, J. Reynolds
,, H. McStea ,, T. Tucker

D COMPANY.
Sergt. J. Gleeson Pte. T. McDougal Pte. E. Wynne.

E COMPANY.
Lce.-Sergt. C. Woodward.

F COMPANY.
Sergt. F. Andrews Lce.-Corpl. H. Hodgins

G COMPANY.
Pte. M. Daley Sergt. W. Watts
Pte R. Hannaford Corpl. T. Ward Sergt. J. Green

H COMPANY.
Sergt. J. H. Dray Col.-Sergt. F. Thomsett Pte. J. Smith

TOMMY ATKINS.

By the Author of "Tom Bullkley of Lissington," &c.
(Continued).

About half past three this third affliction is over, and he now looks forward to his tea. At 4 o'clock the bugle sounds again, but, alas! this is a mere mockery, nothing but a basin of tea and what is left from breakfast and dinner of his ration of bread. There are the saveloy and sausage vendors about certainly, but if Tommy has already indulged in the morning he can't afford to do it again in the afternoon. There is the evening stroll down into the town, or the visit to the Canteen to hear a song, and it won't do to be without a copper or two in his pocket, so he generally contents himself with his basin of tea, and hunch of dry bread. This is his last meal in the day, and it is a crying shame, I think, that it should be so. From 4 o'clock in the afternoon until 1 o'clock next morning Tommy fasts. The Government should provide him with a good supper of bread and cheese at 8 o'clock, if he chooses to come back to the barrack room for it, and Tommy generally would. Besides the physical good and comfort this meal would afford him, it would often draw him away from the Public Houses or mischief down in the town. After tea is over he will occupy himself for about an hour in preparing for the morrow's parade. Armed with sponge and pipeclay, button brush and stick, rag and water, he will set to work cleaning his belts and rifle, and furbishing up his buttons and brass ornaments. He likes, as a rule, doing this outside on a bench in the sun, and at this time he is much given to breaking out in a song, and whistles as he brushes and polishes away. His belts and buttons are now beautiful to behold, but his *chef-d'œuvre* is unquestionably his pouch. The amount of "elbow grease" he expends on that article is simply wonderful. Having given the finishing touch to its shiny black surface, he takes a last fond look and carries it tenderly to his room. Now whatever you do don't run up against Tommy or kick up a dust at this moment, or there will be a row. Having reached his cot, he wraps the pouch up in an old silk handkerchief, and hangs it up over his bed; and if on the morrow's parade the Captain says "very good pouch, Atkins; capital pouch; best pouch in the Company," Tommy will have reaped his reward. Having got the pouch off his mind, he is now a free man. There are many ways of employing his leisure. He may go to the recreation-room and read the papers, write a letter or two, or play bagatelle; he may go to the Canteen and have a "pot of four ale," and listen to a song later on in the evening; or he may go and play "fives," (there is a fives-court in every barrack or permament camp), or "put the shot," that is, see how far he can heave the 32lb shot, sure to be some of his comrades at it; or he may play cricket with the men, or, if he like it better, with the Officers if they are practising. They are always glad to see him, and if he joins their game he will have his innings as safely as the Colonel himself.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF THE OLDEST BUFF KNOWN.

We extract the following from the *Tasmanian News*, and we have no doubt that the late Mr. Hayes was the oldest Buff alive up to the 9th of last August, as, according to the notice of his death, he enlisted in 1827, sixty years ago.

"We regret to record the death of Mr. Michael Hayes, which sad event took place at the 'Rob Roy' Hotel, Liverpool Street, Hobart Town, on the 9th of August, 1886. Mr. Hayes was lessee of the 'Rob Roy' Hotel for 14 years, and during that time his genial disposition and hospitable nature made him many friends. The deceased gentleman, who was 76 years of age, served in the Buffs for 23 years, under three crowned heads—George IV., William IV. and Queen Victoria. He left the service with five good conduct badges, the long service medal, and gratuity. He arrived in Hobart in 1850, being a guard on board the convict ship *Eliza*. He served for about 20 years in the principal and territorial police here. Mr. Hayes leaves a son and three daughters to mourn his loss, the former being well known as sub-inspector of police at Beaconsfield." About two years ago, Mr. Hayes sent his portrait (cabinet) dressed as a civilian, wearing a good conduct medal, and an old pattern cheese-cutter forage cap with dragon and figure 3, to the Sergeant-Major at the Depôt of the Buffs, who had it framed, and it now hangs on the walls of The Buffs' Sergeants' Mess, Canterbury.

Digitized by Google

Regimental Items.

To be Lance-Corporals:—Ptes. H. Rollins, E. Bing, H. Anderson, T. Boyles.

To Penang on 10th instant:—Lce-Corpl. Rollins to G Co.; Lce-Corpl E. Bing to F Co.

30th December, 1886.—To be Sergt. Instr. of Signalling, Lce.-Sergt A. Brand.

Lieut. A. L. Bell awarded an extra musketry certificate.

21st January, 1887.—Col. Halahan, Lieut. Lloyd and Lieut. A. R. Eustace, joined from England.

21st January, 1887.—Col. Halahan assumed command of the Battalion.

21st January 1887.—A draft of 2nd Battn. South Lancashire joined, and attached to the Battalion.

24th January, 1887.—Pte. M. McDonald to England, per P. & O. mail for transfer to Army Reserve.

The undermentioned men are entitled to Good Conduct Pay from the dates specified:—

At One Penny.

Pte.	G. Munday	11th Angust
,,	T. Threadgold	2nd October
,,	J. Crouch	1st December
,,	A. Bramble	1st ,,
,,	G. Watson	2nd ,,
,,	A. Corner	3rd ,,
,,	M. Collins	3rd ,,
,,	E. Appleton	4th ,,
,,	H. Mewett	9th ,,
,,	T. Fox	10th ,,
,,	W. Hollingdale	11th ,,
,,	C. Puxton	11th ,,
,,	W. Beeslee	13th ,,
,,	J. Waters	13th ,,
,,	J. Cruttonden	13th ,,
,,	W. Bates	13th ,,
,,	C. Costin	13th ,,
,,	J. Hodge	15th ,,
,,	W. Papworth	15th ,,
,,	R. North	15th ,,
,,	J. Quillinan	16th ,,
,,	F. Hamilton	19th ,,
,,	C. Westhersby	19th ,,
,,	G. Briggs	22nd ,,
,,	H. Drury	22nd ,,
,,	G. Hayes	24th ,,
,,	F. Freeman	24th ,,
,,	F. Shirvill	29th ,,
,,	G. Piper	30th ,,

The undermentioned N.C. O's. have re-engaged
Sergt. R. Smith to complete 21 years.

Lce.-Corpl. T. Ward to complete 12 years.

23rd January, 1887.—Lieuts. Hamilton and Hunter re-joined from leave of absence.

Athletics.

NEW YEAR'S DAY ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Open to all European Residents in Singapore.

The following prizes were won by The Buffs at the above meeting, each event was keenly contested, and considering the competition, The Buffs came off very well. The tug-of-war was a surprise to everyone, as only a week before, the Gunners walked away with our team, but *nil desperandum* seemed to be our motto on New Year's day, as they won the tug-of-war after two good steady pulls, by sheer strength.

Cricket Ball Throwing.

1st, Pte. Wardle, 103 yards 2 feet.

100 Yards Race.

2nd, Corple. Reynolds.

Quarter-mile Flat Race.

1st, Corpl. Reynolds; 2nd, Corpl. Watkins; 3rd, Pte. Weathersby.

Three-legged Race.

1st, Corpls Reynolds and Watkins.

Sack Race.

2nd, Drmr. Dillon.

Jockey Race.

2nd, Corpls. Reynolds and Watkins.

Half-mile Race.

1st, Corpl. Watkins; 2nd, Pte. Wilson.

Obstacle Race.

1st, Corpl. Watkins; 2nd, Pte. Wilson; 3rd Pte. Weathersby.

Tug-of-War, best two pulls out of three.

The Buffs.

——: o :——

Three foot paperchases took place this month on the 6th, 20th, and 27th instant, and were much appreciated by the competitors, whom we are sorry to say were very few on each occasion. It is a great pity that more of our peds do not turn out, as it is very certain there are plenty of men in the Battalion who have the necessary metal in them, if they would but try. There will probably be no more chases in Singapore after the 10th of February, but we hope that they will be revived again in India, as they are very healthy exercise, and tend to keep the liver in a proper condition.

Digitized by Google

Cricket.

Captains of Cricket Clubs are requested to send accounts of all matches to the Editor, and they will be published if space admits. Forms for entering matches on can be obtained from the Regimental Press at 20 cents per dozen.

Shooting Matches will also be reported if the full scores are forwarded.

SINGAPORE C.C. v. THE GARRISON.

Played at Singapore, on 5th and 8th instant, won by the Garrison by 51 runs, owing, no doubt, to the splendid bowling of Lieut. Pemberton, who took 7 wickets in the 2nd innings for 14 runs. Capt. Mayne, Lieut. Druitt, and Pte. Edmonds batted well for the Garrison. Another good feature of the game is that the Military did not give one extra in the two innings. The Band attended on the second day and, as usual, played very nicely.

GARRISON.

Lieut.	Druitt, R.E., b Penney	16	c Anderson, b Penney	7
Pte.	Edmonds, Buffs, c Bourchier, b Penney	22	run out	8
Major	Walker, Police, b Ross	1	c Hill, b Ross	0
Lieut.	Stuart, Buffs, c Bourchier, b Ross	0	b Ross	10
Capt.	Mayne, Staff, c Fox, b Penney	3	c Hill, b Penney	21
Lieut.	Dauglish, Buffs, run out	8	b Ross	8
,,	Pemberton, Buffs, b Ross	0	l b w, b Penney	0
,,	Eales, Buffs, b Ross	2	c Bourchier, b Ross	4
Pte.	Straw, Buffs, b Ross	4	c Bourchier, b Penney	0
Staff Sergt.	Gleeson, c Ross, b Penney	1	not out	3
Band Sergt.	Whyatt, Buffs, not out	1	b Penney	10
	Extras.	3	Extras	5
	Total.	61	Total	77

SINGAPORE C.C.

Mr.	Penney, b Walker	4	b Pemberton	1
,,	Thompson, c Edmonds, b Druitt	7	c Pemberton, b Druitt	5
,,	Bourchier, b Walker	9	c Whyatt, b Pemberton	0
,,	Anderson, b Druitt	5	b Pemberton	0
,,	Stringer, c Edmonds, b Druitt	0	absent	0
,,	Talbot, not out	27	b Pemberton	0
,,	Glass, c Pemberton, b Druitt	1	b Pemberton	14
,,	Ross, b Walker	1	b Pemberton	0
,,	Fox, b Druitt	2	b Pemberton	1
,,	Hill, b Druitt	0	not out	5
,,	Christian, c Stuart, b Pemberton	0	c Edmonds, b Druitt	5
	Total.	56	Total	31

EUROPEAN POLICE v. SERGEANTS.

Played at Tanglin on the 15th instant. The Police were not very strong in batting, and made a poor stand against the bowling of Q.M.S. Cumber and Band Sergeant Whyatt.

The Sergeants lost three wickets for twenty runs, when Mr. Bayard joined Q.M.S. Cumber and the two batted merrily away for two hours, Cumber was then smartly caught by Supt. Bell at cover point, after a carefully-played innings of 43. Mr. Bayard looked all over carrying out his bat, but was bowled the very last wicket for a well-played innings of 74 without giving a chance.

EUROPEAN POLICE.			SERGEANTS.	
Mr.	Faulkner, b Cumber	2	Q.M.S. Cumber, c Bell	43
,,	Little, b Cumber	4	Band Sergt. Whyatt, b Whittet	14
,,	Bell, b Cumber	2	Sergt. Birmingham, b Whittet	0
,,	Patterson, run out	19	C. S. Patterson, b Patterson	0
,,	Newland, not out	6	Lieut. Bayard, b Faulkner	74
,,	Whittet, b Cumber	0	Sergt. Major Cook, b Patterson	0
,,	Mitchell, b Cumber	6	Sch. Mr. Whittle, b Whittet	8
,,	Wilson, b Whyatt	6	Sergt. Bovenzer, b Faulkner	3
,,	Kemp, b Whyatt	0	,, Lishman, b Whittet	0
,,	Pickinpack, b Whyatt	0	,, Steele, b Whittet	1
,,	Keane, did not bat	0	,, Talbot, not out	1
	Extras	2	Extras	11
	Total	47	Total	155

E AND H v. A, B, C AND D COMPANIES.

Played at Singapore, on 13th instant, and resulted in an easy win for E and H Companies by 110 runs. Godfrey bowled and Edmonds and Lawrence batted very well indeed for the winners. Ware was the only one who made a stand for the other side.

A, B, C AND D COMPANIES.

Corpt.	Patten, b Godfrey	4	b Whyatt	8
Pte.	Brewer, c Straw, b Cumber	0	c Edmonds & Cumber	0
Lieut.	Dauglish, c Straw, b Cumber	1	run out	5
Pte.	Goodlings, b Godfrey	3	b Godfrey	9
,,	Sewell, b Godfrey	1	b Godfrey	5
,,	Gilbert, c Edmonds, b Cumber	3	not out	0
,,	Ware, st. Edmonds, b Cumber	10	b Cumber	0
,,	Davies, b Godfrey	1	b Godfrey	0
,,	Hills, c Edmonds, b Cumber	3	b Godfrey	6
,,	Edwards, b Godfrey	0	c Bayard, b Godfrey	0
,,	Riley, not out	4	b Godfrey	0
	Extras	6	Extras	4
	Total	36	Total	32

E AND H COMPANIES.

Pte.	Simmonds, run out	6	run out	4
,,	Roberts, c Sewell b Ware	0	b Davies	6
,,	Edmonds, c Sewell, b Ware	5	c Edwards, b Brewer	46
Corpl.	Godfrey, c Davies, b Gilbert	2	b Davies	7
Pte.	Straw, c Riley, b Ware	0	not out	9
,,	Wickens, c Davies, b Gilbert	0	b Brewer	10
Q.M.S.	Cumber, b Ware	7	c Sewell b Savies	7
Band Sergt.	Whyatt, not out	11	b Ware	2
Corpl.	Reynolds, c Gilbert b Sewell	0	c Patten, b Davies	0
Pte.	Laurence, c Brewer b Sewell	25	c and b Sewell	0
Lieut.	Bayard, b Sewell	3	c Davies, b Ware	7
	Extras	7	Extras	18
	Total	66	Total	112

We regret that owing to want of space, the match between A and B Companies cannot be inserted in detail. B Company won it by 15 runs.

—— : O : ——

CHESS PROBLEMS.

1. White.—K. at Kt. 6; Q. at Q. Kt. 5; R. at Q. R. 2, and K. 4; B. at Q. Kt. 6, and Q. square; Kt. at Q. 6, and K. 2.
Black.—K. at K. B. 6; Q at K. Kt. 8; R. at K. R. 8; B. at K. Kt. 6; Kt. at K. R. 7; P. at Q. Kt. 2, and K. B. 7.
White 8 and Black 7 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

2. White.—K. at Q. R. 2; Q. at K. 2; R. at K. R. 2; B. at Q. Kt. 3; Kt. at Q. 5; Kt. at K. B. 4; P. at Q. B. 2, and K. Kt. 5. 8 pieces.
Black.—K. at K. Kt. square; Q. at K. B 3; R. at K. B. square and, Q. Kt. 2; Kt. at K. square; P. at K. B. 2; P. at K. Kt. 2; P. at K. Kt 3; P. at Q. R. 6; P. at Q. B. 6 10 pieces.

White to play and mate in three moves.

3. White.—K. at Q. Kt. 6; B. at Q. Kt. 4; B. at K. B. 5; Kt. at K. Kt. 3; Kt. at K. R 3; P. at K. B. 2; P. at K. B. 6; P. at K. Kt. 2; P. at Q. Kt. 3; P. at Q. R. 2. 18 pieces.
Black.—K. at Q. 5; P. at Q. 4; P. at Q. Kt. 7; P. at K. B. 2; P. at K. Kt. 2. Black five pieces.

White to play and mate in three moves.

"LOPEZ."

All solutions to be sent in by the 15th of the month, and to be marked "Chess" on the envelope.

Digitized by Google

Varieties.

TROOPS ABOARD.

"Yes, it's a queer nickname for a fellow to be called, ain't it? With all my old chums, it's always, What ho! Troops Aboard! or How goes it Troops Aboard? Why, when I was soldiering I was seldom called anything else but Troops Aboard. Oh, you want to know why do you? Well, fill the pot while I light my pipe and I'll tell you. You see when I first 'listed my brother Joe was in the 32nd in Canada; so I goes and joins the 33rd, not, as Paddy says, to be near my brother, but just because it was the nearest regiment to our village. Well, when my brother finds out where I am, he applies to have me transferred to serve with him. After waiting a pretty good while 'cause things 'aint done by steam in the serviee—slow and sure is their motto—I got permission to join Joe in the *Aurora*, and I was the only swaddy (as the red-coats are called) on board the ship, bound for St. John's, Nova Scotia. Well, after a pretty long voyage, we comes in sight of our port, and commences hoisting signals to let 'em know on shore that we had come. One of these signals meant 'Troops Aboard,' meaning me. So you see, when the Colonel heard this he orders the Band and Drummers, some 50 strong, to march down and play the new arrivals up to barracks Well, when I lands there was the Band playing 'The Campbells are coming.' I goes towards them and meets an Officer (the Adjutant I afterwards found out) who says to me, says he, 'I say, my man, when do the troops land?' 'What troops, sir?' says I. 'Why the troops aboard the *Aurora*, of course,' says he. 'I'm the only troops aboard, sir.' says I, saluting. I suppose he thought I was 'off my chump,' for off he goes to the ship, and presently returns and orders the band and drums back to barracks, and me to follow them. Of course, it soon got about, and there was plenty of chaff over it, and I got the nickname of 'Troops Aboard.'

"That's all, pass the jug, talking makes me frightful dry."

On passing a Pork Shop the other day, Mr. Brown whistled. The moment he did, every sausage in the shop "wagged its tail." As a note to this we would mention that the day before Brown lost a collie dog over seventy pounds in weight.

A young lady in Singapore, who had lately lost her speech, received twenty-three offers of marriage in a week.

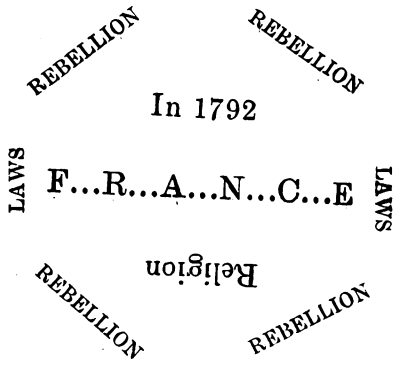
A RIDDLE.

To one of them I bid farewell,
The other I bid welcome.
They're neither short nor neither tall,
Nor such a very stout'un.

Their names commence with H and B,
And end with N and Y,
Come, solve this problem if you can,
'Tis easy, have a try.

SHANDY.

A PUZZLE.



ANSWER.

In 1792 France was divided. Monarchy erased, Religion turned upside down, Laws put on one side, and Rebellion stood in four quarters of the globe.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The answer in our columns, each month has found a place,
Besides, the doggerel below, will help you this to trace.
We are told 'tis but a span,
And 'tis granted unto man;
So find it if you can.
Pray do
Should my meaning on you break,
You must then the span forsake
And the extremes of it take.
Adieu.

LIGHTS.

1. It is decreed we all shall meet, the finals of our lights,
   So this one we are bound to be, if we but get our rights.
2. Our second light would surely rise if we had but though t, ugh
   That we should be first-lighted, evenan hour before we oughter
3. Look instantly at a dollar, a Mexican; and lo
   A light appears! 'twas re-created twenty years ago.
4. Next kindly read down primals, and
   When those you've overhauled:
   Agree, that if deprived of this, 'bout
   That time, you'd have squalled.
5. An exclamation frequently occurring after primals.
   Er——ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, finals.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S ACROSTIC.

B U F F
L A
A F T E R
K E T T L E
S H A D O W
L A T E
E X C E L
Y E L L

P. W. G.

Correct answers were received from "Kate" "Dutchman" "Nanti" "Tommy," "Presto." "Ah," "Tengo."

Reprinted at the "STAR" Press, 19, Lall Bazar Street, Calcutta.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 5 RANIKHET, MAY 31st, 1887. Price 2 annas.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1905.

BIRTH.

BAYARD.—At Lucknow on the 25th of March, the wife of Lieut. and Adjutant R. Bayard, The Buffs, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

HAMILTON.—PURVIS.—At St. Andrew's Cathedral, Singapore, on the 1st of Feb., 1887, by the Venerable Archdeacon Meredith, M.A., Lieut. D. A. Hamilton, The Buffs, second son of A. H. A. Hamilton Esq., Fairfield Lodge, Exeter, to Margaret Maria, daughter of John M. Purvis Esq., Singapore.

DEATHS.

HAMMOND.—At Deolali on March 26th, 1887, Walter H. son of Pte. T. Hammond.

COOK.—At Agra on the 10th of April, 1887, Francis A. son of Sergt. Major J. W. Cook.

TAYLOR.—At Colaba Depot, Bombay, 1961 Pte. W. Taylor, on the 25th of March, 1887, of 'choleraic diarrhœa.

CAREY.—At Ranikhet on the 16th of May, 1887, Fredk. Joseph, son of Pte. J. Carey.

AFTER two months' wandering, we have arrived at our promised land, Ranikhet to wit, and have found it a veritable place of rest. But resting, after a time, becomes dull work, and as we shall be thrown entirely on our own resources for amusement we should turn to and devise means for passing as pleasantly as possible the long months that lie before us.

An enthusiastic contributor, in one of our back numbers, promised us unlimited shooting and fishing. The fishing, at present, may be as plentiful as we were led to believe, for at the time of writing no one has taken rod in hand; but the shooting is, for the present, nil. Our readers will have gathered from a recent station order that the only game in season are leopards, crows, and pariah dogs, and the chase of these "fearful wild fowl" is strictly limited to the inhabitants of bungalows. All this, however, will probably change in the winter, (supposing we are left here and not taken down into the plains) and some of us may get a chance at the pheasants skimming the pine tops.

* * *

CRICKET also has its difficulties here, for the parade grounds in front of the bungalows are almost too cramped in space for practising on, and the surrounding cuds offer unusual facilities for losing cricket balls. It is to be hoped, however, that with the chance of becoming holders of our new and gorgeous shield, no company will grow faint-hearted, and let their cricket club fade out of existence.

Digitized by Google

The weather is a little too hot for football now, though some of the enthusiasts for the game have struggled over the ball in the blinding dust of the parade ground, but, when the rains have taken some of the iron out of the ground and cooled the air, we should be able to get together a good enough team to defy all comers.

We have heard nothing of the hare and hounds since our arrival. It was an excellent idea, and we hope Sergt. Watkins will get his pack together again. There are a good many of our lads whom a brisk run through the forest on a Thursday afternoon, would do a deal of good to.

* * *

Of indoor amusements a certain amount of organisation has already been begun. The mummers of the Regiment have met in solemn conclave, and decided that a Regimental theatrical club shall blossom into existence, and that the first performance shall be of a melodrama: but the particular play with which they are going to harrow up our souls has not as yet been determined on.

* * *

The Christy Minstrels have held several mysterious meetings at night—very naturally anything connected with so black a subject would be kept dark—and the result will probably be a sequel to the successful performance on board ship, at some very close date.

* * *

To all of our artists the scenery here should furnish unlimited subjects for brush and pencil. The pine-clad fore-ground, the huge valley and the mass of hills towering behind, with their constant play of light and shade, and, far beyond and above all, the sky-enthroned snows of the Himalayas, make a picture which it would be difficult to surpass in any country in the world. But, though our barrack-rooms show some really very good specimens of art, amid all his various virtues and accomplishments, the typical Buff can hardly be said to have a keen sense of the beauty of landscape, and so, rather regretfully, we must leave the contemplation of The Beautiful out of our list of amusements.

We have run through most of our amusements here, or what should be our amusements, to point out, that, though we are thrown entirely on our own resources, those resources should be ample to provide for our enjoyment. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," so the proverb says, and no doubt the same applies to Tommy: but, with a little enthusiasm to keep the existing institutions going, there should be no fear of our falling victims to the dreary demon of dullness.

If our printing resources had allowed of it the noble animal who graces our front page—he of the uplifted dexter, as our late editor was wont to call him—would have appeared in all the glory of silver, with a white rosette; for this is a marriage number being the first published since Lieut. Hamilton took unto himself a wife from amongst the dwellers in Singapore.

"Blessed is the bride on whom the sun shines," and on the day when Lieut. Hamilton was married to Miss Purvis the sun did all he knew to join in the general well-wishing. The Cathedral was well filled, all the rank beauty and fashion having assembled to do honour to the occasion. The bride's dress was a dream of beauty (This veracious chronicler is but a poor male creature with no knowledge of millinery and therefore thinks that it is safer to avoid details and stick to complimentary generalities) and the bridesmaid appeared in Buff and Blue, a very happy thought. The groomsmen were gorgeous in scarlet, while the rest of garrison were contented with the cooler, if less brilliant, white. The service was read by the Ven Archdeacon, the organ played the wedding march, the register was duly signed, and, with the newly married couple leading the way, drawn by the conventional greys, all the rank beauty, &c. adjourned, in every variety of vehicle from the baronial barouche to the subaltern's dog cart, to Rogie where the wedding presents, which filled a room, were much admired, some of them being very handsome. The wedding cake was cut; the glasses filled to the brim with champagne; and the Bride

Digitized by Google

and Bridegroom's healths, having been proposed in a happily turned speech by Mr Reed, (who appeared in his celebrated character of the oldest inhabitant) were drunk amidst enthusiastic cheering. The bridegroom replied with proper pride, advising all his bachelor hearers to go and do likewise, and then the guests separated to collect large stores of rice while the bride and bridegroom changed from their wedding raiment into more sober travelling attire (a description of the bride's travelling dress ought by rights to come in here). When the time for the start for the White Bungalow where the honeymoon was spent, came, all the officers of the regiment formed up on each side of the steps with drawn swords forming an arch, under which the happy couple descended. They being saluted on their way with many rounds of independent firing of rice, and were driven off, amid long cheers, while the band of the regiment played our quick step.

The Dragon begs to join in the good wishes which were showered on the newly married pair from every one in Singapore and trusts that their married life may be as bright and cheerful as their marriage day.

When we lay on a chess editor, who most kindly offers, not only to send us problems, but also, to find us the special type to print them, the least that our chess players can do is to set their brains to work and send us some solutions. Chess is supposed to be a magnificent training for generals, so, in future, we shall expect to receive many answers from Lance-Corporals and other rising tacticians.

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not latter than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

According to your request, I am prepared to show you my Model Cartridge on any evening you may name, I would also like our gallant Commander, Colonel Halahan to be present at the time, as I am sure your opinions will be of great interest to me especially in the event of my placing the article before the proper authorities.

The person calling himself "No Savoy" has not as yet presented himself to me and as my time is very precious I cannot wait any longer for him.

Yours truly,
J. Wells, Act. Bandsman,
The Buffs.

February 10th, 1887.

We the Editor, interviewer in chief, dramatic critic, &c., &c. of this journal are, like Private Wells, pressed for time, but before our next issue we will arrange with the inventor for a meeting and tell him what we think about invention. We cannot answer, however, for the Colonel's presence at the interview.—*Ed.*

We print with great pleasure a letter we have received from Mr. Bell, the Chief Police Officer of Singapore. All ranks of the Regiment have always been on most cordial terms with the European Police. These officers are in many cases firiends of old standing and the Stalwart kakee-clad defenders of the peace have always been liked by our men. It is pleasant to hear through the medium of Mr. Bell, an old friend of The Buffs that we have the good wishes of his corps.

To the Editor "The Dragon."

Dear Mr. Editor,

Will you allow me to place a record in your Regimental Paper the appreciation we of the Police force have had from our departmental point of view of the conduct of the "Buffs" during their recent stay here.

Personally I can say that during may ten years of service here I never come across a regiment so well behaved. It has been a rare thing for the Police to have had to interfere with any of them, and if we have requested assistance from them it has been promptly given.

The relations between the European contingent of Police and the regiment have been most pleasant and we lose the "Buffs" with much regret.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
Edward H. Bell,
Chief Police Officer.

Singapore,
12th March, 1887.

Digitized by Google

A GUIDE TO ARMY SIGNALLING.

Our Regiment, though it has produced its authors, Captain Hayes, being perhaps our brightest light at the present time in that line, has not given very many contributions to purely military literature. However we have found our author at last and the very fact that Lieut. Eales name appears over the well known signature of Gale and Polden, the Chatham publishers, is a guarantee that the little book is, in its way, an authority.

Lieut. Eales in his preface only claims to place an amplified and simplified version of the manual before his readers and hopes that it may be of use to Instructors and classes preparing for examination: The book throughout amply fulfills the promise of the modest preface and in addition gives many valuable hints gathered from personal experience. It is no doubt, as it certainly should be, in the hands of every aspiring signaller. Occasionally the enthusiast overcomes the calm tempered author, as in the paragraph where some advice is given to Generals and other great men, and also in the first paragraph of all from which it appears that staff officers are in the habit of rushing up to signallers foaming with rage. We have seen some quaint performances, but when next there is an opportunity of observing an effervescing gentleman in a cocked hat, "may we" to quote John Gilpin, "be there to see."

On the 21st instant Brigadier General Sir J. Hudson, K. C. B., commenced his inspection of the regiment. The parade ground being too limited for the whole regiment in line to be drawn up across it, the draft and details had to be formed up as a second line. After receiving the General with the customary salute, and the Staff having passed up and down the line the regiment broke into Column and marched past. Quarter-column was formed and the General spoke a few words to the men, telling them, that he was extremely pleased that the good conduct which had been shown by them on their march up country had been continued after their arrival at Ranikhet, that he considered the very good behaviour of the regiment most creditable to both officers and men and that he would report the same to H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief. The General afterwards went round the barrack rooms. The inspection will be resumed on Sir J. Hudson's return from Naini Tal.

I. O. G. T.

Hope and Perseverance Lodge.—No. 108.

The Grand Lodge of India has, by the kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel H.T. Halahan granted a charter to this Battalion. The Lodge was instituted at Cawnpore on the 2nd April 1887 by Bro. White, formerly of this Battalion, and who now holds the office of Lodge Deputy at that station. The name may be remembered by many an old Buff who served with the 1st Battalion in India in 1878-79. It was at that time one of the best working Lodges in India, and now our Lodge being in fairly good working order, we have every hopes to believe that in due course we shall be shewn at the head of the list. This Lodge is open at 7 p. m. on Mondays and Thursdays for initiation of Candidates and on Fridays open house *for any member* of Temperance Institutions.

The Officers elected for the ensuing Quarter are as follows:—

W. C. T. Bro. Hurrell.
W. V. T. ,, Cossin.
W. Sec. ,, Montgomery.
W. A. Sec. ,, Croxon.
W. F. Sec. ,, Keable.
W. T. ,, Laing.
W. M. ,, Haley.
W. D. M. ,, Carter.
W. Chaplin, Sister Hughes.
W. Gd. Bro. Hughes.
W. Sen. ,, Mills.
P. W C. T. ,, Gallaway.
Lodge Deputy,—Bro. Laing.
Special,—Bro. Turner, Reporter.

The No. of initiations including Details and Clearance Cards from various branch lodges up to the 16th inst. are 95.

A special invitation having been sent to the members of the Temperance League and accepted, we trust that within a few weeks, both institutions will co-operate for the Temperance Cause.

Extracts from minute book of the 16th instant, the prize competitors for singing were awarded as follows:—

1st Prize ..	Bro. Wylde, R. W. Fusiliers	..	2 Rs.
2nd ,, ..	,, Barter, The Buffs ..	..	1 Re.
3rd ,, ..	,, Taylor, ,, ..	..	1 ,,

Bro. E. Turner, (By permission.)

Digitized by Google

Though we the staff of this paper cannot put our hands on our hearts and say that we are all strict tea-totalers, still we have a very lively appreciation of the excellent work done in the Service by the various temperance societies, and therefore print with pleasure the notice sent to us by Bro. Turner, reporter. The Hope & Perseverance Lodge has our best wishes.—*Ed.*

Travellers' Notes.

A TRIP OVER UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN.

By Captain H. Blackburn.

(Continued from our last).

From Kogoshima my route for the next ninety miles or so, lay through the hills, my halting places being small country villages. Throughout Japan every village however small has an inn, and as far as my experience goes, one is always heartily welcomed. On arrival, the landlord and his family retainers turn out to greet one effusively, after which tea and pipes are brought, over which we proceed to business. Having settled at what price you can have your nights' lodging with a bath, supper and breakfast,—usually from 25 to 35 cents—you are shown your room which is usually about 12ft. square, floored with straw mats, and the fittings of polished wood. The rooms are partitioned off by sliding panels, with pictures on them. There is no furniture, the floor being used for sitting on. The fire when required is brought in, in a big metal pot.

Then one has ones bath, usually in country inns out of doors in the back yard, almost always completely in public. After this comes dinner in a collection of little china bowls with chopsticks, to eat it with. At first, till one has acquired the somewhat difficult art of handling the chopsticks, one runs some risk of starving, but, necessity being the mother of invention, one soon acquires a reasonable degree of skill.

On the fourth evening I reached Hitogoshi, a small town with an old castle on the banks of the Kumagawa river protected from the floods by a great stone wall. The scenery during these four days march was very fine, and the people very prosperous-looking. They are larger people than in most parts of the country, and, judging from the numbers in which they assemble in the evening to wrestle and play games, they are not overworked.

From Hitoyoshi I took a boat down the river to Yatsashiro, a distance of about forty miles. This looks a most perilous undertaking as the river is in most parts a foaming torrent, breaking over big boulders of rocks. Nevertheless it is safe enough. The boats are specially constructed for the work, flat bottoms and the planks being loosely sewn together with rope, so as to give and not break in case of striking anything. The boat is worked by two men, one in the bow with a pole to fend off rocks and the other in the stern steering. It took us about six hours to go down the river, and would probably take the boat about three days to return. There seems to be a good deal of traffic on the river, for we met hundreds of these boats coming up.

In one of the quiet reaches of the river I saw a man fishing with Cormorants. These birds are well trained, and work to a man's voice and signals just like so many dogs only to keep them from swallowing the fish; they have a tight collar put round their neck.

Yatsushiro, a great walled city, not more than half inhabited was besieged and taken in 1877 by the Satsuma people under Saigo Takamori. This must have been a tough job as the town stands in the middle of a wide plain and Sago's army had to swim the river close under the walls. Those killed on both sides were buried together and occupy about 3 acres of ground within the city walls.

From Yatsushiro to Kumamoto is about 30 miles through a big plain. In several villages on the road religious processions were going on. These were all much after this fashion. First a party of men in quaint dresses with poles in their hands with plumes of feather on the top of them. Then a great waggon built in the form of a ship with a number of people in hideous masks representing, I suppose, Buddhist gods or saints and in rear of these two or three cart loads of dancing girls with musical instruments singing; the rear being brought up by a lot of children dressed up in gorgeous clothes on ponies. All the carts were dragged by men.

Kumamoto is the principal town of the island of Kinshin and one of the largest garrisons in Japan. The castle, which stands on a height in the centre of the town is one of

Digitized by Google

the finest buildings of the kind remaining in Japan.

I stayed at Kumamoto for three days as the guest of a Mr. Takeizeine a jovial merchant of the town. During this time I had little to do but to observe the ways of the Japanese army, and came very forcibly to the conclusion that the material was excellent. But that the authorities were playing the fool with it. The Japanese soldier is, of course, just the average Japanese peasant, and a very fine fellow, not altogether unlike a Goorkha, but better looking. But, first of all they take and dress him in a kit that makes him look ridiculous; viz a great wide topped German forage cap, a jacket too tight and too short for him, baggy trousers with the ends tucked into ill-fitting Wellington boots, and then they drill him all day at the most monotonous and unmeaning drill. There were ten battalions in the place all drilling from morning till night, and all they did the whole time was to deploy and then form column and to deploy again. This seemed to me monotonous. I also saw an officer drilling a squad at firing exercise; he spent about an hour bringing them to the ready and ordering arms again, not that I could see that they made any mistakes, I counted twelve motions in the ready. I can't speak of the present: they never came to that while I was looking on.

The last day I was at Kumamoto, there was a great religious function at one of the temples winding up with a big procession through the streets. This was specially impressive in the way it brought before one the folly of the Japanese Government in trying to make people wear European clothes. All the Government officials, and as aforesaid the soldiers, have to do so. On this occasion, there was present the Governor of Kumamato on horseback in evening dress, with a startlingly shabby old high hat on his head and his trousers up to his knees, a crowd of officials in equally fearful and wonderful kits, and officers in their ridiculous uniform. In marked contrast to this was the crowd, all without exception in Japanese dress, looking as gentlemanly as the other looked ridiculous, and the processionist in their old fashioned state dresses.

This mania of the government for European dress led them into serious trouble some years ago. The rumour got abroad that they intended to make the people at large wear European dress, and the result was several risings of which the Satsume rebellion of 1877 referred to above was the most serious. It cost the government nine months hard fighting to suppress it, and since then they seem to have given up the idea if they ever really entertained it.

'TOMMY ATKINS.'—*Continued.*

Any of the above he can do, and whichever he chooses he plunges at once into without losing any time in 'titivating'. But if Tommy is going for a stroll in the town, perchance with the young woman he is courting and whom he hopes some day to make Mrs. Tommy Atkins, then very elaborate indeed will be the preparations. Towel and soap in hand he will pay another visit to the ablution rooms, the broken piece of looking-glass will be set up on the window-still, another scrape to the chin will be given. Then from some mysterious recesses of his knapsack, which is dressing-case portmanteau, and desk all in one to him, he will produce a pot of pomatum, and plentifully anoint himself. When he once breaks out in this direction he has a heavy hand with the pomatum-pot, and thinks he never looks so killing as when each individual hair of his head bears at its extremity a globule of semi-liquid bear's grease. I am sorry to be at issue with Tommy on any point, but I cannot agree with him on the subject of hair-dressing. He has a sneaking fondness, too, for wearing the back of his nesk *á la* scalded pig, and I have often seen him having it shaved by his comrade or chum. When he has completed his toilet and set his forage cap on his head at the correct angle, he will produce from the folds of his mattress, which is, when no officer's visit is apprehended, a species of cupboard to him, a cane and a pair of white cotton gloves, and sally forth. Tommy on the stroll without a cane is a poor thing, but Tommy *with* a cane is a dashing fellow, awakening the admiration of the passers-by as he cuts at an imaginary enemy at every step or unmercifully flogs his own legs.

Exactly at 'last post'—ten o'clock in the summer—he must be in to answer his name to the orderly sergeant or corporal of his company, and he often has to come back with greater speed and less dignity than he went out. The society of the future Mrs. Tommy has been so fascinating, it may be and the party so prolonged, or the company at his 'house of call' down in town so pleasant, that he has lingered to within a few minutes of the time, and has to 'double' up to barracks as hard as he can, and arrives probably 'just in time to be too late.' Panting and out of breath, he is forthwith taken before the subaltern collecting tattoo reports, and a hard-hearted sub. he would be who would consign him to the guard-room.

'Musn't make a practice of this, Atkins. All right *this* time; get away to bed,' is generally the rejoinder to his excuses; and Tommy salutes and goes off to his room with a thankful heart beating under his shiny buttons. I have always found a little kindness and consideration go a long way with Tommy Atkins, and I must add that he is generally shown this by his officers. As a rule, your most outrageous martinet is the sub-lieutenant of a few weeks' standing; but he very soon, by force of precept and example sees the errors of his ways.

A quarter of an hour after last post the bugler sounds 'lights out,' and if Tommy has not finished undressing himself, he must complete the operation and get into bed in the dark. He has been on his legs the greater part of the day since five in the morning, and he probably sleeps soundly until the reveille awakens him to a repetition of the previous day's doings.

Digitized by Google

The above is a fair transcript of Tommy's life for the twenty-four hours; but there are variations. As a rule, he has not more than four or five consecutive nights in bed; I have known him with only three. Every fifth or sixth day about he is on guard mounting usually at ten o'clock one morning and coming off the same hour the next. To each post requiring a sentry three men are told off, which gives each man two hours on sentry and four off. If there are four posts in a guard, the latter consists of twelve men, who are divided into three 'reliefs' of four men each. Supposing our Tommy is in the first relief, he is on sentry from ten to twelve in the morning, from four to six in the afternoon, from ten to twelve at night, and from four to six the following morning.—*To be continued.*

Our Move.

For the benefit of those who are too lazy to write home, an account of our recent change of quarters, and also, as a record of an exceptionally long journey by sea, train, and marching, we insert a slight account of the Regiment's doings, during the move and the places stopped at on the way.

The Orontes was due at Singapore on the 26th February, by the Government programme, but for nearly a fortnight after that date the Regiment lived in a state of packed upedness watching the flag-staff on Mount Faber, speculating as to what had detained our ship, and inventing every variety of disaster to account for the delay. At last, however, daylight on the 7th March shewed us the long looked for white ensign on the flag-staff, and in the cool of the afternoon the 82nd Regiment commanded by Colonel Cardew, who is an old friend of the 2nd Battalion, landed and marched into Tanglin barracks, Officers and men doubling up in their quarters to make room for the new comers.

On the 10th the first grey streaks in the East saw the Regiment, every man sober, and only one man absent, marching down the well known road to the saddening strains of "Auld Lang Syne" and the merry jingle of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and before the sun had grown too powerful every man was on board the Orontes, told off to his mess, and settling himself down into what was to be his home for the next fortnight. The next day, the 11th, the ship was under orders to sail at 11 a.m. and, to the minute, after the usual amount of champagne had been drunk in the saloon, hands shaken all round on deck and a suspicion of tears brushed away from bright eyes, the moorings were cast off the screw gave its first steady turns, while the Band played the Regimental March, and so we were off to India with all its dangers and chances of distinction. We steamed slowly through the fleet lying at anchor in the roads, playing the Russian "National Anthem" as we passed a gun boat of that nation (a compliment which was received by the Ruskies with open mouthed surprise), waved, or shouted a good bye to the friends on board our own fleet, and then our good ship turning her figurehead seaward steamed away into the open, and the familiar landmarks of Singapore faded one by one into the midday haze.

An uneventful voyage up the Straits brought us to Penang, where we anchored for one sweltering day to pick up the two companies on detachment, and were off again as soon as possible steaming over a summer sea which makes sea sickness a bogy to be laughed at even by the weakest.

The day slipped away as days do at sea, the monotony of life being broken by a slight squall off Ceylon (sent by the Clerk of the Weather as a warning that he could change his temper if he liked), by some organised amusements described later on, and by the little trivial incidents, which become excitements on board ship, where the killing of a turtle for soup forms an enthralling spectacle, and the playing of the band a daily dissipation.

One sad note there was amidst all the brightness; when, as the bell tolled, the engines almost stopped, and all that was left of a fine sailor, the Captain of the Forecastle, was slid over the side into the sea. Voyages, like everything else, come to an end at last. After steaming along the Indian coast, catching, sometimes, an occasional glimpse of some high hill on the mainland, and passing through whole fleets of quaintly rigged fishing boats we were told one evening that the next morning would bring us in sight of Bombay. Everything had to be packed up again and all made ready to leave the ship very early next day, a ship, we may add, on which we had passed a very pleasant fortnight, every effort having been made by the Officers and crew to give us a good time.

Before turning to our shore doings we must refer to our amusements on board.

Our first entertainment took the form of "Penny Readings," though that humble but heavy coin was not charged for admission, everybody being put on the free-list. The First Lieutenant rigged up a neat little stage on the Quarter deck which was in full view of the ladies and Officers on the Poop and of the men,

Digitized by Google

who stretched back in a mass as far as the big boat amidships. The entertainment amused everybody, though it hardly brought forward all the talent which we know to be available in the Regiment. Sergt. Dray sang "I did it" as amusingly as usual; there was some good step dancing, in which, however, the performers were handicapped by the smallness of the stage and the slight motion of the ship; a songster whose presence of mind made up for absence of melody attempted the well known and vehemently chorused song "Oh! what a happy land is England;" and Col.-Sergt. Gardiner sang a Salvation Army song, which we feared might have offended some sensibilities but were reassured by seeing the church in the person of the ship's Chaplain, smiling approval from the Upper deck. The above items with a sentimental song, some comic ones, a bones duet (good in its way), and a stump speech, passed an hour and a half very pleasantly. The chairman, Lieut. Lloyd, did his duties efficiently, being incited thereto by wa-wah-like cries from the Poop.

Athletic sports come next on the list. These were principally remarkable for an Officers' obstacle race, in which so many Subs. were damaged that the doctor's report would have made a decent butcher's bill for a modern British campaign, and for the running of a Blue-jacket, in the men's obstacle race, who succeeded in beating our usually invincible champion Sergt. Watkins. A sack race, tilting at the bucket, and putting the bag of sand made up a successful programme.

The Christy Minstrels—all very fine and black—made an encouraging first appearance. The corner men got unlimited laughs for their jokes, though some of them were nearly as ancient as those Noah used to amuse his family circle with on wet days in the Ark, and the songs comic and sentimental all got their due meed of applause. One of the troupe, who had rubbed himself piebald on his neighbour's shoulder, indulged in a series of grimaces which mightily tickled the audience. Our troupe has got a good deal to learn yet, but, as they have the great gift of enthusiasm, they will, no doubt, go on and prosper exceedingly.

Before dawn on the 24th Bombay showed a long line of twinkling lights above the sea, and, as the sun rose, we steamed up to our buoy and lay to close alongside the Serapis, emptied the day before of her draft, and the smart looking Bacchante. Then came the usual interval of hard work for some and waiting for others, but, before dark everybody had been landed at a black and gritty dock, given their tea, packed easily into two long trains and were jolting and clanking into the darkness towards Deolali.

Deolali, the first rest camp, where we disentrained in the grey of a very cold morning, deserves a little commination service all to itself, for there we were left for a week, to be roasted by day and frozen by night, to swallow a large share of the proverbial peck of dirt, and, in the case of the men, to cultivate a first class thirst by going on baggage fatigue and then having to wait for some three quarters of an hour outside the Canteen, *en quene*, before getting their modest quencher.

We were to have gone *via* Allahabad and Jubblepore but cholera had shown itself at those stations and our route was changed to a more circuitous one, *via* Mhow and Agra, which was a disappointment to us all as we had hoped to meet our old friends the Young Buffs at Allahabad. After many orders and counter orders we were able at last to shake the dust of Deolali from off our feet and journeyed on to Khundwa, a miniature copy of Deolali in the way of dust, where we were again indulged in our customary occupation of unpacking, shifting, and repacking the baggage. The town itself was uninteresting and in the Fair which was being held onions and rusty nails seemed the chief staple of commerce. From Khundwa onwards we journeyed in three trains, four men only in a carriage and everything arranged as comfortably as possible for Officers and men; so comfortably indeed that one Subaltern, under the impression that he was in bed, put his coat and boots out of the window expecting to find them at his bedside in the morning.

Mhow, our third resting place, is the camp built to over-awe Holkar who has the pleasure of paying for the troops put there to keep him in order. Here the men had a zoological show free, for the rest camp was pitched quite close to the elephant lines. The 7th Dragoon Guards and 47th Regiment were in camp, but here, as indeed, at every other rest camp along the line, there were strict orders against any of the men going into other lines or into the public gardens, orders which had become necessary owing to the bad conduct of some of the young soldiers, in drafts, going up country, who, by their idiotcy and wanton mischief have prevented any liberty being given to steady and well-conducted men.

Neemuch and Naiserabad followed, the former

Digitized by Google

a hot little camp amongst some leafless trees, the latter a big station with a maidan something like Woolwich common and a rest camp on a miniature Sahara near the station.

Bandikhui is memorable only for the bad condition of the tents, and for the meeting with some old Buffs who are employed on the railway works. When the second detachment passed through, the band played on the station platform to the delight of the inhabitants who are not often treated to music.

Agra came as a welcome rest after the continuous railway travelling by night and the roasting by day. The 96th Regt. had pitched our tents for us, and the thee days were spent in a general clean up, which, however, was badly interfered with by a dust storm which blew clean through the tents making a pie-bald arrangement in brown and white of all the freshly pipeclayed belts and straps. Here the Officers for the first time learnt the fullness of Indian hospitality, for the officers of the 96th put them up and entertained them so kindly that the halt at Agra will always remain one of the pleasantest memories of the move. Few of the men had an opportunity of seeing the sights of the city; the Taj, the lovely marble tomb raised by the Akbar in memory of his favorite wife; and the same great chief's grim red castle which towers over the river; for Agra is a city of magnificent distances and the days were very hot.

From Agra to Bareilly was the last railway journey but one, preceded by still another shift of baggage, and as we marched across the green maidan to the music of the Highlanders' band and Pipes we knew that our time of jolting and rattling was nearly over. Sir John Hudson, our present General rode round the ranks two days after our arrival and spoke a few words of advice and welcome to the men.

The remainder of the march was done in three detachments, each, at the interval of a few days, striking tents in the shady little camp and moving by railway through the night to Katgodam. The first detachment had an easy time on their first day's march, finding their camp within two miles of Katgodam station; but the other detachments had, after a night's journey in the train, to march some fourteen miles in the sun up the Tonga-road to the Brewery, or to scramble up the bridle-path which like many short cuts, proved more tiring than the longer road. The Brewery, a camp pitched at the bottom of a gorge, with the white houses of Naini Tal crowning the hill above, proved a very wind-swept spot, the tents of one detachment being very nearly blown over the cud.

From the Brewery to Bawali seemed child's play after the first day's march; and here the biting cold at night first proved to us that we were on the hills at last. The next march to Rattighat, where we were perched high on the cliffs over the stream, was all down hill and easily tramped before the sun got hot. Here we changed our camels, which had brought the baggage from Katgodam, for the sure-footed little mules who had to carry it up the Raniket hill. The road to Pattigaun ran along the bed of a torrent and the camp itself lay almost under the shadow of the hill, 3000 feet high, on the other side of which we knew Ranikhet to lie. The last march was undoubtedly a severe one, and, after plodding up the steep zigzags of the ascent, the broad pine shaded road which ran along the summit, came as a welcome relief. Another short scramble up hill to the bungalows, and then the long move was at an end, the travel stained and patched light blue clothes (which were the cause of much wonderment at each place we passed through) could be discarded, the tickets taken off, the rifles and bayonets, and life gradually allowed to settle back again into the old daily groove.

Regimental Items.

It is the best of all news that our facings are to be returned to us. The second Battalion and the Depot, have already been granted the much coveted privilege of turning the white into our old historial buff, and we, no doubt, in due time will be permitted to wear again the colour without which our very name loses its significance. No gift or honour could be received more gratefully by the Regiment than the practical restoration of its cherished buff facings.

We propose to publish from month to month, an account of the various honours which we carry on our colours. To many the long roll of battles is only a list of fights, of the history of which they know little or nothing. We shall do our best to describe each combat which gave us an honour, beginning next month with Blenheim.

Digitized by Google

The undermentioned N.C.O. has successfully passed the Board of Examination, held at Penang on 26th February, 1887, to qualify for the rank of Color-Sergt :—

No. 244, Sergt. F. Andrews.

Capt. Chippindall leave for 12 months from date of embarkation.

Lieut. Pemberton, leave from date of sailing Himalaya, to the 31st October, 1887.

Col. F. T. Hobson to command the Battalion 10th of December, 1886.

Major W. F. Kerr to be Lieut.-Colonel vice Blacksley.

Capt. J. W. Hind to be Major.

24TH MARCH, 1887.

Asst.-Sergt.-Major and Drill Sergeant :—Color Sergt. J Bennell

Drill Corporal :—Corporal C. Peters.

Lieut. F. Armitage has been appointed Assistant Adjutant and Musketry Instructor.

The following have re-engaged from 10th February 1887.

226 Pte. J. Keeler.
366 „ J. Palmer.

The following Corpls. to be Lance-Sergeants from 25th February 1887 :

Corpl Stonebridge.
„ Gates.
„ Watkins.
„ Brain.
„ Eaton.
„ Batty.

The following Privates to be Lce.-Corpls :

210 Pte. Bourne.
246 „ Pardey.
1046 „ Mansfield.
1920 „ Eli
935 „ Moon
234 „ Baker
1588 „ Pollard.
915 „ Davis.
230 „ Kent.
524 Dr. Pickett.

The undermentioned men are entitled to Good Conduct Pay from the dates specified :—

At One Penny.

Pte.	W. J. Lock	19th October.
„	W. King	22nd November.
„	F. Heath	19th December.
Pte.	[illegible]	26th December
„	[illegible]	29th „
„	[illegible]	1st January
„	[illegible]	2nd „
„	[illegible]ey	6th „
„	C. Williams	6th „
„	[illegible] Letchford	10th „
„	T. James	12th „
„	J. Lambert	12th „
„	A. Croxson	13th „
„	O. Page	15th „
„	R. Bennett	16th „
„	A. Pilling	16th „
„	F. Nichols	19th „
„	G. March	20th „
„	G. Jackson	21st „
„	G. Cook	21st „
„	H. Roberts	21st „
„	O. Olive	26th „
„	G. Pearse	3rd February.
„	T. Cunningham	5th „
„	E. Russell	8th „
„	G. Watson	8th „
„	W. Hollbrook	10th „
„	C. Foster	13th „

At Two-pence.

Pte.	C. Cheesman	2nd January
„	W. Baily	2nd „
„	W. Savage	9th February
„	W. Parker	21st „

The undermentioned N. C. Officers and men have extended their service so as to complete 12 years with colors :—

No.	24	Color Sergt. A. H. Tomsett.
	122	Pay Master Sergt. F. Wilson.
	314	Corporal G. Eaton.
	362	Lance-Corporal J. Barnes.
	887	Private J. Goll.
	1062	„ J. Mansfield.
	1063	„ J. Radd.
	1041	„ W. Sexton.
	142	„ A. Croxson.
	198	„ J. Rooke.
	250	„ J. Rodgers.
	403	„ E. J. Heffren.
	129	„ J. Dove.
	462	„ R. Blaber.
	90	„ W. H. Baker.
	329	„ G. Smythe.
	943	„ W. J. Beesley.
	950	„ J. Reynolds.
	650	„ A. W. Bramble.
	766	„ C. Mannering.
	1920	„ W. H. Eli.
	512	„ J. Scott.
	328	„ T. Hammond.
	167	„ H. Veal.
	1065	„ E. Wickens.
	2	Color Sergt. W. H. Nicholas.
	1	Private G. Holmes.

No. 1593, Pte. M. McDonald has been transferred to the Reserve, 17th March, 1887.

No. 2051, Sergt.-Drummer J. Osborne discharged free.

Digitized by Google

His Royal Highness the Field Marshall Commanding-in-Chief has been pleased to record the following remarks in the confidential report of the Inspection of the Battalion, submitted by Major-General Comeron, C.B. at Singapore, the 24th September, 1887 :—

"His Royal Highness is quite satisfied with the condition of this Battalion which is creditable to all concerned."

Musketry.

Private practice can now be carried on any afternoon, and it would be as well to have plenty of it if we mean to have a look in for the Commander-in-Chief's Cup next December, which is one of the most coveted prizes in India.

Letter "H" Company has opened the musketry for 1887-8, and up to date have fired fairly well, and we hope to see the next seven companies beat each other in succession.

Names of the twenty best shots in "H" Company who win prizes are as follows ;—

Privates A. Hammond, J. Cruttenden, T. Roche, Geo. Powell, F. Greenslade, Sergt. R. Ellis, Corpl. Neal, Pte. M. Collins, Sergts. E. Clifton, and J. Green ten shillings each. Ptes. G. Gravett, G. Groombridge, W. D. Powell, A. White and A. Brooker, five shillings each. Ptes. Thomas Richards, H. Ford, J Leabourne, W. Hartfield and Lce.-Sergt. A. Batty two shillings and six pence each.

Since writing the above, "A" Company has fired thirty rounds per man, and are at present 10·50 points per man ahead of "H."

Cricket.

Below are the scores of our first two matches in India, and in both of which, a good omen for the future, we were victorious. We were fortunate enough to win the toss on both occasions, a great advantage on this ground. Too much praise cannot be given to Corpl. Godfrey for his splendid innings of 81 in the second match. He was also to the fore, as usual, in bowling, and does not seem to find the unfamiliar matting disagree with him. Captain Porter and Lieut. Stuart played two good innings of 35 and 29 respectively, and Pte. Edmonds showed sound and capital cricket in his scores of 53 and 18.

For our opponents, Captain Archdale was chief scorer with two good innings of 18 and 19. There is not much to say about the play except in a general way The Camp and Ranikhet seemed to be deficient of bowlers, and this is also, as is usual in most teams, our great defect. We are sadly in need of a change of bowlers, and let us hope that before long some of our younger players will develop talent in this line. Considering the roughness, for fielding, of the parade ground, both elevens, with the exception of occasional little slips, were very fair in this respect. Too much attention cannot be paid to fielding. It is the real test of the all round excellence of an eleven, and perhaps a hint wont be received unkindly by the cricketers of the Regiment, it is this : never to throw at the wickets, as this habit is the fertile source of many overthrows, besides looking bad. Always throw in a long hop to the man who may be at the wickets, or if close a low and fairly hard sent catch. The term "thrown out" by so and so, has been done away with for many years, and the general term "run out" substituted, as it was supposed that fielders threw the ball at the stumps, in order to secure the glory of a wicket to themselves, to the detriment of good fielding. In conclusion we have the makings of a good regimental team and with practice we may well hope to hold our own in the future.

THE BUFFS *v* STANDING CAMP, RANIKHET.

Played at Ranikhet on 5th May 1887.

THE BUFFS.

Lieut. Daughlish, b Cantrel	6
Pte. Edmonds, c King b Cantrel	43
Lieut. Eales, b White	6
Captain Porter, l.b.w., b Cantrel	35
Lieut. D'Aeth, c Richardson b Bradley	20
Lieut. Stuart, c Cantrel b Bradley	0
Lieut. Bayard, run out	0
Lce.-Corpl. Godfrey, not out	81
Lieut. Bell, b Bradley	5
„ Booth, run out	0
Captain Allen, b Major	0
Lieut. Lloyd, b Bradley	0
Extras	23
Total	166

STANDING CAMP.

	1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
Lt. King, c D'Aeth b Godfrey	1	b Stuart 10
Pte. White, run out	0	
Apothecary Bradley, b Godfrey	12	c Stuart b Godfrey 7
Captain Archdale, b Stuart	18	
Lieut. Williams, st. Godfrey b Stuart	15	not out 0
Captain Richardson, b Bell	7	
Major Stuart, b Godfrey	9	
Lieut. Butler, st. Edmonds b Godfrey	12	
Pte. Chattleburgh, b Godfrey	0	
Sergt. Cantrel, b Eales	2	
Sergeant Major, not out	0	b Godfrey 1
Pte. Jenkins, b Godfrey	0	
Extras	19	Extras 2
Total	95	Total 20

Digitized by Google

THE BUFFS *v* THE STATION, RANIKHET
Played at Ranikhet on 12th May, 1887.

THE BUFFS.

Lieut. Daughlish, c Staunton b Archdale ...	4
Pte. Edmomds c and b Staunton ...	15
Captain Porter, c Stone b Archdale ...	12
Lieut. D'Aeth, b Archdale ...	4
Lieut. Stuart, c Bradley b Staunton ...	29
Lce.-Corpl. Godfrey, not out ...	81
Pte. Hildebrand, b Portal ...	2
Pte. Kluckner, b Henderson ...	14
Lieut. Bell, b Henderson ...	6
Lieut. Lloyd, c Sheehan b Henderson ...	0
Pte. Simmonds, b Bradley ...	2
Extras ...	22
Total ...	194

THE STATION.

The Rev. A Stone, b Simmonds	1		
Capt. Sheehan, b Godfrey ...	4	c Kluckner, a Godfrey ...	3
Apothecary Bradley, c Kluckner b Simmonds ...	0	b Godfrey ...	2
Corpl. Staunton, b Godfrey ...	2	c D'Aeth b Godfrey	10
Capt, Archdale, c & b Stuart ...	19	b Godfrey ...	0
Lt. Williams, b Hildebrand ...	2	c Godfrey b Hildebrand ...	5
Mr. Powell, c Kluckner b Godfrey	11		
Capt. Richardson, b Kluckner b Godfrey ...	4		
Lieut. Portal, b Stuart ...	1		
Lieut. Henderson, b Stuart ...	2		
Lieut. Blackburn, not out ...	0	b Hildebrand ...	7
Extras ...	8	Extras ...	0
Total ...	56	Total ...	28

SERGTS. THE BUFFS *v.* SERGTS. SCOTTISH RIFLES.

Played at Ranikhet on the 21st inst., and resulted in a win for the visitors from Chubattia. Our Sergeant's team is at present, rather weak, but we hope to see them recruited bye and bye with some good young blood. Nicholas played well in the 1st innings, Cumber and Whittle played out time in the 2nd innings.

For the visitors, Bentall, Deane and Titman played very well. A good tiffin was provided on the ground by The Buffs, and all did ample justice to it.

THE BUFFS.

Q.-M.-Sergt. Cumber, b Bentall	1	not out ...	34
Cr Sergt. Nicholas ...	27	c Moran b Bentall	0
Sgt. Bovenzer, c Bentall b Moran	6		
Cr. Sergt. Bennell, b Bentall ...	2		
,, Patterson, st. Bentall b Ennis	11		
Sergt. Lishman, c Moran b Ennis	0		
,, Steele, b Bentall ...	0		
Sch.-Mr. Whittle, b Bentall ...	0	not out ...	14
Sergt.-Major Cook, b Bentall ...	2		
Cr.-Sergt. Gardner, ,, ...	2		
Sergt. Eaton, not out ...	6		
Extras ...	10	Extras ...	10
Total ...	66	Total ...	58

SCOTTISH RIFLES.

Sergt. Moran, b Nicholas ...	8
,, Handy, b Cumber ...	0
,, Ennis, st. Nicholas b Cumber ...	12
Color-Sergt. Bentall, b Nicholas ...	25
,, Patterson, c Bennell b Whittle ...	0
Sergt. Gould. c Nicholas, b Whittle ...	5
,, Deane, b Patterson ...	56
,, Straiton, b Whittle ...	0
,, Jeliff, b Lishman ...	3
,, Titman, b Steele ...	20
,, Izzard, not out ...	0
Extras ...	24
Total ...	153

Varieties.

An English Officer, in a battle in Flanders had his wooden leg (covered with a boot) shot off by a cannon ball; his men crying out, a surgeon, a surgeon for the Captain. No, no, said he a carpenter, a carpenter will do better.

The Jubilee meaning of the letters I.O.G.T. I owe Gleeson twopence.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FOUNDATIONS.

Inseparable from "The Buffs" we are.
Be they at peace, or be they at war.

LIGHTS.

1. When "Tommy" comes off "Station" such as these he brings
   An ornaments his little home with such pretty things.
2. A building I am, not oblong nor square.
   There's such in Dublin. Have you been there?
3. At parting I am called in play,
   To our dear friends this word we say.
4. In this light I am sure you will descry,
   Bravery and courage, if you'll only try.
5. A man of ancient time, when gold he found,
   Exclaimed the light I now to you propound.
6. This you are doing at the present time,
   Perhaps criticising my attempt at rhyme.
7. Each time this season twists around
   There's merry making I'll be bound.

J. DRULAND,
The Buffs, Dover.

Answer to last acrostic,—

B	U	R	R	I	E	D		
I			R			E		
R	E	P	U	B	L	I	C	A
T			E		A			T
H			U		S			H

Correct answers received to last acrostic from "Nanti."

No answer received to the Chess problem.

Printed for the EDITOR, *by* TARA DUTT, *at the "Station Printing Press," Ranikhet.*

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1908

A Paper for the Men of The Buffs.

No. 6 Ranikhet, June 30th, 1887. Price 2 Annas.

BIRTHS.

GLEESON.—At Singapore on the 10th May, 1887, the wife of Acting Garrison Sergt.-Major Gleeson of a daughter.

TOMSETT. At Singapore on the 21st April. 1887, the wife of Col.-Sergt. Tomsett of a son. (Albert George).

COOK.—At Ranikhet on the 19th of June, 1887, the wife of Sergt.-Major Cook of a son.

DEATHS.

HALL.—At Ranikhet on the 24th May, 1887, No. 128, Pte. J. Hall of enteric fever.

MOON.—At Canterbury on the 10th March, 1887, No. 1905, Pte. David Moon, of lung disease.

(It is requested that domestic occurrences may be reported as soon as possible by all who belong to The Buffs, whether subscribers or not).

Notes.

In our last number we said, that very probably, we of the 1st Battalion would soon be given the privilege of again wearing our buff facings. Our little attempt at prophecy was fulfilled sooner than we expected; for on the very day on which *The Dragon* was published a War Office letter was read on parade giving us the necesary permission to change the white, which has always been an eyesore to all of us, to our own old historical buff. The authorities have done a graceful and considerate act, and we are duly thankful for it. The recipe for making the buff pipeclay will be found in another column, and we hear that the Coffee-shop wallah, who seems to be quite a Ranikhet Whiteley, is getting the necessary ingredients sent up the hill.

The Officers and Sergeants' match was such a success—Captain Porter's grubs to his Col.-Sergeant would have made the fortune of any cricket match—that a match between the second eleven of the opposing sides is talked of. The Captain of the Sergeants' eleven is to be that world-renowned cricketer Color-Sergt. Gardiner, while on the Officers' side will be found such well known cricketing names as Major Newnham-Davis, Captain Blackburn, Major Parkinson, and Lieutenants Coombes, Armitage and Eustace. With such a galaxy of talent some really first class cricket may be confidently looked forward to.

Digitized by Google

Some useful hints as to riding will be found in the body of the paper written by Eques. For the hints his friends Tommy Atkins and Alfred Seymour, (why Alfred Seymour?) will be duly thankful. But we don't quite understand that Dragon story. When our late lamented editor recorded in print that he saw a Dragon in the clouds we wondered and were respectfully silent: but when Eques solemnly assures us that he found the noble animal out walking in the public road and that he talked with it and was patted on the back by it we can't quite swallow it—the story not the Dragon. We feel it our duty to solemnly warn Eques that there is a disease vulgarly known as the Jumps. Eques has not touched on the subject of saluting on horse or pony-back. The prevailing fashion now seems to be, to raise the hand to the helmet and then fall heavily on the pony's neck. As an acrobatic performance it is excellent, but it is not the usually accepted method, which is simply to drop the right hand smartly to the side and look towards the person saluted.

We have still the same complaint to make as to lack of contributors. The journalistic talent of the Regiment cannot be limited, I am sure, to some six or seven members of it. If the talent exists we intend to do our best to bring it out and therefore this month we offer a prize of five rupees for the best original poem, written by a Buff, on the heroic defence of the Colours by Lieut. Latham at the battle of Albuhera. The poem is not to exceed twenty-four lines in length, can be signed with a *nom-de-plume* or the competitor's real name, and must be sent in to the Editor by the sixteenth of the month. We will publish the winning poem and any other which we consider worthy of it. This competition is confined to the Warrant, Non-Commissioned and Privates ranks, but we should welcome any poem on the subject by Officers. Now, don't let bashfulness interfere with your muse, but cudgel your brains and let us have a crowd of poetic effusions. Every Buff who is worthy of the name knows by heart the story of Latham's gallantry: but as some of our poetic geniuses may have let some of the details slip from their memory we publish the story.

At the battle of Albuhera, fought by the English and Spanish against the French (in the War of Independence waged in the Peninsular) The Buffs in the act of charging up the hill, were taken in the rear by four regiments of the enemy's Polish Hussars and Lancers' Ensign Walsh who carried the King's Colour was surrounded wounded and taken prisoner; but Lieut. Latham seized the Colours and defended it with heroic gallantry. Surrounded by a crowd of assailants and his body bleeding with wounds he clung to his precious charge and refused to yield it. A stroke from a Polish Lancer's sword cut off one side of his nose and face but, struggling on, he exclaimed "*I will surrender it only with my life*" A second sabre stroke severed his left arm and hand, in which he held the staff, from his body; he then seized the Colours with his right hand, dropping his sword to do so and continued the struggle until he fell pierced with Lance thrusts but still holding the Colour. His last act before he swooend was to tear the silk from the staff and to hide it under his body. The Colour was saved and Latham was rewarded by a gold medal presented to him by the Officers of The Buffs, promotion to the rank of Captain, and many marks of distinction from the Commander-in-Chief.

We have handed over a column of the paper to the Temperance people wherein they can record the doings of their lodge and other news interesting to the members. We are glad to hear that the cause is making such strides in advance, and if it continues in the same way we shall find the President of the Canteen Committee resigning his office as a sinecure. We also this month publish for the first time a column or so of Station news. We shall be glad to receive and publish an account of any event of interest which occurs in the Station, and should any member of the Station, out side the magic ring of The Buffs, wish to become a a subscriber to the paper we shall not be too haughty to take his money.

The Regimental Dramatic Club have chosen "Waiting for the Verdict," a domestic drama, for their first appearance on the Ranikhet boards. Though written in what our American cousins call "rather tall" language it has any number of thrilling situations to keep the audience interested. A murder in a wood, a challenge to a duel, one or two fights, a trial

Digitized by Google

for murder, and an interrupted execution are enough to ensure the success of any play. A large debt has to be cleared off, for the purchase of stage scenery &c., and the Regiment should contribute towards this by giving our Corps Dramatique bumper houses.

"He that has and a little tiny wit,
With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day."

So sings the fool in King Lear, and we too, for the next three months, will have to take a leaf out of his book and try and make content fit with our fortune; for the rains be upon us in earnest and like the gods of the ancients we shall live for a time in the clouds. Let us hope that with the advent of the rains the fish insects that have been browsing our best clothes and the sand-flies that have made life one long scratch will disappear.

Sergt. Watkins says that he believes the reason that a sufficient muster of hounds has not been obtained to start "hare and hounds" is that the men think climbing up the hills is too hard work. It sounds rather strange to hear of anything being too hard for our athletic lads and a good muster on the 7th ought to show the energetic organizer that he was wrong in his supposition. The General is going to give us plenty of practice in manœuvring among the hills and those men who don't want to be left puffing and blowing in the rear might do worse than have some practice with Sergt Watkin's pack.

What is the origin of "Steady The Buffs!" It is about the best known catch phrase in the Service, but beyond hearing it vaguely described as having originated from some incident in the Peninsular nothing very definite seems to be known about it. Will some well informed correspondent kindly oblige?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J WELLS.—Your first letter was inserted before we received your second communication which shall appear in our next.

LOPEZ.—Will accept with thanks.

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

SIR,

With reference to the para in last months' *Dragon* I have made every available effort to get the pack together. A meeting was held last week, and out of 40 members only 7 turned up. The only cause that I can give for their not coming to the scratch is the roughness of the country. I can assure all who are interested in the foot paper chases, that there are many splendid runs without climbing any hills of any consequence. I shall be very pleased to see a good muster on the 7th July, on the large square. The hare will leave at 5.50 p.m., weather permitting. Will all who wish to join in the run please send in their names by Wednesday morning the 6th inst., to Lce.-Sergt. G. Watkins.

Yours &c.
G. Watkins, Lce.-Sergt.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

Since my invention has appeared in your columns I fully expected to find some one taking the invention up in a scientific point of view, yet, after all the chaff and fun which has been caused amongst us I cannot find one among the community that can take into consideration any scientific arguments at all. (This is what beats me) I have found out since we left Singapore, that a representative of yours came to see me, but the way in which he loitered about I did not credit his story, therefore, I did not show him my model. With regard to "No Savvys'" remarks, I cannot call them scientific at all. In one of his remarks he says "I am sorry to see that the invention of your correspondent Pte. Wells is already, and has for the past six months, been experimented upon on the European continent." I can now positively deny that statement as I have myself watched for any reports of such experiments, and I have also put myself into communication with several scientific men in England regarding the same,

Digitized by Google

but I find that no such invention has ever yet come before their notice. There has been another invention rather similar to mine, yet that is made on different principles, and the only dynamite invention as yet placed before the whole world, is that of Lieut. Zatinski's of the United States Artillery to wit, a dynamite gunboat for which 350,000 dollars has been appropriated and will be paid to Zatinski, should he gain anything like success. As this is the only invention before the public in general, I cannot imagine where "No Savvy" got his information from, nor does he state in which country on the European continent these experiments have been carried out.

Yours truly,
J. WELLS,
Acting Bandsman.

We never desputed the important post of interviewer to any-one; so that the loiterer who represented us must, we are afraid, have been a fraud. We ourselves have made several efforts to bring about an interview; but what with the inspection and other Jubilee rejoicings the inventor and ourselves have not yet succeeded in finding time to meet. The callousness of the community in not taking up this invention is greatly to be regretted, but Pte. Wells must remember that it is the fate of all great inventors to have their first efforts received with coldness and distrust. After the crushing retort of Pte. Wells "No Savvy" will, no doubt, hide his diminished head. We promise our readers that next month they shall, at last; have the anxiously awaited description of the "Wells dynamite cartridge" put before them in print.—EDITOR.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

I think it a great pity there can't be something else found to fill up spare room in *The Dragon* instead of wishing "H" Company the worst shooting Company in the Regiment as it says plainly in the last paper that, we wish to see the other seven Companies beat them in succession, of course men in the Company have seen this and don't agree with it. Perhaps me as well as other men have taken it in the wrong light as to what it meant, if so I wish to be corrected? another thing, not only does *The Dragon* go round the Regiment but to our 2nd Battalion and other places as well, it would be all very well to put in the best shooting Company when they have all finished.

Yours truly,
——— WHY.

We print "Why's" letter as we wish to give everybody a hearing. He has, as most of our readers will see, looked upon our pious hope that the regimental figure of merit may progress on an ascending scale in an entirely wrong light. The Editor of this paper is not likely to allow anything derogatory to "H" Company to appear in our columns, but, as chronicling all Regimental events impartially, "H" Company's figure of merit had to be placed on record. It would perhaps be better if "Why" devoted his surplus energy to devising some scheme by which the shooting of the Company could be improved instead of expending it in captious criticism.—EDITOR.

—o—

NOTES ON RIDING.

On reading the account in the Singapore *Free Press*, of the Spring Races there,, I was much amused by "our captious critics'" remarks on the attitude assumed by "Agricola" rider in the finish for the Sultan's Cup, He says —

"The effect of this finish was enhanced by an attempt on the part of "Agricola's rider to kick a fly off his horse's ear while at the same time he playfully thumped him on the neck. This is not quite what it ought to be, The correct style is somewhat as follows. Grasp the reins firmly in one hand and elevate it high in the air, keeping the reins dangling loosely; coil your legs round the body of the horse, and lean well forward. This position will enable you without inconvenience to apply your whip vigorously to your mount somewhere about the regions of the tail. This is the style adopted by most eminent English riders, and generally creates astonishment among the bystanders.—(N. B.—No charge for this kind of instruction)."

Now, while walking along a hill road a few days ago thinking what a curious figure that man must have cut as he steered his steed to victory, I heard the rattle of hoofs in front of me, and presently round a corner came my two old friends Tommy Atkins and Alfred Seymour, apparently bent on testing the merits of their rival "bloods." Good lads, they were enjoying themselves thoroughly, but what a sight they were! Tommy Atkins was in almost the exact

Digitized by Google

position that excited so much amusement at Singapore, and was plying his cane manfully about the regions of the tail. Not so Alfred Seymour. He, scorning to imitate his rival, had taken a back seat with a vengance. Perched almost behind the saddle, with the shortest of stirrups, his feet poked out on either side of his pony's nose, and apparently only retaining his seat by a tremendous pull on his curb rein, he weilded a cudgel with which he belaboured with the greatest impartiality the shoulders and neck of his unfortunate "quad." He reminded me forcibly of a London Costermonger taking his Sunday airing on Hamstead Heath, but with this difference that while the Coster generally has a pleased smile on his face and a pipe in his mouth, Seymour's face wore an agonised expression, probably from the difficulty of keeping his seat, and his teeth were firmly set with the excitement of the race. Atkins's face I could not see for it was burried in his pony's flowing mane. Which won I cannot say for they vanished round the next corner like lightning. I went and made inquiries at the hospital next day, but to my joy and astonishment neither of them had been admitted, so I presume they both survived that fearful ride.

Left alone I burst out laughing at that quaint spectacle, but not long did my laughter last, a sharp crack on the back that made me feel as if several tenpenny nails had been driven into me, and I turned round to face the flaming visage and "uplifted dexter" of the guardian spirit of the Regiment. Surely, O Dragon," I murmured falling on my knees, "I should have known it was none other but thyself" for—

"Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntletted in glove of steel."

"Get up and don't talk nonsense" roared the immortal one; "what were you guffawing at because two of my children were learning to ride. Truly they were a queer sight, and none such other can I remember since I met Captain John Gilpin making a fool of himself in the same way, and that was some years ago. Didn't I give it him though; had him sent to riding school at Canterbury! ha ha!" and the noble animal nearly choked. "However," he resumed, "get you away home, take pen and paper and write down all the hints to beginners you can think of, or find out, and then in a short time we may have a hundred lads fit to take their place in a mounted Company and able 'witch the world with noble horsemanship.'" So saying he vanished, and were it not for the marks of those iron claws on my back I should have thought it was a dream. I went home and obeyed, and the result is as follows:—

Mounting.—The first thing to do is to get on to your pony in safety, and as some ponies are very handy at cow-kicking, *i.e*, lashing out sideways, a hint may be useful. stand opposite the near fore foot, and place the left hand on the pony's neck close to the withers, the reins lying between hand and saddle. Draw the reins through the left hand until you feel the mouth gently. Turn the reins over the fore finger and place the thumb on them. Twist a lock of the mane round the thumb or forefinger. Take the stirrup in the right hand and place the left foot in it as far as the ball of the foot. Press the left knee against the saddle to prevent toe from kicking the ponies side. Seize the cantle of the saddle with the right hand and spring lightly from the right toe, thus bringing the body in to a standing position in the left stirrup. Throw over the right leg, at the same time shifting the right hand from the cantle to the off side of the pommel, thus dropping gently into the saddle by staying the weight with the right hand. Place right toe in the stirrup.

Stirrups.—To get the right length of stirrups, sit well down in the saddle and lengthen or shorten the stirrups till they just touch the ankle bone. Then if you stand up in them with the feet "home" you will just clear the pony's withers. If you have short thick legs take up the stirrups two holes. If the pony has very low shoulders, ride a hole or two shorter than with a well made one.

Seat.—Some men say they ride by "balance," others by "grip." Nonsense, you must use both. If you ride by balance alone you'll tumble off some day; if by grip you will get so tired, as to make a toil of pleasure, and probably fall off as well. Balance prevents grip from tiring you, grip helps balance to keep you on. Sit well down in your saddle and *turn the flat of the thigh in*, thus bringing the toes in and the heels out. Keep the body upright and the back hollowed, shoulders square to the front. If holding the reins in one hand, be careful that that shoulder does not come forward. To avoid this it is well to use both hands at first, keeping the elbows well back as far as the hips. However "the seat a man finds easiest to himself will, in all humane probability, be the easiest to his horse," and riding without stirrups will help a man more than anything else. If you have a friend who is a good rider, get him to

Digitized by Google

come out with you and correct your errors.

Reins.—To hold a single rein, place all the fingers of the left hand except the fore finger between the reins, turn them over the fore finger and place the thumb on them. To hold double reins the simpliest way is to treat the snaffle rein as a single rein, then place the third finger between the two sides of the curb rein and draw as tight as required. Always keep the elbow well back and use long reins. "Ease and feel, give and take; never have a dead pull on the horse's mouth" is an old riding school maxim. Also use your curb as little as possible.

Bits.—The commonest bits in use are (1) the snaffle, (2) the curb. The plain snaffle by itself is a very mild bit indeed but when used with a curb as in a double bridle, the combination will hold most animals. Remember that the curb is a lever which presses against the roof of the mouth, and when assisted by a tight curb chain it causes a good deal of pain and should not be used more than necessary, certainly not to hold on by. There are numerous kinds of bits, but these two will answer our purpose.

Abuse of the whip.—There is no doubt that the hill ponies are usually slugs accustomed to dawdle, and when required to move a bit, most of them require waking up. It is not a good thing however to whack them about the tail, neck or shoulders, especially with a cudgel Carry a good springy switch or cutting whip, & when you use it, hit straight down the flank. only a few inches behind your own leg. It will have twice the effect, and generally produce the result required instead of a sulky kick.

Sore backs.—On coming in from a ride, always try and bring your pony in cool. On dismounting loosen the girths and raise the saddle an inch or so for a moment; then replace it and let it remain on for about fifteen minutes. Care must of course be taken that the saddle fits well, and it is always best to use a "Numnah" or saddle cloth, leather for choice. If however, a bad saddle gall should occur, foment it well with flannel dipped into water as hot as you can bear it and well wrung out. After half an hour of this bathe it well with a week solution of arnica and water, and, what is most important, do not work your pony again until the skin is quite cool and free from inflamation. If the skin is broken, bathe well with cold water, avoid arnica and use vaseline or some cooling grease, and cover up the sore with a light cloth to keep off flies.

Shoeing.—Too long a topic to enter into fully, but be sure that the shoes don't pinch. They should be changed at least once a month, as the feet require paring down, for long feet make a pony trip. When shoes are put on cold as they usually are here, the smith should be extra careful how he pares the horn off the foot.

Cold.—If your pony shows symptoms of cold give him a warm branmash with about half an ounce of powdered nitre in it, keep him well covered and sponge his nostrils with warm water and a little vinegar.

Now Mr. Editor, if you can find room for any of these hints I hope they will be useful to some of your readers who are keeping a pony for the first time, and that they will not mind the bit of chaff which came somehow irrestibly from

Their well wisher

EQUES.

Station News.

A successful performance was given in The Buffs' Theatre by a miscellaneous troupe of amateurs on the 6th, 17th and 18th instants. The piece played was the well known burlesque of "Black-Eyed Susan," and the reason of the entertainment was a charitable desire to assist the widow and children of the late Private Larkins of the Details

The burlesque was well played throughout, though of course there were various degrees of excellence Pte. Haley and Bombr Sweeney as the "Widdy" and "Shaun," were the two performers who had best caught the spirit of the burlesque, they were both thoroughly amusing. Mr. Parselle as "Captain Crosstree" took his character a little too seriously, he was more the Crosstree of the drama than of the burlesque, and he missed some of the usual features of the part, such as the business with the bottles in the drunken scene and the halt, maimed, and black-eyed make up which is usually adopted in the last scene. He was however, thoroughly at home on the stage and spoke his lines clearly and to the point. "William" is a part usually played by one of the fairer sex, the leading burlesque actress of the theatre consenting for once to disguise her understandings in the loose attire of a sailor for the sake of wearing a becoming flaxen wig and playing a big part. When played by a man it has to be taken seriously and was so played by Mr. Whittle, who, barring the moustache, quite looked the sailor, and played with all the necessary dash and go. He also sang his songs nicely

Digitized by Google

"Doggrass" owed a good deal of an Ally Sloper make up, but Sergt Watkins worked very hard, some of his falls being startlingly realistic. "Neptune sang his song well but the audience did not seem to take much interest in the Irish allusions; which after all is not to be wondered at for Ireland is rapidly becoming a first class nuisance. The other male characters were all satisfactorily filled, but do not call for any special mention.

Of the ladies Mrs. Sheehan as "Black-Eyed Susan," first claims our notice. She sang her songs very sweetly and acted her part with spirit. She was at her best towards the conclusion of the piece, especially in her brilliant defence of William; nervousness or stage-fright apparently rather hampering her efforts in her earlier scenes. "Dolly Mayflower" found a youthful representative in Miss Flo. Usmar, who, however, bullied her lover as satisfactorily as if she had been a dame of twice her age. The sailors and lasses certainly deserve a special word, for their decorous little ballet was one of the events of the evening. The piece had evidently had great care bestowed on its management, the makeups were good—though there was perhaps a little too much pantominic noise—and the performance was creditable to all concerned in it.

A sad incident occured after a cricket match played between two Companies of The Buffs and Scottish Rifles. The night was pitch dark and Pte. Miller of the Scottish Rifles, starting to go back to barracks, lost his way and fell over the khud onto the parade ground, receiving injuries from which he died in a few hours. An inquest was held and the verdict "Accidental death" returned

---

Rolling's Variety Troupe has gone down to the plains again. The entertainment was not a striking success, none of the front seats being filled and the back seats being thinly occupied. The Proprietor sang some good Irish songs, but the other members of the Company were hardly up to the mark.

On Tuesday the 14th a general meeting was held at the reading room to discuss various matters. After some discussion it was decided; that dogs should not be allowed in the vicinity of the reading room or tennis courts; that the bar should not be opened on Sundays; that in future the establishment should be dignified by the title of Club; and that every member on first day of next year should pay a contribution of sixteen rupees to the Club fund.

A successful subscription dance was given at the newly christened club an the night of the 14th. The room was very prettily decorated and all the arrangements were well carried out. A portion of The Buffs' band supplied the music.

Amongst the coming events are the dance given by Colonel Hart and the Officers of the Garrison class; an amateur performance of "In honour bound" and "Uncle's Will;" another "Buffs at Home" and perhaps, so we hear, amateur theatricals by another troupe.

On the 22nd inst. nearly 100 Corporals, to keep up Her Majesty's Jubilee, assembled at the Standing Camp on the invitation of the Corporals there, and such a scene of conviviality has seldom been seen under canvas. Singing was briskly kept up until 2 o'clock in the morning, only interrupted by a very welcome, and nice little supper to which all did ample justice, and judging by the way in which some of the plates were cleared, the walk to the camp sharpened up the appetites of The Buffs' Corporals. Everything passed off in the usual way, toasts were drank with the customary military honours, and after some very appropriate speeches the party broke up. It is very gratifying to see such good feeling exist between the different regiments, there being nearly 20 Corps (Artillery, Cavalry and Infantry) represented, and we hope to see this state of friendship continue.

A Station Cricket Club has been formed, with a committee composed of representatives from The Buffs, the Scottish Rifles, the Standing Camp, and the Garrison Class. The subscription is fixed at two rupees a month, and matches are to be arranged for every Saturday.

A very nice little Quadrille Party was given in the Gymnasium, on the 24th inst., by the Sergts. of the Standing Camp. A great number of people from Chaubuttia, Camp and Ranikhet put in an appearance and entered in the festivities with great *eclat*. The Officer Commanding the Camp, S.S.O. and other Officers honoured the party with their presence. A very nice supper was provided by the Ranikhet Universal Provider (The Buffs' Coffee-wallah). Dancing was kept up until 4 a.m. on Saturday morning.

Digitized by Google

The getting up of this dance was mainly due to Mr. Bradley and Col.-Sergt. Restell, and reflected great credit on them, and we hope soon to have the pleasure of attending another one.

CHAUBUTTIA CHAT.

Writing about Chaubuttia reminds me of the Ethiopean endeavour to expound the "nothingness of nothing." Beyond Ranikhet the outside world knows little or nothing of our movements; remove the "tats" from the bazaar below and we might go off to Timbuctoo and join the "Pond-Lilly Minstrels" without anyone being a bit the wiser. The day may come when the railway whistle will sound in the neighbourhood of Jhula Devi or the Knayton House 'bus throw the Commissariat bread-cart into the shade: and yet there are some who pooh-pooh the idea. Happy thought! why not get Spiers and Pond or Kellner and Co. to open a light refreshment bar about the cross-roads?

The principal residents at present are the Sand-fly family (or a branch thereof); Mr. Jim Crow, family, relations and followers; the Scottish Rifles; and a peculiar sect, at present restricted to the wood-yard, and designated by the peculiar title I.O.G.T. My friend Binks affirms that the letters have become misplaced and should be read GO. IT. such being the peculiar motto of this peculiar sect. You must not quite credit this as Binks is inclined to be spiteful: in fact Jinks says that Binks had some connexion with the sect at one time and tried to carry his reading of the title into practice as well as theory; result, dissolution of partnership.

I see that Fair Luna is again returning. She won't have much reward for her curiosity, should she expect to find "spooning" going on on this hill. She'll have to look your side for that. At least so say our amourously-inclined young Sergeants, and from observation of the careful toilets and spruce costumes of those bound down-hill I conclude that there's some truth in the assertion.

However, taking advantage of her last visit, an Out-door Concert was organized by the Officers and an impromptu programme was carried through in a pleasant style under the hammer of Lieut. Blackburn who took an active interest in the concern, and contributed a couple of jolly songs with choruses "Such as Tommy Loves." Our active Commissariat protector joined one of the Bandsmen in a rattling jig and entirely disproved ideas of sluggishness in such a valuable department. From the hearty manner in which the songs and dances were applauded and the lusty style in which he choruses were repeated, there could be no doubt of the success of the affair. The Band contributed some pleasant "catching" music with vocal refrains in some cases: perhaps, at some future meeting of this sort, they will sing a glee or two; such would be a treat when properly rendered.

Following somewhat similar lines we had some afternoon. out-door sports on the 17th, when the Sahib-log and the Mem-Sahib-log turned out "en masse." All were very pleased to see Major Laye a-foot (or rather a-horse) again and active as ever in such wholesome work: also to welcome the presence of Colonel and Mrs. Ward who drove—actively—on to the scene of contest, the parade-ground. I doubt if the records of Chaubuttia can trace a previous venture of like nature.

The events comprised quoit-throwing and tugs-of-war for Companies, and excited unusual and unexpected interest. The general quoit-contest was rather a novel idea, and from the keen manner in which the various sets were followed up by Officers and men, there can be no doubt of its popularity. The Officers kept the scores and decided doubtful points, and after some clever playing-off the "quoits'" prize was awarded to "Letter F" Company which was represented in the final ties by Ptes. Wood and Mc'Cormack each of whom throws a good quoit. Note:—The Committee might decide before next meeting (*a*) the value of a "ringer" (*b*) if a "quoit" alighting on the outside but rolling to the inside of the ring should count.

Should not the "hob" or pin be barbed so as to prevent a rebound off it?

The tugs-of-war caused immense excitement. An instantaneous photograph of such a scene should make a fortune for the artist. Everyone yells, dashes his arms about, and screams advice—generally the contrary to what his neighbour vociferates. We all did that and a great deal more on this occasion, and of course some of the teams got "mixed up," couldn't catch our correct instructions and lost of course. In this final tussel between "E" and "C" Companies it was C'n that the latter were not quite at E's, and so the former 1 (Mark Twain improved), their work, however, was not E. C. (ditto more ditto). The "coach" of the winning Company claims the credit for himself and of course we

Digitized by Google

are all highly indignant. As yet we have not received a share of the prize which was gracefully presented to the winning team by Mrs. Ward who also presented suitable prizes to other distinguished competitors.

The Signallers on this hill must look to their shooting laurels. Those of The Buffs have evidently been showing their *flash* friends a trick or two, judging from the following results of a recent match. Distances 200 and 500 yards seven shots at each distance—Wimbledon target.

Signalers, The Buffs 331 points.
do Scottish Rifles 306 „

Buffs won a "*signal*" victory by 25 points.

For the losing team Smith 51, Randall, Nelson and Headly 41 each made the best scores. I can't furnish the "winning" scores, but you doubtless have them. Friendly rivalry of this sort is most wholesome.

The Quarter-Master's Department has been playing at Bulls Eyes with the Pay-Master's Department. See the following. (Note :—The losing side whispers that its ammunition was only Dum-Dum "ordinary," but that the winners used best English selected, guaranteed to go straight to the "Bull." Of course there's no pleasing everybody. Every department for itself.)

Pay-Master's Department 143 points.
Quarter-Mr's do 149 „

Binks just drops in with dark hints concerning some nocturnal business at the Theatre !!! (Bless the mark) and from his dramatic air I conclude there's "something in the wind." He has a stage-affliction, but whether he worships on this occasion at the Shrine of Thalia or at the altar of Melpomene I can't inform you, he's off to rehearsal. Perhaps something about this in my next.

THE NAINI TAL WEEK

By the Scorer.

A ride to Naini Tal from Ranikhet is not all joy. The good man from whom I hired a steed has the reputation of keeping the best dak ponies to be obtained; but if I had an enemy on whom I wished to inflict the most equisite torture, before I compassed his death, I should hire him on to go for a day's ride on the grey pony which the said worthy man provided me with for the first half of the journey. He was a performing pony and took a pride in it. Whenever he came to any place where there was a very nasty khud he would fling a hind leg over with a free and easy jerk and then turn round and bite flies off it (the leg not the khud). This may not sound bad but in actual experience it will be found sufficiently exciting. On the flat he grew sulky because there were no khuds to air his legs over and in spite of all arguments enforced with a large stick, obstinately stuck to a walk.

The Kyrna valley was stifflingly hot, in the late afternoon, and it was a relief to leave the sun baked river bed and to begin the long pull up the Naini Tal hill. The sun sank behind the wild crags and darkness gradually deepened, the overshadowing oak trees plunging the road into a deep gloom. To a tired man on a tired horse the path, which wound up, and up, and up, seemed never ending; until at last a glimmer of steely grey amid the black foliage gave signs of an opening and in a few minutes more the top was gained and Naini Tal, its lake a patch of lighter blue in the darkness of the valley, and its houses showing like clusters of stars, lay below. My readers I, take it, all know what Naini Tal week is. It is the week during which Ranikhet sends over picked teams to compete against Naini Tal at cricket, polo, boat-racing, lawn tennis, rifle shooting and billiards, which teams are put up and most hospitably treated by the inhabitants of Naini Tal and sent away at the end of the week wishing that it was a monthly and not a yearly festival.

The first news on arriving at the club—where an iced peg tasted like nectar after the heat and dust of the ride—was good news. On the first day Ranikhet had scored its first victory by Miss Pemberton and Captain Porter winning the first of the tennis competitions. We all hailed this as a good omen believing that the fair member of the team, who had come over to do battle for our station, would prove a *mascotte* and bring us luck, A dance at the Assembly Rooms which finished at a late hour, after much sampling of the Naini Tal brand of champagne, finished up the first day of the week.

A plunge into the cold water of the lake and then a loungue by the Assembly Rooms rails to see the ponies do their training gallops over the stony course, which runs nearly round the little maidan, down a hill, past the back of the Assembly Rooms, up again, and finally finishes opposite the front door of the Rooms, was the early morning performance on every day of the week before breakfast.

Digitized by Google

The second day was devoted to polo, and a most exiting match it proved. No Buffs took part in this, the Cavalry contingent, in the shape of Messrs. Butler and Portal of the 17th Lancers and Mr. Henderson of the 8th Hussars supplying three-fourths of the team, Mr. King of the Welch Fusiliers being the one representative of the infantry. Victory all through the game kept trembling in the balance. All Naini Tal had come down to see their champions, make up as they hoped, for defeat, and when the home team gained an advantage a ripple of applause from small gloved hands went down the line, while a goal to the visitors was the signal for a cheer from the small knot of strangers and aliens who clustered together for mutual encouragement. The first goal was hit by the Ranikhet team, but the second and third were secured by Naini Tal, and, as the game drew towards a close. Ranikhet became despondent, but gathered heart when a fourth goal put the score at two all, and became justifiably triumphant when still another one landed them winners of the second of the series of contents. Ranikhet had, I believe, a little the best of the luck but their adversaries were playing on their own ground and were rather better mounted. The dissipation in the evening consisted of a levee at the Government House where all men and conditions of men, some of them rather curious specimens, attired in their best clothes, went up the hill, walked past Sir Alfred Lyall, and then came down the hill again.

Wednesday brought the event of the week, the cricket match, and Ranikhet went out to encounter their adversaries in no too jubilant state of mind for they had heard much of the batting powers of the opposing eleven and is not the bowling of Billings celebrated throughout the land. We won the toss. I say we, because as the scorer I feel that I had a share in the glorious victory, though I was not given a chance of adding a few extra runs to the side I represented, for a hawk eyed Cavalry Colonel looked after the score very keenly in the other interest. We won the toss and sent in Edmunds and Godfrey who were bowled to by Dr. Plank and Major Richardson. The veteran bowler had his deeply scientific bowling badly knocked about by the brute force of the batsmen, who, by hard hitting ran the score up before they were separated.

Godfrey scored twenty-one and Edmonds thirty-two; Captain Porter who played very pretty cricket made twenty-eight; Mr. Stuart from whom we expected a lengthy score contributed a *batak ka anda*; (which is a duck's egg disguised in the Hindoo language so as not to hurt his feelings). Mr. D'Aeth played a good though rather lucky inning for twenty-nine; and Mr. Eales, not out, was well set and had scored ten runs before he had to carry out his bat. Mr. Lloyd was far from well put himself in last and was so weak that he had had quite enough running before he was bowled for six. Total for Ranikhet 142.

Naini Tal's bowling was good though Mr. Billings was not up to his usual form, so they say, Major Richardson and Mr. Beale being both on the spot. Naini Tal went in but though their batting was very good they could not do much against the bowling of Godfrey and Staunton who, luckily for us were thoroughly on the spot and kept on untiredly both, Godfrey especially, bowling maiden over after maiden over up to the very end of the innings. For Naini Tal Captain Walker made a big score of forty-one playing good cricket and putting his runs together very quickly; Mr. Whymper one of their strong bats, looked as if he was in for a long score but was run out in a most unfortunate way; and four others of their team got into double figures. Total for Naini Tal 161 In the second innings Captain Porter and Mr. Stuart were at the wickets when the time for drawing arrived, Mr. Eales having been caught and Mr. D'Aeth having been stumped, he having upset himself on the ground beyond the crease. The band of the Bays played on the ground, and, in the cool of the evening, all the beauty and fashion strolled up and down by the Assembly Rooms and watched the cricket in a perfunctory sort of way. It was Derby Day, the race being run about dinner time and some enthusiasts agreed to set up and wait for the telegram giving the winner, which might be expected in the small hours. The enthusiasm however died out about midnight and Merry Hampton's victory was not known of until breakfast time next day.

Captain Porter who was in a rungetting mood kept putting on runs, when cricket was resumed on Thursday, and, playing very good cricket and giving no chances, made the big score of sixty-seven before Major Richardson bowled him. Godfrey; Staunton, who was playing much more steadily than in the first innings; and Mr. D'Aeth made the next highest scores, but with one exception the whole eleven ran into double figures. Naini Tal has 200 to make to win and it depended on our bowlers whether

Digitized by Google

we had a chance or not. An Oh! went up from the pavilion when the best bat of the Naini Tal eleven was clean bowled by Staunton for four and after that there was only one stand made, wicket after wicket falling to either Godfrey or Staunton. Ranikhet thus won the third event by 111 runs, principally owing to the excellent bowling of Godfrey and Staunton. One of the features of the game was a swarm of little native boys who established themselves by the Pavillion and took a keen interest in the game applauding every good hit and difficult ball. In the evening the Lieutenant Governor gave a Birthday ball at Government House. The full scores of the cricket match were as follows:

RANIKHET.

	1st Innings	*2nd Innings.*
Cpl Godfrey, c Dundas b Planck	21	c Tibbs b Richardson ...	38
Pte. Edmonds, c & b Billings ...	32	b Billings ...	10
Capt. Porter, b Whymper ...	28	b Richardson ...	67
Mr. Stuart, l.b.w. b Billings ...	0	b Richardson ...	17
Cpl Staunton, c Beale b Richardson ...	3	c & b Richardson	18
Mr. D'Aeth, b Beale ...	29	st Walker b Billings ...	18
Mr. Butler, c Planck b Whymper	2	c & b Richardson	15
Mr. Powell, b Beale ...	3	run out ...	7
Capt. Richardson, b Whymper ..	3	not out ...	2
Mr. Eales, not out ...	10	c Beale b Richardson ...	10
Mr. Lloyd, b Beale ...	6	b Richardson ...	13
Extras ...	5	Extras ...	10
Total ...	142	Total ...	225

NAINI TAL.

Dr. Planck, c Stuart b Godfrey	0	l b.w. b Godfrey ..	17
Mr. Walker, c Lloyd b Staunton	41	b Staunton ...	4
Capt. Dundas, b Godfrey ...	18	b Godfrey ...	2
Major Sandeman, c & b Staunton	12	not out ...	0
Mr. Whymper, run out ...	1	b Godfrey ...	30
Major Garnett, b D'Aeth ...	6	b Godfrey ...	7
Mr. Billings, b Godfrey ...	12	b Godfrey ...	15
Mr. Beale, b Staunton ...	30	b Godfrey ...	6
Mr. Tibbs, b Godfrey ...	19	b Staunton ...	10
Capt Thurston, not out ...	12	b Staunton ...	0
Major Richardson, c D'Aeth b Staunton ...	4	b Godfrey ...	0
Extras ...	6	Extras ...	4
Total ...	161	Total ...	95

On Friday two events had to be fought out. The Double lawn tennis and the boat race. In the tennis we sustained our first defeat, Capt. Porter and Mr. Stuart not being up to their opponents' form, though they made a very good fight, winning the first set and making the second set "five all." After this was decided and Naini Tal had rejoiced over their first turn of good fortune, all the world adjourned to the lake side—where the ladies dresses showed like a flower border among the trees—to see the contest on which really hung the championship, for billiards and shooting were looked upon as certainties for Naini Tal. The Naini Talians had faith in their crew and were willing to back them for many gold mohurs while we, putting our faith in our muscular clerical stroke and the severe training he had put his crew through, were equally confident that our boat would be first between the flags and were ready to back our opinion. When the boats started the event was only a doubt for a few moments the Ranikhet crew look a lead at once and came in easy winners by about two lengths, which might easily have been made six as their opponents were in distress and splashing like a paddle wheel steamer. The lotteries for the next days gymkhana took place after dinner at the club and the Ranikhet owners had no difficulty in buying in their ponies cheaply as there was no great competion for them which as the next days racing showed was not astonishing.

Mr. Ross, one of the, if not the best shot in India, was acting as Captain; in the billiards, one of the Naini Tal champions was the redoubtable Mr. Billings. Captain Porter made a good score in the shooting, but one of our team distinguished himself by persistently missing the target at two hundred yards. Rather bad that for a Hythe marksman! The races in the afternoon were as most pony-races are, only interesting to those on the spot and there is no victory of a Ranikhet pony to record. The week finished with a big dinner given at the Club to the visitors whose healths were proposed by Mr. Ross, the Commissioner. Mr. Lloyd replied in befitting, if rather faltering terms, and the opposing factions shouted "for they are jolly good fellows" at each other. More speeches followed, the health of "The Ambassador" being drunk with enthusiasm while he himself was seized by his friends but whether they wished to chair him round the room or to throw him over the verandah it was hard to say, for an adjournment to the billiard-room stopped the ceremony. Capt. Porter and Mr. Eustace did their best for Ranikhet amid much encouragement and some levity, but the Naini Tal champions were too strong for them and won easily

So ended the Naini Tal week during which we of Ranikhet received from all hands the greatest hospitality, a committee headed by Mr. Ross making every arrangement for our comfort and amusement.

Digitized by Google

GARRISON TEMPERANCE TEA MEETING.

On the 22nd inst., an amalgamated tea and entertainment was held in The Buffs' Theatre (by the kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel H. T. Halahan) in honour of Her Most Gracious Majesty's Jubilee, by representatives of no less than four Societies, viz.,

I.O.G.T.—Hope and Perseverance Lodge 104.
„ Honor to Victory Lodge, 50
Regimental Temperance Society.
C.E.T.S., (Army Branch).

The room was beautifully decorated, under the able management of Sergt. A. Smith 17th Lancers and Pte. Croxson. The tables were spread, under the management of Sergt. E. Turner, between the hours of 6 30 and 8 p.m., and although great difficulty was experienced, on account of the small space of the building, everything turned out satisfactorily, and 200 members sat down and feasted on the best, the articles having previously been ordered from the Coffee-shop.

At 9.15 the hall was again crowded, an excellent programme having been drawn up, great delight being expressed by each individuals countenance as the musicians broke into a favourite selection. Shortly after, General Sir J. Hudson, K.C.B. was announced followed by Lieut.-Col. H. T. Halahan, and as each took their seats three loud ringing cheers were heartily given and pronounced welcome. Gen. Sir J. Hudson having previously consented to occupy the chair, caused our entertainment to prove more successful than we had at first anticipated, great attention being given as he addressed the audience concerning the evils of intemperance, and the good work that the various Temperance Societies had done to the Army at large. Moreover he informed us that Lady Hudson, who always took a deep interest in Temperance Societies and whose health would not allow her to be present with them, was a niece of Gen. Sir H. Havelock the hero of Cawnpore.

Major Newnham-Davis also added to our programme, a recitation entitled "The feather-bed Soldiers," which gained great applause.

The Rev. A. Stone was also in attendance.

Several other songs and recitations were given and eventually at 12 midnight, the evenings proceedings were brought to a close, the whole of the audience rising and singing with great spirit, the National Anthem, and departed to their respective bungalows entirely satisfied.

Regimental Items.

Brigadier General Sir J. Hudson, K.C.B., dined with the Officers of the Regiment on Wednesday the 13th inst.

The Regiment has been photographed by a representative of Messrs Lawrie and Co. of Naini Tal. The eight strong Companies were drawn up on the parade ground in quarter column—Officers and Colours to the front—the band moving up to the front of the leading Company, and the Staff Sergeants and Pioneers falling in on the left. The dress was white coats serge trousers and helmets. The photograph is stated to be a success.

QUADRILLE PARTY.

The Sergeants of the Battalion gave their first dance in Ranikhet on the 10th inst., and it turned out a very successful affair. Dancing commenced about 9.30 p.m. and was kept up with great vigour until 2 a.m. next morning. About 100 guests sat down to a very nice supper, provided under the able caterership of Col.-Sergt. Patterson. Everybody seemed to fully enjoy themselves, and are anxiously looking forward to the next Sergeants' "Hop."

Brevet Major Robert George Kekewich, from Supernumary Captain to be Captain *vice* H. T. Somerset. Dated 19th Feb., 1887.

Lce.-Sergt. Woodward passed (in Singapore) the examination qualifying him for the rank of Color-Sergeant.

School certificates have beon awarded to No. 1322, Pte. F. J. Cook, 270, Pte. H. Woods, 1232, Boy H. Hasler.

The undermentioned N.C. Officers and men have been transferred;—

Sergt.-Drmr.	H. Lawrence	to	F Compy.
Sergt.-Mr. Tailor	J. Connell	to	A „
Pioneer-Sergt.	J. Green	to	E „
„	B. Gates	to	B „
„	T. Cheal	to	G „
Lce.-Sergt.	C Martin	to	B „
Corpl.	W. H. Smith	to	D „
„	G. Cook	to	F „
„	F. Staunton	to	A „
Pte.	J. Kluckner	to	E „

Digitized by Google

TOMMY ATKINS.

(Continued).

This "sentry go," as he calls it, is no joke. For the whole two hours he must be marching up and down a beaten track about thirty yards long, with his rifle and fixed bayonet properly shouldered, or at the carry or if he chooses to stand still now and then, it must be strictly to attention, or correctly at ease. There is no sentry in the world as steady as Tommy Atkins. Although he has eight hours out of the twenty-four at this monotonous work, and the intervals he spends in lounging about on a form, or trying to snatch an odd hour's rest on the Guard-bed, which is simply a sloping wooden platform, and just about as soft and downy as a fishmonger's slab. A four poster however would be somewhat wasted upon him, seeing that during the twenty-four hours he is on no account allowed to take off any of his clothing or accoutrements, and a tightly buttoned tunic plentifully festooned with belts and pouches, is not exactly the sort of dress to go to bed in. When he comes off sentry he may put his rifle in the arm-rack, and take his shako off, but that's all. Altogether the guard-room is not, like Rosherville Gardens 'the place to spend a happy day in,' and I have often seen Tommy coming off guard looking very washed-out and worn. This duty comes round to him every sixth day or so, and 'takes it out' of Tommy more than any bad climates or hard work. The soldier ages very soon. Tommy Atkins at thirty invariably looks ten years older, and I have heard old experienced army doctors ascribe this principally to the sentry work at night.

Besides guard Tommy has manifold duties to fulfill. There are pickets and fatigues innumerable and he must take his turn of 'Mess Orderly,' help to draw rations in the morning take them to the cookhouse, bring them back again when cooked, &c. He must also assist in keeping his room clean, and the amount of scrubbing and rubbing and scraping, he is perpetually engaged in with this object can only be realised by a sight of his floor, tables, and benches, which are all snow-white as it is in the nature of wood to be. Not a speck of grease is to be seen anywhere when the officer goes round to inspect the rooms for so far as the discovery near the Barracks of Fuller's-earth, or a substitute for it, goes, Tommy is quite a geologist.

I recollect once in the Mediteranean accompanying some Turkish Officer round an English barrack and the tassel of each officer fez nearly stood straight on end with astonishment at the tables and forms. I could appreciate their feelings of amazement when, some months later, I beheld a Turkish soldiers barrack-room for the first time.

In every Company there are certain to be some public characters. The "handy man," the "swag," and the lawyer are generally the three. The "handy-man," is he who can build a rabbit-hutch, or dog-kennel out of nothing (Tommy is fond of pets), cut hair, splice a bat, make a draught board out of to use an unavoidable figure catachresis—scraps of coloured cloth, make a bird-cage out of an old tin canteen, in short, if he were to give his mind to it, I am not certain that he could not falsify the proverb on the impossibility of making a purse out of a sows ear. That he will ever bring his ingenious mind to bear on the attempt is improbable, for Tommy has not much use for purses. The 'wag" must be able to sing a song, tell a good story, be possessed of "cheek" and a rough-and-ready sort of wit, and have a plentiful stock of good humour. or he will soon be deposed. The "lawyer" is the man who always has a complaint to make to his Officer, who always disputes his accounts, who always thinks he is being put upon.

He is generally better educated than his fellows and has probably been a clerk in a small way; he possesses that little knowledge which is a dangerous thing, and generally ends badly. The handy-man has many friends the wag many admirers, the lawyer neither the one nor the other.

(To be continued).

THE POND LILLY MINSTRELS.

Our regimental troupe of darkies, who have adopted the above name, gave their second performance on the 21st in the theatre. They have made a great step in advance since their aboard-ship appearance, but, while patting them on the back for the progress they have made, we must also point out that there is still much for them to do before they arrive at that pitch of pertection which they will no doubt eventually attain. The performance was too long, for the curtain did not finally come down until between midnight at one o'clock, and in the second part, there were some long waits which tired the audience's temper. Some of the sentimental vocalists were so sentimental that they could not be heard in the body of the hall and the end men were not always over certain of the words of their songs. Now, having finished the unpleasant task of finding fault, we can go on to give praise to what was good in the entertainment. The comic songs, without exception, were well sung, "Oh Susannah," "Sound dat Barnjo," "Sally with the coal black eyes," "Linda Love," "Kitty with the buckles on her shoes," and "Mister Coon," all went excellently with the audience, and the choruses of both the comic and sentimental songs were capitally sung, a proof that they had been well and carefully practised. When the sentimental vocalists make up their minds to get rid of their nervousness and sing out with feeling and spirit they will, no doubt, be entitled to as much praise as their comic brethren. The songs given to them were all very pretty and some of them showed that the singers had good voices. "Come where the Tangled Beeches grow" seemed to be a special favourite with the audience and rightly so. It was well sung. We trust that our sentimental singers will not be discouraged by our remarks, for they have got the talent in them, each and all, to make their songs triumphant successes, but they must let that talent come out.

The band was in every way efficient; and a word of thanks and praise is due to Mr. Birkhead for the time and talent he has given to transcribing the music for the band parts. The

Digitized by Google

musical portion of the regiment is fortunate in having a bandmaster who so thoroughly takes his share in all our entertainments. The jokes and dialogues all went well and we were glad to see that those licensed jesters the corner men kept their spirits under control while the sentimantal songs were being sung. The first part concluded with a comic sketch of a journey by a Pullman car finishing up with a collision and general smash up. Four step dancers opened the second part. Attired in red plush they danced so well that the audience insisted on their doing a second turn, which was only terminated by the fifer's breath giving out. The Ranikhet Jubilee Guard next appeared and apparently went through a general's inspection, a very searching one too, to judge from the way they prodded each other all over with every kind of weapon of war. They were a very awe-inspiring force and showed their dauntless courage by being knocked about without showing any symptoms of pain. Box and Cox, a black version of the time honoured farce, was the concluding item; and it served its purpose, for it sent the audience away in a good temper. All the three performers, fearfully and wonderfully attired, were good in their parts and the little skit went off briskly.

On the whole the Pond Lillies are to be congratulated on a successful performance over which time, money and care, had been spent, and which was such a decided advance on their initial performance, that, if they only keep on improving as quickly, they will soon be as perfect as even their energetic organiser and principal Bones could wish them to be.

GENERALS' INSPECTION.

During the past month General Sir J. Hudson has continued his inspection, giving a separate morning to each subject. The Battalion was exiercised in attacking a position, in outpost duty, .n musketry, and in the usual drill on parade After the drill Sir J. Hudson drew the Battalion up into quarter column, and in a short speech expressed his warm approval of the conduct of the Battalion, laying especial stress on the good behaviour an willingness of the men. This high praise is the more gratifying as coming from so thoroughly practical a soldier as our present General.

Cricket.

OFFICERS *v.* SERGEANTS.

The annual match between the Officers and Sergeants came off on the 9th inst., and resulted in an easy win for the Officers, who, no doubt, have the best team they have had for years. The Sergeants have about the worst team we have seen for a long while, and their chance for the shield in 1887 stands at very long odds. The hospitality of the Officers, was again to the fore, and all did ample justice to a good tiffin.

SERGEANTS.

	1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Lc.-Sgt. Brain, c Booth b Bell	5	not out	22
Bd.-Sgt. Steele, c D'Aeth b Bell	0	st Porter b Stuart	2
C.-S. Nicholas, b Bell	12	run out	4
Q.-M. Segt. Cumber, b D'Aeth	4	c D'Aeth b Porter	3
Sergt. Bovenzer, b Bell	0	run out	1
Sgt.-Major Cook, b Bell	0	b Stuart	1
Sergt. Brewin, b Bell	2	c Lloyd b Porter	0
„ Eaton, st Eales b Bell	6	c Dauglish b Porter	8
Schl.-Mr. Whittle, b D'Aeth	1	b Stuart	0
Cr.-Sgt. Patterson, b D'Aeth	1	b Porter	7
Sergt. Watkins, b D'Aeth	0	c Stuart b Bell	3
Cr.-Sergt. Andrews, not out	0	run out	1
Extras	3	Extras	13
Total	34	Total	65

OFFICERS

Lieut. Booth, b Nicholas	1
„ Hunter, b Nicholas	0
Capt Allen, b Nicholas	3
Lieut. Annesley, b Cumber	1
„ Bell, l.b.w. b Nicholas	0
„ Eales, c Watkins b Nicholas	60
„ Bayard, c Nicholas, b Cumber	20
„ Stuart, b Cumber	21
„ D'Aeth, b Whittle	10
„ Dauglish, not out	20
Capt. Porter, b Cumber	0
Lieut. Lloyd, st Watkins, b Cumber	0
Extras	19
Total	155

D COMPANY THE BUFFS *v.* D COMPANY SCOTTISH RIFLES.

Two matches have been played between D Company of our's and the same letter of the Scottish Rifles In both we were victorious—they were played on our ground which should give us an advantage—but, on the second occasion by only one run. The matches were of a very friendly and festive description; The Buffs on the first occasion entertaining their visitors, and the Scottish Rifles returning the compliment when playing the second match. The scores were as follows:—

Digitized by Google

FIRST MATCH.

"D" Company, Scottish Rifles.

te. Gardiner, b Manvill	0	s Davies b Manvill	0
„ McDonald, c Hills	0	b Davies	8
„ Emery, b Pennels	14	not out	25
„ Donaldson, c Pennells b Manvill	2	not out	14
„ Clunie, run out b Manvil	9		
„ Bowler, b Davies	12		
„ Quinn, c Howarth b Davies	3		
„ Hawison, c Davies b Beck	7		
„ Reid, c Howarth b Davies	4		
„ Smith, not out	1		
Lc Corpl. Cameron, b Davies...	0		
Extras	4		
Total	56	Total	47

"D" Company, The Buffs

Pte. Beck, c Donaldson b McDonald ...	15
„ Price, b Emery	0
„ Goodings, h wicket b McDonald ...	5
Lc-Corpl Davies, b Bowler	36
Pte. Pennels, c Reid, b McDonald	3
Dr. Manvill b Bowler	2
„ Piper, h wicket b Bowler	0
Lc.-Corpl. Strike, b Emery	0
Ptc. Howarth, not out	21
„ Hills, run out b Bowler	0
„ Simmons, b Clunie	14
Extras ...	20
Total ..	116

SECOND MATCH.

"D" Company Scottish Rifles.

	1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Pell, b Pennels	7	b Davies ...	9	
Bowles, run out Pennels ...	4	b Beck	6	
McDonald, b Manvill	5	c Price b Manville	8	
McDonald, s Howarth, b Pennels	1	not out	4	
Lt. Blackburn, l.b.w. b Pennels	7	b Davies ...	0	
Horsburgh, c Hills, b Beck ...	12	b Davies ...	6	
Mould, c Hills, b Beck ...	12	c Beck b Davies	8	
Emery, b Beck	7	c Beck b Davies	5	
Archer, b Davies	0	b Davies	0	
Stockey, not out	0	b Beck	15	
Lt. McFarlane, run out ...	1	c Hill b Davies ...	0	
Extras ..	14	Extras ...	5	
Total ...	75	Total ...	66	

"D" Company The Buffs.

Corpl. Davies, b Bell	10	c Stockey ...	9
Pte. Pennels, b Mould	15		
Lt. Stuart, b Mould	5	not out	5
Pte. Beck, run out	7		
„ Simmons, b Mould ..	2		
„ Price, l.b.w. b Horseburgh	4		
„ Howarth, b Horseburgh ...	10		
„ Vickers, b Horseburgh ...	0		
„ Mepham, not out .. .	7		
„ Manvill, st Archer b Mould	0		
„ Hills, b Mould	0		
Extras ...	16	Extras ...	8
Total ...	76	Total ...	22

C COMPANY THE BUFFS *v.* C COMPANY SCOTTISH RIFLES.

This match was played on the 11th inst., and resulted in an easy win for the visitors. Pte. Malloy batted well for 101, and deserves great praise.

After the first innings all adjourned to one of The Buffs' bungalow, where a good dinner was awaiting the players, and they evidently enjoyed themselves so well that they quite forgot to turn out again and go on with the match.

C Company The Buffs.

Pte S. Johnson, b Stanton	9
„ A. Golder, b Malloy	4
Mr. C. Whittle, b „	0
Pte. A. Beeden, b „	0
„ A. Pa terson b „	3
„ J. Gardiner, c Roper b Stanton	4
„ C. Marshall, stumped Malloy	0
„ A. Taylor, b Stanton	2
Sergt. G. Brain, stumped Stanton b Malloy	4
Pte. J. Reynolds, b. Malloy	2
„ H. Goble, not out	1
Extras	10
Total	39

C Company Scottish Rifles.

Pte McShene, stnmped Gardiner	3
„ Penn, b Patterson	6
Lce.-Corpl. Stanton, c Schl.-Master Whittle...	33
Lieut. Robinson, b Marshall	13
Pte Randall, b Marshall.....	11
„ Malloy, c Golder	101
„ Lynch, b Beeden	10
Sergt Patterson, c Schl.-Mr. Whittle	19
Sergt. Lonie, b Gardiner	26
Pte. McGrath, b Whittle	8
Pte. Roper, not out b Whittle	3
Extras	26
Total.....	259

It would be as well if our cricketers would not persist in wearing spikes and ammunition boots with tips and nails when playing matches, as the matting will not stand such rough usage, and it is a matter of great difficulty to get it repaired at an elevation of 6000 feet. We hear the Regimental police have orders on the subject but this we are sure is a shave.

CHESS PROBLEMS.

4. White.— K. at Q Square; Q. at Q. B 8; R. at Q. B 5; and K. Kt. 4; B. at Q. Kt. 8; Kt. at K. R. 7; P. at K. B. 3. 7 Pieces.

Black.—K. at K. 4; B. at K. B. 5; P. at Q; Q. 4; Q. 7; and K. Kt. 4. 6 pieces. White to play & mate in 2 moves

5. White.—K. at K. R. 5; Q. at K. 4; B. at Q. Square; B. at K. B. 6; Kt. at Q. 5; Kt. at K. B. 5; P. at K. Kt. 7; 7 pieces.

Black.—K. at K. 3; R. at K. Square; B. at Q. Kt. 7; Kt. at Q. B Square; P. at K. B. 2. 8 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Lopez.

Digitized by Google

THE BUFF AND THE BLUE.

Others may vaunt of the deeds they have done,
Of desperate skirmish and battle won,
But each breeze that stirs our Colours' fold
Shows our history blazoned in words of gold;
For ever the first in the red fights fore,
Were the gallant Buffs in the days of yore.

Then here's to The Buff and the Blue!
Loyal and trusty and true.
We take as our toast
The Colours we boast.
Here's to The Buff and the Blue!

Red ran the Danube's flood that night,
When at Blenheim we crushed the Frenchman's might,
And the stricken Spaniard dared to hope,
When we crested Albuhera's slope.
Desert and jungle and Russian steppe,
Records all of our glory keep.

Then here's to The Buff and the Blue!
&c.

And when the bugle bids us form,
And march to meet the coming storm,
We'll pray for hearts as true and bold,
As those that beat in The Buffs of old,
And strive an honour to add to a name
Never yet soiled on the scroll of fame.

Then here's to The Buff and the Blue!
&c.

Varieties.

ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS.

Diary of a Private of The Buffs.

9 p.m.—To bed very tired, want a long nights' rest.

9.30 p.m.—Grass fire reported near Brewery, Company turned out.

11.30 p.m.—Fire put out; to bed again.

11.40 p.m.—Grass fire reported near Commandant's house, Company turned out.

1 a.m.—Fire out. To bed at last.

1.15 a.m.—Grass fire reported near Rustomjee's shop, Company turned out.

3.45 a.m—Fire out. Bill Smith tells me there is a fire near Company's bungalow, so double up there smart. Find that there is one—in the fire-place. Punch Bill's head and to bed for an hour before Reveille.

BLACKEE'S REBUKE.—A black man proceeding along one of the fashionable streets of the metropolis at the west end, was saluted with the sound of how do you do Blackee,—how do Snowball? he turned round in anger, but on perceiving a parrot he said, ah, ah, you grow rich now,—have a fine golden house of your own,—insult poor man, but I know yourfader when he libbed in a bush—mind dat, and keep a cibil tongue.

MONEY'S WORK.—A soldier, having retired from the service, thought to raise a few pounds by writing his adventures. Having completed the manuscript, he offered it to a bookseller for forty pounds. It was a very small volume, and the bookseller was much surprised at his demand. "My good sir," replied the author, "as a soldier I have always resolved to *sell my life as dearly as possible.*"

A READY RECKONER.—The Duke of Wellington, when Premier, was the terror of the idlers in Downing Street. On one occasion when the Treasury clerks told him that some required mode of making up the accounts was impracticable, they were met with the curt reply: "Never mind, if you can't do it, I'll send you half-a-dozen *pay-sergeants* that will"—a hint that they did not fail to take.

A POSER.—A Lecturer, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he has outgrown it, said, "what do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? you throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no?" replied the little one, "we let out the tucks!" The doctor confessed she had the advantage of him there.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC.

B	RIC-A-BRA	C
R	OTUND	O
A	DIE	U
V	ALOU	R
E	UREK	A
R	EADIN	G
Y	ULE-TID	E

Correct answers were received from "Kate," "Abe," "Dutchy" "Eques.' and "Nanti."

Printed for the EDITOR, *by* TARA DUTT, *at the "Station Printing Press," Ranikhet.*

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898.

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 7 RANIKHET, JULY 31st, 1887. Price 2 annas.

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTH.

MARSHALL.—At Ranikhet, 15th July 1887, the wife of Color Sergeant Marshall of a daughter.

DEATH.

MATTHEWS.—At Ranikhet, on the 19th instant, No. 1483 Pte. William Matthews, H. Coy. of "Hepatitis."

(It is requested that domestic occurrences may be reported as soon as possible by all who belong to The Buffs, whether subscribers or not).

Notes.

"Steady The Buffs!" still remains an unsolved problem. No correspondent has come to the front, but we have been informed verbally that the incident—whatever it may be—that gave rise to it, occurred at Vimiera, at Albuhera, at Punniar, in the Crimea, at a review in Hyde Park, when the regiment was advancing, when the regiment was retiring, and on a variety of other occasions The origin of the sentence is certainly a matter of interest to us, so perhaps The Army and Navy Gazette or one of the other military papers, will be kind enough to ask the question for us through their widely circulated columns.

Our poetical competition has produced three contributions from the Regiment and one from the Standing Camp (which we are very pleased to receive, but which, as the writer knows, cannot be admitted into competition). We consider of the three, "Sheepskin's" to be the best and accordingly award the prize to the said Sheepskin, Private J. Cullen of the Drums, whose poem, with, we hope, space permitting, the others as well, will be found on another page.

Our competition next month will be a prosaic one, an ordinary day out of our life here, and as such treated in plain prose. A prize of five rupees will be given for the best description of an ordinary day (its work and amusement)

Digitized by Google

spent in Ranikhet The description should not take up more than a page in print and the conditions are the same as last month.

Last month a certain amount of copy was unavoidably crowded out; Captain Blackburn's travels in Japan and an account of the Battle of Blenheim, which we thought would be certain to bring an offer of a garrison instructorship to the editor, sharing the same fate as cricket matches and such small deer. The recipe for making the Buff pipeclay also by a blunder was omitted, but this month it *will* appear in another column if we have to stand over the printer with a bludgeon to see it done. We have also to apologise for the numerous printer's errors, words coming out in a sentence that the writer certainly had never put there and in one case a whole sentence being omitted. Our chess editor was especially hardly used in this respect. In this, as in other matters, our readers must bear with us remembering that at this out of the way place it is very difficult to get a paper out at all.

Sergt. Watkins' pack did not turn out as strongly as we expected (especially after our stern reproof of the lazy ones) for their paper chase on the 7th. Nearly all the young officers had announced their intention of running but when the hounds met they were not forthcoming. We can only wish Sergt. Watkins a better field next time and advise him not to let previous disappointments interfere with his well doing.

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

SIR,

Having read with interest "Eques'" notes on Horsemanship I beg to offer the following "Ancient Aids" for "sticking" on.—

"Keep your head and your heart well-up,
"Your hands and feet well down,
"Your legs close to your horse's side,
"Your arms close to your own."

Your obedient servant,
"Ubique."

Station News.

The event of the month has been the long looked for amateur performance, by the ladies and officers of the garrison, of the two little plays "In Honour Bound" and "Uncle's Will." In "In Honour Bound" Sidney Grundy has struck a graver note than is usual in one act pieces and this made the little comedy contrast with the light rattle of the comedietta to the advantage of both pieces. In the comedy Mrs. Stewart played Lady Carlyon, (a character which has the disadvantage of being pitched throughout in a minor key with no relief of brightness) with most commendable earnestness, and in the concluding scenes, with Sir George Carlyon and Philip, showed considerable power. With practice Mrs. Stewart should develop into that *rara avis* among amateurs, a good emotional actress. Rose Dalrymple was brightly and pleasantly played by Mrs. Fletcher who got all that was possible out of her comparatively small opportunities and by her light comedy brought into the necessary relief the more serious portions of the play. Philip Graham is a character which it is hard to win any sympathy for, but Mr. Butler did all that was possible for it, being thoroughly manly and in earnest throughout. Major Newnham-Davis was the Sir George Carlyon of the cast.

"Uncle's Will" was rattled through by Capt. Archdale as Charles, and Mrs. Ward as Florence Marigold. Captain Archdale was particularly easy and natural as the good tempered sailor, while Mrs. Ward carried her audience thoroughly with her, scoring point after point by her repartee. Mr. Lloyd was an excellent Barker.

Digitized by Google

After both pieces the curtain had to be raised and all the ladies received a shower of bouquets.

The sets for both plays, an interior in each case, were very pretty, the voice of the prompter was not heard in the land, and the only fault that could be found with the performance was that the acoustic properties of the building, which are very bad, made it difficult at times to catch the voices of some of the performers.

A dog in the audience lifted up his voice at a critical moment during the first piece.

The Crofton and Ferrell Dramatic Company played for a week to good houses, though with the exception of the two last nights, society, which is rather hermit crab-like, did not turn out of its shell to fill the front seats. Pygmalion and Galatea, David Garrick, East Lynn. The Private Secretary, and Plot and Passion, formed the weeks bill of fare. Mr. Crofton distinguished himself in Southern's old part of "little Davy" and as the revengeful Desmarets; the old uncle in the Private Sec., Chrysos, and Ingot, showed Mr. Ferrell to be an excellent low comedian and Miss Blaine by her good looks and powerful acting made herself a great favourite with her audience, playing characters as widely different as Madame de Fountanges and the ill treated private secretary. By the way why did every body laugh when the secretary was addressed as IT? Our amateurs gave efficient assistance in all the pieces; Mrs. Whittle making a charming Myrine; Messrs. Parselle and Haley scoring in David Garrick; Mr. Parselle again coming to the front as Archibald Carlyle—for which part he sacrificed his beard; Mr. Whittle making a venerable looking Squire Marsland; and Major Newnham-Davis appearing as the head bobby of the First Empire in Plot and Passion, Lieut. Lloyd being the real live prince who comes in at the end, and Haley the gruff Grisbouille.

The dances of the month have been; one given by The Garrison Class when a Polka-Lancers was introduced with great effect; one given by The Buffs when a cotillion was the chief attraction, and a subscription dance given in honour of the Garrison Class which for some of the guests, who did not like to venture home in the thunder-storm, proved an all-night sitting.

The first of a promised series of gymkhanas was successfully carried out on Friday 15th. Much practising had gone on for several days before, and "The Champs de Mars," as it was styled in the official programme, having been turned into a schooling field, ponies, from the high class polo player down to the bazar tat, might have been seen refusing the jumps at all hours of the day, one officer's runaway pony taking him right over the khud. The races were in every way successful, there were only two falls and no bones broken. The Buff Athletes somehow or another were not in good form. The supporters of the canteen put this down to their becoming tea-totalers but the effect of the climate is the more likely cause. The events and winners were as follows:

QUARTER MILE (foot race)
Won by Corpl. Belton, "Leicester Regt."

JUMPING COMPETITION
Won by Mr. Bradley's Chestnut.

ONE MILE (foot race)
Won by Pte. Perry "Scottish Rifles."

VETERAN'S RACE
Won by Pte. Dumphy, "Leinsters."

TENT PEGGING
Won by Lieut. Lloyd, The Buffs.

TROTTING RACE
Won by Lieut. Portal's (17th Lancers) Quicksilver.

BOYS' RACE
Won by Hammond, The Buffs.

GIRLS' RACE
Won by Miss Downs (R.A.)

LEMON CUTTING
Won by Lieut. Henderson, "8th Hussars."

TUG OF WAR
Won by Standing Camp.

Corpl Reynolds was second in the quarter, Sergt. Watkins held the same place in the mile, and Gilbert ditto in the veteran's race. The left half battalion made a good fight against the Standing Camp in the tug of war.

Still more theatricals. Sergt.-Major Usmar encouraged by the success of Black-eyed Susan intends to produce another burlesque; which its name is Ali Baba.

On the 28th a successful concert was given in the regimental Theatre in aid of a charity. The audience were most enthusiastic and, being determined to get their money's worth, encored every item in the programme from first to last. The programme fortunately had been arranged with a view to the chance of some

Digitized by Google

encores being demanded and so the audience were not kept very late. Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Bayard and Miss Hudson sang, Miss Pemberton played, General Sir J. Hudson, the Rev. A. Stone, and Capt. Richardson were the songsters of the sterner sex, Colonel Ward played a solo on the horn and Major Newnham-Davis recited. Captain Ringwood and Mr. Lloyd introduced the comic element into the proceedings by their songs in character.

CHAUBUTTIA CHAT.

The mantle of Jupiter Pluvius has fallen, and we are now in that delightfully muggy condition under which the squeaking-jennies chirp and the fish-insects hold high holiday. Some one of your correspondents ventures to hope that the advent of the Monsoon would signalise the departure of those sworn enemies of literature and art, classified under the latter title : it is presumed that the inroads on his books, pictures, under-clothing, &c., have since led him to ponder on the futility of irrational trust.

Have you remarked the crowds of native tourists wending their way Chaubuttiaward ? They come a-foot, a-basket, a-charpoy, a-donkey, and by various other means of fashionable transport. The gambling-school at the " Joss-house" thrives, and the mitài-wàlà contemplates the possession of a shanty in the Suddur sometime in the dim future. Here and there, on the cart-road, may be seen a happy pilgrim resting on his haunches, and apparently intent on gazing at that invisible nothing to which photographers and drill-instructors are so fond of inviting attention.

Well, Binks at last made the surprising discovery that idle curiosity draws the crowds of gazers, the grand object of their journey being a glance at the new fence which now graces the off-side of the cart-road.

Among the numerous Jubilee erections this deserves a prominent place ; about its " lastingness," some have ventured to express a doubt having observed the " pahari-log" taking stock of the material, and evidently chuckling over the ever-ready supply of fuel for winter consumption. The actual object of the construction is not yet published but Jinks reports that it is intended as a safe-guard during the exciting races between Rustomjee's bullocks and Parvion's mules.

We have had a tournament beteewn representatives from the Corporals and Lce.-Corpls. of the " Scottish Rifles." The events may be classified :—

1. *Athletic* :—Cricket, Foot-ball, Long-jump, Hop-step and jump, Shot-throwing and Tug-of-war.
2. *Calculative* :—Shooting, Quoits, Skittles, Dominoes, Draughts, " Checks," Whist, Cribbage, and the everlasting 25's.
3. *Invertive* :—Conundrums.
4. *Musical*:—Song-singing,—no song to have more than 100 verses.

The idea was capitally carried out and showed that the Corporals were superior in the mental contests, while their single-stripe friends preponderated in muscle. As it is well-known that there are some embryo Wellingtons and Wolseleys among the Corporals, the result was scarcely surprising.

Binks chuckles over one of the conundrums given by a patriotic Corporal. What do you think of it ? Why is Russia like a girl, bare-headed, in the hot sun ? Do you guv it up ? Because she wants her 'at (Herat).

Memo :—Are the old days of the fiddle and hornpipe gone for ever ? Why then was the step-dance omitted ?

The Officers and Sergeants "Scottish Rifles" have met on the Rifle-range and quoit-gound and in both contests the latter " took the belt." The shooting affair was a foregone conclusion though the Sergeants' team could scarcely be termed " representative." The terms were:— Teams of ten, two ranges, ten rounds at each range, Regulation Target.

RESULT.

	200 yards.	500 yards.	Total.
Officers ...	219	149	368
Sergeants ...	258	197	455

Sergeants won by points 78

The best scores were :—

Officers :—Lieut. and Adjt. Curzon (57) Lieut. Guise (54) Lieut. Foster (52) Lieut. Blackburn (49).

Sergeants :—Sergt Wiiliams (61) Sergt. Neil (58) Sergt. Young (56) Sergt. Titman (56).

The Quoit-match with six on each side brought out some good all-round play, more particularly in the final sets in which Major Laye and Lieut. Curzon pitched against Sergts. Sullivan and Straiton. The pitch of Sergeant

Digitized by Google

Sullivan was so "deadly" accurate through the contest that his supporters were inclined to give long-odds in his favour, but they certainly did not expect to see him knock the pin time after time as he did. The teams were ;—

Officers :—Major Laye, Lts. Curzon, Coombe, Guise, Smith, and Thornton.

Sergeants :—Williams, Hoston, Lonie, Gould, Sullivan and Straiton.

Binks has developed the Dramatic strut and has become intolerable in his endeavour to "pun" on every possible and impossible occasion. He is collecting all the broken crockery and ridiculous garments within reach, practises daily flip-flaps into an empty tub, and consumes cold mutton against time ; all this he terms farce-business. Don't expect, therefore, to hear weighty maxims or measured phrases on our Classic Boards for some time. Jinks reports that the '*mise en scène*' is progressing wonderfully ; if we believe all he says the affair, whatever its shape, will be of surpassing splendour.

Travellers' Notes.

A TRIP OVER UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN.

By Captain H. Blackburn.

(Continued).

From Kumamoto I walked to Muke, about 35 miles, where Mr. Yomo the manager of the coal mines, put me up. These mines, which extend over a good many square miles of country, are worked just like any coal mine at home.

From Muke I had three days march to Hakata, where I stayed a couple of days. There are two towns here on the two banks of the river, viz., Hakata, a modern commercial town, and Fukuoka an old town with a castle. Fukuoka seems to be mainly inhabited by soldiers, school-boys and officials. At Hakata I saw about three acts of a Japanese play. A Japanese play, I am informed, usually begins at 8 in the morning and lasts till about midnight, giving the whole life and adventures of some hero of ancient history. The audience come prepared for a whole day's sitting and encamp in the house.

The auditorium consists of a pit and a gallery partitioned off into a number of pens, each of which is capable of seating about six people. One of these pens is the unit for which tickets are given.

The stage is square, with a circular turn-table in the centre. This turn-table has a partition across the middle. Thus, while one scene is being acted, the stage is being dressed for the next scene at the back. When the scene is to be changed the turn-table is turned round, carrying with it the actors who continue acting as long as they remain in sight of the audience The new scene brings in its actors with it who commence acting as soon as they come in sight While the table is being turned the scenery at the wings is changed In addition to the usual entrances there is a kind of bridge running through the pit, by which persons supposed to come from a distance enter, walking right through the audience.

Each of the principal characters has his own prompter dressed in a black gown and hood, who crouches behind him as much out of sight as possible. When it grows dark the prompters are furnished with lanterns at the end of long sticks to light up their characters.

When I came in, the scene was the sea shore with a Daimio (*i.e*, a Japanese nobleman) walking about in great agitation, as I don't know the gentleman's name we will call him A. Enter to him two fishermen. After some talk the fishermen undress and jump into the sea with a net. Presently they come out dragging their net with something heavy in it, which turns out to be another gentleman whom we will call B. They set to work to bring him to life but without effect till they light a fire and begin toasting him when he begins to come to and is violently sick, to the great delight of the audience. Eventually he is supported off the stage. The next scene shows us B dressed as a peasant living in the fishermen's cottage and helping them to twist ropes. Exit the fishermen. B takes a broom and begins sweeping up the house, talking to himself, apparently to the effect that he would be better employed with a sword than a broom, for he begins fencing with it as with a two handed sword. During this, enter a man dressed as a servant, and getting in the way of the broom is knocked down. B picks him up and apparently recognises him as a servant of his own, for he begins rubbing his bruises, and the two enter into conversation. The conversation becomes very animated and B constantly forgets what he is about and emphasises his remarks by thumping the servant on the head with his fist. Eventual-

Digitized by Google

ly B goes off by the exit through the pit taking the broomstick with him and followed by his servant.

The next scene is in the house of a third Daimio whom we will call C. C is seated among his retainers. Various people enter and have fencing matches with wooden swords. At last a young gentleman whom we will call D enters and challenges C to fence. C fences with him but will not use any weapon but his fan, with which he defeats D. Then enter from the back of the pit, B and his servant. B still in peasant's dress, with his broomstick, challenges C to fight. C tells off one of his retainers to him, B with his broomstick and the retainer with wooden swords. The retainer finally gets such a thrashing that he remains sitting on the floor and takes no further interest in the proceedings. Now C seems to think B is worth fighting with, so he takes a long wooden spear and proceeds to fight with him. After a long struggle, C is left in a heap on the floor. Then B and his servant go off.

Next scene is at A's house. A discovered talking to two ladies. Enter to him B in his proper dress as a gentleman, and D. This & the next scene or two are occupied in the delivery of letters between A and C, and finally, the scene being A's house again, on the receipt of a letter from C. A, B, D and their retainers arm themselves and set off across the bridge. The ladies left by themselves begin discussing the business, when a picture hanging on the wall catches fire, apparently by spontaneous combustion. The ladies show great alarm at this, and the scene changes to C's house. Enter across the bridge, A, B, D and retainers, and are met in the wings by C and his people with drawn swords and driven back on the stage. Finally A's party are all killed or disabled and the scene changes back to A's house where the ladies are discovered sitting as we left them. Enter a messenger across the bridge, with a lantern in one hand and a spear in the other and produces a letter. B's servant is called in to read the letter by the light of the messenger's lantern, but the messenger goes stumping up and down the stage in a wild state of excitement talking hard the whole time and the servant after following him round vainly trying to read the letter at last snatches the lantern from him and reads it. Then one of the ladies dictates an answer while the other fetches a fresh pair of sandals and leggings for the messenger who in his hurry ties the sandals on his legs and the leggings on his feet and rushes off. The two ladies arm themselves with halberds and follow him. Here the act ended and as it was getting late I did not wait for the next act —(*To be continued*).

Our Honours,—Blenheim.

In talking or writing about the old battles fought and won by the men who went before us, we must remember the very different circumstances under which they marched, drilled and fought.

When Marlborough and Eugene won Blenheim, there were no long sighted rifles or range finders and any General who would have proposed to deliver an attack in loose formation would have been looked upon as a maniac. Instead of having to take shelter at about a mile from the enemies' position, the men of those days marched up in solid formation until they could see the whites of each other eyes, and then fired away at each other as fast as they could bite their cartridges and discharge their clumsy flint locks, until one side or the other broke and ran. And to the credit of the British be it said, it was generally the other side that did the running.

To come to the battle. On the 13th August, 1704, Marlborough and Prince Eugene, who held joint command of an army composed of Englishmen, Dutchmen, Hanoverians, Danes, Wurtembergers, and Austrians, advanced with the intention of attacking the Franco-Bavarian army under the comand of Marshal Tallard, the Elector of Bavaria, and General Marsin.

The field of battle lay in the valley of the Danube. On the left of the English force the river itself ran in a deep channel, in front a little stream, called the Nebel, flowed through an almost impassable marsh while the right rested on hilly. broken, and wooded country.

It will be seen that the force which attacked the other would do so under great disadvantages for the army which stood on the defensive had its flanks resting on natural obstacles and its front protected by the Morass.

Marlborough fully appreciated the danger he ran in attacking an army superior to himself in numbers,—for the French had 56,000, men to the English 52,000,—in such a position, but trusting in the valour of his troops and his own genius, he resolved to make the attempt. The left of the army he commanded in person giving

Digitized by Google

the place of honour on the right to Prince Eugene.

With the true instinct of a great general, Marlborough had seen at once the weak point of the enemies' defence and made his dispositions to profit by it to the utmost. The fault the French had made was this. Their two flanks rested on two villages, Blenheim which was opposite the English left, and Sutzingen which faced their right. These villages they expected would be the points attacked and therefore fortified them as best as they could, and concentrated their infantry there, leaving their centre which they considered covered by an impassable marsh, to be defended only by Cavalry

Marlborough's plan was to engage both their flanks and then passing the marsh to crush their centre. The battle was very late in beginning for Prince Eugene met with so many hindrances and difficulties in taking up his position on the right that he was not ready to commence the fight before one o'clock.

While Eugene, slowly and under a hot cannonade, made his dispositions for the attack, Marlborough, after prayers had been offered up at the head of each regiment, placed his troops in position. The Cavalry, with which he intended to break the enemy's centre, were placed between two protecting lines of infantry, while the troops for the attack of Blenheim he formed up in six lines, four of infantry and two of cavalry. Among the regiments selected for this desperate service were The Buffs, then known as Prince George of Denmark's Regiment, under Colonel Churchill, the men of which by furnishing the forlorn hope at Schellenberg had lately given proof of most undaunted courage.

Dressed in big skirted red coats turned back with buff, buff waistcoats and knee breeches, buckled shoes and sugar loaf caps, these veterans of half a dozen campaigns were among the most reliable and trusted of Marlborough's troops.

At one o' clock the signal for the assault was given, and how desperate that assault was, Coxe's description of it will show.

"At one the attack on Blenheim commenced. The troops selected for this service inclined to the right and descending to the bank of the Nebel took possession of the two mills under a heavy fire of grape. Having effected their purpose, they drew up on the further bank where they were covered by the rising slips of ground. They then deliberately advanced towards the enclosures, and at the distance of thirty paces received the first discharge of the enemy. Many brave officers and soldiers fell; but the gallant General Rowe, who commanded the leading brigade, stuck his sword into the pallisades before he gave the word to fire. In a few minutes, one third of the troops composing the first line were either killed or wounded, and all efforts to force their way against an enemy superior in number and advantageously posted, were ineffectual. General Rowe himself was mortally wounded by a musket ball."

Four times was Blenheim unsuccessfully assaulted, the troops, though harrassed by cavalry on the flank, and swept by grape shot, advancing each time with undiminished courage. Marlborough who from the opposite bank of the stream had watched the combat, at last ordered the assault to be suspended, a feigned attack only being kept up, while he made his bid for victory in the centre.

On the right matters had been going no better for Eugene than they had on the left for Marlborough. Every where the French fought with most stubborn valour, and when Marlborough commenced his attack on the centre, Eugene, whose cavalry, in spite of all his personal exertions, had been beaten and scattered was doing no more than holding his own against overwhelming odds at the head of his infantry. Before the action and during the early portion of it, bridges had been thrown over the Nebel, the stream which ran through the marsh, and General Churchill with the first line of infantry had crossed and the English cavalry, making bridges of pouloon plank and facines, swimming and wading, were crossing the stream before Marlborough, leaving the extreme left, turned his attention to the centre. When the English general took command personally of the force which was to break the enemy's centre he found it in a most critical position. The first English squadrons which passed the stream and morass were charged by the opposing squadrons and forced to retreat behind the infantry. Towards the right the prince of Holstein Beck fighting on the allies' side had had his leading battalions almost destroyed by the Irish brigade, who fought on the side of France, and the battle at this, the critical point, was tending rather in favour of the French than the English. Marlborough however restored the day by bringing up a fresh brigade, leading a cavalry charge against Marsin's squadrons, who had to retreat, and ordering into action the reserve Artillery. At five in the afternoon all was ready for the

Digitized by Google

great effort. The English in the centre were drawn up ready to charge, the cavalry having three battalions of infantry placed at intervals in their line with some guns in support, while the French, who faced them, were drawn up in an almost similar formation.

The moment for victory or defeat had come and the English began a movement up the slope under a hail of musket balls and cannon shots. They charged but were repulsed. Nothing daunted they still clung to the hill and after a pause, headed by Marlborough they again charged. This time there was no doubt as to their success, the French cavalry broke and fled leaving their infantry to be cut to pieces or taken prisoners and Marlborough found himself master of the field with the French army cut in two, at his mercy which ever way he chose to turn. Marshal Tallard made one desperate effort to save the troops in Blenheim. He sent a messenger to them ordering them to retreat, and drew up all the forces he could collect, to face Marlborough and gain time for the evacuation. The English however were not to be denied and a second charge of the victorious horse scattered what were left of the French who had formed the centre, either capturing them or driving them into the Danube. Blenheim alone held out; for Eugene, encouraged by the Duke's success, by this time had the French right wing in rapid retreat; and Marlborough quickly made his dispositions for a final assault on the village. The garrison at first declined to yield, but, eventually, when they saw how hopeless their case was, decided to surrender and this submission left the English victorious along the whole line. The French loss in killed, wounded and prisoners came to the enormous total of forty thousand men, Marshal Tallard and several other generals being among the captured.

The terror of constant victory which was supposed to belong to the French arms passed over to the English and "Malbrook" became a name of fear to every child in France.

Besides taking part in the first assault on Blenheim, The Buffs are specially mentioned as having driven three French battalions into a morass and having either captured or killed the whole of them. Two officers were killed and a Lieut-Colonel and eight officers wounded.

THE WELLS' DYNAMITE CARTRIDGE.

Pte. Wells has interviewed us, since last we wrote, on the subject of his dynamite cartridge and shown us a model of his invention. We are sorry, for his sake, to say that the agreement among civilised nations as to the non-use of explosive bullets in war-fare would prevent its adoption as a modern weapon of war. Pte. Wells has, however, evidently spent much thought and time on the designing of his cartridge; so, we give our readers, who no doubt are interested in the invention, Pte. Wells' statement *ipsissimis verbis*, of the advantages claimed for this deadly missile.—

ADVANTAGES CLAIMED FOR AN INVENTION BY No. 1250 PRIVATE J. WELLS, Actg BANDSMAN, BAND 1st Bn THE BUFFS.

After studying this great momentous question I come to the conclusion that this Cartridge can be used with a very deadly effect,

The advantages of this Cartridge are:

1.—Say on a detached party of the enemy being posted so as to attack the flanks of the fighting lines, as soon as the fighting lines got within effective distance say within or about 800 yards of them they could with a few well directed shots strike such terror into them so as to compel them to retire.

2.—On being in close proximity with the enemy, and the enemy about to re-inforce, the bullets after passing their fighting lines would burst in amongst their re-inforcing lines and so strike terror and confusion amongst them.

3.—Say the enemy being placed in some entrenchments. Dynamite more apt to burst downwards than upwards and the bullets being brought to burst over their heads (this can be done by watching where they burst) one part of the bullet would most decidedly fall into their entrenchments and so either compell them to retire or surrender.

4.—Artillery.—Say a Brigade of Artillery were doing great damage amongst our fighting line or any other part of the column, it now the system to try and strike one of their wheel-horses so as to stop their movements and make a target for Infantry to fire upon, if this could be effected and a few of these bullets could be brought to burst directly over their heads the splinters of the Bullets would strike the remaining horses, and put them into such a restive character so as to compel the men attending them either to abandon their task of unlimbering, and leave their cannons or field pieces totally in the hands of the infantry attacking them or put them in such utter confusion and compel them either to surrender or fly to save

Digitized by Google

themselves.

5.—Should a body of cavalry be in the attacking force, and say coming up in one body they must be attacked at such a distance so as to allow the bullet to strike their foremost horses, this would check the flight of the bullet, if not stop it altogether, even if the bullet did not burst at once it would immediately afterwards, and so causing the horses passing the horses which had fallen or otherwise stopped in its progress to be wounded by bullet which had struck the foremost horse and no animal however tame would stand being struck in this way but would become restive and so give the riders such trouble in keeping them under control that they would either be put in such trouble as to compel them to beat a hasty retreat or to throw themselves entirely into the hands of the Infantry attacking them.

These being the advantages gained is the reason why I have endeavoured to place before the public so injurious and deadly an article.

And a few slight experiments I believe I can bring it to a decided success.

Jordan Wells,
Actg. Bandsman, The Buffs.

Temperance.

C. E. T. S. ARMY BRANCH. "SEC. B"

By the kind permission of Lieut.-Col. H. T. Halahan, the above Society will in future hold their Weekly Meetings in the Garrison Prayer Room at 7 p. m on Thursdays, instead of Mission Hall, Wednesdays. The society is now in a flourishing condition and shows every prospect of becoming a strong Branch. After the meeting the Room is open for temperance men, the programme of amusements being changed frequently.

I.O.G.T. HOPE & PERSEVERANCE LODGE No. 108

The following programme for July has been carried out:—

July 4th—Bran Pie Open Night.
" 7th—Charge reading from memory.
" 18th Experience young members.
" 21st—Who shall be chief Templar.
" 25th—Nom Election of Officers.

Extracts fram Minute Book, dated 7th July:—

Bro. J. Mills was awarded a medal for regular attendance and good conduct.

The Lodge Officials desire you to accept the invitation to visit our Bros. at Chaubuttia frequently, those who have already done so, will never forget the labour and expense bestowed upon them. If you want to associate (as it becomes your duty) with true temperance workers, visit the Honor to Victory Lodge and you will be made W E L C O M E.

CRICKET CHALLENGE SHIELD.

The following rules for the competition for the above have been drawn up with the approval of the Commanding Officer.

1. The shield to be competed for by elevens from the 8 companies of the Regiment only. The companies to play complete, *i. e.*, including their N. C. Officers, and the Regimental Staff, Band and Drums attached for pay; but Officers not to play.

2. Ties to be drawn yearly in the ordinary method, except when it is found that time does not admit of their being played through. In this case, the holders of the shield are still to keep possession of it unless challenged by one or more companies. The ties are then to be drawn among the holders and challenging companies and played through. If even then time does not admit of the completion of the ties, the competition to extend into the following year within reasonable limits if practicable, and if not practicable, the competition for the year to fall through.

3. When the regiment is split up into Detachments, the different Detachments to play among themselves, and their winning companies to meet when possible, and play off the final ties. If this is not possible, the matter to be arranged as may best suit the circumstances of the case.

A company on detachment by itself must play at least one tie before the final, except with the express consent of the remaining companies.

4. A player transferred from one company to another during the competition is to play with his new company, unless the transfer takes place before a tie, in which he is taking part, is finished, when he will play with his old company for that unfinished tie only.

5. All ties to be played out, unless one side scratches, the match continuing for as many days as may be necessary to finish it, but if it is found that a tie is unnecessarily prolonged, a certain day will be named for its being played

Digitized by Google

off, and the company that does not appear on the ground at the appointed time will be struck out of the year's competition.

6. All ties to be played under Marylebone Cricket Club rules.

7. The shield to be kept in such place and safe keeping as may be decided on from time to time.

8. Questions left open in the above rules and all matters of dispute, together with any proposed amendment or addition to them, are to be referred to the Commanding Officer for his decision.

The ties for the year will be drawn at the Orderly Room after Morning Parade on Monday the 8th August 1887.

Tommy Atkins.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST].

The handy man comes out strong in the field, under canvas, on board ship, and on all occasions of difficulty; the wag shines on the march, in the barrack room, in the canteen; and the lawyer has a chance of distinguishing himself at the half-yearly inspection, when the inspecting general asks the whole regiment whether any man has a complaint to make. Now is the lawyer's time. He steps forward, the mark of all eyes and enters into a long rigmarole whine. In nine cases out of ten the case is frivolous and groundless, for there are very few commanding officers in the service who would not strain every nerve to redress a man's grievence if he have one. The inspecting general, however, will always listen to the lawyer's story and before he leaves the barracks will investigate it from beginning to end, as if the fate of the nation depended on the result.

Tommy is very fond of 'play-acting' and in every regiment there is sure to be a dramatic company among the men. He dearly loves to 'strut and fret his hour on the stage' and to see him do the Duke of Buckingham or the Earl of Rochester in ammunition boots is a sight. His stock pieces are the Miser of Hounditch, Black-eyed Susan (drama), the Miller and his Men and suchlike.

He is also very fond, when he has the chance, of tripping it on the light fantastic toe and an uncommonly fantastic toe it is. I never in all my life saw such airs and graces, such bowing and scraping, such pirouetting and tectotuming, such ceremony and deportment, as at a Tommy Atkin's dance.

I recollect some years ago the company with which my lot was cast was stationed on a small island off the coast of Greece. There was little or nothing in the place, itself to occupy the men, and a low fever began to make its appearance among them. To counteract this the captain did his utmost to arouse and amuse them, and, amongst other things, he instituted weekly assemblies, which he and his subaltern graced for an hour or two with their presence. There was one little difficulty at the outset. The only available ladies for Tommy to lead in the mazy dance were his comrades' wives, and all these, scarcely with one exception, had babies in arms which could not be left at home. There was only one way out of the dilemma, and that was to extend the invitation to the babies. This was done, and so far from the babies destroying. as we feared, the harmony of the evening, they, on the contrary did much to promote it, by correcting in a great measure the disproportion of men to women. A woman with a boquet and a fan requires but one partner; a woman with a baby and a bottle must have two, one to hold her and the other to hold the baby. When Tommy wanted to dance, he was obliged first to secure the service of a baby-cum-bottle-holder, and the invitation to the dance was generally coached in this wise: 'Will yer have a turn, Mrs. Magrath? Bill Potts 'ull' old the baby.' Of course an infantile wail often went, up to the ceiling, and if the babies had only been unanimous on this point, they would have driven us off the field. But they had not yet learned the force of combination, and the two Greek fiddlers were able to cope with them in detail. Waltzes and galops were not much patronised, they were low; redowas, polkas, mazurkas, Circassian circles, varsoviana, and the Caledonians were evidently the correct things. To me who had never seen Tommy except stifly on parade, and had heard only of Circassian slaves—never of Circassian circles—the sight was passing strange. I could hardly realise that this model of deportment I now saw before me bending in the graceful varsoviana or *chysseing*, in the stately Caledonians, was the same Thomas Atkins I had been wont to see looking straight to his front, or holding his thumbs one inch in rear of the seams of his trousers. It was in the Circassian Circle, I think, that his grace and elegance were at their zenith On the fiddlers striking up the first bar he would perform a dignified passeul in front of his partner of about a minutes duration winding up with a high shouldered bow that old Mr. Turveydrop might have in vain emulated. Tommy in the redowa was also good: bnt his high action in the mazurka, though a fine and spirited illustration of the Terpsichorean art, was dangerous and apt to lead to breaches of the peaces. These assemblies took place every week for some time, aud they did a great deal towards dissipating the low fever born of ennui and idleness. This taste Tommy carries with him to the farthest quarters of the globe, and I have often seen him in the far distant 'land of the rising sun' stolidly working that fantastic toe of his in company with the laughing little maidens of Japan, in some very peculiar national dances

Tommy has a great idea of keeping up Christmas, and the further he is away from home the greater 'stickler' he will be for the old time-honoured customs. For a week before the festive day he is hard at work, cutting out paper mottoes and devices, and painting strange designs to be fixed to the barrack-room walls; and I almost believe that if he were stationed in the midst of Sahara, he would manage somehow to have a few boughs and green leaves. I know that he once managed it in mid-ocean, which is nearly as unfavourable a locality. It was once my lot to spend a Christmas with Tommy in troopship in the middle of the Indian Ocean, and on visiting the troop-deck at dinner-time I was much surprised to find that most of the tables had burst out into leaf. With an eye to the future Tommy had, it appeared, smuggled on board a few small branches of evergreen when we had touched at the Cape two or three weeks previously. How he had managed all this time to evade the vigilance of the first lieutenant and his myrmidons (Tommy's natural enemies on board a transport), I cannot conceive; but that he did so shows how, when far away from home, the poor fellow cherished those little observances of a time when home, more than at any other period is in mind of the exile. Tommy's Christmas day on shore in his normal condition is a very different affair. The decorations in the way of paper flags and evergreens

Digitized by Google

are most elaborate.

This is the time when the 'handy man' comes out strong. The wag's turn will come later on, at dinner and after. The feast is always supplied by the captain of his company and his two subalterns. There are generally about seventy men in a company, who are, as a rule, accommodated in three rooms, and in each room a festive board is spread. There's a tablecloth to-day—not a very fine one certainly, but it's very white and clean, and beside each plate there's a wine-glass and tumbler none of your tin canteens to-day. In keeping with all this state the dinner is postponed to the more fashionable hour of two. At the top of each table, by the side of the non-commissioned officer of the mess, there is a tray with a decanter of wine and two wine-glasses which are jealously guarded. The explanation of this mystery is, that the captain and subaltern are sure to come round to see that Tommy is enjoying himself, and to address a few hearty and kindly words to him; and Tommy is not going to be found wanting in hospitality on an occasion of this kind.

(To be continued).

THE REGIMENTAL DINNER.

The annual dinner of the Regiment was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on June the 10th, 1887, when thirty-five officers in all, among whom were three generals sat down to dinner. Of officers serving in this battalion Captaion Hughes and Lieut. Pemberton were present.

We, will not publish the menu, as, in this land of beefee steak and muttonee stew, the perusal of it might lead our readers into a useless hankering after the flesh pots of London.

Blanchaille a la Diable and *Nageoires de Tortue à l'Americaine* washed down by Pomery and Greno or Mumm vintage 80, sound very tempting to us dwellers in the Indian Alps.

After dinner the customary toasts were proposed. First, The Queen, by General Raines, the chairman, and a telegram was sent congratulating Her Majesty on the then near approaching golden anniversary of her most prosperous reign, to which next morning the following answer was received, "The Queen thanks the Colonel and Officers of The Buffs sincerely for their kind congratulations." The next toast was "The present officers of the Regiment;" then "General Raines' health," to which the General replied at some length referring to the presentation of The Colours to the 2nd Battalion and the restoration of the buff facings; and the remaining toasts were; the "health of Colonel Hobson and officers 1st Battalion," (telegram sent to Ranikhet) responded to by Captain Hughes; "the Past C Cs.;" and "the health of the other regiment who were dining over head."

The following is a list of the officers present;

GENERALS.

J. A. R. Raines., C.B., (Col.-in-Chief) in the Chair.
Sir J. Maude, G.C.B., V.C. J. Blaksley.

COLONELS

Easton Cox G. Graves
McKinnon Morley
Lynch

MAJORS

Harley Jackson
E. Jones Kekewich
Lyster Ommaney
Spens Wemyss
Worthington Surgeon Day

CAPTAINS

Coles Connellan
Gordon Hughes
T. Jones Campbell-Johnston
Verry

LIEUTENANTS

Gage Fowler, (Black Watch)
Pemberton Parry
Hill Barnard
Vickerman William
Teevan

Mr. Woolacott.

Regimental Items

Lieut. V. Bunbury of our 2nd Battalion playing cricket at Canterbury last month for the St. Lawrence C. C. *v.* Thanet College scored 213 not out. The College made 64 in their first innings and the St. Lawrence 427 for 4 wickets. Plenty of "looking for leather" for one side.

Why are the company dances not kept up? It used to be quite a treat when in India before to go to one, they were always well conducted quiet little parties and everybody enjoyed themselves (as a rule) thoroughly.

We learn that our corporals are giving a Smoking Concert to the N.-C. Os, of the Standing Camp and hope that it will prove a success.

The rehearsals of Waiting for the Verdict are now in full swing and this thrilling Melodrama should be played in three weeks.

Though the season for big game shooting has not yet commenced, E company has already distinguished itself by making a large bag, no less than a contractor's mule. The enthusiastic skikarry who achieved this feat, with true sportsmanlike modesty has not cared to make his name public.

Digitized by Google

We wish to hint that the regimental theatre is not a music hall, and that when a lady on the stage is choked with tobacco smoke the police might take notice of the breach of rules.

We learn from *The Pioneer* that Capt. Coles and Lieut. Mitford, who are both adorned with crack jaw Egyptian titles, have been distinguishing themselves in the recent combat against Dervishes at Sarras.

GOOD CONDUCT BADGES.

The undermentioned men have become entitled to G. C. pay as follows :—

Pte.	F. Bishop	@ 1 Penny,	28-4-87.
,,	H. W. Cowland	@ 1 Penny,	8-3-87.
,,	A. Cronk	,,	17-3-87.
,,	G. Ellis	,,	2-4-87.
,,	G. Lipscombe	@ 3 Pence,	19-3-87.
,,	W. R. Littlemore	@ 1 Penny,	24-3-87.
,,	W. Loder	,,	18-4-87.
,,	A. Matthews	,,	22-5-87.
,,	R. Ridgeway	,,	31-3-87.
Lce. Corpl.	A. H. Baker	,,	29-3-87.
Private	W. Barter	,,	6-4-87.
,,	W. C. Sexton	,,	11-4-87.
,,	G. Ward	,,	28-3-87.
,,	D. Aherne	,,	5-5-87.
,,	F. Brain	,,	16-3-87.
,,	W. Castle	,,	8-4-87.
,,	F. T. Dunn	,,	17-3-87.
,,	H. T. Marshall	,,	14-3-87.
,,	F. Mitchell	,,	14-3-87.
,,	J. Penfold	,,	7-4-87.
,,	W. Salter	,,	19-5-87.
,,	T. Scott	,,	7-4-87.
,,	A. G. Taylor	,,	4-5-87.
,,	T. Brazier	,,	23-5-87.
,,	J. Clarke	,,	8-5-87.
,,	A. S. Dalloway	,,	31-5-87.
,,	G. Drury	,,	27-5-87.
,,	J. Evans	,,	12-3-87.
,,	W. Evenden	,,	6-4-87.
,,	W. R. Ford	,,	8-4-87.
,,	C. Golding	,,	16-3-87.
,,	A. Greenstreet	,,	11-4-87.
,,	J. Haley	,,	16-5-87.
,,	C. Hickmott	,,	21-4-87.
,,	A. Horscroft	,,	9-3-87.
Drummer	T. Manville	,,	28-2-87,
Private	W. Penfold	,,	21-5-87.
,,	W. Pennells	,,	23-5-87.
,,	J. Stratton	,,	28-2-87.
,,	E. A. Young	,,	6-4-87.
,,	T. Carlton	,,	2-5-87.
,,	A. Chapman	,,	28-5-87.
,,	W. G. Fyles	,,	15-5-87.
,,	F. Germaine	,,	4-3-87.
,,	W. Griffin	,,	19-5-87.
,,	F. Hunt	,,	1-5-87.
,,	W. H. Austin	,,	24-3-87.
,,	E. Butler	,,	3-5-87.
,,	W. Davis	,,	13-2-87.
,,	G. H. Jubb	,,	29-4-87.
Private	C. Knight	At 1 Penny	22-4-87.
,,	A. Lane	,,	1-1-87.
,,	R. Miller	,,	13-3-87.
,,	J. Weedon	,,	30-4-87.
,,	E. Pitcher	,,	28-3-87.
,,	T. Rutland	,,	8-5-87.
,,	G. Sands	,,	18-3-87.
,,	R. Sayers	,,	17-4-87.
,,	R. Walker	,,	18-4-87.
,,	G. Young	,,	2-3-87.
,,	J. Brown	,,	26-3-87.
,,	A. Coppard	,,	17-3-87.
,,	W. Dean	,,	28-4-87.
,,	A. Goodwin	,,	5-3-87.
,,	A. Ovenden	,,	17-3-87.
,,	C. T. Rivers	,,	9-4-87.
,,	H. Rollins	,,	2-5-87.
,,	M. Tierney	@ 2 Pence	6-1-87.
Lce-Corpl.	W. H. Eli	,,	27-5-87.
Private	G. Gravett	@ 1 Penny	7-1-87.
,,	T. Simpson	,,	28-4-87.
,,	R. G. Freakes	,,	18-5-87.
,,	W. Benge	,,	3-1-87.
,,	T. Clark	@ 4 Pence	4-6-87.
,,	W. Larkins	@ 1 Penny	31-5-87.
,,	E. Sewell	,,	8-6-87.
,,	H. Bradford	,,	11-6-87.
,,	G. Gordon	,,	2-7-87.
,,	F. Maynard	,,	21-7-87.
,,	R. E. McCalla	,,	17-6-87.
,,	C. Milgate	,,	20-4-87.
,,	E. Poolman	,,	16-6-87.
,,	A. Spicer	,,	23-7-87.
,,	G. Tapley	,,	8-7-87.
,,	E. Thresher	,,	22-6-87.
,,	J. Beetles	,,	13-7-87.
,,	F. Sinden	,,	20-7-87.
,,	H. Goddard	,,	22-5-87.
,,	G. Holmes	@ 2 Pence	2-7-87.
,,	F. Lapetina	@ 1 Penny	20-6-87.
,,	G. Raven	,,	19-6-87.
,,	F. Smee	,,	13-7-87.
,,	J. Smee	@ 2 Pence	26-7-87.
,,	C. Webb	,,	11-7-87.
,,	F. Milbank	@ 1 Penny	6-7-87.
,,	G. J. Latimer	,,	24-5-87.
,,	G. E. Childs	,,	17-3-87.
,,	T. Davis	,,	8-6-87.
,,	J. Dartnell	,,	12-5-87.
,,	C. Aitkens	,,	22-6-87.
,,	J. Ball	,,	1-6-87.
,,	J. Moth	,,	4-6-87.
,,	H. Williams	,,	20-5-87.
,,	F. Nailer	,,	5-6-87.
,,	T. E. Willmott	,,	13-6-87.
,,	A. Attaway	,,	25-5-87.
,,	W. Harvey	@ 2 Pence	7-4-87.
,,	J. Jeffries	@ 1 Penny	1-6-87.
,,	A. Keable	,,	25-6-87.

APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS.

6th March 1887.—1640 Lce.-Cpl. C. Burrows to be Corporal.

1127 Lce.-Corpl. T. Higgins to be paid Lance-Corporal.

Digitized by Google

25th March 1887.—Sergeant T. Hoar appointed Drill Sergeant *vice* Color Sergeant J. Bennell; this N. C. Officer being ineligible to receive the extra duty pay.

20th June 1887.—2014 Private J. Rhodes to be Pioneer.

29th June 1887.—Corpl. M. Roach to be Lance-Sergeant.

6th March 1887.—1098 Boy G. Watson to be Drummer.

1621 Boy T. Manville to be Drummer.

The undermentioned man has changed his name to John Ernest Hall.

1543 Private George Jones.

Musketry.

The figure of merit of H. Company was

Range Averages	98·01
Field Practices	46·33

And classification :

Marksmen	1
1st Class Shots	13
2nd do.	29
3rd do.	66

A. Co completed the 1st part of the Annual Course on the 7th ultimo beating 'H' in both Individual and Field Practices. The following is the Figure of Merit.

Range Averages	116·90
Field Practices	56·85

And classification :

Marksmen	7
1st Class Shots	15
2nd do.	52
3rd do.	32

B Company finished on the 30th ult., they having in their turn beaten 'A.' Figure of Merit as follows :

Range Averages	114·27
Field Practices	66·63

And classification :

Marksmen	8
1st Class Shots	13
2nd do.	45
3rd do.	37

C. Company has finished its course and we hear is only a small decimal behind B.

The exact figure of merit of C. Co. we cannot give but will publish in our next.

A series of rifle matches have been arranged for next month, which according to the programme should prove a success.

The N. C. Officers of E. Company fired the first of a series of matches on Monday afternoon the 6th ultimo. Sergt. Bovenzer's team winning by 9 points. The following are the scores in order of merit :

Sergt. BOVENZER'S TEAM.

	150 yds.	250 yds.	300 yds.	Total.
Lce.-Sergt. Woodward	16	16	26	58
Sergeant Bovenzer	14	12	26	52
Corporal Smith	16	13	20	49
Lce.-Corpl. Tomlin	16	1	15	34
Corporal Perry	9	8	12	29
			Total	222

Color Sergt. GARDNER'S TEAM.

Lce.-Corpl. Pollard	12	14	23	50
Sergt. Summers	17	8	20	45
Corporal Parsons	14	14	17	45
Cr. Sergt. Gardner	15	5	20	40
Corporal Hughes	11	7	15	33
			Total	213

Figure Targets 5 Rounds at first 2 distances and 10 at 300 yards.

We are warned by the Sergeant Instructor that the Position Drill or Preliminary Practice and the Firing Exercise has again been revised and that now instead of "moving the slide until the top is even with the line on the leaf" you must move it until "its at the place on the leaf or bed giving the elevation for the distance named," &c., &c. Take heed and read mark and inwardly digest for there are rumours of still more Drill Certificates.

Cricket.

The cricket match between the second eleven of Officers and Sergeants was as we predicted a glorious success. The Sergeants lost the toss and their captain tastefully attired in a sugar-

Digitized by Google

loaf hat, and other clothes—but looking a little worn through having sat up all night trying to compose a prize poem, with the aid of Clery's minor tactics—strewed his men picturesquely around the field. It is not our intention to give a detailed account of this great match, as we feel that our descriptive powers are not up to the mark, but we will mention a few of the most striking features.

In the first innings Captain Blackburn showed a wonderful turn of speed between the wickets; dressed simply but unostentatiously in a costume, of which a Terai Hat and variegated socks were the most striking features, he sped from crease to crease with a rapidity which at once established him as first favourite for the Officers' race in the next days gymkhana. Lieuts. Hamilton, Annesely and Eustace all played most excellent cricket, but, as they had the misfortune to hit at the place where the ball ought to have been but wasn't, their were scores comparatively small.

Lieut. Booth was the big scorer for he put together some sixty odd runs before he complied with the loudly expressed wishes of his own side and went out, to the great delight of the sergeants who were getting a bit tired of leather hunting and meditated a strike. Major Newnham-Davis came next with 54 and when we say that this cricketer has always been considered by us to be rather a finer player than W. G. Grace it will be seen at once that we are totally unprejudiced in the matter. Lunch was the next part of the entertainment which seemed to be thoroughly appreciated by both teams though a mild suggestion that the cricket should there and then end and the lunch be continued instead was negatived by the stern captains and the officers had to take the field, the bowling, with perfect fairness, being taken by roster, beginning at the top and bottom of roll. The sergeants did not do very much in their first innings, whether it was the handicap of the cake after lunch, or whether they were frightened at the gleaming eyes and set teeth of Capt. Patterson as he bowled a series of balls that would have made Spofforth envious, we cannot say but they only made 98. In their second innings they reversed matters giving the officers 55 to make to win which they failed to put together, the sergeants winning a very cherry and amusing match by 16 runs.

2ND ELEVEN OFFICERS *v.* 2ND ELEVEN SERGEANTS.

2ND ELEVEN—OFFICERS.

Capt. Patterson, b Evans	11		b Evans	5	
Lieut. Hamilton, b Hoare	4		b Evans	2	
„ Annesley, b Hoare	1		c Andrews, b Cheal	5	
Major Davis, hit wicket, b Hoare	54		b Cheal	3	
Lieut. Eustace, b Evans	5		not out	7	
„ Philips, c and b Hoare	4		b Hoare	3	
„ Booth, st Short b Evans	60		l.b.w. b Hoare	0	
Capt. Blackburn, run out	11		b Cheal	0	
Lieut. Tarte, not out	4		b Cheal	7	
Extras	10		Extras	7	
Total	164		Total	39	

2ND ELEVEN—SERGEANTS.

Sergt. Gray, b. Tarte	4		c Davis, b Booth	38	
„ Cheal, b Annesley	33		c Booth, b Davis	3	
Col.-Sergt. Gardiner, b Davis	1		b Davis	0	
Sergt. Evans, b Davis	1		not out	0	
„ Lang, c and b Tarte	1		c Tarte b Booth	18	
„ Hoare, run out	5		b Davis	6	
„ Short not out	27		run out	28	
Col.-Sergt. Andrews, b Tarte	3		c Eustace b Tarte	12	
Sergt. White, b Davis	2		b Davis	2	
Extras	21		Extras	10	
Total	98		Total	121	

C. COMPANY *v.* H. COMPANY.

Played at Ranikhet on 23rd June 1887 and was won by H. Company by 55 runs, Privates Wardle and Lawrence playing very pluckily for the winning team.

H. COMPANY.

Pte. Simson, b Marshall	0		b Marshall	7	
„ Firth, l.b.w. b Gardiner	0		l.b.w. b Goble	2	
„ Fizzard, b Gardiner	0		b „	9	
„ Wardle, run out	8		c Goble b Gardiner	32	
„ Lawrence, b Marshall	2		c Alexander b Patterson	50	
Sergt. Brewin, b Gardiner	0		b Marshall	4	
Pte. Martin, run out	2		c Golder b Gardiner	1	
„ Foster, b Marshall	0		not out	11	
„ Harding, c Alexander b Marshall	6		c Johnson, b Gardiner	6	
„ Coley, b Gardiner	0		b Goble	0	
Sergt. Clifton not out	3		b Goble	0	
Extras	4		Extras	11	
Total	25		Total	133	

C. COMPANY.

Pte. Golder, b Martin	3		b Wardle	4	
„ Johnson, b Wardle	0		b Brewin	5	
Lc.-Corpl. Alexander, b Wardle	0		b Wardle	0	
Pte. Beeden, b Wardle	0		not out	4	
„ Gardiner, l.b.w. b Martin	6		b Coley	13	
„ Patterson c Coley b Firth	6		b Brewin	4	
„ Goble b Wardle	4		b Brewin	0	
Sergt. Brain, b Martin	0		b Brewin	8	
Pte. Marshall, c and b Firth	4		b Wardle	6	
„ Reynolds, run out b Martin	0		b Brewin	3	
„ Shanley, not out	0		b Brewin	4	
Extras	6		Extras	23	
Total	29		Total	74	

Digitized by Google

THE BUFFS v. RANIKHET.

Played on the 30th June, The Buffs winning on the 1st innings by 45 runs, as unfortunately time did not allow of both innings being completed. When stumps were drawn Ranikhet had 48 runs more to get to win with 3 wickets to fall. The sides were more even than we last played the Station, both elevens being very good in the field.

Mr. Combe proved a dangerous opponent, both batting and bowling in very good form. Mr. Bayard made a very serviceable 17 in the first innings and some of the catches deserve notice; one very pluckily held by Randall when there was imminent danger of a collision and Corpl. Godfrey's and Pte. Edmond's long field catches in the failing light. Major Stewart took several wickets in the second innings as wicket keeper. The scores all round were rather small, but this may be because of the new matting, which is not nearly so good to fine as the old one. The band of the regiment under Mr. Birkhead played during the afternoon.

THE BUFFS.

Lt. Lloyd, c Archdale b Stirling	8	c Combe b Stirling	3
„ Bayard b Coombe	16	b Stirling	2
Corpl. Godfrey, run out	17	c Bradley b Ringwood	5
Pte. Edmonds, c Bradley b Smith	11	st Stewart, b Stirling	0
Capt. Porter, b Randall	7	b Stirling	24
Lieut. Stuart, c Butler bc Smith	0	st Stewart, b Stirling	0
„ D'Aeth, b Combe	5	c Stewart b Stirling	4
„ Daughish, not out	10	b Smith	24
Pte. Kluckner, c & b Malloy	12	c Randall b Stirling	13
Lieut Bell, b Bradley	5	c Ringwood b Smith	0
Pte. Hildebrand, c Smith b Bradley	7	not out	11
Extras	9	Extras	0
Total	107	Total	86

RANIKHET.

Lieut. Butler, run out	1	b Porter	7
Capt. Sheehan, b Godfrey	4	c Daughish b Godfrey	0
Pte. Malloy b Godfrey	0	b Porter	16
Mr. Bradley, c Godfrey, b D'Aeth	8	c Edmonds b Stuart	16
Lieut. Combe, c D'Aeth b Hildebrand	25	c Godfrey b Bell	20
Capt. Archdale, c D'Aeth b Godfrey	9	c Hildebraud b Stuart	10
Major Stewart, b Hildebrand	3	b Godfrey	11
Lieut. Stirling, b Godfrey	0	not out	1
Pte. Randall, c Porter, b Hildebrand	0		
Capt. Ringwood, not out	8		
Pte. Smith, b Godfrey	0		
Extras	4	Extras	3
Total	62	Total	84

SERGEANTS v. G. COMPAMY.

As we surmised the sergeants lost the shield not for 87 but for 86. Their team is very weak now, the Captain would do well also to get them out and have a little catching practice as the number of times catches were dropped was something appalling. Why not impose a fine also for absentees, they batted 3 short in their first innings and two in the second.

We congratulate G. Company on their victory which was rather an easy one and hope to see some good play this year between the Companies.

SERGEANTS.

Q.-M.Sgt. Cumber, run out	4	c Want b Hildebrand	10
C. Sgt. Nicholas, run out	9	c Anderson, b Godfrey	22
„ Andrews, run out	0	b Godfrey	1
Schl.-Mr. Whittle, b Godfrey	2	b Godfrey	15
Sergt. Lishman, b Hildebrand	0	b Hildebrand	1
S.-M. Cook, c and b Hildebrand	0	b „	8
Sergt. Lang, b Godfrey	0	c Williams b Hildebrand	0
Sergt. Hoare, not out	3	c Anderson b Godfrey	0
Cr.-Sergt. Patterson, absent	0	st Hussey b Hildebrand	8
Sergt. Brewin, absent	0	Absent	0
Sergt. Steele, absent	0	Absent	0
Extras	1	Extras	7
Total	19	Total	72

G. COMPANY.

Pte. Lynch, b Nicholas	8
„ Russell, st Nicholas b Cumber	4
Corpl. Godfrey, c sub b Cumber	102
Pte. Hildebrand, b Patterson	23
„ Hussey, b Whittle	16
„ Hicks, b Whittle	0
„ McFarlane, run out	5
Lance-Corpl. Anderson, b Nicholas	0
„ Lawson, c and b Cumber	9
Private Williams, b Nicholas	0
„ Want, not out	1
Extras	12
Total	180

B. COMPANY v. G. COMPANY.

G. COMPANY.

Pte Hildebrand, b Hills	48		
„ Russell, c Holland b Townsend	0		
Cpl. Godfrey, c Gilbert b „	105		
C. Sgt. Nicholas b Townsend	5		
Lce.-Corpl Rollins, b Gilbert	11		
Pte. Hussey, b Gilbert	12		
„ Lawrence, b Townsend	0		
„ Else, not out	21		
„ Hicks, b Gilbert	3		
„ McFarlane, b Gilbert	0		
„ McKeating, c Raywood, b Gilbert	3		
Extras	18		
Total	226		

Digitized by Google

B. COMPANY.

Pte. Gilbert, b Hildebrand ...	3	run out	6
„ Ware, b „ ...	12	b Godfrey ...	0
„ Holland, c Hussey, b Godfrey	0	run out	6
C.-Sgt. Patterson, c Else b „	0	b Godfrey ...	0
Pte. Hills, b Godfrey ...	5	b Godfrey ...	3
„ Raywood, b Hildebrand ...	15	not out	10
Corpl. Patton, b Hildebrand ...	1	b Hildebrand ...	0
Pte. Rily, c Hussey, b Hildebrand	3	st Hussey b Godfrey	2
„ Peters, c Godfrey b „	0	b Godfrey ...	0
„ Townsend, not out ...	0	b Godfrey ...	2
Lce.-Corpl. Baker, c Nicholas b Hildebrand	0	b Godfrey ...	0
Extras...	4	Extras ...	3
Total ...	43	Total ...	32

Our Buff Facings.—Official Recipe.

The ingredients are :

30lbs. best Whiting, 1lb Yellow Ochre, ½lb Venetian Red, and 1lb Glue Powder or concentrated size (Anchor brand).

How to be mixed.—Put the Whiting (first crushing it) in a tub of cold water, let it remain half an hour, pour off water, and add Colouring (first having mixed it up thick in cold water) then add the Size (first having dissolved it by pouring boiling water on it) and thoroughly mix.

To be used in the same way as wet pipeclay. When the facings are dry brush off the rough particles. This quantity would be sufficient to last 3 coys. for 2 months or longer.

THE DEFENCE OF THE KINGS' COLOUR BY LIEUT. LATHAM.

Up Albuhera's gory hills,
The gallant Buffs advance ;
With steady nerve and iron will
'Gainst the veteran host of France.
Brave Walsh the color tightly grasps,
And nobly struggles on ;
Alas ! he falls ! his hand unclasps ;
The colours,' all but gone.
But forward gallant Latham springs,
And waves it in the van ;
Whil'st o'er the field of battle rings
Loud cheers for this brave man.
But see those horsemen speeding past,
The colour to surround ;
And Latham maimed, and bleeding fast,
Is beaten to the ground.
Now up and struggling on again,
The colour waving high,
And spite of wounds he doth exclaim,
I'll save the flag or die.
From off the staff, the silk in strands,
He tears mid'st the battle's roar,
Fainting, he saves from the foeman's hands,
The flag of his gallant corps.

SHEEPSKIN.

Varieties.

A WARNING TO INVENTORS.

A certain inventor of a breastplate, said by himself to be impenetrable, was always bothering the Duke of Wellington when Commander-in-chief at the Horse Guards to get it adopted into the service. And one day the Duke wearied by his importunity, promised to give the thing a trial, so appointed a meeting at his own office for the purpose. His method of testing was simple and might commend itself in these latter days, for ordering the man to put on his cuirass and stand in the corner of the room, he at the same time sent for a file of the guard, their carbines to be loaded with ball. The Duke placed the file opposite the man and told them to fire, but the click of the locks was too much for the luckless inventor, who knowing that the Duke had a way of doing what he said, rushed out of the room cuirass and all, and never troubled the Duke again.

Young woman (timidly to shopman) : "I would like to look at some false hair, please." Shopman (experienced) : "Yes, miss, what colour does your *friend* want ?" Sale immediately effected.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first has long ago achieved great fame,
But many have never heard my second name.

1. In this farfamed historic pile
   The Buffs were quartered for a while.
2. An exclamation often used
   By persons startled or amused.
3. A garden at whose entrance, lo !
   Two angels stood on sentry go.
4. This word means in Hindostan.
   She, the better half of man.
5. A river whether an angler may
   Enjoy himself for many a day.
6. This has oft afforded me
   Sport as good as sport can be.
7. What has greatly helped of late,
   Most of us to imitate.
8. Upright, clean and neatly dressed,
   All in one short word expressed.

LINA-MOTH.

Answers marked outside "Acrostic" to be sent to the Editor not later than 20th.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SCEPTIC—Bless you, we don't know. A mackintosh is all the clothes we want in this weather and we can't find a tradesman to give us one on trust.
UBIQUE, COMPETITOR, J. WELLS,—Poems received, but not space to publish.

Printed for the EDITOR *by* TARA DUTT, *at the "Station Printing Press," Ranikhet.*

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898.

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 8 **RANIKHET, AUGUST 31st, 1887.** Price 2 Annas.

Domestic Occurrences.

DEATH.

DANIELS.—At Ranikhet, on the 3rd inst., 1088 Pte. E. Daniels, B Company, of Cholera.

(It is requested that domestic occurrences may be reported as soon as possible by all who belong to The Buffs, whether subscribers or not).

Notes.

Colonel Hart has very kindly written a letter this month giving our readers some account of the kind of shooting to be obtained round about the station. The Colonel himself is a keen sportsman and doesn't mind hard work, but he warns shootists who are not so keen (a warning thoroughly confirmed by the experience of those sportsmen of "Ours" who have been out since the 12th) that the pursuit of the partridge in these parts means a great deal of khud climbing with very little bird to show for it. Col. Hart will be ready, as he has always been, to put any enthusiastic sportsman from the ranks in the way of finding game: but by this we don't mean that a band boy going out shooting sparrows with a catapult, or minnow fishing with a bent pin, would be justified in knocking up the Commandant in the early morning to ask which is the best pitch for his sport. We hope next month to publish another letter from the Colonel's pen on fishing.

Football has been in full swing this month and the desire to see his fellow man knocked down in the mud, which is engrained in the heart of every mortal, has been thoroughly gratified. A large and appreciative audience has occupied the free seats and applauded vigorously whenever officer or man has been put on his back in the slush or had all his raiment torn off him. At "Association" at present there is too much handling of the ball, and the *dribbling* is slow, while at "Rugby" the *passing* might be improved. These defects however will cure themselves in time.

Digitized by Google

D. Company has set a good example to other companies in instituting company paper chases. They had a very good attendance at their meets this month and they covered the distance run in very good time. What one company can do is certainly within the power of the rest. We, the editor, being grey as to the hair and redundant as to the figure cannot be expected to fly up and down khuds with our Company hallooing at our heels, but some of our athletes in the different companies might move in the matter.

Our prize competition this month has produced no effusions. It evidently takes, a longer time than we supposed to descend from the sublime heights of Albuhera and Latham's gallant deed down to the comparative depths of a simple day at Ranikhet. However, we will leave the competition open for another month in the hopes that some of Mr. Whittle's promising pupils may see fit to immortalise themselves in our columns. There is evidently a poetic spirit in the Regiment, which breaks out occasionally in queer places. One valued contributor has this month sent us "A Poem on a contractor's dead mule." After this we shall look forward to receiving in due course "A ballad to a Bhistie." "The song of a Sweeper," "The Chowkedar's Chant," "Canticles of a Khansama," &c., &c.

The coming visist of the Naini Tal team to our station, and the solving of the great question whether the Regiment is to go down to the plains for the winter, are the important matters in the near future. Everybody seems to believe that Lucknow will be our destination for the cold weather, but nobody can give any authority for the statement. As to the Naini Tal week, a strong committee has been formed and it should be a triumphant success. Our readers however need not expect to find an account of it in next month's Dragon, for the editor of this powerful and widely circulated journal (nobody will write to us, as they do to other papers, and call us pretty names, so we have to do it ourselves) intends to strike work and enjoy himself during that week, and reserve his descriptive powers till the month after.

Correspondence

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

A LETTER ON GAME SHOOTING.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Sir,

You have asked me to give the readers of *The Dragon* some information regarding the shooting in the neighbourhood of Ranikhet—shooting in Cantonment Forests or the vicinity being strictly prohibited.

Chikor shooting commenced on the 12th August. Chikor is a species of large red legged partridge, found in rocky ravines and among the scrub and in the cover separating the cultivated terraces. The early morning and evening are the best times to shoot, the coveys being then to be found by the calling of the birds but they are generally difficult to get and in the early season it is hard work.

Other partridge shooting commences on the 1st September. Black partridges are to be found but generally require a dog to turn them up.

Pheasant shooting commences on the 15th September. There are many kinds of pheasants, the commonest in Kumaon being the "Kaleej Pheasant." This bird is mostly to be found in wooded ravines where there is water.

The quail come into the crops in the amount. They are best shot by walking in line through the fields, but care has to be taken not to shoot the women who are in every direction gathering in the harvest.

One the whole, unless a man is very keen he will be disgusted with the bird shooting, though a really good shot will probably think chikor shooting excellent sport—it is not enough, however, to be a good shot, a good "bandobast" is essential.

Digitized by Google

In the winter many kinds of duck, snipe, &c. are to be found at the foot of the hills, and peafowl and jungle fowl are abundant at all times.

There is practically no large game shooting in the vicinity—it has all been destroyed by native poachers. An occasional bear pays us a visit and leopards are common, but exceedingly wary, proving their existence chiefly by the number of dogs they take away every year.

The reserved and protected forests are still closed, and, when shooting is permitted in the autumn, the climate of the low elevation is too deadly and the jungle too dense to make sport possible, except on elephants, the game can be heard but not seen. In winter and spring, soldiers can shoot in these forests, and the undergrowth is then dried up and trampled down, but there still remains a very great difficulty in stalking by reason of the dry leaves.

I have bagged various kinds of game in trips from Ranikhet: Tiger, Bear, Surrow, Gurral, Hogdeer, Cheetal, Nilgai, Kakar, Blackbuck. &c., but I have had to work very hard for it and have had many and many a blank day notwithstanding having spared no exertion and trouble.

To shoot in the forest a dog is necessary, as a badly wounded deer nearly always gets away unless shot through the body. It is almost cruel to shoot without having a dog available, but he must be kept behind. This year I smashed the hind leg of a Kakar and it took me nearly three hours to track it without a dog, and then I had to shoot it through the body. This sort of thing has happened to me over and over again.

The native shikarees here are impostors, they promise much because they expect to be paid whatever happens—they are mostly mere coolies and not shikarees at all, but they are cunning enough to take in, sometimes, others besides the "Griffin."

It is better to aim well forward at an animal and avoid very long shots.

The prospect of sport from Ranikhet is decidedly bad and the sportsman requires a considerable local knowledge and experience. Unless very keen, most men will give it up, but, for my part, I stick to it, being fortunately easily pleased and content with very little—I enjoy jungle life and one successful stalk and one steady shot consoles me for any amount of exertion and trouble.

Always be prepared in the great forests, for when least you expect it, you may come upon a Tiger or other large game. It is this off chance that imparts a peculiar charm to a tramp through the jungle.

If the game was easy to get, most men would find no sport in shooting it.

In conclusion. Do not shoot females or males without horns, moreover, it is forbidden by law.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
REGINALD C. HART, Colonel,
Commanding Ranikhet.

RANIKHET,
15*th August*, 1887.

CHALLENGE.

Pte. D. Revell, G. Company, 1st Battalion The Buffs, is open to throw the 16lb shot the best of the three following ways. Stakes from 20 to 50 rupees, a-side.

1st Putting the shot with a 10ft. run and no follow.
2nd Shot and follow without run.
3rd Short with unlimited run and follow.

Any man in the Station wishing to accept this challege please write to Pte. Revell. The Editor of this paper is to be Referee and stake holder.

Station News.

On Tuesday the 16th of the month a meeting was held at the Club to discuss what steps should be taken about the Naini Tal week, that is the week when our nearest hill station sends over teams to play return matches for those played at Naini Tal in the spring. There was less talk at the meeting than might have been expected and it was settled, that Mr. Ross should be written to and asked if the last week in September would suit, that a committee of eight should be appointed to represent the various bodies in the Station, and that the energetic Mr. Lloyd should be appointed secretary.

Mr. Ross on being written to replied that the week proposed would suit Naini Tal very well, and mentioned Cricket, Lawn Tennis (two matches) Billiards and shooting as the different matches. There will also probably be a gymkhana or races of some kind and our enthusiastic football players want to throw themselves

Digitized by Google

against the Naini Tal ditto. All details however, are in the hands of the committee which is composed as follows: Buffs, Major Newnham-Davis and Capt. Porter; Scottish Rifles, Major Clarke and Mr. Twyford; Standing Camp, Capt. Archdale and Mr. Butler; and remainder of the Station, Rev. A. Stone and Mr. Flemming

---

Our amateurs are going to play "The Lancers" during the Naini Tal week. This play is better known as "The Queens Shilling" and was a great success at the St. James with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Messrs. Hare, Terriss, Brookfield and Miss Kate Phillips, in the cast. It is a bright play with plenty of action and the plot turns on the escapades of a gentleman's son who has enlisted. He falls in love with a young lady whom he has rescued from the rather rough gallantries of his brother lancers, breaks arrest to go to a dance, chaffs his colonel till that very short tempered officer is nearly mad with rage, gets run through the arm, and next morning when he is recognised by his commanding officer finds himself in a very awkward position; but, as is the custom of comedies, all comes right in the end and the usual "bless ye my cheildren" brings the curtain down.

There have been two gymkhanas during this month and the Station turned out in full force to look at both, the red and the black coats occupying every point of vantage on the hills on both sides of the parade ground. On the the first day the novelties were; a syces' race which produced a very large field and some strange methods of running; and a chattie race which seemed never ending, for as the shades of night were falling fast one of the competitors was still wandering about the ground, blindfold, with a chattie on his head. The boys race, won by the smallest of the lot, and the girls' race, in which one of the competitors was left at the post dissolved in tears, were again great successes. The pony jumping was not very brilliant some of the ponies evidently preferring jumping over a spectator or two to facing the obstacles. On the second day, August 23rd, the jumping was much better. A tug of war took the place of the boys' race, but was brought prematurely to a finish by the rope breaking suddenly and causing the opposing teams to sit down more vigorously and suddenly than they liked. The V. C. race was won by an officer who carried off a dummy so badly wounded that it came in half over his saddle and the stuffing came out of most of the other unhappy wounded in their transit overthe hurdle. Below is a list of the winners on both days.

2nd AUGUST.

1. BAND RACE—Handicap—about 220 yards.
   Won by Pte. Brooks.
2. HALF A MILE RACE.—Open to Garrison.
   Won by Pte. Parry. Scottish Rifles.
3. LEMON CUTTING.
   Won by Lieut. Bayard, The Buffs.
4. PUTTING THE SHOT.—16 lbs. Shot.
   Won by Pte. Revell.— 34 feet 11 inches.
5. SYCES' RACE.
   Won by Lieut. Annesley's Nomination.
6. JUMPING COMPETITION.
   Won by Lieut. Blackburn's "Queenie."
7. HURDLE RACE—Open to Garrison
   Won by Pte. Nash, The Buffs.
8. TENT PEGGING.
   Won by Lieut. Combe, Scottish Rifles.
9. GIRLS' RACE.
   Won by Miss Fraser, Seaforth Highlanders.
10. BOYS' RACE.
    Won by Peter Murphy, Devon Regt.
11. CHATTIE RACE.
    Won by Pte. Beeney, The Buffs.
12. TUG OF WAR.—Officers v. Warrant Officers & N. C. Os
    Won by Warrant Officers and N. C. Officers.

Pte. Weathersby was second in the half mile and Corpl. Reynolds 2nd in the Hurdle Race.

23rd AUGUST.

1. QUOIT COMPETITION.
   Won by H Co. The Buffs (Ptes. White & Wardle)
2. THROWING THE CRICKET BALL.
   Won by Pte. Veal, The Buffs—112 yards.
3. WALKING RACE.—1 mile.
   Won by Pte. Olive, The Buffs—Time 8 min. 46 sec.
4. JUMPING COMPETITION.
   Won by Lieut. Blackburn's "Queenie"
5. HURDLE RACE.
   Won by Pte. Nash, The Buffs.
6. GIRLS' RACE.
   Won by Miss Maggie Fraser.
7. SACK RACE.
   Won by Pte. Weathersby, The Buffs.
8. TENT PEGGING.
   Won by Lieut. King, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
9. WHEEL BARROW RACE.
   Won by Corpl. Davis & Sergt. Watkins, The Buffs.
10. V. C. RACE.
    Won by Lieut. Blackburn, Scottish Rifles.
11. STEEPLE CHASE.
    Won by Pte. Parry, Scottish Rifles.

There was also a Tug of War between two teams of boys.

Pte. Wardle, The Buffs was second in throwing the Cricket Ball; Pte. Maynard, The Buffs in the Walking Race; and E company The Buffs in Quoits.

A portion of the Standing Camp has during the greater part of the month been transferred

Digitized by Google

to another site about three miles further along the Almora road. The cause of the move, we are glad to say, disappeared and the camp has moved back. We will hope that the torrents of rain which have fallen this month have finally banished the grim spectre which was uncomfortably near to us.

The said torrents of rain were accountable for another all night sitting, the greater part of Ranikhet beauty and fashion being, as the Americans would say, treed at Chaubuttia one evening by a thunderstorm—what time the editor of this paper was spending his time falling down khuds on the way back from Naini Tal—and were put up by the hospitable Scottish Rifles. They were roused next morning by the pipes playing reveillé—and other means.

Messrs. Crofton and Ferrell propose paying this station another visit, probably during the second week in September. They have been playing "Caste," "Our Boys," "Jo," "The Lady of Lyons" and the burlesque of Alladin at Naini Tal, as well as the plays in which we have seen them, so that they will have quite a number of pieces in their repertoire which will be new to us.

We are sorry to say that Sergt. Major Usmar, who last month we mentioned as getting up another burlesque, has suffered a domestic affliction in the loss of his wife.

The Committee of management held a meeting on Friday, 26th, with reference to the Naini Tal week. It was decided that the events to be proposed to our adversaries should be, cricket, two matches at lawn tennis, shooting, billiards, football and, if possible, clay pigeon shooting. There will be the theatricals on Monday night, a Station dance on Tuesday and The Buffs' dance on Friday. Saturday is to be filled up by a Gymkhana, of which the details are not yet settled. The choice of teams, &c., have been referred to Sub-Committees.

On September 3rd, there will probably be a concert in the regimental theatre, when our leading amateurs will again enchant us with their sweet strains—(rather a pretty and original sentence that)—and the second part of which will consist of the Comedietta "Cut off with a Shilling," in which Miss McNeil, Major Newnham-Davis and Mr. Tarte will appear. The proceeds will go to Lady Roberts' fund for providing homes in the hills for nursing sisters.

Nettlefolds sends a riddle anent the Scottish Rifles which is not very brilliant, but which may amuse some of our dark coated friends. The question is "Why are the Scottish Rifles like the coal pits?" and the answer is "Because there are so many minors in them."

"D" COMPANY'S HARE & HOUNDS CLUB.

Two capital runs were held by the above club, on the 4th and 11th insts. respectively. The pack is kept in hand by the following;—Pte. Weathersby, Huntsman; Lce.-Sergeant Watkins, 1st Whip; Pte. Blackwell, 2nd Whip; Lieut. Eales, Master of the Hounds. For the last run, the hares, Mr. Eales and Lce.-Corpl. Moth, laid the trail from the Company's bungalow past the Club, then down into the khud, finally emerging at the Fitzwygram Barracks and finishing at the Police Court. The hounds kept well together, till within a mile from home when the pace began to tell, and Lce.-Sergeant Watkins and Pte. Weathersby forging ahead, made an exciting finish, the former winning by a neck, Ptes. Blackwell and Reese heading the remainder of the pack.

For the run on the 11th, the hares, Lieut. Stuart and Pte. Weathersby, led the hounds a pretty dance, starting from the Company's bungalow they went past the Guard Room, then sharp to the left on to the Ramnuggur Road, cross the Rifle range, as far as the cross roads, where they turned to the left, and after about a mile of road, gave the hounds plenty to do to find the trail across country, finishing up as usual at the Police Court. The pace was good throughout, the old hounds, Lce.-Sergeant Watkins and Pte. Reese, doing their work capitally, encouraged, doubtless by the red jersey of a strange hound, who ran in first rate style, and stranger though he was, got on very well with the rest of the pack.

As the club is not intended to be a Company's club exclusively, those who wish to join may do so, on giving their names to the Secretary, Lce.-Sergeant. Watkins, from whom all particulars can be learnt, and anyone will be gladly welcomed, who can show the way across country to "D" Company.

Digitized by Google

Tommy Atkins,

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

The decanter of wine is of his own providing, and nothing, I think, would hurt Tommy more than for his officer to refuse the proffered glass of 'sherry white wine,' as he reverently calls it. Of course the captain and his subaltern never do refuse it, and if they taste a slice of cake, or better still, a small piece of plum-pudding, Tommy feels doubly complimented. Before drinking the glass of 'Sherry white wine' to the healths of his men, the captain always makes a few remarks, which ought to contain a joke or two. It need not be one of the first water; indeed, only let it be known that it's meant for a joke, and that's quite enough. Even a joke from the bench in a court of justice is not more certain of good reception. By the side of the captain stands the color sergeant, looking alternately at his officer and the men with a smiling face, as much as to say, like Captain Crosstree in the burlesque, 'Always laugh, boys, at your captain's jokes.' The best plan is always to have a good stock-joke, and then there can be no mistakes. I know my old captain adopted this course with the most brilliant success. His joke was this: There was a man called Brown, who enjoyed the reputation of having the 'biggest twist'—that is, the largest appetite—in the company, and on glancing round the festive board the most prominent feature was Brown's plate. From its willow-patterned surface there rose a pyramid of roast goose (it is generally roast goose) and baked potatoes, purposely heaped up, I suspect, by the 'wag.' When the captain took his glass in his hand to wish 'his lads' a merry Christmas, I knew what was coming, every man knew, Brown nervously so. The captain in the middle of his remarks about 'not forgetting those at home,' and having 'spent many Christmases together all over the world,' would suddenly pretend to catch sight of Brown's plate for the first time, and, after shaking his head, would say in mock tones of sympathy, 'Ah, Brown, that old attack of consumption coming on again, I see, eh?' We generally here made our exit amidst the most ringing roars of laughter.

'What a joke!' you'll say. Ah, but recollect your frame of mind. You are not about to tackle roast goose, a delight of only yearly occurrence; you didn't know Brown; you didn't know the 'cap'en;' you didn't know the joke as I did. For ten successive years, in England, Ireland, in the middle of the Indian Ocean (not roast goose that time) and in various remote quarters of the British possessions, have I heard it, and like port it improved with age. The 'cap'en' no longer commands the company, he holds a higher military rank, and I know not if his mantle has fallen on his successor's shoulders. If the 'cap'en' did his duty conscientiously, however, when he gave over charge of his company, he should have handed over the joke together with the arms and accoutrements.

Tommy is very fond of pets, and the number of non-descript curs who find a happy home in a barrack is beyond belief, it is very hard even for an officer to keep a dog to himself. If that dog once takes the delights of barrack-room hospitality, he is irreclaimable. From my observations on this point, I have come to the conclusion that your bloated aristocrat amongst dogs is the well bred little fox terrier. Him alone of all his species I never knew degenerate into a bararck-room dog; not that he objected to honest Tommy Atkins, I suppose, but to Tommy's canine acquaintances, which were very low. You see dogs in a barrack that you would see nowhere else. It would seem almost that they were peculiar kinds of animals made expressly for soldie s; but the explanation of this is, that such dogs as find favour in a barrack would never be allowed to emerge into puppy-hood in any other sphere. Nothing with a tail at one end, and a bark at the other is too low bred or too hideous to creep into Tommy's heart. In fact, I believe the nearer he verges on monstrosity the deeper hold he has on Tommy's affections. It is very amusing to notice how thoroughly Tommy believes in his cur, and his monomania on this point is to fancy him a sporting dog. His fondness for his four-footed friends is a very good trait in a soldier's character, but it is occasionally a very troublesome and inconvenient one. So great a nuisance, I recollect, did it once become in a garrison abroad, that at last the major-general commanding (a gallant and rather irascible old gentleman) issued a general order commencing, 'Barking dogs have become an intolerable nuisance,' and going on to direct that only a certain number of dogs would be allowed to each company—five or six, I think—and that the rest were to be destroyed by the garrison police. Those saved were to be numbered and registered in the brigade-office, and each dog was to have a wooden "tally" round its neck bearing its number. 'All dogs found without tallies,' concluded this fearful mandate, 'will be immediately destroyed.' Great was the lamentation and wailing in the barrack-room when this order went forth. How the six per company were taken, whether by selection or lot, I don't recollect; but the order was carried out, and I never saw Tommy Atkins look so black and lowering as when a mighty batch of condemned curs were led away to destruction by the garrison police.

(To be continued.)

A SMOKING CONCERT.

The first of a series (it is to be hoped) of Smoking Concerts was given on the evening of the 23rd inst., by Lieuts. Eales and Stuart, in celebration of the prowess shewn by the Non-Commissioned Officers and men of letter "D" Company, under command of the first named Officer, in firing their annual course of musketry for 1887-8.

There is no doubt that up to this time, the hopes of the Editor that each Company in succession at musketry, should beat the prior Company, have been realised.

The evening's amusement was opened by Pte. Haley (senior) singing "Two Lovely Black Eyes." It is evident that he is an admirer of the "pink 'un."

The next to be favourably noticed was a step-dance performed by Lce.-Corpl. Davis and Pte. Earl, which earned great applause. The company present was then edified by being treated to that well known, and stirring recitation "Bingen on the Rhine," by Lce.-Corpl. Barnes.

Lieut. Eales, who was received with deafening shouts, was, after some length of time, permitted to render "Brown upside down," but unfortunately, who was Brown, and how he became

Digitized by Google

upside down, till now remains a mystery, as this Officer (not Brown but Lieut. Eales) has made himself so popular with the Company, that they collectively, were unable to repress their feelings, and like every "Alfred Seymour," had to give vent to those feelings in continued yells.

The next was a song by Pte Hills entitled "All very fine and Large." Not being present while this song was sung, we are unable to say what it referred to. The rendering of "Eugene Aram" by Pte. Taylor was extremely interesting. Lieut. Stuart was very amusing in his song "Smoking on the Balcony," but being on the bungalow system now, the "Balcony" was hardly realised.

Color-Sergt. Marshall's modicum of "I'll be drunk again tomorrow," was a severe damper to the spirit of those of the "brethren" present, amongst whom he is a shining light.

Pte. Earls' song and dance of "Love" was decidedly suggestive of "warm quarters," but Paymaster-Sergt. Wilson's "Old familiar Faces" soothed every savage breast. At this juncture a great commotion was noticed in the room, which was caused by the entree of one, beloved by the whole Company, in fact, in greater truth by the Regiment at large, our present Canteen Steward, but late Color-Sergt of "D," to wit Joe Gleeson. It is a great pity that a Non-Commissioned Officer, so well esteemed by everyone who knows him, should always plead inability to sing, as it is well known that his voice, stentorian enough on parade, would always be sufficient to "bring the house down." However, he was forced to come to the front and after admitting his inability ever to gain for his Company the gold guns and crown, made a flank movement and ignominiously retired.

A recitation by Lce.-Corpl. Day was a very good parody on the original, to us, of "My Wife's Cousin." A cornet solo by Band Sergt. Steele was well received as also that familiar topic (and object) to every soldier "The Orderly Man" delivered by Pte. May.

A very amusing rendering of "The gayest colored nigger in the land" by Lieut. Stuart, only required that gentleman to have been blacked, to ensure endless enthusiasm. "Haven't we fought for Old England" by Lce.-Sergeant Watkins was received with many encores, whilst as a finish, the "ancient one" in the person of Pte. Brazier caused immense amusement by his futile efforts to complete his toilet, which ended in the unfortunate collapse of the lower button of his coat; this upset his equanimity, that he was unable to favour those present with the old favourite the "Village Blacksmith," and like one of the sparks from the fire, he faded away and the platform knew him no more for that night.

A few well chosen words by Lieut. Eales, prolonged shouts of "They're jolly good fellows," and the usual show of loyalty to the Sovereign terminated a night which must have been enjoyed by every one, no matter how hard to please.

"*The man behind the door.*"

Travellers' Notes.

A TRIP OVER UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN.

By Captain H. Blackburn.

Continued.

Two days march from Hakata brought me to Kokura on the straits of Shimonoseki. Here I found a boat that professed to be just starting for Shimonoseki, so I got on board and waited. After about an hour or more I began to think waiting monotonous so I asked when they proposed to start, and was told when they had got enough passengers to make it worth while. On asking how many they wanted I was told fifeen. As passengers seemed to drop in at the rate of one an hour or so, I thought I would try and get a boat of my own, and after some bargaining succeeded in doing so, and after two hours sail reached Shimonoseki about sunset. The above is the principle on which all public conveyances in Japan are run. Shimonoseki is a long struggling town lying along the shore of a channel about a mile and a half wide, and appears to be inhabited mostly by women.

It commands the principal entrance to the Inland sea.

Some twenty-five years ago when the nations of Europe had combined together to force their commerce on Japan, a combined European and American fleet under command of British Admiral Kuper, tried to force its way into the Inland sea by way of Shimonoseki, but on getting into the strait, was so knocked about by the Japanese forts that it had to retire, having two ships sunk and the Admiral killed.

After ten days more walking, sometimes along the shore and sometimes among the hills I got to Kobe. I do not propose to write about Kobe or about Osaka and Kioto where I spent the rest of my time, as more than enough

Digitized by Google

has been written on these subjects already.

For a cheap and interesting holiday I think one could not do better than I did. The chief hints I would give to travellers are, first—get out of the ordinary beaten tracks, secondly—in travelling in beaten tracks go to native inns, not foreign ones, and thirdly,— most important of all, don't employ a professional guide.

Firstly in going out of the beaten tracks you find the Japanese, as they really are, a pleasant honest and merry people, and not what they have become under foreign influence. For example, while the treaty ports and the usual tourist tracks swarm with beggars, I walked through some five hundred miles of country without seeing a single beggar.

Secondly by frequenting native inns instead of those on the foreign system, you reduce your expenses by half, and are considerably better fed and lodged. Thus the charge at a native inn for dinner, breakfast, a bath and a night's lodging varies from as low as 15 cents in some remote country places, to 35 cents in the towns and 60 cents in the neighbourhood of the treaty ports. The foreign hotels charge 3 dollars a day.

Lastly, a guide is an impostor especially to be avoided. He is bound to make his profit out of every transaction with the natives, so that he squeezes them down to the uttermost farthing, and at the same time piles it on to your account. On my first visit to Japan I employed a guide and found my expenses run to about 5 dollars a day. Further if you employ a guide he will get between you and the people so that you shall see just what he chooses and no more. The less baggage one takes the better. If I ever have the luck to go travelling in Japan again I shall limit my baggage to tooth-brush and a razor. Your inn-keeper will find you in everything else.

Regimental Items.

Qr. Mr. Sergt. Cumber has received the Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct.

The wives of Drummer Stevens and Private Cochrane are to join the Battalion during the ensuing trooping season.

Pte. Louis Zennetti has changed his name to Lewis Gunner.

Col. the Hon. H. Parnell is, we hear, to get command of the 3rd Regtl. District upon the retirement of Col. Degacher.

The draw for the first round for the Cricket Shield (1887) took place this month with the following results.—

A to play D
B do. C
E do. H
F do. G

Appointments to Lance Corporals :—

1233 Pte. A. Parsons.
1276 ,, W. Rogers.
1084 ,, J. Harlow.
874 ,, J. Latter.
930 ,, F. Macrhant.
847 ,, W. Carter.
1057 ,, J. Froggott.
470 ,, E Heffron
1230 ,, J. Hall.

Col. S. Graves and Col. F. T. Hobson retired, 1st July, 1887.

Lieut.-Col. H. T. Halahan and Lieut.-Col. W. F. Kerr to command 1st and 2nd Battalions respectively.

Major R. G. Kekewich has been appointed Brigade Major at Cairo.

Capt. H. Blackburn to be interpreter to the Battalion, there being no qualified Subaltern available.

Sergt. Lishman to be Acting Pay Sergt. of B Company during Color-Sergt Patterson's absence at the School of Musketry, Pachmari.

Sergt. G. Eaton to be Regimental Gymnastic Instructor.

The undermentioned Officers have passed in subjects A and B for promotion to Captain,— Lieut. and Adjutant R. Bayard, Lieutenants L. G. N. Eales, A. L. Bell and R. H. D'Aeth.

During the month news has been received of the marriage of Lieut. Ravenhill to Miss Sargent, daughter of Major General Sargent. Gen. Sargent commanded our 2nd Battalion for some years, and his old Regiment again served under him in the China command. The marriage of his daughter to one of our Officers will form yet

Digitized by Google

another tie betwen the General and "The Grand Old Buffs" as he delighted in calling us. Capt. Connellan was the best man, and the band of the Scots Guards played during the breakfast.

A match came off on the 20th inst. between Ptes. T. Williams and W. Want, of Letter G. Company under the following conditions:

7 foot run and no follow.
3 throws.
Weight of shot—17 lbs.
Stakes Rs. 8 aside.

After a severe struggle Pte Want managed 30ft. 1 inch, winning by 3 inches only.

The following have become entitled to G. C. Pay as follows:

1547	Private	J. Croft	@ 2 Pence
170	„	W. Powell,	@ 1 Penny
733	„	C. Yeo,	„
1458	„	M. McCann	„
1885	„	F. J. Beany	„
967	„	A. H. Fullford	„
1902	„	E. Smith	„
1825	„	C. Ansell	„
1072	„	J. Morris	„

Lieuts. Hunter and Bell have passed the lower standard in Hindustani.

Lieuts. V. P. Bunbury and A. F. Campbell-Johnson to be Captains.

A sad accident happened on the 18th inst, to a Drummer (Johnson) who had voluntarily climbed to the top of the wall of the Racket Court for a ball, when the rain gutter gave way and the boy fell a distance of about 30ft. severely fracturing his arm. He is progressing favourably

---

It is probable that after the rains, the Regiment will take part in some manœuvres on a larger scale than it has been possible to attempt since we marched up here. Rumour has it that we are to march in the direction of Almora and that the Gurkas are to meet us, one corps manœuvring against the other. The pattern of tents and khakee clothing has become one of the topics of the day.

The Corporals' Smoking Concert has been unavoidably postponted until the first week in September owing to sickness in the Standing Camp.

An acrostic has been sent to us which bears on regimental topics, we insert it under Regtl, Items.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

These at one time held the sway,
The Buffs were merry, light and gay.

1. To beat the best, a higher score was needed,
   The afterone failed, but the next succeeded.
2. A handy little article, I'll be bound,
   In Regimental workshops I'm always found,
3. Its a cordial, nice, you mix it I think,
   Don't fancy I mean an old woman's drink.
4. Luckless Shikarries do oftimes find,
   The parents gone and left the son behind.
5. A flashing author, as yet unknown to fame,
   You will find him all there at athletic games.

Depot News.

Our Depot correspondent writes as follows:—Little of interest hss occurred at the Regimental Depot during the month of July 1887.

Thirty-five Recruits were sent to the 2nd Battalion at Dover on 1st Inst.

Very few deserters from The Buffs have up to date availed themselves of the Qneen's pardon.

No. 1646 Color Sergeant W. Brown who deserted at Dublin on 18th December 1882 has applied for and been granted a protecting Certificate under the provisions of para III. of G. O. 102, 1887.

No. 897 Pte. F. Gilbert who deserted from Malta just prior to the Battalion embarking for Singapore has confessed whilst fraudulently serving in the Royal Artillery at Malta.

Lc-Corpl.. J Townhill discharged 14-6-87 at 1/-per diem.

Pte. T. Toast discharged 14-6-87 at 1/1 per diem.

Football.

D COMPANY'S FOOTBALL CLUB.

Two matches have been played up to date by this club, the first, against a strong team captained by Lieut D'Aeth, in which the Compy. was beaten by a goal and a try to nothing

Digitized by Google

The feature of this match was a magnificent goal placed by Lieut. D'Aeth,

The second match D Company *v.* All comers deserves more than passing notice. On the ball being started the All comers began at once to force back the Company, and in spite of good runs by Ptes. Hills and Rankin ; a try was obtained out of the scrimmage by Lt. Hunter ; the place kick was however a failure. Half time was now called ; and ends being changed the Company, playing very well together, kept the ball on the opponent's territory, and from good play on the part of Ptes. Reese, Vickers and Rankin, a try was obtained by Pte. Gallagher. The place at goal, by Lieut. Eales, though good was a failure, the ball just falling short of the cross-bar. A second try was soon after obtained for the opposition, but the try at goal was a failure. Nothing further occurred, leaving the Company beaten but not disgraced by two trys to one. For the All comers Mr. Powell dropped a kick in grand style, and good runs were made by Lieut. D'Aeth and Pte. Hilderbrand. For the Company Lieut. Stuart and Pte. Reese, in the scrimmage, Sergt. Watkins and Hills outside, showed good play. Rough play was rather too conspicuous in this match, and it would be as well in the next match, to have two umpires, and not for every one to imagine he is an umpire, and lay down the law accordingly, as there was too much shouting in the game all through. The teams were as follows :—

D Company.		All Comers.	
Lieut. Eales, Captain		Lieut. D'Aeth, Captain	
Pte. Hills	¾	Pte. Hilderbrand	¾
,, Rankin		Mr. Powell	
Sergt. Watkins		Lieut. Bayard	
Pte. Curley	½	Pte. Brou	½
Lce.-Corpl. Stirke—Back		Lieut. Annesley—Back	
Lieut. Stuart—Forward		Capt. Allen—Forward	
Pte. Reese ,,		Lieut. Hunter ,,	
Lce.-Cpl Davis ,,		,, Bell ,,	
Pte. Vickers ,,		,, Eustaco ,,	
,, Chalklin ,,		Lce.-Cpl. Pollard ,,	
,, Howarth ,,		Pte. Williams ,,	
,, Page ,,		Corpl. Behrens ,,	
,, Gallagher ,,		Sch.-Mr. Whittle ,,	
,, Gates ,,		Pte. Taylor ,,	

LEFT *v.* RIGHT HALF BATTALION.

On Wednesday the 24th and Thursday the 25th, two important games were played on each day. On Wednesday the game was Association, on Thursday Rugby. The left half Battn. won both matches rather easily, but, in the Thursday's match the right half Battalion had not got their strongest team in the field, Lieuts. Eales and Annesly not being able to play. The list of names of the sides has not come to hand. There is talk of matches against the Standing Camp and Chaubuttia at early dates, and it is hoped that Naini Tal will bring over a team during the week.

D COMPANY *v.* C COMPANY.

This game was played on Monday the 22nd inst., and resulted in favour of D Company, by one goal and two tries to nothing. From the first, D Company were seen to be the stronger, and though the greatest exertions were made on behalf of C Company by Lieut. Annesley, Mr. Whittle, Lce.-Corpl. Froggot and Pte. Gardiner it was of no avail : as D Company were clearly the superior in every point of the game. For the winning Company, the whole team played well together, but especial mention must be made of Ptes. Reese and Vickers in the scrimmage and Lce.-Sergt. Watkins outside. There was a great deal too much shouting, and it would be well if the umpires were left to do their work and not interfered with by players who cannot see as much as those outside the game do.

A DAY IN RANIKHET.

As we say elsewhere, no contributions have been received, setting forth the usual round of duty and pleasure in Ranikhet, to compete for the prize : but that volatile officer Mr. Smith has favoured us with his description of his day. We are bound to say that it reads very like a page from the bad boy's diary "when he was growed up ;" but we know that a certain gentleman is not so black as he is painted, and, for Mr. Smith's sake, we will hope that he has photographed his proceedings on one of his unfortunate days.

"Panch baje Sahib" Grunt.

"Chhote haziri, Sahib ? Sahib ! Sahib ! !"

At the last "Sahib" (accompanied by a gentle pull at my right toe) I turn over on one side.

"Barsata hai ? "Nahin Sahib."

"Kuchh nahin." "Kuchh nahin, Sahib."

"Bother !"

Leaning on one arm I swallow a cup of scalding coffee and having ejaculated "Chhe baje" sink once more into oblivion.

Thus ends my daily formed resolution of taking the bull by the horns and getting up in

Digitized by Google

time to have a comfortable wash and to make certain of being in time for 6-30 a.m. parade.

"Chhe baje, Sahib."

"Sahib!" another gentle pull at my toe, but forewarned is forearmed and with one vigorous kick I send my too anxious domestic spinning across the room. It is only putting off the evil moment.

"Barsata hai?" "Nahin Sahib."

"Ghora taiyar?" "Sab taiyar Sahib."

I painfully get out of bed and dip my aching head in cold water. A vigorous brush at my hair and then at 25 minutes past 6, behold me ready equipped for what an incorrigible sub once termed "your Pyrotechnic display Sir."

"Lakri, Topi." Whack! "Get on you brute!"

At the bottom of the hill (our parade ground is approached by a very steep one) I ejaculate "Well I have done it this time," when Tum-le-tum, Tum-le-tum, tra, la, tra, la tum ti le tum, from the bugle informs me that I have indeed done it and am again late "Pakaro."—

"I beg pardon, sir, I mistook the time."

"That will do Mr. Smith."

Parade "Fours right, fours left, fours about" and all the well known words repeated. I distinguish myself by ignominiously failing in marching on my marker by an ingenious method of my own. Next comes the march past, in which I put the whole battalion out, and a few simple movements of which I make a complete mess, in spite of the whispered efforts of my Color Sergeant to keep me right and then Hurrah! "Officers fall out," "Ghora la,o," "Orderly room ja,o," "Oh Smith," etc. "C.O. wants to see you after orderly room" Oh!!!

"Really Mr. Smith, I do not wish to be severe, but you have been so often late for parade besides other irregularities," etc. etc. "do not let it occur again."

A crest fallen "Ghora la,o" "mess court ja,o" and then breakfast. "Really this messman is too disgusting another bad egg." "Pepper punch la,o." There you are again spilt half of it." Hulloa!! Letters; bah!! Two bills and a touting circular.

"Ghora la,o. Bungla ja,o."

This morning I really will employ my time profitably; yes I will translate a French novel into English.

Start translating and writing with a will. On second thoughts, it really is not worth while writing down, I will read it to myself.

Long chair. "This chair is not very comfortable I will lie down in my bed."

Mum, Mum, Mum.

"Ek Baje, Sahib."

"Really I do believe I have been to sleep for a minute or two, I feel seedy, will walk up to tiffin."

Tiffin. "Really this messman is too disgusting etc. etc."

"Will you play tennis? Yes. You? and you?"

4 p.m. Tennis.

"How do you do Mrs. Brown?"

"How do you do Mr. Smith? Have you been out shooting?"

"Yes I only got one bird."

"My husband———"

"I really must be off, good evening, Mrs. Brown."

"Hulloa." Ha! ha!! ha!!! I receive a tennis ball straight in my eye. Shall not be able to go to the dance tomorrow—just like my luck.

"Play a rubber?" "Yes I don't mind."

Jones + 30, Robinson + 30, Evans – 30, Smith —30. that brings me up to – 125 for the month, and off to dress for dinner.

Bath, Dress. "Ghora la,o" and then up to mess. Late again, whack! whack!! "go on you brute."

Arrive breathless, with shirt front crumpled, just in time for the joint. "Really that messman is too," etc. etc. "Anaconda la,o."

"Will you play poker?" "Yes." "Yes." "Yes." "Yes." Just the right number." Ante-up, 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30. See you! "Split whisky and soda la,o" 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30. "Whisky and soda la,o" and so on till 11 p.m. "Sandwiches la,o, whisky and soda la,o." "Stop after the next round" "All right!" Brown + 10, Jones + 20, Evans + 30, Robinson + 20, Smith – 80. Just my luck! "One more spilt?" "Ghora la,o" "Bungla ja,o." "Pyjama la,o, kal panch baje. parade ka kapra, Ghora mangte."

Yawn**Yawn***Yawn. Oblivion.

REGIMENTAL DRAMATIC CLUB.

On the 26th, 27th and 29th of the month the newly created Regimental Dramatic Club gave their first performance. "Waiting for the Verdict" is a melodrama which runs on the old lines of a good young man upon whom evil is brought by villains and who, after he has been in imminent danger of losing his life, is

Digitized by Google

restored to happiness through the agency of his wife and strikes an attitude in the centre of the stage while the villain dies to slow music or is marched off in handcuffs. In "Waiting for the Verdict" Mr. Whittle played Jasper Roseblade, the hero, who is arrested twice during the course of the three acts, once for poaching and once for murder—needless to say on false evidence—and he played the part with earnestness and go, making his appeal to the Court in the Trial scene with the necessary fervour and being sufficiently down on his luck when condemned to be hung. Blinkey Brown was played by our 'old friend and favourite" (as they say in the music halls) Pte. Haley and the whole of the low comedy element rested on his shoulders and those of Sergt. Eaton, who played a girls' part amusingly and without vulgarity. Blinkey is a broken down sporting character and Haley in a curly wig and scarlet moustache, kept the house in a broad smile by his eccentricities, his catch-word "There's nothing like it" being always followed by a roar. Jonas Hundle was played by Pte Taylor with more intensity than we have seen him show before, and he did his disagreeable work so well that the audience greeted him with those groans and hisses which are so dear to the theatrical villain's heart. He made Jonas a very telling character sketch. Sergt. Lishman, eye-glass and all, was the gentlemanly villain of the piece. He sneered with appropriate fiendishness throughout, and he too was treated to a round of groans when the hand-cuffs were clapped on him at the end of the play. The Rev. Owen Hilton found a most benevolent and clerical looking representative in Sergt. Laing and he turned up at the correct moment to get the hero out of his various difficulties in the true melodramatic manner. Sergt. Summers played the broken down old man Jonathan Roseblade at very short notice—circumstances over which he had no control preventing the original Jonathan from playing the part—and was satisfatory in that role. Sergt. Avis was a good Lieut. Florville. Sergt. Levason and Mr. Tarte made their speeches for the prosecution and defence with becoming eloquence; Mr. Lloyd as the wicked young nobleman struggled hard before he consented to be murdered; Lce-Cpl. Barnes was impressive as Sir H. Harrington; Sergts. Batty and Keeler made picturesque game keepers; and the other minor parts such as the Foreman and the Sheriff were well and conscientiously filled.

Mrs. Whittle, who has made a decided step in advance in her acting, played Martha Roseblade with much feeling and tenderness, and went for the villain, in the last act, with great energy.

The scenery, which was elaborate, worked very smoothly, and great praise is due to Sergts Short and Lishman for the trouble and time they have spent in painting it and for the effective shifting on the nights of the performance.

The members of the club have made a very satisfactory first appearance and we hope to see them on the boards again very soon.

Musketry

The figure of merit of C Company was

Range averages	118.36
Field practices	60.91

And classification:

Marksmen	5
1st Class Shots	19
2nd do.	46
3rd do.	28

D Company completed the first part of their annual course on the 22nd inst. beating the Companies that have fired before, in all practices.

The following is the figure of merit:—

Range averages	124.94
Field practices	68.50

And classification:

Marksmen	8
1st Class Shots	22
2nd do.	62
3rd do.	18

A serees of Rifle Contests commenced this month under the following conditions, and will be continued each month if a sufficent number of entries are made. All entries to be made by the 3rd of each month through Pay-Sergts. to the Asst. Sergt. Instructor of Musketry:—

1. Distance 200 yards. Position—kneeling, sitting or standing. Entrance fee, four annas. First prize—one third of the entrance money. Remainder in prizes of five and three rupees in equal numbers. 10 rounds Wimbledon Target.
2. Distance 500 yards. Any Military position. 10 rounds Wimbledon Target. Entrance fee, four annas Prizes same as No. 1.
3. Distance 600 yards. Any Military position. 10 rounds Wimbledon Target. Entrance fee, four annas Prizes same as No. 1.

Digitized by Google

4. For the best aggregate score in the above three competitions. Entrance fee, one rupee. First prize—one half the entrance money. Remainder in prizes if 10 rupees or less so far as the money will extend. No man will be allowed to enter for this prize after he has fired for any of the preceding ones.

The following are the prize winners in the first competition ;—

200 YARDS.

Coy.	Rank and Name.	Score.	Prize.
A	Cpl. Locke	44	Rs. 10
E	Pte. Ballard	43	„ 5
F	Color Sergt. Andrews	42	„ 5
A	Pte. Adams	41	„ 3
A	„ Etherington	41	„ 3
H	„ Smith, E.	41	„ 3
H	„ Groombridge	41	„ 3
B	Lc. Corpl. A H. Baker	41	„ 3
A	Pte. Crockett	41	„ 3

500 YARDS.

A	Cpl, Locke	43	„ 10
H	Pte. Roche	40	„ 5
A	„ Fisher	40	„ 5
H	„ Crumby	39	„ 3
G	„ Russell	39	„ 3
A	„ Adams	38	„ 3
A	„ Hooker	38	„ 3

600 YARDS.

A	„ McGee	42	„ 8
B	Lc.-Corpl. A. H. Baker	35	„ 5
C	Pte. Marshall	35	„ 5
A	„ Crockett	33	„ 3
G	Lc-Corpl. Rollings	33	„ 3

AGGREGATE.

A	Pte. McGee	110	„ 26
A	„ Adams	109	„ 10
A	Corpl. Locke	108	„ 10
A	Pte. Crockett	103	„ 6

THE BUFFS BRANCH OF THE SOLDIERS ABSTINENCE ASSN.

Roll of members by companies ;—

A	Company	...	... 37
B	„	...	... 10
C	„	...	... 15
D	„	...	... 28
E	„	...	... 26
F	„	...	... 20
G	„	...	... 10
H	„	...	... 11

Total 157

Names of N.C.Os. and men in Office :—

Pte. McGee, W.	President
Cpl. Burrows, C.	Treasurer
Pte. Wynn, E.	Secretary
Lc.-Cpl. Kent, E.	Chairman
Lc.-Sergt. Saville, A.	Vice-President
Pte. Piper, G.	„ Secretary

Medals distributed by the Temperance Lodge :—

Color Sergt. J. Marshall,	5 year Star
Staff Sergt. C. Simons,	M.S.C. Singapore.
Corpl. C. Burrows,	12 Month Medals
Lc.-Sergt. A. Saville	„
Corpl. E. Kent	„
„ A. Carter	„
Drmr. W. Davis	„
Pte. E. Wynn	„
„ G. Piper	„
„ T. Cullen	„
„ H. Darby	„
„ A. Firman	„
„ C. Cobb	„
„ G. Blank	„
„ H. Bush	„
Lc.-Corpl. G. Harlow	„
Private W. Beeslee	„
„ C. Newport	„
„ J. Crouch	„
„ W. McGee	„
„ J. Arthur	„
„ J. Willis	„
„ J. Needham	„

I. O. G.T.
HOPE AND PERSEVERANCE LODGE No. 108.

At an election held on the 4th inst., the following officers were duly elected, and were installed the same evening by Bro. J. Laing, D. G. W. C. T. for the ensuing quarter.

Bro. J. Marshall, W. C. T.
„ W. Hurrell, P. W. C. T.
„ W. H. Gorin, W. S.
„ E. Turner, W. C.
„ H. Blackwell, W. D. M.
„ J. Benabo, W. Sentry.
„ T. Ward, W. V. T.
„ R. Smith, W. F. S.
„ W. Day, W. A. S.
„ T. Franks, W. M.
„ H. Hills W. Gd.
„ J. Laing, W. T.

The following programme has been arranged for September 1887.

1st Sept.—Drill night, Lodge Deputy in the chair.

8th Sept.—Letter Box ; "What I think," Letters to be addressed W. C. T.

15th Sept.—Sing, recite, or pay.

22nd Sept.—Grumbling night, all to grumble, none to take offence.

Digitized by Google

29th Sept.—The Good Templars Obligation, what it says and what it means.

DIXEY.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

By the kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel H. T. Halahan, a Smoking Concert will be held by the above society in the theatre on 5th September, 1887. The programme will consist of Presentation of Temperance Honours by Genl. Sir J. Hudson K.C.B., Songs and Recitations, and one of Christy's Farces entitled "Rumuns from Rome" or "Ajax and Hercules."

Cricket.

A COMPANY *v.* H. COMPANY.

This match was played at Ranikhet on the 19th Aug., 1887, and was won by "A" Company after a very close match by 1 run.

Pte. Sewell,	c Coley	b Pickett...	4	c Wardle b Cumber 4
„ Brewet,	b Wardle	.....	3	c Harding b Brewin 5
„ McCulla,	c Wardle	b Pickett	11	b Cumber..... 0
„ Fisher,	b Pickett	.....	4	c Talbott b Brewin 2
„ Edwards,	b Pickett	.....	9	b Cumber..... 8
„ Howe	b Cumber	.....	8	c Wardle b Cumber 3
„ Leek,	b Pickett	.....	1	c Wardle b Cumber 2
„ Spiller,	b Cumber	.....	5	b Brewin..... 3
„ Hewitson,	not out	.....	1	c & b Brewin 1
„ Dunham,	c & b Cumber	...	0	not out 1
„ Maynard,	d Cumber	.....	15	c Wardle b Cumber 7
	Extas	.....	12	Extras 1
	Total	.....	73	Total 37

H COMPANY.

Q.M S. Cumber,	b Brewer	.....	0	c Leek b McCulla 8
Pte. Adams,	b Edwards	.....	16	c Howe b Brewer 0
„ Wardle,	c & b Brewer	.....	11	c Fisher b Spiller 30
„ Tizzard	b Edwards	.....	1	run out 0
Sgt. Brewin,	c Howe	b Brewer	6	b McCulla 0
Cpl. Pickett,	c Fisher	b Brewer	5	st Sewell b McCulla 0
Pte. Foster	c Brewer	b Edwards	0	run out 5
Lt. Tarte,	b Edwards	.....	5	run out 1
Pte. Coley,	not out	.....	6	st. Sewell b Spiller 8
„ Harding	c Dunham	b Brewer	1	b Spiller 2
Sgt. Talbot,	run out	.....	0	not out 0
	Extras	.....	1	Extras..... 3
	Total	.....	52	Total 57

Varieties.

RELATIONSHIP.—Mr. Brown had two daughters by his first wife, the eldest of whom was married to Mr. Jones, this Jones has a daughter by his first wife, whom Mr. Brown married, and by her had a son, therefore, what relationship could Mrs. Jones claim to the family?

(Answer published in our next).

POEM ON A CONTRACTOR'S DEAD MULE OR NEW FIRE TACTICS.

A story is told of a soldier so bold,
Who approved of the Morriss' practice,
And down to the range straight away he strolled,
To rehearse the new Fire Tactics.

The target being only made from stone,
He resolved on a different rule,
And picked out a target of live skin and bone,
In the shape of an old water mule.

He brought the gun up to his shoulder,
Then took a most steady aim,
And thinking that none could be bolder,
He fired,—and not in vain.

He, no doubt, tried so very hard,
Altho' not quite at his ease,
But the distance was only five yards;
Alas! the cost,—"ek sau" rupees.

Then at the settling day,
Each man looked like a fool,
As every body found he'd to pay
For the poor old water mule.

Each man gave a deep deep sigh,
And wished to heavens the man would die
That shot the mule so very sly,
For which we paid 12 annas 10 pie.

A. Victim.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PROBLEM.

Here doth he strut and stride and frown;
Wear lowly garb, or kingly crown.
Assume a smile; let fall a tear,
Be ought, in fact, from clown to "Lear.

LIGHTS.

In one, two or three and sometimes in four,
I harrow your feelings—often I bore.
At expense of my first, this alas, doth resound,
When at all his efforts, fickle fortune hath frowned.
If you are this, I promise you, you can
Be wilier even, than the Grand Old man.
Thro' halls long ruined now, it has been said,
The tone of music, here its sweetness spread.
To live you must do this a proverb old;
But live you not, to do it: so we're told—
The times have changed since Moses lived, I trow;
He would be this I'm sure, if he lived now.
Perhaps out of you, I may have taken this
But only for the rhyme; I vow it is.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S ACROSTIC.

T OWE R
H A
E DE N
B IB I
U S K
F IS H
F IR E
S MAR T

Correct answers received from "Billy," "Duchy," "Kate' and Nanti"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Depot correspondents.—Thanks. Please address EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898.

A Paper for the Men of The Buffs.

No. 9 Ranikhet, September 30th, 1887. Price 2 Annas.

Domestic Occurrences.

DEATH.

HARDINGE.—At Naini Tal on the 24th August, 1887, No. 1235 Pte. George Hardinge of Cholera.

(It is requested that domestic occurrences may be reported as soon as possible by all who belong to The Buffs, whether subscribers or not).

Notes.

Football has been the amusement of the month and our Non-Commissioned Officers and men have shown us that with a little practice we shall have a first class team at the Rugby game. The Officers of the Regiment were fairly beaten by the men in the first of the two big matches of the month and in the second, (against a teamr stronger than theirs in some respects), the men by dogged perseverance managed to make the match a tie. A return match of Gentlemen of Ranikhet *v.* N. C. O's. and men of The Buffs will have been played by the time this paper is in our readers hands, and with two so closely matched teams we shall not attempt to prophecy which will be the winner. The Ranikhet team will have been training on all the dissipations of the Naini Tal week which are not likely to improve their staying powers. The excellent temper shown by the men in all the matches deserves a word of note.

Military philanthropists are always descanting on the benefits of bringing Officers and men together and if any of those benevolent gentlemen had visited our football field their hearts would have been gladdened within them, for when a brawny Britisher butts his Officer in the pit of the stom—beg pardon, lower portion of his bosom, and the two roll about together in the mud, it would be impossible to bring them any closer together unless one of them were to eat the other. It would be interesting, if it were possible to obtain it, to hear the candid

Digitized by Google

criticism of some of the mild Hindoos who watch the game, on our method of amusing ourselves by tearing each others clothes, hacking each others shins, and rubbing each others noses in the dirt. It must seem very strange to them but curiously enough we thoroughly enjoy it.

The Officers' mess cat has nearly been the cause of a *cause celebre*. The mess Sergeant found his cat in the possession of the sapper Cpl. who watches over the destiny of the Garrison Class. The Sergeant was very certain as to the identity of the animal and the sapper was equally sure that it belonged to him, and him alone. There was no doubt that the mess cat had four white paws and the cat in dispute had three white paws and a doubtful one. The question, what is a white paw? was referred to the Garrison Class, but their united genius failed to solve it, and the Commandant himself was unwilling to give a final decision on this weighty point. Law was the only way out of the difficulty and we foresaw column upon column of report in *The Pioneer* on the celebrated Buff cat case when it was tried in the High Court of Calcutta. But the majesty of the law would have nothing to say to the cat, and so arbitration, that last resource of mighty minds, had to be resorted to, and the Assistant Commissioner and Cantonment Magistrate, (to give the gallant Officer his full title), agreed to take the post of Arbitrator. Each side mustered it's witnesses and on the appointed day the sapper, clothed in his full regimentals and the consciousness of innocence, appeared clasping the cat to his manly bosom, while the mess-Sergeant gazed mournfully at his beloved tabby in another's arms. Fears were entertained that the matter might be settled *à la Solomon* by cutting the kitten in half, but his worship managed to satisfy both sides without resorting to such incisive measures; for the sapper believed that he had won the case and the mess-Sergeant got the cat.

As we thought, it only required a little time for our journalistic geniuses (or genii to be strictly classical) to turn their attention to a description of our Ranikhet life; and this month the paper will be found to teem with descriptions of a day in Ranikhet. Pte. O. Kendal's is we think the best and he is therefore entitled to the prize. Next month we will break into poetry again and give our prize for the best poem, of not more than twenty-four lines, on the Colours of the Regiment. The glorious silken rags which are held together by the embroidered record in tarnished gold of so many hard fought fields should bring inspiration to even the dullest poet!

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

WILD FOWLING ON THE CHINA COAST.

To the Editor of The Dragon

SIR,

My experience of the shooting in this neighbourhood is at present so limited that any attempt on my part to describe a days sport would, I fear, be only ridiculed by the great Shikarries of Ranikhet as the experiences of a "Griffin" or as the Yankees better describe it, the wanderings of a "Tender foot."

But as I have promised our gallant Editor, (notwithstanding his sarcastic remarks in the July number of *The Dragon* on my cricket performances), that I would contribute a letter on shooting, I propose to give an account of one of the many successful trips I made while we were stationed in the China Command. For some unaccountable reason it was the custom to abuse Hong-Kong and say there was absolutely nothing to do there, in fact, I don't suppose anyone said so oftener than I did. But now when I look back upon the four years we were quartered on that island "at once the Malta and Gibraltar of the East," and think of the many successful shooting expeditions I made

Digitized by Google

from it, I of all others was the least justified in abusing the place which afforded me the opportunity of visiting, and in some instances, exploring many and interesting places, including Shanghai up to the Nai-doo country, the island of Haiman twice, Swatow twice, Siberia, Corea and lastly Japan of which we have lately had such graphical accounts from the pen of Capt. Blackburn.

Personally I don't "go" much on Japan, the country is certainly very pretty and the inhabitants positively charming, but after a day or two the traveller gets accustomed to this and to pass the time, pours out his yens in the purchase of a variety of curios, some of which may be good, but the majority of things that were brought back to Hong-Kong appeared to me to be terrible trash. But I am diverging from my shooting story, what I mean to say about Japan is, it is not a sportsman's country, you can't walk about with a "banduk" on your shoulder and loose it off at what and when you like. The Jappers to a great extent, and very rightly too, keep the best of the shooting to themselves. I don't mean to say that Britishers are not allowed to shoot, because they are, and some have had remarkably good sport, but the Japs throw a lot of difficulties in the way which makes it hardly worth the while, especially when you have the coast of China at your disposal just over the other side of the road.

In the month of January 1885 having safely landed the grand old "Quaker" Company through the perils of its Military Training and Musketry to the satisfaction of all concerned, I ventured to slip in an application for three weeks leave with the praiseworthy object of making an expedition to Swatow for wild fowl shooting. The leave was readily granted and the evening of the 6th of January found my gunner friend and myself embarked on board one of Douglas Lapraik's comfortable steamers bound for Swatow, which place is the home of the wild fowl in those parts. Of course we had fully armed and equipped ourselves before starting, and as I had been to the same place before, it was left to me to make all the arrangements for our arrival in Swatow.

Our battery was as follows: my friend had a double barrelled 10-bore and ditto 12-bore, whilst I had a double 12-bore and a very killing weapon in the shape of a double 8-bore, both barrels full choke. We took no dogs, as the country I knew to be unsuitable. In 24 hours, during which time my friend played piquet with the Captain while I stuck like a leech to my cabin, we steamed into Swatow harbour and there, as I had anticipated, found our houseboat the "Maid of Kent" ready, fully stocked and provisioned.

These houseboats are built for shooting trips, and generally in addition to having a comfortable cabin with gun racks, and other conveniences, are good sea boats; and the "Maid of Kent" we found no exception to the rule. In less time than it takes to describe we had said good bye to the good ship "Douglas" and its genial Captain, and were fairly under sail for the home of the wild fowl. Our crew consisted of a lowdak or head boatman and four coolies and with my excellent servant A-tong who had accompanied me on many previous occasions, made us up to a party of 8 all told.

It was towards evening on the 9th when the great embankment at the mouth of the river Han came in view, and it was in the vast mud flats that we eagerly strained our glasses to catch the first glimpse of our quarry. There sure enough along miles of flat mud on the edge of the sea, and still a long distance from our houseboat, were not hundreds, but thousands and thousands of every sort of wild fowl that it ever entered the heart of the delighted wild fowler to conceive. Although late we quickly got our tick-tacks (the name the Chinese have for small, light, flat bottomed punts) and coolies (each tick-tack is manned by two Chinese coolies, some of them thorough sportsmen themselves and well versed in the art of bringing one up within range of the fowl) and mad for blood, we slowly advanced on the enemy. Of course we separated, as by keeping close each gun spoils the others sport; very shortly the heavy boom of the 8-bores was heard followed quickly by the sharp reports of the cripple stoppers, and then, without exaggeration, the sky became positively darkened from the flocks and flocks of every species of wild fowl which for the next ten minutes flew hurriedly from one direction to another mostly circling round and round but too high up in the air to shoot at. Then all settled down again though perhaps as much as a mile away. So our coolies set to work to bring us up again to the flocks—but this time it was no go—the birds quickly detected their enemy and gave us a wide berth, and we didn't even get within 200 yards of them. We soon learnt by experience that after having once disturbed the large flocks the plan was then to follow up the isolated birds which would generally stop until the tick-tack

Digitized by Google

was brought up within gun shot. The shots that we had however were long ones, and if we had not our long range guns with us I don't suppose we should have made the bag we did.

It would be wearisome to describe day after day what is anything but wearisome to perform. We were able to vary our attacks on the wild fowl by some days of moderate snipe shooting; for unfortunately for us the snipe time comes rather before the wild fowl come in, and the birds we had to go for are what the Swatow people call resident snipe, and are consequently considerably wilder, and less plentiful than the migratory snipe; we however gave a fair account of what we saw.

The most difficult of all to approach were the geese, I only saw one variety and that was the common "bean goose" though the Swatow people said there were two or three kinds. They were rarely to be met with singly or in ones and twos, but generally they would settle in large flocks right in the open and for days they defied all our efforts. We bagged twelve during our trip, but this in no way represents the time we spent in trying to circumvent them. They are splendid birds for the table, varying in weight from 7 to 8½lbs each; whether on the open mud or in the fields behind the embankment, there always appeared to be the inevitable sentry; and after crawling on hands and knees for two or three hundred yards, we invariably had the satisfaction of seeing them get up with a mocking cackle and sail away; it was only by getting them on the flight in the early morning and evening that we were able to bring a few to bag. We made a very good account of the duck which included almost every variety, mallards, pintail, shovellers and that handsome bird the sheldrake. Besides fowl the place abounds in shore birds, curlews, dotterels, sandpipers, golden plover, grey plover and red shanks, but with the exception of the plover we never troubled ourselves about them. Fifteen days of this sport did we enjoy when the inevitable time arrived to return to head-quarters.

Our bag amounted to just over three hundred and fifty head of game all told—not very large considering the time taken, but to anyone who has had Swatow shooting and knows the labour and time required, it will not, however, appear a particularly small one. Then we turned our faces sadly and resignedly towards Hong-Kong.

HERMIT

A DAY'S DOINGS.

Sir,

I beg to give you a slight insight into a day's doings of a member of a very useful department in a regiment in this Command, and if you think it worthy of a corner in your valuable and very widely circulated &c. &c. journal why, kindly insert.

On the last notes of Reveille sounding I hear my Bearer whispering "Sahib Panch baje!" "Achchha! ja'o." I roll out and immediately set to work at my toilet, which being completed, swallow my tea and toast and off out to the ration stand where I generally find a prominent member of the Commissariat Department before me, no matter what time I arrive. The usual parade of Orderly Corpls., Men, Cooks and the several Jemadars being over, we start on the rations, which, under very old and experienced hands are soon distributed to the various companies. The next thing (very often) is a complaint from one of the married women (Mrs. Brown) who states that Mrs. Jones called her child some name other than its Christian one, and that she "could not stand by and hear that, as she was a respectable married woman *and had been so for the last ten years.*"

Mrs. Brown (of course) "did not say one word," but Mrs. Jones immediately called her everything." (In the meantime a chaprasi had been despatched for Mrs. Jones, who arrives,) Now for it.

The Bara Quarter-Master.—"Well Mrs. Jones! what have you to say to this report of Mrs. Brown's?"

"I don't know anything at all about what you mean, sir.—This is the first I have heard of it. I never said a word (of course) to a woman in all my life."

Mrs. Brown immediately opens fire.—

"Oh! you nasty great big story teller (or words to that effect). How can you stand there and tell the gentleman that, when you know you called my little boy Freddy "a nasty stinking little pig?" and (crying) "I can't stand that Sir, as I always keep my children clean, and have been a decent *married women for the last ten years* and never in front of an Officer before."

Mrs. Jones retaliates in similiar strains until at last the Bara Sahib, getting rather tired of it, comes out with—"Well now I tell you what it is; if I take this case to the Colonel he will

Digitized by Google

get you both sent back to your Regiment and a report will go against you and very likely your unfortunate husbands will get into trouble over your confounded tongues, so I think you had better go home now and try and live in peace and quietness for the future."

Both ladies, simultaneously.—"Very good, sir, we will try, good morning sir"—"Come along Freddy," and depart in opposite directions looking daggers at each other.

This probably occurs once or twice a week and of course furnishes a certain amount of amusement for outsiders, but it is always the same tale,—"I never said a word."

Next arrive at Orderly Room where, after various little things are got through, such as—"Can I get a tent to-day for the cricket match?" "Yes sir! what time do you want it?" "Oh, about 10!" "Very good sir, it will be all right," or "One of my married women reported she gets too much bone in her meat." "Very good sir! that shall be seen to." Breakfast at 9 a.m. and then for a little more variety entertainment.

No. 1. Chit per a little boy.—"Please oblige with my oil, I quite forget it on the 1st Yours thankfully, Mrs. Webster." I oblige of course. No. 2. Chit from a Colour Sergeant,—"Please mark this cap, I forgot it before, and we are for parade in caps tomorrow." Very good, complied with. No. 3,—"Will you please exchange these boots sir?—I was in hospital when they were issued and these are too small." All right. No. 4, Fruit-wallah,—"Salaam Sahib, mera sab chiz lut kiya." "Kiska Company?" "Tis lumbar Bungla." "Achcha ham ek chaprasi abhi bhej-do." No. 5, Another chit,—"Kindly send a dozen small buttons for my khaki coat." Booked up, and sent of course.

No. 6, Pte. Khowli enters,—"Beg pardon sir, but Mr. So and So wants to know whether you can oblige him with wheel-barrows, sacks, get a hole dug, fill it with water, have the bhisties on the parade ground at 4 p.m. with mussocks full, some blank ammunition, old clothes to manufacture V. C. dummies, a couple of tents, tables, forms, and (in fact a score of other articles too numerous to detail) here to enable the Gymkhana to go on, and Mr. So and So says if he cannot get these things, the whole affair will fall through, and that he will be much obliged and ever pray &c. &c. if you will please do your best to see to all these things." I reply—"What in the name of heavens do you take me for? I was not apprenticed at Whiteley's, neither am I a descendant of a director of the Co-operative Stores, but tell Mr. So and So I will see what I can do." "Here Chaprasi! sab Jemadar and Tindal bhej-do," "Bugler sound Pioneers,"—When all my factotums arrive I give the necessary orders for a few of these things to be carried out, and turn the stores upside down looking for old clothing which, thank goodness, was left at the Ordnance Department Singapore and I hope will remain there.

Well now, surely I have done with these variety chits and can write a couple of letters; but, no, at a quarter to one precisely up come six carts loaded with stores from the Commissariat Department, just arrived from Allahabad, Calcutta, &c. and again Pioneers" go on the double. I have to wait very patiently, probably half an hour for them to arrive, as the dinner bugle has just sounded and it would be rather hard to make minors of them so just give them a little jocular advice. "It takes you a long time Andrews to get through your "mulligatawny" and "don't let it occur again"—and, now off to dinner myself, inwardly exclaiming I will have an hour or two in peace, but no, I am within 20 yards of my door when an inveterate gambler turns up with "Oh! I beg your pardon sir, but as you are a long time in the regiment, would you kindly tell me when Letter "D" Company was the best shooting company before this year, as I have bet a chap half a gallon about it." I reply—"They have not been the best shooting company since I have been in the Buffs and that is nearly 19 years, but still they were always near the top of the roll, and I am very glad to see them best this year as it is my old troop." My questioner smiles and says "Thanks sir, very much, I knew I was right," and departs with pleasant anticipations of the coming half gallon of Mr. Fleming's home (Ranikhet) brewed.

My mid-day meal is often interrupted by some infernal chaprasi with a chit stating that the cricketers (for whom the tents were required) want some 5 or 6 gallons of beer, I of course hurry over my dhall curry, swallow hurriedly some *very fat and tender* Ranikhet beef &c., and then off to issue the beer, which being done, I go up to the Office and find waiting for me an order that No. 14 room, 11 Bungalow is to be vacated *at once*, fumigated and whitewashed, as a case of measles has occurred there three weeks ago and it has just been found out that this quarter has been

Digitized by Google

used by a married man with a family of five, all that time, and that we shall certainly all get measles if these orders are not carried out immediately. I, of course, go to the half moon barracks and give the necessary orders for the family to shift &c. &c. On my road back, have a look at the cricketers who have evidently finished all the beer as their wickets are falling like nine pins. Surely no one will find me down here out of every one's way, but alas! the orderly room peon espies me and—"Salaam Sahib, Chitthi hai." "Oh go to the—— Le ja'o Daftar." "Bund ho-gaya Sahib." (The usual thing while the cats away, the mice &c. the clerks, I afterwards find, have gone off, one to sleep, one to shoot, and the other to bed). So I take the usual pile of letters, sign the despatch book, and with "Achchha ja'o" commence to open them very suspiciously. It does not take me long to request the blessing of some individual of the lower regions, upon your English Educated Office Babu who has got you, as he thinks, upon a good string because you have requisitioned for "Pick Axes" instead of "Axes Pick," and calls the Colonel's very particular attention to para. 1971 of the I. A. R., Vol. XXIII as amended by A/C, clause 225 of 1886, in which it no doubt states that very great inconvenience is caused &c. &c.

The whole of the letters I look casually through, and with a smile stick them in my pocket as "out of sight, out of mind" I intend to be verified in this particular case.

It is now nearly five and I think a trot on the pony will do me good, so go home, and after a brush and clean up so as to appear smart in the eyes of dandy coolies and syces, I mount and away at a nice quiet trot. Near the Post Office I meet a couple of ladies, and wonder why, as I am passing, they have a quiet grin (I'm certain it was a grin). It suddenly dawned upon me that I had not received any lessons in my young days in equestrianism, and no doubt made a most ludicrous figure on a horse, holding on by one hand like grim death, for he had just shied at a Ricksha (without the Chinaman) coming along.

After visiting Rustomjees', I return home without any casualty, and have my tea, which over, I find I have to play in a Billiard handicap, this of course, for want of practice, I lose, and by the time this is over it is opening time for the Buffs' Theatre, but just as I am off, that ubiquitous chaprasi is at my heels again with another note, this time, as follows:—

"My dear——

"I am very sorry indeed to trouble you, but could you lend me 40 Rupees? I want to buy a horse. I will pay you back at 5/- a month, or if I get the money I expect from home next month will pay you then.

"Trusting you will oblige

Your old friend and enlisting chum

J. Johnson."

Now this was too good, human flesh and blood could not stand it, so I very politely acquaint the unfortunate chaprassie with the toe of my boot, at the same time telling him "Jawab Kal."

Our old friends the Choctaw Pond Lily Minstrels were giving a Smoking Concert which was a very good entertainment, particularly the "Blind Beggars." This was very well rendered indeed and I sincerely hope that the same fate will not befall these two performers as befell the first two who put it on the boards in the Buffs' Theatre, Hong Kong.

And now for home and bed. One nip of Glenlivet and sweet sleep, but not without its troubles, for, what with dreaming of chits, khaki clothing, gymkhanas and our expedition to Majkhali next month, I pass a very restless night.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have given you a fair description of one day's work. I don't want to compete for the monthly prize as I am entitled to compensation for my boots this month, and if any of your readers feel grieved, please ask them not to insist upon fire-arms for the meeting, as I have gone off in my shooting lately, and would stand a very poor chance.

I am,

Sir,

Yours obediently

Chota Sahib.

NOTES ON FISHING.

By Colonel Hart, V.C., R.E.

There are only three kinds of fish that require mention:—

Chilwahs, Indian Trout, and Mahseer.

Many of the smaller streams abound with Chilwahs, they are a very small silvery fish and there are many species, they take the fly freely and may afford amusement if the large fish refuse to take. In a stream near Dagshai I once caught 198 in an afternoon and would have

Digitized by Google

caught many more had my flies been smaller, but I have never before nor since known fish to take so freely.

The Indian trout is spotted like a trout and is a very game fish, but is really not a trout at all. It is principally procured where the bottom is sandy or where a small tributary enters the larger stream. Those I have caught are generally about ¾lb, they take the fly or small spoon. I have never deliberately fished for them but catch them occasionly when trying for mahseer. In the rains I am told they take a worm.

Now we come to the great mahseer. If the natives were not such poachers the streams would teem with these beautiful fish. They will take a fly, especially at sunset a white fly, but far more can be caught with small spoons—use the very finest of gut and stalk your pools as you would a stag. Fish in the runs into pools, throw the spoon to the opposite side and allow the stream to carry it down and then draw it up slowly on the near side. Do not draw your spoon too fast. Fish every inch of the run and expect a fish in eddies and behind rocks. You must wade. The Mahseer strikes the bait with great force and impetuosity, and does notrequire the smart striking that is usual with the British trout. If he is a big fish let him go, it would be like trying to stop a steam-engine, but never slacken your line.

You can catch enormous mahseer in the streams near Ranikhet, but the water must be so clear that you can see your boots when wading above the knee. Mahseer big bottom-feeders are supposed not to see well in dirty water whatever the cause you will catch none in discoloured water except with live bait. Put on a chilwah alive and tie a small stone with thread about two feet from the bait so as to anchor it, by this method, as a rule, you only catch very large fish so be on the look out and do not lose a valuable line, winch, and English rod into the bargain as I did last year through taking refuge from a heavy thunder storm a few yards from my rod. Even when the water is like pea-soup you will catch fish with live bait and when it is useless to try a spoon or fly.

It is not safe to sleep in the valleys during the rains, and if you try it, soon after the rains you will certainly catch something else besides fish, namely a bad malarial fever. If you fish in October, sleep as high up as you can, and be provided with quinine. Bear in mind that the direct action of the sun is not so much to be feared as chills.

Mahseer will not take in the mountain streams during the winter but they will in the plains. The best months at Ranikhet are March, April, May and June.

Mahseer, like all fish are uncertain, sometimes everything seems favourable but they will not move, perhaps they know that rain threatens in the upper hills and food of a particular kind is coming down.

I have had excellent sport but it is expensive, —the tackle of the Indian makers is ruinous, soldiers might, with advantage, send home for what they require, and make up the spoons cheaply in the workshops, a handy man might make it worth his while to undersell the Indian dealers

A very long line is necessary for the large mahseer, 100 yards or more.

Mahseer can be caught with gram, dough and other bait but I have never cared to try these methods and so must refer you to the natives who know them well. By whatever means you hook him a big mahseer will give you good play.

I have caught many with the artificial minnow but the dead bait spinning is far better if you have the patience.

If you want a startling surprise put your hand well down a mahseer's throat just to feel what his throat teeth are like, he has no teeth in his mouth.

The man who is a good fisherman in England must not be too proud to study the eccentricities of the mahseer or he will find himself only a bad fisherman in India. I recommend the sporting men to club together and buy "The Rod in India" by Thomas. It is an expensive book but by studying it you will learn more in a week than you will pick up in years.

Station News.

The following is a general idea of the manœuvres proposed to be held under Bridr.-Gen. Sir John Hudson, K.C.B., Commanding Rohilcund District. It is proposed that a force of between 600 and 700 men from Ranikhet composed of The Buffs, Scottish Rifles, and possibly a detachment from the Standing Camp, shall march from Ranikhet about the 10th Oct. taking simply water-proof sheets, blankets, kitchen utensils and entrenching tools. This force will probably find its advance beyond Majkhali (about 8 miles from barracks) by a hostile force coming from Almora composed of the 3rd Gurkas, and it is expected that the

Digitized by Google

Ranikhet field force will bivouac the first night near Majkhali. The next three or four days there will be a series of manœuvres between the two forces which owing to the hilly nature of the country it is hoped will give the troops a good idea of what real warfare amongst the Indian frontier hills is like. It is expected that the troops will return to Ranikhet on the sixth day.

A Quadrille party was given by the Sergeants of the Standing Camp on the 23rd inst. It was held in one of the new huts which answered admirably. It was very well attended by outsiders except The Buffs who no doubt went to the dramatic entertainment instead. Dancing was kept up until 4 a.m A good supper was provided by The Buffs Coffee Wallah. The whole arrangement was well carried out and reflects great credit on the committee.

SMOKING CONCERT.

The members of the Pond Lilly Minstrels emerged again from the cold shade of private life into the glare of the footlights on the 19th of the month. As our dramatic critic was busy, during the greater portion of the performance, in manufacturing for himself a false nose (which came off half way through the performance of The Blind Beggars) and in rubbing mud on an ancient and one-tailed dress coat, he did not hear very much of the performance, but the roars that came from the front showed that Pte. Haley's song was thoroughly appreciated and on the other hand, the dead silence with which the audience listened to Pte. Taylor's recitation of "Eugene Aram" showed how thoroughly interested they were. Sergt. Short, deserting shirt-sleeves and scene shifting, for the stage and dress clothes, sang a much appreciated song, and a step dance and bones duet were good.

"The Blind Beggars" an operetta supposed to be written by Farnie and Offenbach was the concluding item, but as sung and acted by Lieut. Lloyd and our Dramatic critic, either of those gentlemen would have had much difficulty in recognising their handy work. Our D.C. (not D.T. Mr. Printer) had only had a half an hour to learn his words, so, with the fertility of genius, (nothing like modesty) he substituted a libretto out of his own head. Any way, Offenbach and Farnie or not, the audience was mightily amused. Mr. Birkhead—though he blushed deeply when compared, by the elder of the ruffians, to Handel—retained sufficient presence of mind to follow the eccentric phrasing (good word that) of the vocalists. People who had listened to La blache, Tamburini, Mario and Sims Reeves do say that they had heard better singing, but then some people are so absurdly critical. Pitz, a dasch-hund, made his first appearance upon any stage, but, being taken with stage fright retired under a chair and refused to fight the toy dog of the other beggar, or to take any further interest in the proceedings.

THEATRICALS &c.

On the 3rd of the month an entertainment was given at The Buff's Theatre, the profits of which were to be devoted to Lady Roberts' homes for nursing sisters. There was not as full a house as we have been accustomed to see and Lady Roberts is not likely to be able to build any very stately home out of the contributions of the Ranikhet Theatre, but the seats that were filled, were filled by an audience in the best of tempers who apparently enjoyed themselves immensely.

The first part consisted of a concert in which, after an overture by the band, Capt. Richardson sang "Maid of Athens;" Mrs Bayard "In my Garden;" Brigadier-Gen Sir J. Hudson, K.C.B., "The Scout;" Miss Hudson, "Eileen Alannah" and as an encore "Cherry Ripe;" The Rev A. Stone, "She Wore a Wreath of Roses;" and Mr. Lloyd disguised in a bright scarlet wig and chess board-pattern trousers chanted those classical ditties "Nobody knows" and "The Tipperary Christening." Each song was deservedly encored, and all the ladies had bouquets thrown to them. This brought the first part to an end.

The curtain rose again, taking some of the mantle-piece decorations up with it, on the Comedietta "Cut off with a Shilling" wherein Mr. Tarte appeared as the young and beautiful *jeune-premier* who is cut off with the humble "robert" and spoke out his words manfully. When he is a little more used to the stage he will be a decided acquisition. Miss McNeill who made her first appearance upon our classic boards, played Kitty Gaythorne, the young wife who is the cause of all the misunderstanding, but who, in the course of the piece, appeases the wrath of the irascible old uncle and brings everything to a happy conclusion. Miss McNeill spoke with commendable distinctness, had carefully thought out her bye-play and was quite at

Digitized by Google

home on the stage. She did full justice to the character. Major Newnham-Davis was the irascible old uncle with a grievance and the gout.

A small parrot the presiding spirit of the theatre, made its appearance on the scene, its last one, for it has since been stolen, and, in the middle of the piece, an apparition as of a scene shifter crawled across the main street of Weston-super-mare on his hands and knees.

The Comedietta went brightly throughout and the curtain had to be raised a second time in response to a very unanimous call.

On Friday the 23rd "The Lancers," a comedy in three acts, written by a Frenchman, translated into very doubtful English by an M.P., and adapted to the Ranikhet stage and made to coincide, as closely as may be, with the realities of soldier life by local amateur authors. We gave, last month, a sketch of the plot which runs on the well worn lines of love and jealously, with, in the third act a *volte-face* on the part of the Colonel who instead (as the odds are, in real life he would have done) of trying one of his men, who had grossly insulted him, by courtmartial, suddenly turns round and presents him with his discharge free, gratis, and for nothing.

We have no fault of any kind to find with the representations of the play. All the parts were well filled; some of them exceptionly so. Miss McNeill played the heroine and was excellent in the light comedy scenes of the first and second acts; her appearance, manner and voice were all that the most critical could wish, and she was thoroughly at home on the stage. In the third act, without reaching the high strung pitch of passion with which Mrs. Kendal used to electrify the house in "The Queen's Shilling" Miss McNeill yet managed to gain the sympathy of the audience for her sacrifice, when, to save the man she loves from going to prison, she offers her hand to a man she cares nothing for. Miss McNeill is entitled to high praise for the playing of the part, which is a very difficult one.

Mrs. Fletcher played "Mrs. Major Ironsides" and revelled in the humour of the part. She had caught exactly the right idea of the character and carried it through most consistently. It was a very clever performance. Mrs. Archdale as "Phœbe" was very bright, pretty, and picquante. She thoroughly looked the neat handed, tastefully dressed hostess whom we admire on the stage (but never see, alas! in real life) and she played her scenes with Tom Smith very prettily. Miss Pemberton had very little to do, except to look pretty, but what little there was in her part she did very gracefully. Mrs. Grant kindly appeared as a guest, and the Misses Good played nicely the comely village maidens who had to cross and re-cross the stage.

Of the men; Capt. Archdale played the leading part "Dick Larkspur" with that easy manner we expect from him, and in the strong situations showed all the requisite force and earnestness. The part, which had great temptations to over acting, was, with him, in thoroughly safe and reliable hands.

Capt. Richardson gave us an excellent portrait of the old fashioned N.C.O. with a gruff voice and a very nice taste in the matter of beer. He made a good character sketch of the part.

Mr. Lloyd made "The Trumpeter" a very amusing, if somewhat loutish character. He was continually being called lout, booby or blockhead, and he scratched his head and received these complements with a gravity which always brought a roar from the audience.

Mr. Butler played the thankless part of "Claude Leslie" looking very much like the Poet Laureate in his younger days with a dash of Ben. Disræli, and spoke his words clearly. It is a bad part, but Mr. Butler did all that he could in it.

Mr. Tarte looked very sweet (as of course a tart should be) in the part of the magnificent "James."

Ptes. Bell and Allcock played the two Lancers admirably. They had thought out their bye-play and without obtruding on the principals, turned their parts into little character sketches.

Major Newnham-Davis played the part of "Lieut.-Colonel Ravelin."

The scenery was much admired. The properties were all in keeping, and the scene shifting in the practised hands of Sergts. Short and Clifton was as quick and as noiseless as it could possibly be.

A DAY IN RANIKHET.

AWARDED PRIZE.

"The trumpets clarion note proclaims the morn." With the last strains of reveillé ringing in my ear I spring from bed refreshed by a night of unbroken repose and with soldierlike

Digitized by Google

alacrity perform a simple toilet. Six o'clock!!! Now to down the snowy belt, the glittering bayonet and its glossy sheath, and rifle in hand saunter towards the square for our inevitable matutinal parade. Swiftly speeds the hour on its wings of wind ; "dismiss," that ever welcome dictum has gone forth, and we bronzed warriors all abandon the ground to the envy no doubt of yon squad of callow recruits performing a series of picturesque contortions not inaptly termed "monkey motions."

At eight or thereabouts breakfast appears on the scene. Hardy steak and milkless tea discussed with lusty appetite evaporate in a twinkling. What to do with myself this morning is a question not easily settled, a stroll through the Bazaar finally commends itself as a satisfactory mode of passing the time, accordingly in company with a friend I proceed towards the busy haunts of men. Already is business in full swing. Even now the sweetstuff vendor displays a varied assortment of confections dear to the palate oriental and the wily merchant marks his legitimate victims as we approach his spacious establishment, politely greeting us with a "good morning Sahib, what for you to day?" and invites an inspection of his real "Europe goods." A silken (?) handkerchief of ambitious design and gaudy hue attracting my comrade's eye, the following brisk dialogue ensues: "khitna pice?" "two rupee" placidly rejoins the shopman, "what, for that?" Throwing the article down feigns a retreat "come back, come back Sahib, what you give?" "eight annas and no more" is the prompt reply "Ah Sahib you hard, you very hard, take it, give it pice." Thus is the bargain effected, hardly our way of business at home, "they do these things better in England."

Having at length exhausted the various attractions of the Bazaar, we repair homewards. Lo! the "cook-house door" resounds and our own particular 'Bawarchi' and his motly collection of stews, curries, duffs and other preparations caters with more or less success to the numerous requirements of a hungry though occasionally critical squad.

Siesta—happy institution, succeeds the midday meal. Reclining comfortably on my couch, book in hand, pipe in mouth, I lazily peruse a page or two till a delicious languor gains ascendency over my senses and casting away the volume "I woo the drowsy god."

At three rise and prepare for the evenings' drill. An hour later the bugle heralds the advent of tea, a small section of my daily dole of the "necessary" washed down by a pint of Bohea constitutes a light wholesome repast. From four to five our columns occupy the drill square, then the remainder of the evening lies at the soldiers disposal.

Come friend, join we yon numerous train of kindred spirits, and pot in hand repair we to the abodes of merriment and revelry—the Canteen. Methinks I discern from afar, lounging on the threshold, the familiar form of "Moucher" of The Buffs, worse luck he has caught sight of me and approaches with various greetings proffering his half consumed cigar. This latter act of munificence on the part of "M." fills me with suspicion. "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." Aha, I thought as much he just wants two pice to make a pot. Rapidly draining my regulation pint (no more) I enter that adjacent erection "the Library," finding as usual every paper of importance in the hands of eager readers, waiting patiently, secure *The Irish Times* and retire disgusted.

Home at 8, furbish up for to-morrows parade, a slender meal termed supper, the fragrant weed, and finally to bed—pleasant conclusion to yet another of our happy though uneventful days at our comfortable little Indian Station—Ranikhet.

Pte. O. Kendal,
The Buffs.

A DAY IN RANIKHET.

It was on a Monday morning when lying in bed half-awake, I heard the drolling notes of the Bugle sounding Reveille and exclaimed 'Well bed, the best of friends must part," the Bugler finishing up with a long wail, which struck me as sounding much like the wailings of a dog from the effects of a German Band. Having dressed and got half way to parade my domicile being at what is better known as "Mutiny point," to my chagrin I found I had forgotten my gloves. What was I to do? A brilliant idea flashed across my mind. Seeing Jones just in front of me with his gloves under his shoulder strap, I at once had him set. On coming up with him I directed his attention to a mere nothing in an opposite direction to me when I succeeded in securing his gloves, he not discovering his loss till it was time to form up for inspection. How he fared there I did not take the trouble to enquire but on parade being dismissed I slowly wended my way back with Jones and dropping his gloves in an out of the way place down the khud and without his detection, I sang out "Jones there's your gloves" Sure enough they were, and he was so elated on me having *found* them, that although wondering how he could have dropped them there, he gave me credit on, (to use his own expression, "having my eyes about me," and afterwards rewarding me by asking "What was I going to have to drink." I gloried in my success but could not help inwardly exclaiming "poor fellow." After breakfast which

Digitized by Google

didn't go down at all bad, I betook myself to my quarters and pored over those ever welcome new Musketry Regulations, over which I fell asleep till the inspiring notes of the Dinner Bugle sounded in my ready ear. Dinner over, me and Jones agreed for a trip to Chaubuttia, so securing a couple of Tats we made off as I thought in fine style but on going by the Station Hospital I was thrown clean on my head. A dizziness came over me as a Drummer Boy coming at full gallop shouted to Jones "Kiss him for his mother" very consoling certainly, but having recovered myself and mounted once more, we reached our destination without any further accident. After spending a jovial afternoon with our friendly neighbours we prepared for home, but lo and behold! our coolies had mizzled with the Tats thereby causing us to do the journey back on foot. Arriving back about 8 p.m, six of us adjourned to a game of cards where of course, me again, I was let in for half a dozen rounds, but this is not all. Giving up cards for a game of Billiards, (it would have done anyone's sight good to have seen my attitude, Poole, was no where). I made a ripping stroke at an easy cannon, very ripping certainly for having missed it I was struck by the Marker shouting out: "Five rupees please, table ripped over two inches in length and pay for glass broke by knocking it down with butt end of cue." After a great deal of laughter at my expense I squared accounts and trudged home to bed hearing no familiar tinkle in my pockets and vowing I would never handle a cue again.

"Brandy Sauce."

AN ACTING BANDSMAN'S BRIEF ACCOUNT OF A DAY AT RANIKHET.

SATURDAY.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

Will you kindly allow me to enter your competition under the heading of A Day in Ranikhet.

Somewhere about five o'clock I was awoke by the sounding of the Reveille, and after opening the doorways of our virtuous domicile to admit a small quantity of fresh air I commence to make up my bed, while undergoing this performance in comes the "nappy" for his morning rounds, and with a short stiff brush he daubs my chin and cheeks with soap lather for about the small space of time of 3 minutes, then with an old piece of iron, or steel, supposed to be a razor, he commences to scrape my face, this is what he might call shaving, but for want of a better name I should call it scraping a man's face to give it a polished appearance, after this performance is over I finish making up my bed, and now for a wash to open my eyes, after this refreshing operation I go back to my room, But alas! what is awaiting me, why just to get ready for Kit Inspection now for a hunt down deep into my box for the smaller articles of Kit where they may have been stowed. After cleaning and laying out the Kit I now wait for my breakfast, and after running into the messroom several times, and every time giving the cook a shout just by way of letting him know that we are getting impatient. At length breakfast heaves in sight, and I sit down to the sumptuous repast of a small "beef steak" with a piece of "roti" together with a pint of tea. After this longed for feed is over, I repair to my room again when the stentorian voice of the O. S for the week, shouts out hurry up there for Doctor's Inspection. Now for a walk, up and down khuds to the small square where we wait about fifteen to twenty minutes, at length the inspecting officer arrives, and now a long series of inspecting soldiers hands and faces commences

Band—Right Turn—Dismiss.

Now for a walk back again, next comes singing practice, and after going through the necessary parts of the service for the morrow the order is given to fall out for a few minutes, now for a whiff of the pipe, and a short rest, next comes march practice. This finishes the duty for the day.

Now for "khana."

Afterwards for a short time our attention is required to the pipe claying of our belts and Buff-facing collars and now I march off to see some sport, some good cricket and a grand foot-ball match, why it is new for me to be a spectator, as it is generally my place trying to deafen "Tommy's" ear with that lovely noise called "music," but this afternoon I'm going to look on. After enjoying myself for some considerable time I again trudge up the mountain side for some tea as there is a concerton to-night. This ends the day which I have briefly described.

Acting Bandsman.

Tommy Atkins.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST].

I now come to Tommy's best trait as a soldier—his respect and liking for and his confidence in his officer. In the field he will follow him anywhere and do anything he tells him; in quarters he will take the greatest delight and pride in his sporting process—Tommy dearly loves a bit of sport in his officer—and will trudge many a mile to see him ride a steeplechase or play a cricket match, and cheer till he is blue in the face over a victory in either field. Nothing struck the foreign military critics at our Autumn Manœuvres so much as the admirable relations between the men and officers of our army; they are splendid. This feeling is the true foundation of British discipline, and therefore in a great measure of British success. It is the opinion of many experienced officers that the short-service system will strike at the root of this excellent spirit. Under the old long-service plan the lot of man and officer was cast together in many strange scenes and countries, and a mutual feeling of esteem, together with reciprocal knowledge of character useful to both commander and commanded, sprung up between them. But in the short service, just as a man begins to know his officer and to appreciate and understand their relative positions, he leaves. It is not irksome to render implicit obedience to one you know and respect; but it is to one you do not respect simply because you do not know him. In the former case discipline will never break down, in the latter it totters and may collapse under the first severe test.

Tommy Atkins, however, not army organisation, is my theme. You will perhaps think that I regard him through a pair of rose-colored spectacles, and I want you to do the same. Not at all. Of course I know that Tommy is at times a thirsty soul and even a drunken black-guard. I know too that he will on occasion take off his belt and amuse himself with hammering the heads of peaceable citizens, with the buckle. But are there not black sheep in every fold? Are there not scoundrels amongst clergymen, lawyers, doctors, and in every rank of life?—scoundrels too with more education to keep them straight, and less tempta-

Digitized by Google

tion to send them wrong than the poor soldier has. The instances of depravity which the above professions occasionally furnish do not in the least damage their deservedly high corporate characters, for are there not even fallen angels? But it is different with the soldier; he is condemned for the few. It is the opinion of a large number of Tommy's countrymen that, though a plucky fellow, he is but a drunken worthless member of society. I know an old lady who has only to see a red coat to be ready to make an affidavit on the spot that the man inside is reeling. It is not wilful purjury on her part, it is monomania, and a monomania which in milder forms possesses many people. A much fiercer light beats on Tommy Atkins reeling back to barracks in bright scarlet than, on the labourer rolling home in sombre garb, and Tommy gets the full benefit of the glare and blaze.

But you should make allowances for him:—
'The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay
In hour and day of danger.'

I fear that Burns has written this last injunction in vain. The only time you do remember that the soldier is his country's stay in hour of danger is when that hour is nigh or still fresh in your minds, and then you recollect it fast enough. You will pat him on the back certainly, and give him a right hearty welcome, when he 'comes marching home after a victorious campaign; but when war's alarms are over, and when his deeds have ceased to be a nine day's wonder, the 'brave poor sodger,' I say, is 'despised,' and I say it advisedly. I recollect a color-sergeant coming to my room with his bronzed face—he had but recently returned from a ten years' tour of service in the East—all aflush with indignation. He told me his story; it was this: He had been up in town 'on pass' for the day with the young wife he had just married and some of her people. They enjoyed themselves very well, walking about looking at the shop-windows and noticing all the London life and bustle, until they arrived at one of the leading West-end thoroughfares, when his wife remembered that she had a cousin an attendant damsel at one of the stalls in a fancy bazaar close by, where a band played and people lounged about. Just the very thing: in high spirits they were about to enter. His wife and her relations—father and brother, I think—were allowed to pass; but as the color-sergeant stepped within the portals, the janitor in green-and-gold placed a debarring arm across his path. 'Soldiers in uniform not admitted here,' was the inexorable order. The party turned away. The passing mechanic, if he were decently dressed the meanest shop-boy, the most pimple-faced, stunted, unwholesome-looking grub of a grocers assistant, were all at liberty to enter, but the bronzed soldier, standing stalwart and erect in the uniform of the British army, and wearing on his arms the crossed colors of his country, the badge of one of the highest positions of trust in the non-commissioned ranks, was ignominiously turned away as if he had been a felon. This too before his young bride! before her relations! It was piling Ossa upon Pelion. It must have been rather a bitter moment that, I should think. The day's jaunt had been looked forward to, I'll be bound, with great pleasure, but I believe the little party was not a very jolly one after this. 'And now, sir' concluded the color-sergeant, his face more than ever aglow after the recital of of his wrongs, 'my object in coming to you with this story is to ask you to write a letter about it to the *Times*. I feel I ought to take some notice of it.'

Of course I wrote a letter; but it was a bad letter, I fear, full of tautology and repitition, for the color-sergeant's flushed face was looking over my shoulder while I wrote, and I went on my subject with rather an indignant and slap-dash pen. He would have written a much better one himself probably, but the incident of the day had taken all self-confidence out of him. The *Times* kindly inserted the letter the following morning, for which the color-sergeant was very grateful; and I afterwards found out that the proprietors of managing committee of the bazaar in question rescinded the obnoxious order. When this is the treatment the uniform meets with, you will not be surprised to learn that sergeants on leave in London for a day or two often prefer wearing seedy plain clothes, and running the risk of getting into trouble for doing so, to appearing in their uniforms. As shabby civilians they command more respect and consideration than as smart soldiers. I could give instances *ad infinitum* of how Tommy is slighted by his countrymen when there is no immediate prospect of his services being required; but I fear I have already occupied more space than you will probably think the subject is worth. In conclusion, I hope that the further knowledge of Tommy Atkins, which is a perusal of this paper will afford the reader, will lead to the conclusion that he improves on acquaintance, and is not such a 'worthless drunken fellow' after all.

Concluded.

Depot News.

Capt. Smith has been selected to succeed Major A. E. Ommanney as Adjutant 1st Volunteer Battalion The Buffs from 1st November next.

Capt. Bunbury has been posted to the 2nd Battn. on promotion.

Lieut. Buttanshaw 2nd Battn., has been ordered to join Depot for duty vice Captain Bunbury relieved on promotion.

Ten recruits were sent from Depot to 2nd Battn. at Dover on the 18th August.

The wives of Dr. Stevens, Ptes. Featherstone and Cochrane were to leave for India in the Crocodile aboutthe 6th inst.

Regimental Items.

A Billiard tournament was played this month by several of the members of the Sergt's. Mess for a very handsome cue presented by Mr. Parselle of the Military Works Department. No less than forty entered. Some very good play was exhibited and very interesting evenings were passed watching the players. It was finally won by Orderly Room Sergt. Butler who beat Sergt. Laing after an exciting contest.

Digitized by Google

Capt. A. F. Campbell Johnston has been posted to the 1st. Battn. on promotion.

Sergt. R. Montgomery appointed Assistant Instructor in Signalling 21st April, 1887.

No. 282, Lce.-Sergt. G, Watkins changed his name to Joseph Samuel Underhill.

No. 1855, Pte. Thos, Bell changed his name to John Jefferson Brown.

Lieut. Booth has passed in subjects C. & D. and Lieuts. Annesley and Hunter in subjects A. and B. for promotion to Captain.

To be Lce.-Corporals 20th Sept. 1887 :

860. Pte. J. A. Price.
1214. ,, E. Gouge.
1920, ,, C. Crumby.
2122, ,, S. W. Johnson.

G.C. pay has been granted as follows :—

Pte.	J. Saunders	at 1 Penny	2-9-87.
,,	E. Humphries	,,	25-8-87.
,,	T. Arthur	,,	11-9-87.
,,	D. Lalley	,,	14-9-87.
,,	W. Hannam	,,	12-9-87.
Dr.	W. Harrison	at 2 Pence	7-9-87.

In our critique on the Dramatic Clubs' performance of "Waiting for the Verdict" we mentioned Sergt. Lishman as being one of the energetic but silent scene shifters : it should have been Sergt. Clifton. Sergt. Lishman has done good work for the theatre in looking after the accounts &c., but Sergt. Clifton and Sergt. Short have spent all their time, when not on parade, at the theatre painting and carpentering.

The signalling awards for 1885 (10s. each) were gained by the undermentioned signallers :

Sergt. Watts.
Lce.-Sergt. Brand.
Corpl. Cork.
Pte. Walker.
,, Lipscombe.
,, Tucker.
,, Latimer.
,, Greenwood.
,, Wilson,
Lce.-Corpl. Reynolds.
,, Tomlin.

Sporting Notes.

Some of our gallant Shikarees (this time of G Company) have been bagging large game again this month, but in a slightly different form to the celebrated mule which was eulogized in our last ; this time it was a pet bear the property of one of the Standing Camp. The unfortunate cub being accustomed to gambol and frolic with its owner and his comrades and seeing two gallant "Buffs" within a couple of hundred yards of the Camp, approached them, no doubt with a playful intent, but alas ! poor bruins' fate was sealed. A couple of charges of No. 6 shot turned it over and upon picking it up life was found to be extinct and its *leather collar* severely damaged. The usual reward will not be claimed we hope in this case.

Fine weather favoured the sports held at Chaubuttia (Scottish Rifles) and at the Standing Camp this month. The whole of the beauty and fashion turned out, and the parade put one in mind of a race meeting at home. The events were very keenly contested and below we give the prize winners of the Battalion :—

Scottish Rifles' Sports.

Hurdle race, Pte. Nash first.
Quarter mile ,, Gardner third.
One mile Lce.-Sergt. Underhill third.

Standing Camp Sports.

Putting the 24lb shot Pte. Revell first.
Quarter mile flat-race ,, Gardner third.
Throwing the hammer ,, Revell first.

A match under the following conditions came off on the 17th inst., between Pte. Revell The Buffs and Pte. Campbell Seaforth Highlanders :

1. Putting the shot, 10ft. run, no follow.
2. ,, ,, with follow, no run.
3, ,, ,, unlimited run & follow.

Weight of shot 18lb.
Stakes 50 rupees a-side.
Three tries only allowed.

The first event was won by Campbell, distance 33ft. 7in., Revell being 6 inches behind.

The second event won by Revell, distance 38ft. 4ins., Campbell a foot behind.

The third was won by Campbell, distance 43ft. 2ins., Revell a foot behind.

The ground was very bad it having been raining hard all day, but the Scotchman came

Digitized by Google

prepared with a pair of spiked shoes which certainly were an advantage over ammunition boots as worn by Pte. Revell. However, Revell must not be discouraged at his defeat but bear in mind the old adage of "trying again."

Another challenge has been sent by Revell for 150 rtpees a-side, but up to date has not been accepted.

Musketry.

"F" Company have finished the first part of their annual course with the following result:—

Range Averages 114·82
Field Practices 67·50

Classification:

Marksmen	9
1st class	16
2nd ,,	53
3rd ,,	31

AVERAGES OF COMPANIES UP TO DATE.

	Range Average.	Field Practice.	Total.
A	116·90	56·85	173·75
B	114·27	66·63	180·90
C	118·36	60·91	179·27
D	124·94	68·50	193·44
F	114·82	67·50	182·32
H	98.01	46·33	144·34

The following are the prize winners in the Monthly Rifle Competition for September 1887:—

200 YARDS.

Coy.	Name.	Score.	Prize.
E	C.-Sgt. Gardner	47	Rs. 10
H	Pte. Groombridge	43	,, 5
	Lc.-Cpl. Penn (K.R.R.C.)	43	,, 5
A	,, Kent	42	,, 3
A	Pte. Hooker	41	,, 3
D	Sergt. Greenland	41	,, 3
E	Pte. Smith, A.	41	,, 3
E	,, Ballard	41	,, 3
H	,, Smith, E.	41	,, 3

500 YARDS.

C	Pte. Marshall	42	,, 7
A	,, Charlton	39	,, 5
	Lc-Cpl. Penn (K.R.R.C.)	39	,, 3
D	Pte. Wynne	38	,, 3
F	Lc.-Corpl. Hodgins	37	,, 3

600 YARDS.

F	Cr.-Sgt. Andrews	37	,, 5
A	Sergt. Evans	36	,, 3
G	,, Laing	35	,, 3
A	Corpl. Locke	35	,, 3

Coy.	AGGREGATE.	Score	Prize
A	Sergt. Evans	112	Rs. 22
D	Pte. Wynne	111	,, 10
A	,, McGee	101	,, 6
D	,, Bell	101	,, 6

Temperance.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

On the 5th inst., a smoking concert was given by members of the above society in the presence of Gen. Sir J. Hudson, K.C.B., Col. Halahan and the Rev. A. Stone.

About 8 p.m, the Hall was crowded, the first announcement being greeted with loud applause from more than two hundred temperance men, who were so eager to enjoy a sociable evening.

A programme consisting of songs, recitations and two sketches was laid before the audience. Gen. Sir J. Hudson, K.C.B. performed his part of the programme by presenting the following honours:—

Sergt. S. Smith, 17th Lancers, 5 years medal. Col.-Sergt. Marshall, Lce.-Sergts. Laing and Underhill, Lce.-Corpl. Hurrell, Ptes. Stanton, Brooks, Cooper, Borland, Golds, Gorin and Blackwell illumiuated Cards of Honour, concluding with an address on temperance and such other advice which he thought would be becoming for every soldier of Her Majesty's Service to adopt.

The curtain fell at 11.45 p.m. after a very pleasant evening, to the strains of our much beloved "National Anthem"

I. O. G. T.

HOPE AND PERSEVERANCE LODGE No. 108.

The following programme has been arranged for October.

6th.—Open Session. Temperance League to be invited.

13th.—Speeches from speechless members.

20th.—Lodge officered by last joined member W. V. T. in chair.

27th.—Formation of New Cabinet.

November 3rd.—Dissolution of Parliament. Redistribution of seats.

Digitized by Google

At the Grand Lodge Session held at Lucknow this month, great praise was bestowed upon the above Lodge, it having once again proved itself to be the strongest working Lodge in India

The American and Indian Orders have at least united, and great things may be expected.

—o—

Football.

On Monday the 12th, the Non-commissioned officers and men of The Buffs put a fifteen in the field at Rugby football against a team of the gentlemen of Ranikhet and again showed what excellent material for a really first class team there is to be found in our ranks. The gentlemen on this occasion were stronger behind the skrimmage than when the officers played the former match and for the first half hour the ball was nearly the whole time in the mens' 25, 2 goals were got very easily. After half time matters changed the forwards on the Ranikhet side had had almost enough while the men were as fresh as ever—it was a case of a pound of bread and a pound of meat against soup, fish, entrees, joint, second course, and sweets, and the pound of bread and meat proved to be the best to train on—and though in the skrimmage there was no appreciable difference the men's back began to make incursions into the Ranikhet territory getting one goal by a drop cleverly kicked by Pte. Sewell and another, just as darkness came on and the game was stopped, from a touch down, thus making the game a tie.

Up to the time of writing, this has been the most closely contested and altogether the best game played on our ground and the return match which will have been decided before this paper is in the hands of our readers should be most interesting.

The sides were as follows:—

N.-C. OFFICERS & MEN THE BUFFS *v.* OFFICERS THE STATION.

Full Back.
1 Mr. Powell, C.E.

Three Quarters.
2. Mr. Greenway, The Kings.
3, Mr. D'Aeth, The Buffs.
4. Mr. Woodyatt, 1/3 Gurkhas.

Half Backs.
5. Mr. Eales, The Buffs.
6. Mr. Stuart „

Forwards.
7. Mr. Annesley. 8. Mr. Hunter.
9. Major Davis. 10. Capt. Allen.
11. Mr, Eustace. 12. Capt. Ringwood.
13. Mr. Bell. 14. Mr. Tarte.
15. Mr. Lloyd.

Full Back.
Corpl. Godfrey.

Three Quarters.
Pte. Hilderbrand, Corporal Davis and Pte. Gallagher.

Half Backs.
Ptes. Brown and Sewell.

Forwards.
Corpls. Peach, Behrens, Ptes. Williams, Adams, Taylor, Straw, Davis, Vickers, and Reece.

Cricket.

A COMPANY *v.* D. COMPANY.

This the first tie for the Shield was won easily by A Company by 94 runs. For the winners Sewell made altogether 100 runs in very good style, while Leek played a very hard hit innings of 34 in the 2nd innings. Brewer's bowling, and catches by Corner at cover deserve mention. D Company worked hard and were well captained by Corpl. Davis who played very well for 39 in his second innings, and was seconded by Pennells, Piper and F. Hills in their different departments. The fielding on both sides was very good.

Digitized by Google

"A" COMPANY.

	1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Pte.	Fisher, b Davis	4	c Hills b Davis	9
,,	Maynard, b Manville	1	b Piper	0
,,	Edwards, c Piper b Davis	14	c Hills b Davis	1
,,	Sewell, run out	38	b Manville	62
,,	Brewer, b Piper	3	b Piper	6
,,	McCalla, l.b.w. b Pennells	19	b Manville	4
,,	Leek, b Pennell	0	st. Hills b Pennells	34
,,	Spiller, b Pennells	0	do. do.	0
,,	Corner, c Pennells b Piper	0	not out	0
,,	Ransley, ht. wkt. b Piper	0	b Pennells	1
,,	Hewitson, not out	1	b Piper	21
	Extras	5	Extras	9
	Total	85	Total	147

"D" COMPANY.

	1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Lc.-Cpl.	Davis, b Edwards	3	c & b Brewer	39
,,	Price, b Brewer	4	b Brewer	7
Pte.	Piper, ht. wkt. b Brewer	4	c Corner b Brewer	10
,,	Goodings, b Brewer	0	b McCalla	11
,,	Pennells, b Brewer	4	c Corner b Brewer	2
,,	Beck, b Brewer	4	b Brewer	1
,,	Simmonds, st. Sewell b Brewer	0	not out	2
,,	W. Hills, b Brewer	0	b Edwards	15
,,	H. Hills, b Edwards	8	st. Sewell b Brewer	4
,,	Manville st. Sewell b Edwards	5	b McCalla	0
,,	Howarth, not out	5	c Maynard b Brewer	8
	Extras	0	Extras	1
	Total	38	Total	100

A GALLANT DEED.

Where is the pen or tongue that can pourtray,
The heights of Albuhera, on that fatal day.
When "Walsh," though sorely driven, tried in vain,
To defend his charge, the "Colors" midst the slain.

Wounded, "surrounded," the flag fell from his grasp,
"Brave Latham," 'his the hand; the pole to clasp,
Hemmed in on every side by a fierce foe,
Hacked, gashed, distigured, he scarce felt a blow.

His one thought "Duty," no thought of life,
A lion at bay, he stood amidst the strife,
A deadly sweeping cut sheds arm and hand,
At once the other grasps the silken band.

Weaponless, defenceless, he yet essays to hold
His prize, the "Colors," dear to him each fold.
Pierced by lance and sabre, he now confronts the foe
With his life stream welling forth at every blow.

The silk from off the pole, he tears with mighty grasp,
While round his body, he then essays to clasp.
The blood stained, honored, flag, which yet shall wave,
Above the grand old corps, which still revere the brave
"Latham"

UBIQUE.

Varieties.

Why is Thomas Atkins Esq. on a hill pony like a drum and fife band?**** Do you guv it up? Because he's continually beating the Tatu.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PROBLEM.

At the top, or very near it, when in Hindostan before,
Year after year among the highest, The Buffs were found I'm sure.
At my second too we held our own, the city of palaces it could tell,
And now we have as good material to emulate those who did so well.

LIGHTS.

A high office held by a county magistrate,
Who on certain occasions, parades in great State.

Around the luminary, or secondary planit,
A ring will be found if you only look at it.

A village well known between Lucknow and Cawnpore,
You know, the name, you have heard it before.

One of the very first things to be, that a soldier should be taught.
Though Tommy don't appreciate it as much as he ought.

I'm one of five, which in two places you will find,
On young and old, to look, if your are inclined.

Something in my mind has come of late,
And what it is, I beg of you to state.

You will find me on a finger, sometimes in a wall,
Very useful some will say, either large or small.

To gain it, is always the players ambitition,
He who succeeds meets with prompt recognition.

PTE. HOLLAND, The Buffs.

Answers to last months acrostics:—

AMATEUR—THEATRE.			DANCE—CLUBS.		
A	c	T	D	&	C
M	irt	H	A	w	L
A	bb	E	N	oyea	U
T	ar	A	C	u	B
E	a	T	E	ale	S
U	sure	R			
R	is	E			

Correct answers received from Dutchy and Billy.

RELATIONSHIP.

Answer.—Mrs. Jones became the following peculiar relation in-law, *viz.*—Mother to her father, mother and sister and grandmother to her brother.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PTE. WELLS.—Never mind what people accuse you of. Remember Bruce and the spider and have another try. No one ever did any good in the way of inventions without meeting disappointments.

NOTICE.

Owing to want of space several cricket, football matches, &c., have been left out. These will be published, if possible, next month.

Printed for the EDITOR, *by* TARA DUTT, *at the "Station Printing Press," Ranikhet.*

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 10. RANIKHET, OCTOBER 31st, 1887. Price 2 annas.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898.

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTHS.

ELLIS.—On 6th October, 1887, wife of Sergeant Ellis of a daughter.

WATERS.—On 7th October, 1887, wife of Sergt. Waters of a daughter.

NICHOLAS.—On 17th October, 1887, wife of Color-Sergt. Nicholas of a daughter.

DEATHS.

FINCH.—On 14th October, 1887, No. 938, Pte J. A. Finch O. Coy., of dysentry.

EARL—On the 22nd October, 1887, No. 1146, Pte. A. Earl, D Company, of concussion of the brain. (Accident).

(It is requested that domestic occurrences may be reported as soon as possible by all who belong to The Buffs, whether subscribers or not).

Notes.

With this number we complete the first year of the revised life of our paper and, as the custom is, we will commence our second year by congratulating ourselves that the paper is still an existing fact. Our first number was a very small one, only eight pages, but during the year we have grown, and we are now generally able to find material for some sixteen pages. We have had to grumble at intervals at the lack of correspondents in the regiment but, on the whole, we have been very well supported, a lack of subjects to write about rather than an unwillingness to write being the reason of the small number of our contributors. We trust, however, that in the coming year some more of the bashful geniuses well overcome their modesty, and allow their talent to appear in print. We had hoped before this to have been able to publish a monthly account of the doings of our other battalion, but that, with other hoped for features will probably make its appearance in our columns during the coming year.

Next month there will be no *Dragon* for we shall all be on the move down to Bareilly, and it would be impossible to get it printed; but we hope to moke our number of the month after that an extra large one to do honor to Christmas and the New Year, and hope that our contributors will help us by supplying us with the

Digitized by Google

necessary "copy." We will give a prize for the best written description of "How I Spent Christmas Day" [illegible] our essayists a wide field [illegible] they are not tied down to any particular year but can give us the history of any Christmas day that has made a mark in their memory.

It is needless to say that, having made quite certain that if we were to go to the plains our desination would be either Meerut or Lucknow, we are under orders for quite a different Station. Bareilly in old days was one of the most favorite of Indian Stations but, of late years, it has gained a name for dullness, why exactly, nobody seems to know. Our men will have a better chance than they have had here to play cricket, the big grass maidan seems made for football, there is one of the best race-courses in India, good shooting, a nice little theatre, a club with good gardens, healthy climate, and, with the head quarters of five different corps there to spend the cold weather, it will be very strange if the place is not awakened out of its stupor.

The way our men worked amongst the hills in this month's manœuvres shows what an improvement in health and condition has been made since we crept up the hill from Kyrna. Both on the second and last days of the fighting the really hard work of taking to the mountains and making a turning movement, which had to be executed in a certain time, fell to the lot of the regiment, and their climbing and fighting brought the most liberal praise both from the General and the Commandant. The Duke of Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo was won in the playing fields of Eton and we fancy that this summer's games of football and paper-chases have much to say to the good condition and physical training our men showed at Majkali.

Colonel Degacher has this month given up the command of the Depôt the Colonel Hobson who has just retired from the command of this battalion but who did not join us on promotion. Colonel Degacher though not a Buff originally, for he commanded the 24th, old friends of our other battalion, could not have taken more interest in or have worked harder for the credit of the regiment if he had been brought up in it, and Mrs. Degacher's kindly interest in every charitable work connected with the Depôt will ensure her name being long and pleasantly remembered there.

"Oh Todgers's could do it when it chose! mind that." And *The Dragon* can do it when it chooses, mind that. When we do go in for poetry we go in for it thoroughly and no mistake. A real live poetess has allowed us to print some verses on "The Lancers" which will make the ghosts of Sappho, Miriam, Adelaide Ann Proctor, Mrs. Hemans, and other great poetesses of the past, sit up and look to their laurels; that is if they see *The Dragon* where they are. Manager Davis is represented as using strange words to the company, but all those who know his bland and child-like manner will never suppose him capable of giving utterance to such blood-curdling imprecations as, Great Scott! Oh Lawks! and Holy Biddy!

THE LANCERS.

These folk they would an acting go,
Whether the Station it liked it or no.
Such an interested, ignorant, company
"Heigh He!" cries Manager Davis.

Well! first all the men want the hero's part;
The ladies but bargain the dresses be smart
Such a queer-tempered, quarrelsome, company
"Peace! Peace!" cries Manager Davis.

They are quieted now, tho' each to please,
Major Davis had almost to go on his knees.
Such a furious, fuming, young company
"My conscience!" cries Manager Davis.

The first rehearsal went right well,
And all was merry as a marriage bell.
Such an amiable, affable, company
"Thank goodness!" cries Manager Davis.

But last this don't, for at Naini Tal
The actors here there's a fancy ball.
This unsteady, unstable, young company
"Oh dear!" cries Manager Davis.

Digitized by Google

The ladies, led by the leading one,
Said 'We'll all be off, for we want some fun"!
This fun-seeking, frivolous company
"All's up!" cries Manager Davis.

The hero alone says he'll stick to the play,
"What courage!" says all, "but we don't mean to stay!"
This rollicking, ricketty, company
"Great Scott!" cries Manager Davis.

But kind Fate steps in "The Lancers" to save,
The ball, an invention of some wicked knave.
This deserting, distracting, young company
"Hurra!" cries Manager Davis.

The company finding the ball is a snare
Return, and are all to a man "as you were,"
This painstaking, praiseworthy, company
"Good! Good!" cries Manager Davis.

The worst of it is, the heroine's part
Is played by a lady who's minus a heart.
Such a statuesque, stony, young company
"What next!" cries Manager Davis.

And the fine lancer uniform got out of store,
Won't fit the young Giants they intended it for.
This troublesome, tall-grown, company
"Oh bother!" cries Manager Davis.

The peasants turn restive and will not appear
But the guests remain *faithful*, the Major they fear
This rebellious, refractory, young company
"Holy Biddy!" cries Manager Davis.

Rattan, he always forgot his cues,
So busy behind there recounting the news.
Such a haphazard, how-you-like, company
"Come on!" cries Manager Davis.

Mrs. Major remarks with a martial air quite,
"My brother the Colonel is *always* right,"
Such a soldier like, sensible, company
"Well said!" cries Manager Davis.

Dick Larkspur the private might not quite agree
For the Colonel had called *him* a scamp don't you see.
Such a curious, crotchety, company
"Odd's Fish!" cries Manager Davis.

Now a gentleman Dick was, who took to the ranks
When his father began to find fault with his pranks,
Such a restive, rash, rabid, young company
"Prodigious!" cries Manager Davis.

Yet now a free agent he wishes to be
As he's fallen in love with Miss Gladys you see,
Such a desperate, dissatisfied, company
"Hard lines!" cries Manager Davis.

His discharge his friend Leslie now tries to obtain
But the Colonel says "No where he is he'll remain,"
Such a rough spoken, resolute, company
"By Jove!" cries Manager Davis.

The Colonel tho' rough, soldier-like too and tall
Is a fair spoken man and a trump after all
Such a brave, brief, blunt, young company
"Heigh Presto!" cries Manager Davis.

Now Tom Smith describes Leslie as being "that cool,"
Mr. Leslie describes Tom Smith as "a fool,"
This flattering, farcical, company
"They're young!" cries Manager Davis.

Tom Smith is a lancer, a trumpeter too,
To fair Phœbe Hawthrone he pays his vows true
This absurdly, adoring, young company
"Oh Lawks!" cries Manager Davis.

Pray Phœbe the *Piquant* now give us your ear
The Lancers are waiting for home brewed beer!
Such a scatter-brained, song-singing, company
"Encore!" cries Manager Davis.

Well perhaps you may like to hear my good friend
That each marries his true love, all happily ends
Such a heartily, happy, young company
"Bless you!" cries Manager Davis.

The large kindly audience applauded each scene
And said that they wished the play longer had been
Such a clever, convivial, young company
"We Bows!" cries Manager Davis.

So now to our friends farewell let us say
And hope we may all meet at some future day,
Such a severing, scattering company,
"Good bye!" cries Manager Davis.

But first for the Major a good hearty cheer!
May success aye attend his histrionic career!
Say this giddy, this greatful, young company
THREE CHEERS FOR MANAGER DAVIS.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT QUOITS.

On Saturday evening the 22nd inst. a fatal accident occurred at No. 15 Bungalow. Between four and five p. m. Lc. Cpl. Harlow, Ptes. Connor, Uzzell and Warren were playing quoits. After Cpl. Harlow had delivered his throw, the quoit rolled down the khud, Cpl. Harlow went after it and Pte. Earl took his place, Uzzell and Warren commenced their throw, with three quoits between them, after two had been thrown, Earl thinking they had finished their throw, stooped down to take up the quoits as Uzzell was delivering his second throw, Uzzell and Warren shouted to Earl, but he could not get clear, the quoit hit him above the left ear, and knocked him senseless, the players ran to his assistance and brought water etc. to bring him round, he came to in a few moments spoke quite sensibly, and told Uzzell he knew it was an accident,

Digitized by Google

they took him to his room, and after sitting down a minute or two, stood up to go to the wash-house, as soon as he went to the door, he began to fall [illegible]om. Sergt. Underhill [illegible] for the worse, sent for the [illegible] him to the hospital, [illegible] he did not regain consciousness and died about 7 p.m. The men of the battalion deeply deplore his loss.

Station News.

Of Station news this month there is practically none. Most of the male portion of the community have spent their time, in the early part of the month, in reducing their weight by scrambling about the Majkali hills, while the softer sex sat in the deserted club and bewailed the dullness which had fallen upon the Station as a reaction from the excitement of the Naini Tal week; a letter or a messenger from the camp was an excitement and accounts of attacks and tales of turning movements were listened to with interest by fair critics. Since the return from the war all the preliminary symptoms of the breaking up of the Station have set in with severity, the Standing Camp has been going down the hill in driblets, Chaubuttia has packed up its goods and chattels and expects its orders to move daily, and The Buffs are wishing themselves well through the discomforts of the march and settled down at Bareilly: in theatrical slang, the rag is being rung down, the stage cleared, and the company dispersing for the winter to re-appear again next spring in a fresh piece. It is always a little saddening, the breaking up of a small community, and, more especially so, when it has pulled so well together as we have done here. Hill stations are notoriously divided into cliques, but, with us, it has been one big clique with its different divisions; nobody has rubbed up against his neighbours' sharp angles and "live and let live" has been the order of the day. Of course it took some time for the community to settle down, for the various affinities to discover each other, for the friendships of the season to be struck up and, for the first month, people looked at each other as the members of a perambulating happy family do when they are first introduced to each other in the cage: but the pleasant Mondays of the Scottish Rifles and the small dances of The Buffs soon brought about a thaw.

Once during the season there were signs of the gathering of a storm in a tea-cup, and that was when the "peg and puppy" question was on the tapis, but whatever bad temper there was, found a safety valve in some very bad speech-making, the dogs were excluded from the club, (an order which the dogs have declined, to obey) and Sunday remained a temperance day. Of dances we have had our fill. For those who like afternoon dancing the Rifles cleared their mess-room on Mondays, The Buffs in the early part of the season gave a series of small dances at fortnightly intervals and a big one during the Naini Tal week, there were several Station subscription dances, the last being the most elaborate and successful, and Lady Hudson gave a very pleasant dance at the club. In theatricals too we have been lucky, for, from amongst our small numbers, a great deal of talent has evolved itself. Mrs. Stewart proved, in that pathetic little play "In Honour Bound," that with practice she would make a good emotional actress; Mrs Ward showed comedy power and a good clear elocution in "Uncle's Will." Miss McNéill played prettily in "Cut Off with a Shilling" and developed into an admirable comedienne in "The Lancers;" Mrs. Archdale was a piquant soubrette, and Mrs. Fletcher disguising her good looks under the wrinkles of Mrs. Ironsides, played a difficult comedy part excellently, Capt. Archdale, an old theatrical hand, could not have been better in the leading parts, and Messrs Lloyd, Butler, Richardson, Tarte and Newnham-Davis all did their work well.

The "Lancers" was the theatrical success of the season, being played for four nights, and, even then, leaving the public asking like little Oliver for more. The company who played in it achieved an almost unprecedented feat in theatrical annals, amateur or professional, for they all attended every rehearsal and there was never at any time the shadow of a disagreement amongst them. Our two Concerts gave us a chance of hearing Miss Hudson, (whose "Letter Song" caught the ear of the whistling public), Mrs. Ward, and Mrs. Bayard, whose songs were always encored, while Sir J. Hudson, Messrs. Stone, Richardson, Lloyd, and Ringwood among the sterner sex contributed songs, comic and sentimental. Miss Pemberton we are sorry to say only gave us one chance of hearing her brilliant playing.

Of other amusements polo was tried and given up, cricket flourished before and after the rains, and during the annual deluge the energetic

Digitized by Google

rolled about in the mud at football both Rugby and Association. The Gymkanas have been successes, the club tennis grounds have nearly always been full, and to the club itself—which this season has grown out of its infantine state of a reading room—it is now proposed to add a supper-room and some sleeping apartments. During the latter part of the season there has been a mild eruption of picnics, and Cupid, the patron deity of engagement rings, has shot at least one arrow home. Last but not least, the Naini Tal week was a triumph in every way.

So ends the brief chronicle of the short six months during which Ranikhet lives. "The rest," to quote Hamlet's last words, "is silence."

NAINI TAL WEEK.

As all the world knows, or ought to know, Ranikhet was victorious all along the line, winning every event but the shooting. We will take the events day by day. Monday was the day on which the week was supposed to commence and about ten o'clock the first representatives of Naini Tal put in an appearance hot and pardonably thirsty after their ride through the Kyrna valley. They had all been told off to quarters and were marched off by their respective hosts to wash and brush up and make themselves as handsome as possible for the beauty show at the club in the afternoon. Lawn Tennis at the club was put down for 4.30 on the programme and really began about 5, Miss Pemberton and Capt. Porter playing for our Station, while Mrs. Cockin and Captain Walker represented Naini Tal. The first set was won easily by Naini Tal and it seemed as if Miss Pemberton's luck bringing powers had deserted her, (though she has not yet gone through the ceremony which deprives a *mascotte* of her powers) but the second set was won after a struggle by Ranikhet and the third fell to us pretty easily, thus giving the Station their first victory.

The beauty and fashion sat in lines on the benches and criticised each others dresses and looks, when not occupied in watching the tennis, the Naini Tal ladies coming to the conclusion that they were better dressed and better looking than the Ranikhet ladies, and the Ranikhet ladies expressing the same opinion with respect to Naini Tal. The men of the two parties, whatever they might have thought privately, had of course to agree. The evening was occupied by a performance of "The Lancers" which went off as well as ever, (a detailed criticism of it appeared last month) and a large party went off to supper at the Mess declaring that it was the best amateur performance they had ever seen in India. After supper there was a small impromptu concert of classical music, with Capt. Grant at the piano; Capt. Banbury's rendering of "The Bally hooly blue-ribbon brigade" being specially admired; and a serious discourse on a variety of subjects by a high legal luminary terminated the first day.

Tuesday was given up to cricket, and as the *Pioneer's* Naini Tal correspondent puts it, we made an example of the opposition team. Our two bowlers were thoroughly on the spot and their best bats somehow or another failed to come off. A detailed account will be found further on. Our band upon whose shoulders the whole of the hard work of the week was thrown played both on Monday at the club and on Tuesday at the cricket ground. Tuesday night brought the Station dance and another toilette show. The floor was good, the band of the Scottish Rifles played in good time, there were many tents in which a dim religious light encouraged a light, if not religious conversation, a full moon had been especially engaged, (indeed the scene was so lovely that one enthusiast declared that it reminded him of Vallombrosa) the supper was excellent, and champagne undeniable. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves and it was voted a great success.

Wednesday was taken up by cricket with a dinner of forty in the evening, at the Mess, to meet Mr. Ross the Commissioner.

On Tursday three events were decided, shooting, single Lawn tennis, and Billiards. In shooting we were beaten, but in that there was no disgrace, for three of the best shots in India were in the Naini Tal team. The scores were as follows:

NAINI TAL.

	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total.
Mr. Davis	32	28	32	92
Mr. Ross	27	31	29	87
Capt. Haines	29	28	24	81
Mr. Walker	29	23	21	73
			Total	333

RANIKHET.

Capt. Porter	29	24	21	74
Major Stewart	31	20	16	67
Mr. Fitz-Curzon	26	22	16	64
Mr. Jones	24	15	19	58
			Total	263

Naini Tal winning by seventy points.

Digitized by Google

In the afternoon the Man's single set of tennis was played in the club grounds, when our champion Mr. Gorman never gave Captain Walker a look in, winning all the sets fairly easily. Billiards came after dinner and resulted in another win. Capt. Walker and Mr. Fowler for Naini Tal putting together 264; while our representatives Messrs Eustace and Combe made 300. There was also a moonlight picnic which the picnicers said was very enjoyable though the night was very cold.

Friday was to have brought the great exhibition football match, but the week had been too much for one team, and that not the mens.' No sooner had the sun risen, than the Chaubuttia contingent flashed down that pressing engagements prevented them from playing, and throughout the morning the perplexed captain of the team received as many various excuses for non-attendance, as the giver of the feast in biblical parable did. (This veracious historian did not send an excuse, but was very glad, all the same, that the game didn't come off). The Buffs' dance took place that evening and made an excellent termination to the week. The big mess-room had been cleared for dancing and the floor which had given a lot of trouble turned out eventually a very good one; the mess cook, put on his metal by the club supper, came out strong, and there are two guests now in the Station sorrowing and refusing to be comforted because they omitted to eat of the game pie; the polka lancers and tempête were danced with an *entrain* not often seen in our insular ball rooms; and many of the guests heard reveillè sound before they set off on their way home. Saturday was an off day, and most of the Naini Tal people started on their way home, but there was a fourth and final performance of "The Lancers" at the theatre at which as big a crowd of men had to be turned away from the doors as at the previous performances.

The week after, a Ranikbet crew volunteered to go over to Naini Tal and row their champions, with disastrous results. Naini Tal had had all the season for practice which we had not and so that boat-race turned into a procession in which the Ranikhet boat did not take the lead.

NAINI TAL *v.* RANIKHET.

This match, played on 27th and 28th Sept. resulted in a hollow victory for Ranikhet by an innings and 104 runs. Ranikhet had the advantage of two steady and untiring bowlers in Corpls Godfrey and Staunton, but even without their aid victory would probably have been still with the home team. It is due however to the Naini Tal team to say that the matting must have been intensely trying to them, and the angle at which it was placed on the ground, though allright for those who are accustomed to it, is sure to baulk strangers, but it was found that a better pitch, and also better boundaries could be obtained by placing it in that manner. Naini Tal won the toss and sent in Mr. Walker and Major Pemberton to Corpls. Godfrey's and Staunton's bowling. A very smart catch in the slips by Corpl. Godfrey got rid of Mr. Walker, very fortunately for Ranikhet, as he is an magnificent batsman and if set would have given a lot of trouble. Major Pemberton made a stand but the wickets fell very rapidly except that of Mr. Lafone, who played a very steady and good innings of 24 not out, out of a total of 59.

Mr. Bayard and Mr. Stuart went in first for Ranikhet and were not separated till they had put together 81, and broken the bowling thoroughly, the former playing steadily while the latter made most of the runs. Mr. Combe and Mr. Greenway followed with two well played and well hit innings of 25 and 47 respectively, the side getting out for the big score of 286 just as it was time to draw stumps, of this score 46 were byes due to Mr. Lafone's fast bowling, who, very expensive in this respect, took three dangerous wickets with balls it was almost impossible to stop. Capt. Fowler fielded splendidly at cover, and all the Naini Tal team did well in this respect on the difficult ground and during a very hard day. Capt. Ivatt bowled very well and steadily, taking five out of the ten wickets. In the second innings of Naini Tal, Ranikhet were again fortunate in getting Mr. Walker's wicket from a good catch at the wickets by Major Stewart before he had made a run. Mr. Lafone made another splendid stand, and he and Mr. Clarke got together and brought on the only change of bowling Ranikhet had to make, replacing Corpl. Staunton by Mr. Combe. However, a clinking ball of Corpl. Godfrey's bowled Mr. Lafone for 36, and Mr. Clarke was caught by Mr. Bayard for a well hit 22.

On the Ranikhet side Corpls. Godfrey and Staunton were too good altogether, bowling up to their very best form, and the fielding was good throughout, Mr. Greenway at point especially. It is a pity the match was so one-sided, but it was a very pleasant one, and let us hope to repeat it next year, serving as it does as an

Digitized by Google

excuse for such a pleasant week.

The scores are as follows:—

NAINI TAL.

Mr. Walker, c Godfrey b Staunton ...	...	1	c Stewart b Godfrey		0
Major Pemberton, b Godfrey		10	c Greenway b Staunton ..	...	5
Mr. Whymper, c Greenway b Godfrey ...	...	1	b Godfrey	...	0
Capt. Haines, c Godfrey b Staunton ...	...	2	do	...	10
Mr. Lafone, not out	..	24	do	...	36
Capt. Fowler, b Godfrey	...	3	c Greenway b Staunton...	...	11
Major Evetts, b Staunton	...	4	not out	...	8
Mr Owen, b Godfrey	...	0	b Staunton	...	6
Mr. Clarke, b Godfrey	...	0	c Bayard b Combe		22
Capt. Ivatt, b Staunton	...	4	b Combe	...	9
Mr. Ross, b Staunton	...	0	c and b Godfrey	...	6
Extras	...	10	Extras	...	7
Total	...	59	Total	...	123

RANIKHET.

Mr. Bayard, b Ivatt	...	14
„ Stuart, b Whymper	...	58
„ Combe, b Lafone	...	25
„ Greenway b Lafone	...	41
Major Stewart, b Lafone	...	14
Capt Porter c Fowler b Ivatt		18
Mr. D'Aeth, b Ivatt	...	21
„ Dauglish, b Ivatt	...	4
Corpl Godfrey, c Ivatt b Walker		11
Capt. Archdale, not ont	...	4
Corpl Staunton, st. Haines b Ivatt	...	9
Extras	...	67
Total	...	286

Depot News.

Our Depôt correspondent sends us the following items:—

Major H. W. Maclear, Adjutant 3rd and 4th Battalions The Buffs, took over the duties of Acting Adjt., 3rd Regimental District on the 1st September, 1887.

Capt V. Bunbury joined the 2nd Battalion for duty on 31st August, 1887, and Lieut. Buttanshaw has arrived at the Depôt for duty in his stead.

Major Ommaanney, on being relieved of his duties as Adjutant 1st Volunteer Battn. The Buffs, has been ordered to join the 2nd Battn. for duty, pending his being brought in from the supernumerary list and posted to either Battn.

Capt. J. Hughes is under orders to embark for India with a draft of the Suffolk Regt.

Col. H. J. Degachier, C.B., completes his period of command of the 3rd Regl. District on 16th October, 1887. Lieut.-Col. Hobson is appointed to succeed him.

Lieut. P. F. Brine joined the Garrison Class at Aldershot on 1st Sept., for a four months course of instruction.

The following N.C.O's and men are the best shots in their respective companies this year in individual range practices:—

A Coy. Lc.-Sergt. H. Herbert
B „ Pte. J. Read
C „ „ W. Griffiths
D „ Corpl. Sherridon

} All of 1st Battn.

Regimental News.

Capt. Blackburn has been granted 12 months leave of absence on private affairs from 20th October, 1887.

Lieut. Hunter has been granted six months leave of absence to England, on private affairs, from 2nd October, 1887.

Capt. Porter and Lieut. Booth have been ordered to the Depôt for duty.

Lieut. A. L. Bell has been appointed Hindustani interpreter to the Battn, *vice* Captain Blackburn on leave.

The undermentioned men left the Battalion *en route* for England on the 25th inst:—

1681, Pte R. Dumphy
1974, „ R. Turner
1879, „ F. J. Styles
1294, „ A. Ryder
2033, „ W. J. Spickett

The views of Pte. Cochrane, Pte. Featherstone and Lce.-Corpl. Stevens joined the Battn. on the 14th inst.

School certificates have been awarded as follows:—

Second Class.

385, Lce.-Sergt. A. Batty
1411, Lce.-Corpl. A. Donnelly
1278, Pte. J. Stevens
155, „ E. Bing
210, „ J. Bourne
935, „ G. Moon

Digitized by Google

1965,	Pte.	J. Garvey
1587,	,,	E. Wynn
1214,	,,	E. Gouge
1698,	,,	C. Bailey
	THIRD CLASS.	
1043,	Pte,,	J. Mansfield
[illegible]	,,	H. Rollins
[illegible]	,,	W. Hawkins
[illegible]	,,	J. W. Crowson
[illegible]	,,	W. Salter
1651,	,,	J. Brown
1795,	,,	W. Googe
1577,	,,	J. Stratton
1686,	,.	C. Elvey
1555,	,,	W. Percival
1615,	,,	A. Coppard
1377,	,,	A. Isard.
	FOURTH CLASS.	
1612,	Pte.	A. Cronk
1448,	,,	W. Cross
1584,	,,	W. Rigden
1675,	,,	A. Roberts
1678,	,,	T. Casey
1901,	,,	G. Wraight
1817,	,,	J. Adams
1869,	,,	A. Keeble
1725,	,,	W. Loder
1376,	,,	T. Curley
1534,	,,	F. Gottenden
1335,	,,	G. Young
1539,	,,	J. Colvin
1753,	,,	S. Dean

MAIL NOTICE.

The Overland mail leaves Ranikhet Post Office on Mondays at 4-30 p. m. instead of Fridays.

Postage of the "Dragon" to England is one anna six pie, and need not be franked. Any paper insufficiently stamped is not forwarded but retained at the dead letter office Bombay.

Soldiers letters must not exceed half an ounce when franked, postage to be prepaid at the rate of nine pie.

Any soldiers letter exceeding ½ oz. will be charged double rate of postage on arrival at destination.

Musketry.

"G" Company's average :—

Individual	121·67.
Field Practice	70·40.
Total	192·07.

The following are the prize winners in the month's rifle competition for October, 1887 :

200 yards.

Coy.	Name	Score		Prize.
E	Pte. Lyons	46	Rs	7
D	Sergt. Greenland	44	,,	5
A	Corpl. Locke	42	,,	3
A	Sergt. Evans	42	,,	2
A	Pte. Owens	42	Rs	2
A	,, Etherington	42	,,	2
F	,, Taylor	42	,,	2

500 yards.

K.RR	Lce.-Cpl. Penn.	43	,,	5
A	Sergt. Evans	40	,,	3
F	Pte Taylor	40	,,	2
A	,, Etherington	39	,,	2
B	Col.-Sergt. Bennell	36	,,	2

500 yards.

A	Sergt. Evans	45	,,	4
A	Pte McGee	36	,,	3
A	,, Dunham	33	,,	3
A	,, Matthews	30	,,	2

Aggregate.

A	Sergt, Evans	127	,,	16
A	Pte. Etherington	108	,,	6
F	,, Taylor	107	,,	6
A	,, McGee	103	,,	5

SHOOTING MATCH.

BAND 'THE BUFF' v. BAND 'THE SCOTTISH RIELES'

Fired at Ranikhet on the 28th inst, at the Wimbledon target, 10 rounds 500 yards. Won by The Buffs by 12 points although not very brilliant scores Pte Gilbert, The Buffs making top score, and Pte. Howe, The Buffs, the bottom score on either side, the latter just managing to get an outer ; *thanks to the wind.* After the match all partook of a substantial meal accompanied by the usual refreshments, provided by The Buffs, and spent a jolly evening.

The Scores were as follows :—

The Buffs.	Score	Scottish Rifles.	Score
Pte. Gilbert	38	Pte. Cunningham	32
,, Hindmarsh	31	Cpl. Staunton	28
Lc.-Cpl. Hodgins	30	Lc.-Cpl. Amos	27
Pte. Sheed	30	Pte. Cogdell	26
,, Morriss	27	,, Allen	21
Bd.-Sergt Steele	23	,, Dobson	21
Lc.-Cpl. Price	23	,, Curry	21
Pte. Bevan	10	,, Hicks	13
,, Ward	7	Bd.-Sgt. Stockey	10
,, Howe	2	Pte. Spencer	10
	221		209

Digitized by Google

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

SIR,

Knowing that you are very interested in all matters appertaining to sport, I hope you will be able to find space for this short letter, from an old firiend. I was out on the 22nd of last month shooting small tigers, and had been fairishly successful having bagged about 6 brace. My dogs, a cocker and a Sussex spaniel were working very well, and I was in momentary expectation of another shot, when suddenly the dogs stopped working and crouched behind me uttering plaintive cries. The whole air was filled with an indescribable something, and on my turning to my Shikaree I saw, rather than heard, his livid lips tremblingly utter the word "Chichau." I must own myself to a feeling not far from alarm, as I was only armed with a small twelve bore repeating rifle, but quickly surmounting this feeling I seized my shaking Shikatee by the arm and dragged him behind a huge boulder. Then we heard the noise made by the flapping of the beasts wings, a noise once heard never to be forgotten. My Shikaree again whispered to me this time that word of evil omen "ata", he comes, and then we saw him. His dreadful jaws extended, flapping those enormous wings his small red eyes glaring at us from his scaly head. I place my rifle on the rock and take a steady though hasty aim, I pull the trigger, he staggers. Again I fire my twelve bore and this time, let me own it, with a sigh of relief, I see him fall to the ground! But all is not over, with supernatural strength he rises on his fiery legs and rushes down the hill. Again I stood and this time with a shout of exultation I saw him sink upon the ground never to rise again. I turn to my Shikaree, but the sight of the monster has been too much for him, he has fled. This I believe to be the *only* specimen of the genuine *Chichau*, "Chickor difficilis" as yet killed in this district, though many have gone out to pursue him to return alas empty-handed,

Believe me
yours very sincerely,
J. J. J.

Well! well!! well!!!—Its a poor heart that never rejoices: but we didn't think it would come to this. When a noble sportsman assured us that he danced a cachuca with a dragon on the cart road, we thought the Temperance Society would know where to look for an awful example: but it was nothing to this One word of advice Mr. J. J. J. Don't in the state you're in, go endangering your life looking for demon Chichau about the khuds, you stop quietly by your fireside and fight green crocodiles and blue and pink gazelles there.

EDITOR.

A HYENA KILLED WITH A PEN-KNIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

In the year X before the flood or thereabouts, I was quartered in the cantonment of R.—with the Nth native cavalry. R— was not an attractive place, being situated in the midst of a sandy desert stretching hundreds of miles in every direction, an occasional date tree being about the only feature in the landscape. However the desert was full of "Telloor" or great bustard, and oue spent a fairly happy time hawking them.

The Nth being a native corps, and consequently not liable to Church Parades, were free men from mid-day on Saturday till day-light on Monday, and so the custom arose for everybody who wished to do so to ride out 16 or 17 miles on the Saturday into the desert, play polo in the evening and camp for the night, spend the Sunday hawking and ride home on the Sunday evening.

On one Sunday we had been beating for some hours and finding very little sport, when suddenly a large dog hyena got up in front of us and cantered off. Some four or five young Sowars who were with us went off after him, but the white men of the party (Captain G—and myself) reflecting that there were no weapons in the party, pulled up and waited. Presently an idea occurred to G—. and he signalled to me to follow. The hyena was running in a curve, so we cut him off very soon and then getting the Sowars into line we rode straight at him and every time he tried to double, we charged him and knocked him over. Usually in these charges we left some one or more horses sprawling about on the ground, but without any damage. After a run of about twenty minutes, the hyena got so dazed that he did not know which way he was

Digitized by Google

going and two Sowars dismounted and muzzled him with a puggaree. Then arose the question how to finish him, as there was not a single deadly weapon among us. After some search it was discovered that some one had a penknife; so they cut the poor beasts throat with it.

[illegible] ominious end after the sport he

LAZARUS.

A WEEKS' MANŒUVRES.

The long talked of manœuvres have become an accomplished fact and most of us, in the past month, have had a peep at what the realities of warfare on the frontier would be; some of us have had the skin burnt off our noses, and we have all been given something to talk about for a month to come

Thursday the 12th. was the first day on which the manœuvres began, but the Scottish Rifles marched out a day previously to take up a position and bivouac at Upatket. For some few days before the regiment marched out into the wilds, the weather had been misbehaving itself, storms of sleet and rain and bitter cold at night, making the prospects of a bivouac most uninviting; but before the appointed day the clerk of the weather relented, and, throughout the operation, we could not have had pleasanter weather if we had ordered it for ourselves. The regiment paraded at half past seven on Thursday morning in the workmanlike kit of Khaki, which is the soldiers' fighting dress in India, and at eight marched off down the Almora road with drums beating, but not with colours flying, for they had been left at home. The scheme of the first days fight was as follows :—

An enemy coming from Almora was supposed to have sent on a force to reconnoitre, and this force had arrived somewhere near Upatket. The commander of the forces at Ranikhet sent out an opposing force to find out these intruders and to drive them back when found. The Scottish Rifles and the detachment from The Standing Camp represented the intruding enemy, while The Buffs were sent out as the champions of Ranikhet. Nothing was seen of the enemy until the advance guard arrived at the spot where the cart road debouches on to the plateau of Upatket Here they were found to be holding a little knoll which commands the road for some 200 yards, and was very difficult to attack from either flank. Company after company was deployed against it and it was eventually taken with a severe loss to the attackers, for both fighting line and supports, each lost half a company. The said half companies instead of being down as dead men are supposed to be, piled their arms and grinned at their comrades who had still to go through the greater part of the days work. A short interval was allowed for the Almora force to take up a fresh position, and then the fire sounded again and a fresh attack was made on another position, which, extremely strong by nature, had been further strengthened by shelter trenches. From this position the enemy were again ordered to retire, the attacking force however having lost one third of their numbers in the assault. The enemy then took up a third position with an open space in their front, on to which they hoped to tempt the attackers, who however, made a flank attack on the right of the defence, which was repulsed by a counter attack, before some other companies which had been sent round the enemies left could come into action. Then the "cease fire" sounded The Scottish Rifles marched back to Majkali, and the Standing Camp detachment to their tents, while The Buffs stopped on the battle-field and watched with interest the rather slow process of cooking their dinners. That night everybody bivouacked. Ths men mostly rigged up little *tents d'abri* with their blankets, while the officers varied in luxury from a four post bed with a waterproof canopy, down to the humble couch of grass, a blanket, and a waterproof sheet. The men sang lustily until "lights out" (though there were no lights to put out except the stars) went, and the party round the officers campfire, where choruses and hot grog were the order of the day, did not break up until near midnight.

Two camps had been pitched some time previously, one at Majkali for the regiment, and one, four miles further on in the Almora direction, for the Scottish Rifles and the 1/3 Gurkas at a place called Dwarsin. The second days work consisted of the Regiment and The Standing Camp, (who had now come over to our side), fighting their way to their camp, being opposed in this laudable desire to get home, by the Scottish Rifles and the Gurkas. The cooks were sent on early in the morning and were passed through the enemies lines. "Come not betwixt the Lion and his prey" says the proverb, but he is a bolder man who comes betwixt a Buff and his dinner, and this was what the enemy were trying to do. There was a strong position at Rioni, a big plateau with its front and right protected by khuds which it was

Digitized by Google

certain the enemy would hold, and this position the Commandant, who had taken over command of the Ranikhet force, determined to attack by sending The Standing Camp troops by the road to hold the enemy in his position, while he himself with The Buffs took to the mountains and, detatching a party of 250 to attack the left of the position, tried to gain the rear of the enemy. The operation worked like clockwork. The Buffs scrambled up khuds in India file and half slipped half ran down them, every man was as keen as the commander himself, there was no straggling, and perfect silence was kept. Before the enemy had time to change his position he was attacked on the front and left flank and a flag of truce arrived from the rear pointing out there where 400 men on his line of retreat and, in the cause of humanity, giving him a choice between unconditional surrender or no quarter. The enemy duly surrendered and marched back to their camp, whilst the victorious Buffs proceeded to enjoy their well earned dinners. The camp was placed on one of the mountain spurs, the ridge that overlooks the great Almora valley lying in front, and the Rioni plateau behind it. The tents were pitched in lines on the terraces which went down step by step to the stream, the officers' being on the crest. The stream had been dammed a little way down to make a bathing place, and polite sign posts about the camp directed the wanderer to the bath, to the canteen, and other important places. The men were in some cases as many as ten in a tent, but, in camp life, every body cannot expect to find a four roomed villa ready furnished to receive him, and any small discomforts there may have been were looked upon as part and parcel of the campaign. Every man was allowed to get two pints a day of beer from the canteen, a great improvement to Tommy's mind on the "temperance" campaigns which are the fashion. Drunkenness was an impossibility, and the men were able to have their customary pint with their dinners and another to sit and talk over in the evening.

The third day was a quiet day spent on outpost duty. Piquets were thrown out on the ridge overlooking the valley in front to watch the three roads which ran, one to Almora, one to Bainsket, and one to Pahawl bagh. Three piquets, of a company each, did this work, two other companies under cover of the ridge acting as supports, and the other companies on the camp hill, and a spur which ran parellel to it acting as the reserve. At eleven o'clock the piquets were withdrawn and again sent out at four o'clock when the General went down the line. At sunset they were placed in their night positions, and, as darkness came on, they were marched back into camp.

Sunday, the fourth day, was a day of rest. The Chaplain had come out from Ranikhet and in the early morning held an open air service, the men forming three sides of a square, with the piled drums, which served as pulpit and lectern, in the centre. The remainder of the day was free for the lazy to lie on their backs and do nothing, and the energetic to scramble up the hills. A proposal, made the night before by some enthusiastic Officers, to send on lunch into the country and then shoot across the khuds to it, was reconsidered and negatived, and though in the afternoon some Officers did take guns and scramble down a precipice and toil up again, they brought back no birds, though they seriously frightened several.

On Monday the Almora force which in the two previous days fighting had stood on the defensive, took the offensive and attacked the Majkali position The dispositions for the defence of the position were very much on the same line as that held by the piquets two days before, but one more company was brought from the reserve and placed in the front line on the right. The enemy were first seen over a thousand yards away, moving off the Almora road, then some of the Gurkas were reported to be working round our left, and, finally, the main body of the enemy heralded by a cloud of dust appeared on our right. A small ridge in front of the ridge was seized by the enemy who after an interchange of volleys tried to break our right by a rush of seven companies which were met by independent firing along the line which would effectually have stopped any charge. The enemy was sent back and after a time essayed another attack, this time bringing up his men in a cloud on the extreme right of the position. This finished the work for that day as the Scottish Rifles and Gurkas had to march to Upatket.

Tuesday, the last day, brought another fight very similar to Friday's one; the attacking force again making a feint on the contre which later on was turned into a real attack while a turning movement to gain the right rear of the enemy's position was carried out amongst the hills. At the close of this day's fighting Bgdr-General Sir John Hudson, who throughout the manœuvres had acted as Umpirein-chief,

Digitized by Google

brought all the troops together and when they had formed up, told them how pleased he was with the discipline, temper and hardiness the men had shown, and that he was very pleased to be able to report on them as favourably as he would do. The men then had their dinners; the Officers lunching with the hospitable Gurkas, and in the afternoon all the corps marched back to their quarters all the better in health for their week amongst the hills.

The following is extracted from Rohilcund District Orders :—

"On the conclusion of the series of manœuvres which have recently been carried out in the Kumaon hills between Ranikhet and Almora, by the troops quartered in these stations, the Major General Commanding the district desires to convey to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the corps engaged, the expression of his complete satisfaction with the manner in which all have worked.

"The keen and intelligent interest evinced by all ranks in each days' operations was unmistakable, and went far to make them thoroughly instructive to all engaged in them.

"It cannot fail to be a source of satisfaction to both officers and men, many of whom had no previous experience in hill operations over difficult and densely wooded hills, and that if called on to take the field in a similar country on our frontiers they will do so with a certain well grounded experience.

"The senior officers have had opportunities of commanding small columns in the attack and defence of position, and in directing and controlling their movements over a hilly country, they have been able to realise some of the difficulties incident to hill warfare and it is hoped have acquired knowledge which may prove useful on active service. Throughout the operations the conduct of the troops has been excellent no complaint of any kind has reached the Major General.

"As regards the health of the troops, Surgeon Major Mally, P.M.O. reports. 'The men during the time they have been in the field have been unexceptionally well, in fact much better than in the cantonments, only three men were sent back to the base hospital.

And this in a force of close on 1600 men.

"The appearance of the troops when the Major General saw them at the close of the manœuvres on Tuesday certainly justifies Dr. Mally's opinion.

"The manœuvres were sanctioned by H. E. the Commander-in-chief on the provision that they should occasion no extra expense to Government, much therefore depended on the arrangements which could be made by the Commissariat and Transport, at its disposal, these were admirable worked out by Capt. A. J. W. Allen, The Buffs, who acted as D. A. Q. M. G. to the force during the manœuvres, and whose previous experience in the Transport Depot in the Soudan proved most useful.

"He was zealously assisted by Mr. Routleff and Sergt. Glynn of the Commt. Dept. and the excellence of their arrangements contributed, not only to the comfort of the troops, but very materially to the success of the operations.

"Sir Jno. Hudson desires to offer his cordial acknowledgments to Colonel Hart, V. C., R. F. Commanding at Ranikhet, whose scientific attainments and professional knowledge were throughout, most useful, and especially so on the umpires staff. To Colonels Ward and Halahan, Majors Stewart and Bishop, Commanding corps, and to all ranks serving under their orders for the hearty co-operation they accorded him.

"It will be his pleasing duty to report to H. E. the Commander-in-chief who takes an especial interest in the subject, that the manœuvers were a complete success, and it was the excellent spirit which animated the troops which made them so."

J. HUDSON,
Major General.

Cricket.

"B." COMPY. *v.* "C." COMPY.

On the 6th. inst this, the 2nd of the ties for the Regimental Shield was decided in favour of B. Compy. by one innings and 10 runs. C. Compy. were first at the wickets, and owing to the fast bowling of Gilbert, which was simply unplayable, and Townsends underhand screws which proved very dangerous, the whole team was dismissed for 31 runs. B. Compys first 3 wickets fell in quick succession, but Raward made a good stand, and played a faultless 38, and the innings closed for 77. For C. Compy. Gardiner bowled well, he cleaned bowled five and two others were caught off him. In the second innings again C. Compy. could not stand against the splendid bowling of Gilbert and Townsend, and although they tried their best to save a single innings defeat only passed their former score by five runs. Score :—

"C." COMPANY.

Pte.	Golder, b Gilbert ...	0	b Townsend ...	11	
„	Gower, run out ...	4	b Gilbert ...	1	
„	Gardiner, b Gilbert ...	2	b Townsend ...	8	
Sch.	Mr. Whitle, b Townsend...	1	b Gilbert ...	2	
Lc.	Sergt Brain, b Townsend...	1	run out ...	0	
Pte.	Beeden, ht. wt. b Gilbert...	4	run out ...	0	
Lc.	Cpl. Alexander, b Townsend	0	b Gilbert ...	2	
Pte.	Cooper, b Gilbert ...	4	not out ..	1	
„	Marshall, c PattenbGilbert	0	ht. wt. b. Townsend	0	
„	Hall not out ...	4	c Riley b Gilbert...	3	
„	Reynolds, b Townsend ...	1	c Riley b Gilbert...	2	
	Extras ...	10	Extras ...	6	
	Total ...	31	Total ...	36	

"B." COMPANY.

Cpl.	Patten, t Brain ...	...	4
Pte.	Gilbert, c Hall b Gardiner	...	0
„	Frazer, b Gardiner ...	...	0
„	Raward, b Gardiner ...	...	38
„	Ware, b Gardiner ...	...	3
„	Gibbs, b Gardiner ...	...	4
Lc.	Cpl. Baker, c Alexander b Gardiner		1
Pte.	Sageman, b Gardiner ...	...	8
„	Peters, b Gardiner ...	...	0
„	Townsend, not out ...	...	13
„	Riley, b Marshall ...	...	4
	Extras ...		6
	Total ...		77

Digitized by Google

"E" COMPY. *v.* "H" COMPY.

This match, played on the 8th Oct., 1887, was for the Shield, and resulted in a victory for E Compy. by 5 wickets. After the match, the two teams adjourned to E Compy's. Bungalow where a large spread had been prepared under the supervision of Col.-Sergt. Gardner. A jolly evening was passed in singing, reciting &c, the two companies regretting very much that matches for the shield did not take place weekly.

"H." COMPANY.

Sergt. Talbot, b. Wickens	1	b. Edmonds	4
Pte. Firth b. Simmonds	13	b. Edmonds	9
„ Foster, run out	4	b. Simmonds	5
„ Wardell, b. Simmonds	29	b. Edmonds	29
„ Adams, b. Wickens	5	b. Edmonds	4
Lce. Corpl., Pickett, b. Kluckner	14	b. Edmonds	2
Sergt. Brewin, b. Wickens	2	b. Edmonds	0
Pte. Harding, b. Wickens	12	b. Edmonds	9
„ Tizzard, not out	1	b. Edmonds	7
„ Cafirey, b. Simmonds	0	b. Edmonds	6
„ Coley, b. Simmonds	0	not out	8
Extras	7	Extras	8
Total	88	Total	91

"E." COMPANY.

Pte. Edmonds, b. Wardell	35	b. Brewin	22
„ Mitchell, b. Brewin	0	b. Pickett	0
„ Kluckner, b. Wardell	1	not out	0
„ Simmonds, c. & b. Brewin	1	not out	62
„ Wickens, b. Brewin	0	c Harding b Brewin	3
„ Straw b. Wardell	17	b. Brewin	9
„ Roberts, b. Wardell	17		
„ Dillon, b. Wardell	5		
Lce. Corpl. Smee, b. Pickett	1		
„ Tomlin, b. Wardell	0		
„ Pollard not out	0	run out	3
Extras	10	Extras	6
Total	70	Total	110

"F" COMPANY *v.* "G" COMPANY.

This match for Shield was played at Ranikhet on the 27th October, 1887, and resulted in a win for "G" Company.

The scores were as follows :—

Pte. Wenman, b Godfrey	6	b Godfrey	6
„ Veable, b Godfrey	0	b do.	6
„ Hillman, b Hilderbrand	4	b Hilderbrand	12
„ Morris, st. Hussey, b Hilderbrand	14	b Godfrey	0
„ Bates, b Godfrey	3	b Hilderbrand	3
Lce.-Cpl. Mansfield run out	5	b Godfrey	0
Pte. Reed, b Godfrey	7	c & b Hilderbrand	2
„ Targett, b Godfrey	3	b do.	4
„ Saunders c Rollins b Godfrey	2	c McKeating b Hilderbrand	0
„ Cherry, run out	2	not out	1
„ Spinner, not out	2	Extras	10
Extras	7		
Total	55	Total	54

"G." COMPANY.

Pte. Hilderbrand, b Reed	0	c Veale b Reed	1
Lc.-Cpl. Rollins, not out	35	not out	7
Opl. Godfrey, run out	13	c Wenman b Reed	5
Col.-Sgt. Nicholas, c Morris b Hillman	6	not out	0
Pte. Lynch, b Reed	4		
„ Lawrence, b Hillman	1		
„ Hussey, c Spinner b Hillman	5		
„ Else, run out	1		
„ Hicks, b Reed	5		
„ Lawson, b Reed	13		
„ McKeating, run out	4		
Extras	8	Extras	3
Total	95	Total	16

GAZETTE.

The Buffs (East Kent Regiment)—Lieutenant Edgar E. Ravenhill, Adjutant, to be Captain, to complete Establishment. Dated 1st July 1887.

Lieutenant Robert E. Phillips to be Captain, *vice* A. F. Cambell-Johnston, seconded for service on the Commissariat and Transport Staff. Dated 1st July 1887.

The appointment to a Second Lieutenancy of Gentleman Cadet F. W. Lethbridge, from the Royal Military College, which was notified in the *Gazette* of the 13th Sept. 1887, is cancelled.

Second Lieutenant Lewis J. B. Hulke, from the York and Lancaster Regiment, to be Second Lieutenant in succession to Lieutenant V. T. Bunbury, promoted. Dated 28th September 1887.

Gentleman Cadet Francis Washington Lethbridge from the Royal Military College to be Second Lieutenant in succession to Lieutenant R. E. Phillips, Dated 28th Sept. 1887.

Lieutenant E. C. M. Parry, posted to 1st Battallion.

A SUBALTERN'S ROOM IN INDIA, AND ITS CONTENTS.

A small iron sofa without any head,
By day made a couch, by night made a bed ;
A chair with three legs propped up by a stick,
An allowance of candles, all tallow no wick ;
A miniature portrait of some pretty face,
A small chest of drawers that pack into a case
A carpet that does not half cover the floor,
A target chalked out on the back of the door ;
An old tiger skin placed by way of a rug,
On which sat a greyhound a mastiff, and pug ;
Apparatus for washing, a foot-pan and can,
Part of an Army List, half of a fan,
A fawn coloured glove, a lock of false hair—
Both highly prized gifts from some lady fair,
A case of blunt razors, a helmet and plume,
A fishing rod, shot belt, rifle, and broom ;
A broken-down candlestick smelling of brass,
The last Army Act, and a cracked looking-glass ;
A mould to cast bullets, the top of a boot,
The bowl of a pipe, the half of a flute ;
A regimental sword knot, a treatise on drill,
Some lighters made out of the last arrived bill,
A musical snuff-box, a bott'e of port,

Digitized by Google

An unstrung guitar, an unfinished report,
An invite to dinner, the card of the priest,
A sketch of the Colonel described as a beast;
A print of the Queen, and a favorite mare,
The brush of a fox, the scent of a hare;
Two swords and one scabbard, a box of cigars,
Some snuff and brown sugar in two broken jars
A letter from home, the troop order book,
A nightcap and sabretache hung on one hook,
A map of the district, a mane court and spur,
An opera cloak all bedizened with fur;
"Hints to young officers," part of a novel,
One half of the tongs, and bit of the shovel,
A pain of new overalls tossed on a chair,
Six large tins of jelly just sent by "*la mere*,"
A huge meerschaum pipe, the rules of the mess,
And his toilet laid out on his table to dress,
Boxes and parcels so heaped on each other,
T'would puzzle a saint to tell one from the other;
A lot of horse furniture pitched in a heap.
With "Paradise lost," and "The Life of a Sweep;
A pair of thick shooting boots covered with grease,
Two foils and a mask, and a full dress pelisse;
An easy arm-chair only wanting the back.
A sketch in burnt cork of 'My wonderful hack;"
A sheet of pink paper, and a withered moss rose,
Five rupees worth of silver, a box of new clothes;
A gun-case, and money-box wanting a lock,
A huge pistol loaded with ball, at full cock;
A powder flask lying close under the candle,
A ponderous lock on the door without handle,
A large book of prints and foreign costume,
Towels and slippers strewn over the room;
An empty canteen, an old leathern stock,
A Bible and Prayer Book, the face of a clock;
A red hunting coat, and a whip in the pocket,
And a tea-caddy open, containing a locket;
Some Bryant and May's matches a candle to light,
Some Eau-de-Cologne, the account of a fight;
In the midst of this chaos, as gay as you please,
On the ricketty table perched quite at his case,
A pipe in his mouth, and a foot in the grate,
His thoughts ever bent upon changing his state?
He puffs and he puffs whilst the columns of smoke,
Are enough e'en the throat of a German to choke,
Till dozing and puffing he falls half asleep,
While visions of field day's around him will creep,
Till wearied, and watching, he turns to his lair,
Where we'll leave him to dream of the ladies so fair.

MAIL NOTICE.

Since printing the mail notice which will be found on page eight the following has been circulated by the Postmaster at Ranikhet.

"Notice is hereby given that from the 1st inst., the mails for Almora, Kumaon, together with Naini Tal, and Bareilly, up and down country, will be despatched from this office at 5 p m., letters &c., should be in the letter box by 4-30 p. m. Foreign mails will be despatched at 5 p. m. on Monday.

Varieties.

POOR PADDY AGAIN.—An Irishman one day found a light sovereign which he was obliged to sell for seventeen shillings. A few days afterwards he saw another sovereign lying in the street. He stood looking at it and at last exclaimed "Bad luck to ye, I'll have nothing to do with you as I lost three shilling by your brother last week.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PROBLEM.

In the columns of our journal we each month find a place,
Although little competition has yet crowded up our space.
And if these you give 'as sure as you're a sinner!"
And a prize was offered you would be a winner.

LIGHTS.

1. I'm small; but very useful so they say—
   And used by young and old fifty times a day.
2. All powerful, dreaded, always have been,
   And defy every object although I am green!
3. I'm a word depicted by an artists' pen,
   And thus make myself known to intelligent men.
4. A scene of gaiety, beauty and military display;
   Tommy doesn't wish for another tho,' for many a day
5. To do this we must; for to live we must die!
   Find out the answer, 'tis easy if you try.
6. To embarrass, to entangle it means without a doubt,
   And 'tis the name of a man who looks after us *en route*.
7. At home and abroad in hot and cold clime,
   For this, miles we would travel many a time.

NANTI

ENIGMA.

She was beautiful, and he loved her to *distraction*; She hated him, yet womanlike did all she could to *catch* him.

Query. Who was he? (answers requested)

Answer to last months acrostic:

SHOOTING—FOOTBALL.

S herif F
H a l O
O ona O
O bedienT
T hum B
I d e A
N a i L
G o a L

Correct answers received from "Billy" and "Kate."

Printed for the EDITOR, *by* TARA DUTT, *at the "Station Printing Press," Ranikhet.*

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 11. BAREILLY JANUARY 31st, 1888. Price 2 Annas.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTHS.

SMITH.—At Canterbury, on the 6th October, 1887, the wife of Captain F. Smith The Buffs, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

HOLBROOK.—At Ranikhet, on the 27th Nov., 1887, Pte. Holbrook, Letter "B" Company, of enteric fever.

LAVER.—At Ranikhet, on the 20th Jan., 1888, No. 1353 Pte. H. Laver, Letter "E" Coy.

Notes.

THE lot of an editor is not always a happy one; and more than that of a policeman is. The editor of this great and influential journal went away on leave with the happy belief that on his return to Bareilly he would find the first-born number of *The Dragon* in the new year awaiting his arrival. But this was not to be. Printers are proverbially the enemies of Scribes—be sure that it was an angered editor who christened the printer's underling a "devil"—and it was a printer who brought the Christmas Number to grief. Our energetic sub-editor had arranged to have the number printed at Ranikhet, we, the editor, had written a leading article with what we fancied was a nice Christmassy tone about it—plenty of good-will to, and good advice for, everybody—and a good deal of other matter had been collected; when the printer inconveniently fell ill. Printers were telegraphed for and advertised for, but to no purpose—evidently printers do not yearn for a winter in the Himalayas—and so our Christmas *Dragon* perished still-born. We have no grievance against printers in general, (this is put in to propitiate our present printer) but we do hope that the medicine the Ranikhet printer had to take was very nasty. The strange part of the whole matter is, that though *The Dragon* did not appear, both the regiment and the outside world seem to have been able to exist without it.

IT is late to wish our readers a happy new year; but still, though there are only eleven months now left for them to avail themselves of our wish in, we do so most heartily. We must congratulate ourselves that in the byegone year we made a favourable start in the country in which we shall soldier for many years to come: generals have had nothing but kind words for us, and our athletic record, though not up to the level to which we must bring it to achieve the fame the battation gained when it was in India before, has been anything but contemptible. Let us hope that when, if the printer does not veto it, we bring out our next year's new year's number we shall be able to look back upon an even more successful year than we do now.

Digitized by Google

Why is Bareilly so dull? For it is assuredly deadly dull. The importation of two regiments in addition to the regular garrison ought to have livened it up: but they have not. A great attempt to show that the station can break out into gaiety when it chooses is to be made during the last week in this month, when the Highlanders, and the Bengal Lancers both give dances. Fyzabad is to play cricket and Shahjehanpore polo against our champions; there is to be an assult-at-arms and a smoking concert, besides tennis and billiard matches. By rights the description of this week should have appeared in this number of the paper: but our descriptive reporter absolutely declines to do any work during festival weeks and so our readers will have to wait till next month for our report of it.

The only sympton of liveliness, lately, was the impromptu camp-fire concert on the night we camped ten miles out, before our last field day. All our singers came well to the front; our lion-comique Haley displayed his well known expansive and fascinating smile in the fire light and a respected Color-Sergt., after having asserted his right to sing what he liked, how he liked, disappointed his audience by only giving them a verse and a half of his song.

Its a pity we cannot have some more of these innocent, festive, and inexpensive entertainments, but it seems that those who could get them up won't, and those who can't, can't.

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

As you will probably like to hear how we are getting on some 6000 feet above the sea level I will give you a slight insight into our doings since you left.

Well, we are not quite frozen to death yet, but I believe January is the month that tells upon weak lungs and Rheumatic patients, so we shall nearly all have to draw some more "grey backs" to prevent our utter disappearance from Ranikhet.

After C. and G. companies left, on the 5th ult.; the place commenced to get very dull scarcely anything to vary the monotony, except an occasional divorce suit, tying tin kettles on stray dogs tails, or a scare that a couple of Leopards had been playing "bo-peep" with the sentry on the Quartermasters Stores, who by the way has not seen any Cheetahs lately. One of our gallant shikaries has been sitting up for the last night or two waiting for a shot at Hyenas but up to date without any result except empty whisky bottles and a very bad cold.

A free fight at the "Half Moon" among the Details occupied every one, attention for a couple of days and was eventually settled by their Officer Commanding tearing up the crimes, and referring them to the War Office if not satisfied with his humble decision.

We are gradually nearing Xmas Day and anxiously straining our eyes looking towards Bareilly for the usual canteen donation; the order for which alas! arrives after the Treasury people have closed for their holidays, but never mind, we will keep up the first day of the coming year and think for that day only we are a detachment of "Scotch Buffs" (bar the kilts). Christmas Day here broke with all the appearance of a regular old fashioned Xmas Day at home with the exception of the Himalaya firs which would there be considered a novelty, but which are looked upon here as a bit of a nuisance.

After the usual Church parade, and a very pleasant hour with Honorary Captain Mole, who officiated as our minister and who looked in vain among the audience for some one to read the lessons, which he eventually had to do himself, the next thing to nearly all the Detachment was the Canteen, to draw sundry gallons of beer and also a quart per man given free, gratis and for nothing by Mr. Fleming of Ranikhet Brewery renown.

An order had been issued that the Officer Commanding the Detachment would visit the dinners at 1 p. m. so that we were all on the alert for the expected visit. Just as the last notes of the "pick-em-up" sounded our gallant Commander put in an appearance, then commenced the usual Christmas Day's salute. "There cheers for Lieut Armitage" responded to unanimously. "Drink Sir please, sorry I have not got a glass sir, but you will excuse a basin I'm sure" "Certainly I always prefer a basin to a glass any day." (Now a basin upon these occasions is a handy vessel for a visitor who has to go through the same ceremony about a dozen times as he can just put his lips to it and need not drink a drop, whereas if a glass he has at least to half empty it or else stand the chance of having it upset all over him by good natured Tommy.) After going through this ordeal several times he eventually comes to the last room where he had hoped to get away "scot free" but his expectations were blighted as after the usual health drinking had been gone through our old friend Professor Goble said "Now then boys cart him round," this was enough and half a dozen ready hands hoisted about 15 stone of good solid English flesh and blood and took our gallant Commander all round the bungalow. He eventually escoped and left Tommy to his own way of enjoying himself, which he did right heartily.

The day passed very quietly only one prisoner being made.

Boxing day was opened by two renowned athletes (Ptes. West of G Coy., and Hart of A Coy.,) giving an open air entertainment (in front of canteen) consisting of 100 yards hurdle race, boxing, tug-of-war at even

Digitized by Google

weights, shaving ten men each, the latter to be done under 70 seconds, West receivsd 10 yards start in the hurdle race and won, this took nearly a minute to run, West being the lighter of the two in the tug-of war had to be made up to even weight, and to accomplish this a large stone was tied on his back, the pull lasted some time but unfortunately for West the stone fell off and directly it did he was pulled over the line: the boxing was held under the Queensbury rules and this was awarded to West but I certainly think the Umpires favored him: the lighting shavers then got to work and after a severe and painful struggle (for the victims who were being operated on) it resulted in a dead heat. The hat then went round and a good subscription was made up, which went the usual way. On Tuesday evening a smoking concert was held under the patronage of the Officer Commanding the Deatchment and a very pleasant evening was passed.

I hear there is a dance to be given on the 2nd prox. by the water wallahs of the Detachment and hope it will prove a success.

Now sir I think I must conclude as I hear the quarter for picquet sounding and I am one of those unhappy six, who have to perform the slow march to Parvious and back, looking for candidates for Segt. Talbots establishment. I am Sir, yours obediently

RANIKHET.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

Since writing my last, the dances I mentioned have come off and with a vengeance too, no less than two per week, one a practice hop for the young hands (and 3rd class shots), the other a quadrille party at which of course the experts shine; and really some of us are getting such adepts at this light fantastic business, that I am afraid you will see this depôt of our old and historical regiment, commence to waltz, or Roger-de-Coverley immediately the quick step strikes up for the march past for His Excellency the Commander-in-chief next month; but I hope not.

The worst of it is we don't get quite a sufficient number of the gentle sex to attend, a great many not liking to come because their better or worse half is at Bareilly and often I see Tommy has to bow very gracefully to Alfred and engage him for the next. Our music is not so very soul stirring, although dear enough to be, all we can muster is a very small N.C.O. with a regulation flute and it takes an awful amount of tea, coffee, lemonade, iron-tonic and sundry whisky pegs (the latter having to be administered on the quiet, round the corner near the Ration stand somewhere) to keep him going, so that he can conscientiously claim his four rupees which I think is rather tall for such a short chap. However we get through our hops very well, and why should we not with such a staff as the following:—

President,	Corpl. Hunt.
Secretary,	„ Donnelly,
Treasurer,	„ Reynolds,
M. C.	Pte. Germaine.

These and the committee (who are rather too numerous to mention) devote as much of their spare time as possible to making things comfortable and a success which up to the present, I am happy to say they have done, not one unpleasant incident having yet taken place, I have nearly forgotten our dress regulations, well, it is (not) condemned great coats, blue trousers (for Auld Lang Syne) and our last, the very last issue of boots, some wear April some October but we shall all wear Octobers when they come.

Dancing is over and now for work, our gallant Commanding Officer who is Paymaster, Quartermaster, Musketry Instructor and Roman Catholic Minister combined, is relieving the monotony of Ranikhet by making us try to level one or two hills on the rifle range, in which capacity the troops do not shine very much, as according to our progress up to date I am perfectly certain we shall not be applied for to finish the cart road between this and Kyrna, as it was strongly rumoured here that the depôt under a subordinate of the M.W.D. (Much Worked Department) had to get this bit of road done for your return journey, but now as we have failed them they don't expect to have it finished till A.D. 1900.

Sportsmen have been weeping and wailing for a fortnight or more on account of a station order prohibiting shooting, because some foolish ones went looking for pheasants (and got 'em too) near the Sudder Bazaar. Very stringent orders have been issued and evidently the police are on the alert (what a wonder) to catch the delinquents who will persist in firing in cantonments, as some members of Sergt. Cheal's brigade had to let 'off' a couple of defective blank cartridges the other day, when another fearful mandate was at once issued. However I am happy to say the restriction has been removed and our shikarries and poachers are again happy but for how long I don't know, as the order is to be rescinded if anyone is caught or shooting heard inside or within three miles of Ranikhet Cantonment.

The weather is still very cold and snow seems to be a shortly coming event. I wish it would snow so that probably the weather would be warmer.

Great numbers of troops coming up this summer I hear, 750 for the Camp, but where they are going to put them I don't know, another 250 to be encamped some other place goodness knows where, some say Jula Davi some Upatkhet but time as usual will tell, last but not the least 100 married families, oh! what fun for the Quarter Masters Department, more experiences of "Chota Sahib" for *The Dragon*. Well now I must conclude wishing you all a safe journey back and believe me. Yours faithfully, RANIKHET.

A slight shock of earthquake was felt at Ranikhet on the 17th November at about 6 o'clock p. m. The occupants of several bungalows were very much alarmed at the doors, roof and walls severely shaking No damage however was done to property or person.

Digitized by Google

ON THE WANDER.

By N. N. D.

There is no doubt that circumstances make a great deal of difference in ones appreciation of scenery; and when riding down to Kathgodam, with a light heart, firm faith in the cheque cashing qualities of Messrs Grindlay, Groom and Co, and a two months leave ticket in one pocket, the mountains and forests and streams looked very much more picturesque than they did when we toiled through them on foot on our up country march, and even prosaic little Beem Tal, under the transforming light of a full moon, with the reflection of the hills unstirred by a ripple, looked beautiful to the eyes of a contented man who had dined well and was strolling along its edges until it was time for bed. Bed; but not much of it; for about midnight four shots brought every body in the dak bungalow out of their rooms in very various costumes to see who had killed who. But it was nothing half as exciting as a murder. It was only an Irish doctor who had set his chimney and a rafter on fire and who had loosed off his *banduk* to draw the attention of the general public to his feat. When the fire was out the doctor went round for congratulations and pointed out that if it had not been for him and his musketry practice we should all have been burnt in our beds: and he was hurt, badly hurt, when indignant men and still more indignant women replied that if it had not been for his idiotcy in setting his chimney alight we should all be sleeping peacefully in our beds. There is another Irishman now going about believing firmly in the ingratitude of the brutal Saxon.

Kathgodam and the train at last: but unfortunately the Lieutenant Governor had selected that particular day to go down to Lucknow, and so the unfortunate voyagers who did not shine in the court circle were packed like pilchards in a hogshead, and of course, being English you know, they grumbled much at the same, wishing that that divinity which doth so hedge an L. G. that he requires half a train to himself would run to his requiring a whole special one. The fact that the servants pitched upon the non-official first class carriages as a suitable position to squat opposite to, to go through their morning ablutions, (which seem chiefly to consist in taking a mouthful of water and then spitting it out over their hands, and which any way is not a pretty or diverting performance) did not do much to soothe the ruffled tempers, and, if it had not been that to kick a man in red, might be *lese majestic* or some other fine old medieval crime, our protests would not have been confined to bad language in worse Hindustani.

On, in the train through the night to Delhi with a consumptive light weight jockey as a fellow voyager; (stable companion he called it) whose cough and the jolting of the carriage made sleep a very perfunctory performance. Mark Twain in a fiendish moment discovered and published that all trains in the throb and rattle of their wheels keep repeating; "Punch, Punch, Punch with care. Punch in the presence of the passenger"—and so on, and this wretched jingle, once fixed in the head, in England always runs on throughout a sleepless railway journey; but I was surpised to find that the Indian train did not fit its time to it. But then of course it might be saying it in Hindustani, which I would naturally not understand.

Delhi at first sight would I think be disappointing, as much talked about places generally are to any one. The pushing crowd of Ananiases touting for hotels would do discredit to any of the worst Italian cities, and the hotels themselves, though not the worst in India, for in every depth there is a lower, are about as bad as they can be. At the Caravanserai, which it was my ill-luck to select, I had to sit down three times a day to a dinner table where the history of the meals of the last three weeks was recorded on the table cloth in gravy stains, smudges of grease, and blotches of mustard; with, opposite to me, a grim woman with a hatchet face who only opened her mouth at intervals to ask for mustard, and who stared at me in such a persistent way that I fully expected in an access of mania I might be tempted to throw things at her. All this sort of thing is not encouraging to begin sight seeing on, and my first impression of the town was that it was on a level with the hotel. I must confess that my ideas as to what I expected Delhi to be were chiefly founded on a lithograph, which made a great impression on my mind as a small boy, in which Kings, Sultans, and potentates of sorts, on highly decorated elephants and prancing and bedizened steeds, were riding through a street which was built entirely of the most beautiful red, yellow, green, and blue palaces, mosques, and temples; and all this was labelled Delhi. The man who drew that picture must have had a strong imagination; for the prismatic edifices are absolutely non-existent and the Chandin Chouk, the big street of the city—a street much written about and which the guide books dignify with their most high sounding adjectives—is only a fairly wide road with some dusty trees in the centre, and, on either side, the ordinary looking shops one sees in a baazar, from which the black but not comely tout rushes at ones carriage and thrusts into ones hand the card of the establishment. These same poor looking little shops however are fatal places for a weak minded man to be lured into. I had, with a strong faith in the liberality of Messrs G. G. and Co, itended to invest a very small sum of money in embroideries; but, before I had finished, I found myself sitting opposite to a mild Hindu, who persistently called me "My Lord" and who was always ready to toss for the odd rupees, and, as the little pile of embroideries by my side increased, I saw all chance of any surplus at the bankers for years slipping away and only saved myself from bankruptcy with some Delhi emproidery as my only assets, by sudden flight.

Delhi however, when one knows it better, has some very impressive features. The Jumna Musjid, the big mosque, the most scared of all Indian spots to the Mussulman, spoilt as the enjoyment of it is by day, by

Digitized by Google

the cringing priests who show some various relics of Mahomet, his footmark in stone, his hand writing which is a bit shaky (Was Mahomet in secret a drunkard?)—Some flowers which I suppose he grew, and accompany the exhibition with a running accompaniment of *Backshish!* (that irritating word which makes the whole of the black man's world kin); looks lovely in the moonlight, when all the fierce life that buzzes round it in the day is stilled, when the glorious purifying light shows each dome and minaret like a pearl jewel in a garnet setting, and the only sign of life is the distant bark of a dog somewhere afar off in the sleeping city. The fort too, with its fairy-like buildings shut round by a frowning red stone wall, is a wonder. Some vandals tried to spoil its beauties by white washing some of the gem inlaid marble pillars; but now, I believe, the white washing is no longer included in the annual estimates and the buildings are restored as nearly as possible to what they were in the days of the emperors; though the British officer eats his dinner, curses his messman and smokes his cheroot, where the black eyed beauties of the harem used to gossip and sleep, and Tommy uses as a canteen the glorious hall where Shan Jehan sat in state, and shouts the latest ditties of the music halls where the poet Khusroo swept the lyre. (I don't know whether the lyre, spelt that way, is an Indian production but it sounds the right sort of thing for a poet to do) I am not writing a guide book, so I will not go into details about the lovely pearl mosque built by a Frenchman, whose work could be traced by the Fleur-de-Lys he has introduced every where; the private reception room of the emperor with its pillars of inlaid marble and its roofs, which they are now painting in imitation of a gaudy modern flower pattern instead of trying to restore the silver filagree which was the original design; or the perfectly fitted baths of the emperor. It it rather sad that amidst all this splendour the half battalion of the Regiment quarted at the fort had been so pulled down by fever that it was very doubtful if the men would be able to do the necessary marches to join their other half battalion.

But the sight of Delhi for an Englishman is, of course, the Cashmere gate with its two deep arches bearing the marks of the tremendous battering which preceded the assault. It is a place to which every soldier should make a pilgrimage, for it is only on the spot that one can understand to what certain death the little band who blew up the gates were going. One can see then the long wall flanking the approach crowded with the mutinous sepoys, the draw bridge battered down, the 60th rifles lying down amidst the bushes to cover the advance, and the little band, Lieuts Salkeld and Home, Sergts Carmichel, Burgess and Smith, and Bugler Hawthorne, waiting for the signal to advance. The story of the capture of the gate is, of course, one of the best known events in our soldiers' history, but there is no harm in telling it again.

The batteries had been hammering away at the breaches since the grey dawn, but, as the sun rose, they ceased firing, and, with a cheer, the Rifles rushed to the edge of the cover.

Then came the turn of the Forlorn Hope. Home with his powder bags walked into the open, and made for the gate, the bridge was in ruins and he had great difficulty in laying his bags; but the daring of the deed, the cheek (if one may use such a word) in connection with such heroism, of this man crossing the point blank range of thousands of rifles seemed to paralyse the rebels, hardly a shot was fired at him, and he leapt safe into the ditch. Sakeld came next with his party, but now it was through a hail of bullets. He tried to fire the fuze but fell back wounded.

Burgess seized the port-fire but fell dead. Carmichel came next, and in firing the fuze was mortally wounded.

Smith in his turn advanced, but, finding the fuze burning, leapt into the ditch, where the bugler had already dragged Sakeld.

The explosion shattered the gate, the bugler sounded "the advance," the storming party swept through like a whirlwind, and the Cashmere gate and mainguard were won again.

Up on the ridge, where the first batteries were posted, has been placed a memorial to those who fell during the siege. It cost a lot of money, the army and government both subscribing towards it, and it is as ugly as it can be. The one redeeming feature of the squat gothic erection, which looks like a meeting house steeple, is the view from it. Below lies a wooded park, and beyond, Delhi with its walls, the fort and Jumma Musiid standing up as grey silhouettes, with the gleam of the river behind and the flat plains stretching out of sight.

But besides the modern Delhi, there is the ancient city, or rather the four or five cities, which at sometime or another were Delhi, to be seen.

It is a long drive to the Kutab Minar, the farthest point to which the unresisting traveller is taken, the road is dusty and hot, the carriages are of the slowest and, though it is most impressive, mile after mile of ruined mosques and tombs, all as alike as Cæsar and Pompey begin to grow monotonous. The guide sat opposite me and talked on in soft Baboo babble about Shah Jehan, and Akbar, and Humayon, and gave many interesting details as to impaling, and putting out of eyes, and other tortures, humourous but lingering, with molten lead or boiling oil in them, until at last, I must own to it, the heat and the Baboo were too much for me and I slumbered peacefully until we reached the Minar.

But, when once out there, the Minar is well worth the hot drive to see it. It is a huge pillar of rose coloured stone, by far the highest in the world. It has five galleries all elaborately carved, one being of marble. The native story of its erection is; that one of the Hindoo Emperors had a pet daughter who was given to early rising and who had a fancy to see the Jumna river by sunrise. She went to her father and told him what she wanted, and he, like a dutiful parent,

Digitized by Google

said in the flowery and poetical sanskrit language, "right you are my girl," and set to work to have the tower built. The view from the top story over the plain, crowded with ruins, is magnificent, but the lower is not a good place for anybody with a weak head to climb up.

All round the Minar are remains of a magnificent palace and mosque. A few arches of the mosque are standing and of the palace the chief relic is Alaooden's gateway the most perfect specimen of Pathan architecture there is, and as lovely a building as ever human conceived. It is a gateway, with four openings, one on each side, of white and red stone and marble and it stands now by itself, with a marble tomb and some dark foliaged trees before it, which make an excellent foreground. We went back to Delhi by a different road and amongst many other sights stopped to see the tomb of the poet Kushuroo, who wrote the Bagh-o-Bahar. There was the usual number of evil smelling men in attendance, with their war cry of *Backshish!* who were all, as my guide informed me, very holy and who, after taking me to a pool where I steadfastly refused to see a boy jump off a roof into the water for a rupee, for, if I had been so minded, I could have done it myself free gratis; led me to the poets marble tomb

The tomb is covered with flowers and I pictured to myself happy subalterns, thankful for the eighty rupees which a more or less complete ignorance of the poets works had gained for them, trooping to his grave and laying flowers on it. I asked the chief priest, (a gentleman who in the way of holiness was equal to any first class drain), if this was so. He said no: but that once a month the poet stirred uneasily in his grave and his spirit was heard moaning and shrieking at night and that a great English Sahib had told him that these times, when the poet suffered this dire unrest, coincided with the days of the examination for the lower standard.

This curious coincidence is mentioned in none of the guide books and is therefore the more valuable and interesting.

And so good bye to Delhi no longer the lithographic Delhi of my boyhood, but a city dominated by the moonlit glory of the Jumna Musjid, where fierce eyes gleam in the Mohammedan quarter and the ruins stretch for leagues along the river.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD COLOURS OF THE BUFFS AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

We take the following from a Kentish paper:—

On March the 14th, the 2nd Battalion The Buffs, now stationed in Dover, bade farewell to their old colours, under which the regiment had served from 1858 until August last year, when it had the honour of receiving new colours from the hands of H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor of Wales. On that occasion H.R.H. expressed a wish, which was gladly complied with by the regiment, to keep the old colours as a memento of the event. Various rersons prevented H.R.H.'s wish being carried out until the present month, when it was notified to Lieut-Colonel Kerr that the Prince was ready to receive them at Marlborough House. Eventually it was found that H.R.H. would be unable to leave York, (where his regiment the 19th Lancers is at present stationed). on the day named for the ceremony, and the Prince of Wales very kindly sent a message to say that he would receive them on behalf of his son. Accordingly on Monday morning the colours were escorted to the station from the South Front Barracks, Dover, by a guard of honour of 100 men, and in presence of Lieutenat-Colonel Kerr and the officers now at head quarters the last honours were paid to them, the guard being formed up facing the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Station and presenting arms, while the band played "Auld Lang Syne." Proceeding to Victoria by the 8.30 a.m. train the party, which consisted of Captain Vyvyan (Queen's colour), Lieutenant Vickerman (regimental colour), with Colour-Sergeants Aherne, Howard and Coulby, and Sergeant Ward as escort were met by General Sir F. F. Maude, V. C., G. C. B., who commanded the battalion at the time these colours were originally presented, and accompanied by him marched to Marlborough House where they were met and introduced by General Raines, C B., Regimental Colonel of The Buffs. The party formed up in the inner hall of the house, and when H.R H. appeared the escort presented arms and the colours were lowered. Generul Raines then addressed H.R.H. stating the object with which the party had come, and the Prince in reply regretted the absence of Prince Albert Victor of Wales and expressed the pleasure it gave him to act as proxy for his son. The officers carrying the colours then knelt down and H.R.H. took each colour separately from them, shaking hands with the officers as he did so. The officers then rose and thanked H.R.H. for the honour he had conferred on the regiment, and the Prince after desiring them to convey to Lieut-Col. Kerr and all ranks of the regiment his thanks and those of Prince Albert Victor for the gift of their old colours, withdrew.

By the kindness of H.R.H., who left Marlborough House immediately after the ceremony the non-commissioned officers of the escort were

Digitized by Google

provided with luncheon before returning to Dover. The colours thus placed in such illustrious keeping, are among the last which have accompanied their regiment throughout a campaign, as the necessity of having all available officers and non-commissioned officers in the ranks, under the modern system of tactics, has given rise to the practice in recent wars of leaving the colours at the base of operations to avoid the employment of a special escort. The 2nd Battalion The Buffs carried their colours through the first phase of the Zulu campaign of 1879, and they were present with the regiment at Inyeezane on the 22nd January in that year, and during the subsequent occupation of Ekowe by Sir Charles Pearson (a former colonel of the regiment), Colonel the Hon. H. Parnell being then in command. They also shared in the shipwreck which befel the regiment when *en route* to the Cape in 1876, on board the hired transport *St. Lawrence*.

Depot Items.

Colonel F. T. Hobson assumed command of the 3rd Regimental District on 7th October vice Col. H. J. Degacher C. B. whose period of service expired on 16th idem.

Color Sergt. J. Mooney has been granted a furlough pending his discharge from the service.

Pte. Noah Farr was discharged on 11th October 1887 on completion of 21 years service and has been awarded a pension of 1s. 1d. per diem.

Lc.-Corpl. J. Herric will shortly be discharged as an Invalid.

Capt. G. A. Porter reported himself on 11th November 1887 for duty at Regimental Depot Vice Captn. F. Smith who took over the duties of Adjutant 1st Vol. Battn. The Buffs on 1st November 1887.

16 recruits proceeded to join the 2nd Battn. at Dover on 7th November 87.

The Warrant Officers, Staff Sergeants and Sergeants of Regimental Depot and Permanent Staff, 3rd and 4th Bns. gave a dance in the Gymnasium on 17th November 1887.

There was a good attendance of N C. Officers from the Cavalry Depot and Volunteers and civilian friends from the City. Col.-Sergt. Featherstone efficiently performed the duties of M. C.

The music was supplied by the Band of the 3rd and 4th Battns.

Col.-Sergt. Mooney was discharged to pension on 22nd November 1887.

All at the Depot unite and wish their comrades in Ranikhet a Merry Xmas and a Happy new year.

Regimental Items.

Schoolmaster and School-Mistress Whittle transferred to the Royal Artillery Lucknow.

Schoolmaster Steele and School Mistress Miss Forde from England posted to the Battn.

Lieut. C. K Greene rejoined from leave of absence on the 24th October 1887.

Capt. Hughes and Lieut. Pemberton rejoined from leave of absence on the 2nd Dec., 1887.

The following invalids embarked in H.M.S. Serapis for England, on the 28th Nov., 1887 :—

1681, Pte. Dumphy,
1379, ,, Styles,
2033, ,, Spickett,
1974, ,, Turner,
1294, ,, Ryder.

Capt. Porter and Lieut. G. G. Hunter embarked for England in H.M.S. Crocodile on the 18th October, 1887.

Lieut. W. H. Booth embarked for England in "Serapis" on the 28th Nov., 1887.

Pte. W. Jubb transferred from 1st East Surrey Regt. to serve with an elder brother.

Lieut. G. V. Dauglish to be Capt. *vice* Smith, seconded for service on the staff.

Lieut.-Col. H. T. Halahan to be Colonel, from the 30th November 1887.

Ptes. T. W. Hickmott and T. Hilderbrand to be Lce.-Corpls., 3-12-87.

Digitized by Google

Lieut. D. A. Hamilton to be Captain *vice* Bvt.-Major R. G Kekewich seconded, 4th Aug., '87.

Captain F. Smith has been seconded for service as an Adjutant of Auxiliary Forces, 1st Nov. '87.

Capt. Walter Stewart Stewart-Savile, from the Leicestershire Regt. to be Captain *vice* V. T Bunbury who exchanges, 19th Nov., '87.

The undermentioned N.C. Officers and men volunteered to the Battn., from corps proceeding home, and have been posted to companies as follows from 1st Nov, 87 :—

From 1st Battn. North Stafford Regt.—
Pte. G. Bailey to H Company

From 1st Battn. Yorkshire Regt :—
Pte. S. George to E Company.
" E. Townes to E "
" M. Buckley to F "
" J. West to F "

From 2nd Battn. Hampshire Regt. :—
Pte. A. North to A Company
" W. Barnes to A "
" J. Cousins to A "
" S. Dangerfield to C "
" T. Haines to C "
" G. Kent to C "
" E. Ringwood to C "
" J. Adams to C "
" A. Money to E "
" G. Sherrard to E "
" R. Joliffee to E "
" C. Keys to H "
" R. Gardner to H "

From 2nd North Stafford Regt. :—
Pte. J. Tennant to H Company

Unattached list :—
Sergt. A. Lister to F Company.

Good Conduct Pay has been granted to the undermentioned men :—

Pte.	T. Croucher	at	1d.
"	W. Price	"	2d.
"	T. Robinson	"	2d.
"	D. Thacker	"	2d.
"	W. Buckwell	"	2d.
"	T. Burgess	"	1d.
"	J. Finch	"	1d.
"	J. Mansfield	"	1d.
"	W. Young	"	2d.
"	W. H. Nicholson	"	1d.
"	W. Perry	"	1d.
"	J. Reynolds	"	1d.
"	G. Stanford	"	1d.
"	J. Taylor	"	1d.
"	W. Chalklin	"	2d.
Pte.	T. M. May	"	2d.
"	W. B. Parker	"	1d.
"	R. Warren	"	1d.
"	H. S. Gambell	"	1d.
"	T. Murray	"	4d.
"	F. T. Brown	"	1d.
"	E. Cherry	"	1d.
"	T. Clarke	"	1d.
"	S. Coveney	"	1d.
"	H. Edwards	"	2d.
"	A. Holland	"	2d.
"	G. Mathews	"	1d.
"	E. Smith	"	1d.
"	T. R. Read	"	1d.
"	A. Targett	"	2d.
"	T. Boyles	"	2d.
"	S. Carroll	"	1d.
"	H. Cogan	"	1d.
"	T. W. Crowson	"	1d.
"	W. George	"	1d.
"	G. Mills	"	2d.
"	G. Munday	"	1d.
"	H. S. Newing	"	1d.
"	W. Want	"	1d.
"	T. Evans	"	1d.
"	E. Firth	"	2d.

ACCIDENTS.

At Bareilly on the 16th Dec., 1887, during a field day under Col. R. C. Hart, V.C. R.E. Cammanding ; a very serious accident which nearly proved fatal to two men of Letter E. Company viz. Pte. Edmonds (our renowed cricketer) and Pte. Hutchings; occurred owing to the explosion of a blank cartridge which was jammed in a rifle. The "Cease fire" had sounded for the umpires to examine the positions of the different troops engaged, when Pte. Pryce discovered a cartridge jammed in his rifle and in trying to extract it from the breech he used his cleaning rod and the cartridge exploded.

The cause of the explosion is not yet known but the cleaning rod passed through the knee cap of one of Pte. Hutching's legs, and then struck Pte. Edmonds in the right arm, and the right groin. The wound in the groin at the time was thought mortal, but owing to the presence of mind shewn by Pte. Vickers who stopped the bleeding by holding his finger over the wound until the doctor arrived saved a very great loss of blood which might otherwise have proved fatal. Pte. Hutching's wound was not thought to be very serious at the time, but after his arrival at hospital it was evident that confinement to bed for some considerable time was inevitable. Both men bore their afflictions well throughout, and we are happy to say that they are progressing very favourably—and hope that before we leave Bareilly we will see the well known name of Edmonds (with double figures) again figuring in our cricket news.

Digitized by Google

On the night of the 5th Nov., 1887, a party of four men of E Company went out shooting, and after being out a little while an argument arose regarding the charge which was in the gun that Corpl. Parsons had Corpl. Parsons drew his rod and tried it and while returning it, the gun went off and shattered his right hand nearly blowing off two of his fingers. He was taken to hospital and is progressing favourably.

On the night of the 11th Nov., 1887, at Camp Bhojapura while on the line of march to Bareilly, Pte. Cowley (also of Letter E Company) was running round one of the tents when he fell over a tent peg, and fractured his knee-cap.—He is also on the road to recovery.

A CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE TRANSVAAL.

By The Editor.

It is lion story—my only one—and I can apologize for it, as the servant maid did, by saying that it is such a very little 'one When I first told it ribald brother subs laughed at me and one unbeliever went so far as to draw a hideous caricature of myself and my lion on the Picquet-room's wall at Maritzburg. But it is true nevertheless.

I was quartered then in Pretoria with the Squadron of Mounted Infantry of which I commanded a troop, and, for once, in the short history of that corps we were altogether, instead of chasing rebels in the Ka'ahari Desert or vainly circling round Seccocoeni's Mountain. We were certain of a months stay and I asked Carrington (now a Colonel but then a simple sub.) who was commanding us if I might take three weeks leave and go out to some Transport riders, friends of mine, who had their oxen a three days ride out in the bush. I got my leave, found my friends after some adventures, the chief of which was being arrested by Boers as a deserter, and after a very pleasant fortnight shooting buck partridge, and guinea-fowl, and sitting up in a tree at night waiting for lions which never came, though they roared all night round the camp, it was time for me to get back to eat my christmas dinner in Pretoria.

I had put off starting back so long, that I found I had to ride in two days, the journey which it had taken me three days to cover in coming, but in Africa one travels very light; a spare pair of boots some socks, handkerchiefs, a second flannel shirt, and a tooth brush, being my only baggage, while a horserug represantel my bedding; and as, I had two excellent horses both fit and fresh, I expected to have no difficulty in my ride. One of my horses Dick, my own charger, was the best and most intelligent animal I have ever owned or seen, a dark chestnut as handsome as a picture he was wonderfully intelligent and plucky and always carried my, even then, heavy weight through the longest day without a sign of distress. Poor Dick! the Zulu war broke him down at last, and he is now a pensioner for life on a farm in Natal.

My other horse was a black trooper, and it was his Military bridle that procured me the Boers disagreeable attentions on my ride into the bush. I had brought with me both a shot gun and a rifle, but I found that carrying both, one in my hand and one slung, and having to lead my second horse as well, was very tiring work so as I did not see any chance of using my rifle on the return ride, I left it with the waggons, knowing that it would be brought into Pretoria in a few weeks time. I started well before sunrise in the sharp cold of the African morning, my baggage, such as it was, in my holsters, the rug strapped on to the spare horse's back and some cooked buck meat and biscuits in my haversack. I had heard that some Boers were out spanned in the Kameel Poort (a pass about 70 miles distant) and I intended if possible to reach them in the first day's ride and spend the night there. I pushed on as quickly as I could, taking alternate spells of walking and cantering, stopping every twelve miles or so, to off saddle and let the horses roll, graze, and get a short rest, and then on again riding each horse in turn. I had the Elands river to swim and some smaller streams to ford and in some places the track through the thorn bushes was lost in the sand, and the hunting for it lost valuable time. The sun got down in the sky and I began to look anxiously for the low hills that marked the entrance to the poort, more especially as the black horse, which all the afternoon had been hanging back sulkily from the leading rein, now should unmistakeable signs of lameness.

The sun set and I knew I must still be some miles from the pass and as it was useless to attempt to follow the track in the dark, I knew I must stop where I was for the night. I had just passed a little stream which would give myself and the horses our evening drink and all round was a miniature forest of dead thorn trees whose gnarled and twisted boughs would give me wood for my fire. It was not comfort, certainly, but it might have been worse: I should have preferred the shade of a waggon to spend my Christmas eve under. but I had water and fire wood and that was something to be thankful for: so I offsaddled, led the horses down to drink, and tied them to a tree, took off my gun, (which had been bumping for itself a soft place in my back all day), put the nosebags with some mealies I had brought in them onto the horses, collected a store of wood, lighted a fire, and sat down to a not over luxurious meal of biscuit and bucks meat warmed up by being toasted at the fire on a pointed stick of green wood. A meal of this kind does not last long and, after a last look at the horses, who had finished their feed, I rolled myself up in the rug, put my gnn by my side, and went off into a dreamless sleep. The rising of the moon woke me again. It swam up into the sky showing blood red through the mist and bringing into strong relief the distorted branches of the dead trees. The horses were standing quite apparently asleep. The fire had sunk from a blaze to a glow, and far away in the distance a lion was roaring. There was nothing new in that, for every night, for the last fortnight, I

Digitized by Google

had gone to sleep to a lullaby sung by the monarch of the desert and I knew that when a lion roars he does not mean business; it is only when that great volume of sound has died down to a Wheuf! Wheuf!! growled into his beard that danger has to be looked for. I threw the rest of the wood on to the fire and was glad enough to get back to the warmth of my rug. How long I slept the second time I dont know, but something woke me to a sense of danger and I was on my feet at once, gun in hand, not knowing what had happened or what was going to happen. The moon was high up now and showed in a blurred and blotted way everything for about a hundred yards round, the mist was drifting slowly through the trees stirred by the night wind and the fire showed only a little mound of a deep glowing red. There was nothing to be seen or heard that showed harm; but a glance at the horses told at once what the danger was, Dick was standing perfectly still but trembling all over; the black horse was down on his haunches with the rein which held him to the tree strained to its tautest, and tugging and tearing to get rid of the head stall. There was a lion somewhere very close; it could be nothing else.

My eyes were getting better used to the half light and, at last, I could make out something which might have been a shadow so silently it moved, slipping along from tree to tree some seventy yards away from my bivouac. There was no doubting what it was; as it passed across the moonlit openings between the trees I could make out that it was a full grown maned lion, and I knew that it had come after the horses. I myself was perfectly safe, for a lion will not touch a man if it can get an ox or a horse, but I was not going to see my cattle eaten before my eyes if I could help it, and so had to do something decisive at once. To fire at the lion with the small shot carrtridges, which were all that I had, would have been madness, for it would only have wounded the beast and transferred his attentions from the horses to myself. I had no wood at hand to throw on the fire but I made a dash among the trees, in the opposite direction to the lion, and began getting together some branches as quickly as I could. I expected every moment to hear the roar and rush which would have left me horseless in the bush, but when I got back to my fire with my fresh supply of fuel I found my lion still in his old position. I threw my wood on the fire, which soon went up into a blaze, and then fired my gun into the air and commenced a series of howls, shrieks and yells. The lion was evidently not prepared for this for he stopped in his prowl and stood looking for some seconds and then, slowly turning round, disappeared between the tree trunks.

I did not get any more sleep that night. I sat up and kept the fire ablaze and brought the two horses close up to it, for I thought there was every chance of my visitor paying me a return visit but I am glad to say he did not. Just as the first grey showed that daylight was soon going to break I heard, a long way off in the direction of the Kameel Poort, some dogs barking and two or three shots. I saddled up as soon as it was light enough to see the path and started on my days ride into Pretoria. The lion seemed effectually to have cured the black horse of his lameness and I went along at a hand gallop, hoping to get a good portion of my journey done before the sun grew hot. Six miles from where I had slept I came to the Poort and found a Boer family employed in skinning a freshly killed lion, a good sized fellow with a dark mane. I wanted to buy the skin, as a memento of my nights adventure, but it being Caristmas day they would neither buy nor sell, and the father of the family, (a greasy old ruffian with a patriarchal beard) suggested that I should wait at the waggons till the next day and then do business. This of course I could not do and had to ride on without my trophy. I had a hard days work to get into Pretoria but I did it though I had to leave the black at a squatters cabin half way and I cantered Dick into camp in plenty of time to tub and make myself respectable before eating my christmas dinner.

That is my story. Is may not sound much in print but I trust none of my readers may ever feel as uncomfortable as I did on that Christmas eve in the Transvaal

Musketry.

Owing to the Battn. being on the move there was no prize competition in November, and here at Bareilly the ranges are fully occupied by different corps going thro' their annual course, so that there seems but little chance for any shooting until the battalion returns to Ranikhet.

The following are Marksmen by companies and in order of merit :—

	A COMPANY.	
Lc.-Corpl.	W. Price	212
Corpl.	M. Roach.	209
Pte.	W. Dunham	201
„	W. Hooker	183
„	W. Crockett	183
„	C. Fisher	181
Lc.-Corpl.	E. Kent	176
Pte.	D. Thacker	175
„	J. Adams	171
Col.-Sergt.	J. Bennell	170
Pte.	G. Debley	169
Sergt.	T. Cheal	165
	B COMPANY.	
Sergt.	R. Montgomery	199
Lc.-Corpl.	A. H. Baker	194
Pte.	C. Munson	188
„	W. Gilbert	184
„	J. McPinnell	181
„	A. Davis	177
„	W. Ware	168
„	H. Ward	168
„	H. Mitchell	166
Lc.-Corpl.	E. Heffron	166
„	J. Fisher	166

Digitized by Google

C. COMPANY.

Pte.	W. Marshall	190
„	W. Garner	174
„	A. Patterson	172
„	T. Hartley	170
„	J. Hindmarsh	168
Lc.-Corpl.	J. Hall	167
Pte.	F. Woods	167
Sergt.	W. White	165
Pte.	G. Pearce	165
„	G. Belcher	165
Sergt.	D. Leary	165

D COMPANY.

Sergt.	W. Greenland	192
Pte.	F. Goodwin	177
„	E. Wynn	175
„	W. Reese	175
„	J. Crouch	174
„	C. Page	173
„	C. Aitkins	169
„	W. Hawkins	168
„	J. Evans	166

E COMPANY.

Lc.-Sergt.	C. Woodward	179
Lc.-Corpl.	J. Reynolds	178
Pte.	W. Percival	174
Lc.-Corpl.	T. Higgins	172
Pte.	A. Pryce	171
„	G. Ballard	171
„	A. Brown	167
„	A. Smith	166
„	C. Lyons	166

F COMPANY.

Col.-Sergt.	F. Andrews	187
Pte.	W. Clifton	180
Lc.-Corpl.	H. Hodgins	179
Pte.	G. Munday	179
Sergt.	T. Hoar	177
Pte.	F. Williams	170
Drmr.	J. Seevens	170
Pte.	J. Mansfield	169
„	C. Puxton	168
„	A. Smith	167

G COMPANY.

Pte.	H. Woods	208
„	W. Pardy	197
„	W. Moon	193
„	J. Golder	192
Lc.-Corpl.	H. Rollins	186
Lc.-Sergt.	W. Zaing	182
Lc.-Corpl.	T. Compton	180
Pte.	T. Williams	170
„	G. Honeysett	170
Sergt.	W. Watts	170
Pte.	D. Revell	169
„	Nailer	168
„	A. Hussey	168
Lc.-Corpl.	T. Boyles	167
Pte.	G. Osman	167
„	H. Blake	166

H COMPANY.

Col.-Sergt.	A. H. Tomsett	194
Pte.	A. Hammond	170

Battn, figure of merit :—		116·17
		66·11
D Company's	„	123·33
		70·27
E Company's	„	119·33
		73·33
G Company's	„	120·35
		71·51
B Company's	„	115·61
		70·63
C Company's	„	120·94
		64·95
F Company's	„	113·90
		68·00
A Company's	„	118·41
		62·00
H Company's	„	67 55
		50·77

"A" Company fired two matches against the two best shooting companies, in November beating "D" Company by 164 points and "E" Company by 165 points—Wimbledon target and scoring—200, 500 and 600 yards. Owing to the Head-quarters of the Battn. being a Bareilly the individual scores cannot be given. It is however worthy of note that "A" Company's team was composed mainly of those who had been carrying off the prize in the monthly prize competitions, thus proving pretty conclusively the truth of the old saying "practice makes perfect."

The undermentioned N.C. Officers have been awarded certificates of qualification for the appointment of "Sergt. Instructor of Musketry" to a Regt. or Battn., dated Army Head-quarters, Simla, 28th Nov., 1887.

Col.-Sergt. W. Patterson,
Sergt. C. Woodward.

Digitized by Google

Cricket.

FINAL FOR THE SHIELD FOR 1887.

G COMPY. v. E COMPY.

Played on the 17th Nov., 1887, and resulted in a win for G Company, after a most exciting finish, by 4 runs. The two teams appear to be very evenly matched, and it would be very difficult which to choose for the winner. The fielding on both sides was very good and it often brought forth the applause of the onlookers. There seemed to be a great deal of shouting when a batsman of either side got out, this might be suppressed, as these sort of things often lead to serious trouble between companies, and cricket is a game where no ill-feeling should ever be shewn. Corpl. Reynolds and Pte. Edmonds respectively bowled and batted well for E Compy. and Corpl. Godfrey and Pte. Lawrence did the same for G Compy.

The scores are as follows:—

G COMPANY.

Corpl. Godfrey, c Kluckner b Simmonds	...	7	run out	... 3
Pte. Lynch, b Simmonds	...	3	c Roberts b Reynolds...	1
Corpl. Rollins, b Reynolds	...	2	c &b Reynolds	12
„ Hilderbrand, c Simmonds b Reynolds	...	1	c Kluckner b Reynolds...	2
Col.-Sgt. Nicholas, b Wickens		25	b Reynolds...	4
Pte. Lawrence, c Edmonds b Simmonds	...	0	b Edmonds...	35
„ Hussey, b Simmonds		4	c Straw b Reynolds...	7
„ Russell, c Straw b Reynolds	...	0	c & b Simmonds	4
„ Lawson, run out	...	2	c Reynolds b Wickens ...	9
„ Hicks, b Wickens	...	6	not out ...	4
„ Anderson, not out	...	1	b Wickens ...	0
Extras	...	1	Extras ...	7
Totals	...	52	Total ...	88

E. COMPANY.

Pte. Edmonds, run out	...	0	c Hussey b Hilderbrand	37
„ Wickens, b Godfrey...		0	b Godfrey ...	0
„ Simmonds b Godfrey		0	c & b Hilderbrand...	6
„ Straw, b Hilderbrand		4	b Hilderbrand	2
Corpl. Reynolds, c Hilderbrand b Godfrey	...	2	c Hussey b Hilderbrand	5
Pte. Kluckner, b Hilderbrand		6	b Godfrey	11
Q.M.S. Cumber, b Godfrey...		10	c Hussey b Hilderbrand	2
Pte. Mitchell, run out	...	6	not out ...	5
„ Roberts, c Nicholas b Hilderbrand	...	4	b Godfrey ...	1
„ Dillon, run out	...	7	b Hilderbrand	5
Corpl. Smee, not out	...	6	l.b.w., b Godfrey	0
Extras	...	9	Extras ...	12
		59		86

Varieties.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PROBLEM.

On the first of new years resolutions are framed,
The happy medium tho' how seldom maintained;
In the one way or the other all mankind is apt ter be,
And she will unto end of chapter be.

LIGHTS.

1. This by a soldier is seldom felt,
   He has a heart of stone—hard to melt.
2. Another year having passed away.
   Will make us this do what we may.
3. Dressed in the fashion I feel quite at ease,
   And flatter myself I look quite the cheese.
4. A temper like mine, seldom meets with rebuff,
   In any society, no matter how rough.
5. In the Army and Navy I'm received with great joy,
   But if you wish to retain me, you must be a good boy.

NANTI.

Answer to last acrostic:—

C o m m A
O c e a N
R e b u S
R e v i e W
E x p i r E
C u m b e R
T e n n i S

Correct answers received from "Honey," "Snowball," "Sailes" and "Kate."

Incorrect answers from "Nemesis" and "J.O.L."

Answer to Enigma:—

A flea!

CONUNDRUMS.

What is the difference between a mare and an egg? One is a she gee-gee and the other an e-g-g.

What is the difference between an Alderman and Jordan Wells? One is a mighty diner and the other a dynamiter.

When is a man fit for a lunatic asylum? When he is in Seine.

Why are Military Officers the most unlucky of men? Because they are generally in some Mess or the other.

Printed for the Editor, at the "Quaisri Press" Bareilly.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

EAST KENT CHRONICLE.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

NO. 12. BAREILLY, FEBRUARY 29TH, 1888. Price 2 Annas.

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTH.

NEWTON.—At Ranikhet on the 13-2-88 the Wife of Pte. T. Newton of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

OMMANNEY.—GASCOYNE. At Holy Trinity church Sittingbourne on 17-1-88, Major Albert Edward Ommanney The Buffs to Augusta Helen the eldest daughter of Mr. W. W. Gascoyne J. P. of The Lawn, Sittingbourne,

DEATHS.

PAGE.—At Bareilly on the 12th February 1888 No. 766 Pte. W. Page E. Company of "Abscess of Liver."

BALLARD.—At Bareilly on the 13th February 1888 No. 1689 Pte. G. Ballard E. Company of "Enteric Fever."

TOMSETT.—At Bareilly on the 16th February 1888 No. 1988 Pte. A. Tomsett F. Company of "Enteric Fever."

NOTES.

The lot of an Editor is not a happy one so wrote the great man who holds that prominent position on the staff of this distinguisted periodical at the beginning of our last number. What then should the lot of those suddenly left behind by that celebrated character, be termed? We are in despair, in our despair we certainly think we would rather have been left in the company of our greatest enemy, of a ghost, of a disagreeable conscience, of anything rather than blank sheets to be filled up with interesting matter, for the intellectual enjoyment of our critical readers. We will endeavour with the help of our sub-editor, and various friends who certainly will come to the rescue on such a momentous occasion, to bring out this journal in the face of all these apparently insurmountable difficulties.

Since our last appearance Bareilly has burst forth into its annual festivity a week. There have been amusements for those of all tastes. For sportsmen a Gymkhana and a polo match. Our gallant brothers-in-arms have delighted the hearts of the softer sex by each giving a most successful ball, for lovers of the willow and the leather ball, a cricket match against a team sent by the 8th Kings Regiment from Fyzabad, and for those whose delight is in martial display, an assault-at-arms was arranged which went off without a hitch. Some of our friends have left us. A detachment of Highlanders went to relieve their comrades at Moradabad and the Scottish Rifles who have lain beside us, we may say, ever since our arrival in India marched away

Digitized by Google

for Shahgehanpore on the 20th. On the other hand a fresh party of Highlanders have come to the station, and we hope in a few days to welcome a new batch of Rifles in the place of that which has gone away. Before this paper has again appeared the Highlanders will be left alone and we shall have accomplished our march up the hill to Ranikhet and the Rifles to their still greater altitude at Chaubuttia. Our Readers I am sure will join as in bidding a very sad farewell or let us hope only "au revoir" to our friends in Bareilly, and will sing an "auld lang syne" to those who have done so much towards making our time in Camp the pleasant one it has been.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

I have been asked by the acting officiating Editor of your paper to write "something" for it. Now it is not an easy thing to sit down and write "something" for a paper. If one is given a subject well and good, say a pair of boots. Look what one could write about a pair of boots! the size, the shape, the thickness of the soles, the number of buttons, or holes for the laces, as the case may be. All these things are easy to spread yourself on, but to write "something" for the paper is very vague, and to me an impossibility. I select, then, as my subject the "Maltese Goat." I do this, as I fancy most of your readers have met, though I fear not fully appreciated, that inestimable animal. It was my lot to be stationed at a far away Fort at Malta for six weeks. My companions were my company, rocks, some Maltese Artillery and the numerous goats. Oh! what wonderful, grave, hard working, and thoughtful individuals are these same goats! I used to follow them about to see what they fed upon, to provide us with such rich milk. I never saw a Maltese Goat eat anything but stones or gravel, and surely Mr. Editor this is an extraordinary diet to consume if the consumer intends to produce rich milk! They used to strut about in a harmless, senseless manner thoughtfully looking at rocks, stone walls and dust, trying to select the proper ingredients wherewith to produce the necessary amount of milk. There is no sign of life or humour about the Maltese Goat. He takes life sadly and does his duty. His expression is always serious and unsympathetic. His ribs (of which there are many) stand out prominently on either side and he always looks half starved. Not very extraordinary in an individual who lives on stoney diet. He lies down any where on the road when his spindle legs are tired of carrying him. He thinks sadly for a bit and then goes to sleep regardless of passing carts or other locomotives. I could write for ever on this friend of mine, but I know how valuable is your space. There is one thing that I cannot close this rubbish without writing, and that is that I dont think after this you will ask me to write about "Something" again.

Yours truly,

"JAY EWES."

The Sultan of Johore appears to have carried the palm with his Jubilee gift to Her Majesty the Queen if we can believe the following, cut from a daily.

The Jubilee gift of the Sultan of Johore to the Queen is a wonderful piece of costly uselessness. It is a massive gold reproduction of the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park. All the marble in the Memorial is represented by gold, save the steps, which are of solid silver. The gold under the dome and around the pediment is beautified by the most minute mosaic work representing almost stone for stone the mosaic on the actual monument. The extraordinarily rich ornament cost its donor no less than £15,000. It is almost the richest thing that Queen Victoria has received this year from a single giver. It is the Sultan's acknowledgement of the honour which has been done to him by the advance in rank which Her Majesty has granted to him from Maharaja to Sultan.

Regimental Items.

The undermentioned men have been transferred.

31 12.87	Pte.	A. Knowler	to E. A. R. H. A.
"	"	T. Watson	to Oxford L. Infy.
"	"	W. Mills	to Hampshire Regt.
30.11.87	"	F. Beck	to E. 2. R. A.
31.1.88	"	T. Owen	to M. B. R. H. A.

Captain G. V. Dauglish has been posted to this Battalion on his recent promotion.

2nd Lieut. L. J. B. Hulke has been posted to 1st Battalion.

On the 16th January 1888, the late 766 Pte. C. Mannering changed his name to William Page.

On the 14th January 1888, No. 2259 Pte. J. Keefe; and on the 29th Jany. No. 469 Pte. F. Airey embarked for England.

Digitized by Google

Transferred from 1st Battalion East Yorkshire Reg. from 1st January 1888.

Pte. E. Bailey,
„ G. A. Brown,
„ J. Brown,
„ J. Wilson.

No. 573 Ar. Sergt. P. Rowles was presented with the War Medal for Upper Burmah 1885-7, on the 31st January 1888.

Pte. John Sayers was transferred from the Oxford Light Infantry from the 1st Febry. 1888.

No. 1850 Pte. Thomas Clarke has been presented with the medal for Long Service and good conduct.

Lieut. E. C. M. Parry arrived at Bombay on the 16th Feby. 1888 in H. M. S. Serapis enroute to join the Battalion.

Good conduct badges have been granted as under :—

Pte. J. Colvin	1d.
„ J. Conway	2d.
„ J. T. Cullen	1d.
„ H. Edwards	1d.
„ J. Hewitson	1d.
„ J. Montgomery	1d.
„ J. Steele	2d.
„ E. Price	1d.
„ F. H. Gates	1d.
„ J. Haley	1d.
„ J. Hardy	1d.
„ A. Milgate	1d.
„ T. Pembroke	1d.
„ J. Chapman	2d.
„ R. Edmonds	2d.
„ A. Hawkes	2d.
„ W. H. Kenward	1d.
„ J. Kingdon	2d.
Lc. Cpl. J. P. Reynolds	2d.
Pte. G. Garbutt.	1d.
„ F. Mainwaring	2d.
Lc. Cpl. F. Marchant	1d.
Pte. W. Paine	1d.
„ J. Beard	1d.
„ A. Dennison	2d.
„ S. Levey	1d.
„ J. Mc Farline	1d.
„ J. Mc. Keating	1d.
„ G. Osman	2d.
„ A. Penfold	1d.
„ G. Groombridge	2d.
„ H. Brown	1d.
„ T. Mansell	1d.
„ A. Merrall	1d.
„ H. Pearce	1d.
„ A. W. Rye	1d.
Pte. J. Bainbridge	1d.
„ A. E. Davis	2d.
„ J. Eaton	1d.
„ H. Fraser	2d.
„ G. Holland	2d.
„ F. Pidgeon	1d.
„ W. H. Baker	2d.
„ F. Cosson	1d.
„ A. Manning	1d.
„ S. Tibball	1d.
„ F. Hughes	2d.
„ W. Reese	1d.
„ G. Uzzell	2d.
„ W. A. Cowley	2d.
„ H. Veal	2d.
Lc. Cpl. E. Bing	2d.
Pte. O. Dorrington	1d.
„ L. Gunner	1d.
„ J. Peen	2d.
„ T. Swadden	1d.
„ H. W. Blake	2d.
Lc. Cpl. T. Compton	2d.
Pte. S. Cullen	1d.
„ P. Donnolly	1d.
„ G. Havell	1d.
„ J. G. Smith	1d.
„ G. Williams	1d.
„ T. Adams	1d.
„ C. Foster	1d.
„ F. J. Henniker	1d.
„ T. Morris	1d.
„ F. Noakes	2d.
„ W. A. Dunham	1d.
„ G. Geer	2d.
„ J. Redman	1d.
„ E. A. Sayer	1d.
„ J. Rogers	2d.
„ S. J. Staples	1d.
„ S. Dangerfield	1d.
„ W. Harriman	1d.
„ T. Bryant	2d.
„ W. Chalklin	2d.
„ G. Edwards	2d.
„ S. Barsons	1d.
„ W. Barrett	2d.
Lc. Cpl. H. Hodgins	2d.
Pte. W. Reeves	1d.
„ W. Stevens	1d.
Dr. P. Sullivan	2d.
Pte. A. Tomsett	1d.
„ J. Golder	1d.
„ G. Honeysett	1d.
„ W. Moon	2d.
„ W. Pardy	2d.
„ T. Williams	2d.
„ J. Brooker	2d.
„ J. Copeland	2d.
Lc. Cpl. C. Crumby	1d.
Pte. J. Frost	2d.
„ J. Leabourne	2d.
„ M. O'Connell	2d.
„ W. D. Powell	2d.
„ J. Tennant	1d.

Digitized by Google

ON THE WANDER.

Continued.

Cawnpore and Lucknow should be seen one after the other, for one is the complement of the other. At Cawnpore the mutinous and blood thirsty rebels had the balance all in their favor and the well with its weltering mass of dead and dying women and children was the sign manual of their power. At Lucknow the scale had been turned and the Secunder Bagh where the opponents met as in an arena with only death for the vanquished, showed of what use the women murderers were when they were met by men.

If the gentle traveller is prompted to growl at the Delhi Hotels let him go and visit Cawnpore. I arrived there at night and was received by a pallid youth who informed me that the hotel he was part and parcel of, was patronised by eleven members of parliament and also that it was the only hotel under European management. What had become of the M. P. I dont know for the only white faces I saw in the hotel were those of two Privates of an English Regiment, who were stopping there and spending their money royally, for whereas I did my sight seeing on my own legs, nothing but a carriage and pair, which they retained all day, would do them. However they seemed to have plenty of " dibs ", as they called them, and to have taken three days leave and seen the sights of Cawnpore in a carriage was far better than wasting them in the canteen. Anyway, I preferred their company to that of two Irish M. Ps not to mention eleven.

The European management like the parliamentary eleven was not visible. A Kitmagar asked me if I would like to go sight seeing with the proprietor, and on my respectfully declining, gave me a glance more of sorrow than of anger, and he too, as the pallid youth had done, went on his way and left me to my own devices. I afterwards learnt that the proprietor had grown passing rich on such travellers as had come to his hotel to listen to the wondrous tales of the mutiny, which he tells from personal experience, and was about to retire.

The Bazaar is an evil smelling place, with troops of mangy curs who snarl at ones legs in a most disturbing manner, and whoever walks through it requires a strong stomach to stand the effluvia and a strong stick to smite the dogs.

The memorial gardens ; unless one chooses to call up to mind the scenes enacted there, the half naked murderers, the screaming women and children, the compound of the hut swimming with blood speak now of nothing but calm and rest, and Baron Marochetti's angel, with its folded wings, down cast eyes, and its twin palms of pardon and pity (we pitied, and pardoned all the mutineers we could not catch and kill) keeps watch over the well where so many of Nana Sahibs victims sleep their long sleep.

The perversity of the native mind is shewn in the idea, many of them have, that the angel is a memorial erected to the pious memory of Nana Sahib, because his name appears upon the pedestal. To put up a memorial to our arch enemy would indeed be repaying good for evil.

Just outside the gardens I came across the civilian soldiers of the station bringing themselves to that state of efficiency that will be the best guarantee that another massacre is an impossibility. They were not numerous, being only some 15 or 20 ; but they were very various as to color, clothing, size, and head covering. They were being drilled by a junior officer, while the Major, (all very fine and large,) with an Italian accent, assisted them with advice to be " aisy now, aisy now, and come round " and the drill instructor, who walked backward before them with a long crooked stick, filled up all intervals by adjuring them to " move their feet ". It was a fine sight.

The memorial church and the massacre ghât are the other sights.

The church is a brand-new looking one of the present aggressive style of red and black bricks : it looks as if it would be unbearably hot in the summer, and the black roof to the chancel, though no doubt intended as a mark of mourning is out of keeping with the remainder of the building. Standing in the chancel where the light, softened by the stained glass windows strikes upon row after row of names which fill the whole of the big semicircle of marble tablets by the altar, names almost entirely of women and children ; the magnitude of the disgrace that has made Cawnpore notorious comes more vividly upon the senses than in the gardens or at the massacre ghât, and an Englishman may be pardoned his want of christian forgiveness, if he thinks, with a throb of gratification, of the last acts of the great Indian tragedy played out at Delhi and Lucknow.

The Massacre Ghat, a solitary mined temple by the water side, where a painted Siva whirls his necklet of skulls, is shaded by a wide spreading, twisted boughed, tree, and in front of it a wide flight of steps slope down to the muddy water which swirls round the ruined piers. It was a fit place for a great villany.

The last think I noted in Cawnpore was a small child washing her head in the bazaar gutter. The gutter was filthy beyond description. How dirty must a head have been that could benefit by such a cleaning ? Lucknow after Delhi is hopelessly modern and after Cawnpore delightfully clean. It is a pleasant place to live in, if not a noted place for sight seers. The Presidency and outworks of the great fight that raged round it are the redeeming points from a tourists point of view. And the Residency deserves all that has been written and said of it, for the shot battered ruin is as much a standing memorial to the service of great deeds done, as the torn silk of their colors is to every regiment. Any one who wishes to see the Residency thoroughly and understand the fight that the few widely separated outposts, which circled the building, had to sustain against the crushing weight of sepoys, who surrounded them, should spend a half hour in the museum over the large model of the buildings before going to the Residency gardens. Without seeing this, or knowing the history of the siege by heart, it is hard

Digitized by Google

by the few crumbling walls left, to appreciate that instead of the open spaces, which now surround the Residency and its neighbouring buildings, there used to be a native city, each house of which was a loop-holed fortification for the mutineers. "Men will forget what we suffer but not what we do" the Laureate wrote of the siege, and with such suffering it is wonderful what deeds were done. Remembrances of the fights of heroes that were fought round the riddled tower that ever flew the Union Jack, come as one wanders through the well kept garden; of Peel and his men of the Shannon who had dragged their gun from the sea coast and who brought it into action as if they were lying along side a man of war: of the gladness too great for words which must have come to the women, hidden in the underground room away from the shells when they heard the Highlander's bagpipes and knew that the dream of a relief was at last a reality; of the epitaph of the great leader who wished it to be recorded simply, that he had tried to do his duty; and of the fight at the Secunder Bagh. The Secunder Bagh now is only a few ruined pieces of wall, through which a broad road runs, and a wilderness of cacti, but in the mutiny times it was a building with a large walled court yard, and in this court yard some two thousand mutineers were cornered by some men of the 93rd Foot and 4th Punjab Rifles. The mutineers were armed and they were double the numbers of our men: it was a fair fight, not a massacre, and the best men would be the men who were alive at the close of it. Two thousand dead sepoys showed which way the fight went.

The palaces of Lucknow are architecturally hopeless; they have huge arches of brickwork, and in the Chutter Munzil there is a ball-room which is perfection; but their exteriors of plaster with imitation jalousies and other abominations shew that the Kings of Oudh were possessed with the evil spirit of the practical builder and deserved their fall. Their later efforts in the building line are quite as ugly as any of the British Raj's efforts.

The modern side of Lucknow is charming. Dilkoosha, softest sounding of names, is the abode of hospitality, a ball at the Chutter Munzil is a sight well worth seeing, and the lawn by the side of the Stand on Civil Service Cup day is an Indian replica of Ascot. But it is not in its numberless gaieties or its stucco palaces that the chief interest of Lucknow lies but in the dull red building, with its tower scored by hundreds of cannon balls, that stands as a memorial on the bank of the Gompli.

DUTY.

A TRUE STORY OF THE 2nd. QUEENS' IN BURMAH.

We did'nt think much of that Burmah war,
It was'nt, you see, Sir, much of a game
The meanest fighting you ever saw,
But I got my stripes for it all the same.

There is'nt much fun for us you see,
Fighting fever, instead of foes
A stand-up fight with a man, for me,
And not just dodging them sneaking Bohs.

Only once we had a bit of a game
Me and some pals were ordered out
Sittang, that was the rivers name,
Where a lot of dacoits were knocking about.

Our orders were first to get away,
Somehow or other to make the land,
To find the place where the beggars lay,
And burn their villages out of hand.

Plain as a pike-staff! so you'd think,
Just a sort of a lark, you see,
Down we went to the rivers brink,
Five in all, and the boss was *me*.

And then we found that those blessed Bohs,
Had been to the river hours before,
Smashed the boat we were bound to use,
And left her stranded against the shore.

We had'nt a minute to make a plan,
Hall looked at me, and I at him,
By jove I said they have done us man,
There's nothing for it but to strip and swim.

We had our orders, Sir, you see,
And the Sittang river aint very wide,
There were'nt a hitch, so it seemed to me!
We *had* to get to the other side.

Nothing, Sir, but our beastly luck!
Soldiers, mostly, know what that means,
Well, if you like, you can call it *pluck*,
But there's plenty of that in the 2nd Queens'!

I daresay we looked a queerish lot,
Baking out in that blazing sun,
I can tell you, Sir, it was precious hot,
And it wasn't for us to see the fun!

Just as naked as we were born,
Blown with beating against the tide,
Faint with the heat of the scorching sun,
Four of us got to the other side.

Up the bank, in a queerish plight,
Finding it most uncommon hot,
We made for the village, with all our might,
With not a rifle amongst the lot!

And then—well, yes—it is often so!
We'd done our duty, and had our swim,
And there was'nt a trace of the meanest Boh,
Nor the ghost of a chance of finding him.

Digitized by Google

The thieving beggars had cut and run!
Likely they had their orders too,
So, after all, we lost the fun,
And we only did what we had to do.

One poor fellow got somehow drowned,
Might as well have been Hall or me!
No—his body was never found,
Doing his duty, Sir, you see.

Brave? Oh, gammon! is that the game?
Nothing, Sir, but a run of luck!
Thank you kindly, Sir, all the same,
But British soldiers don't want for pluck.

We did'nt think—for we had'nt time,
Danger? bless you that's nothing new,
We *had* our orders, and there it was,
Just the thing that we had to do.

B. G.

THE RETURN JOURNEY.

We are all anxiously awaiting the arrival of H. E. the Commander-in-Chief; for we are tired of Camp life and Bareilly, and as soon as he leaves us we will in all probability commence our up hill journey to Ranikhet.

The 12th March is the date fixed for our departure and we march via Moradabad calling at the following rest camps *en route*.

	Miles	Furlongs.
Futtehgunj	12	1
Meergung	9	2
Kumora Dhumora	10	3
Gunesh Ghát	12	5
Moradabad	13	0
Manpur	12	5
Durheeal	10	7
Kashipur	11	0
Bun Ka Kua	9	0
Amsoth	10	0
Koomeria	11	2
Totu Am	6	0
Malu Khan	7	4
Dunpo	10	0
Seonee	8	4
Ranikhet	10	4
Total Distance from Bareilly	164	5

Depot Items.

Lieut. W. H. Booth joined Depôt on 20th December 1887 for duty Vice Brine.

Lieut. P. F. Brine embarked for India on completion of 2 years at Depôt in H. M. S. Malabar which left Portsmouth on 22nd inst.

Twenty recruits were sent from Depôt to 2nd Battalion on 1st January 1888.

Application has been made to the Adjutant General, for authority to send to India this Trooping season 4 boys to complete establishment of 1st Battalion.

Color Sergeant Featherstone, wife and 2 children are under orders to join the 1st Battalion and it is expected they will embark in H. M. S. Malabar.

Sergt. Major Carter has been granted a furlo pending discharge, to enable him to take up the appointment of Canteen Steward to the 2nd Battalion vice Creeland deceased.

The Militia Battalion of The Buffs are about to be amalgamated, and one battalion of ten companies formed. This will necessitate the absorption of nearly the whole of the Staff of one battalion, in consequence of which Sergt. Major Wright will take over the duties of Sergt Major of Depôt vice Carter.

No. 1301 Lc. Corp: J. Herrick died at Canterbury on the 29th January 1888 of "Tubercle of the Lungs."

Promotions.

Lce Sergt	D. Sheppard to be Sergeant	14.1.88.
„	C. Woodward „	14.1.88.
Corporal	R. Watson to be Lce. Sgt. with pay	14.1.88.
„	W. Hunt „ without pay	14.1.88.
Lce. Corpl.	J. F. Stirke to be Corporal	21.11.87.
„	J. H. Alexander „	14.1.88.
„	J. Tomlin to be paid Lc. Corpl.	21.11.87.
„	J. Reynolds „	14.1.88.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Messrs. Crofton and Ferrell with their company have been occupying the boards of the not too comfortable edifice which is dignified with the name of the Station Theatre. They were bound for Calcutta, where by this time they should be in full swing, and tried on a Bareilly audience some of the novelties they intend to produce in the city.

Dandy Dick one of their trump cards fell flat, why, it is hard to say, except that a modern audience does not take kindly to a four act piece; but both "Confusion" and "The Butler"

Digitized by Google

went with shrieks of laughter, the former however being the better, if not the most amusing comedy of the two. "Maria Martin," most gruesome of Melodramas, brought a crowded house of second and third seats, and such old friends as, "Pygmalion and Galatea," "David Garrick," "Plot and Passion," and "Not Such a Fool as he Looks," made up a *repertoire* which has been ever as a Pickwick and Owl or a Waverley pen in the not over lively time of our Bareilly sojourn. Several of our regimental amateurs both officers and men gave good assistance to the professionals.

There is some talk of our regimental club, which we trust will give more than one performance this season, playing the "Ticket of leave Man." It is an excellent melodrama, perhaps the best that ever was written, and our club could not make a wiser choice.

The Neptune Dramatic Club gave a performance in the Outram Institute, on the 16th, 17th, 18th and 22nd insts., in aid of Lady Robert's Home for Nurses in the Hills, entitled "Robert Macaire" a well known burlesque by H. J. Byron, followed by a transformation scene and Halequinade which proved very successful. The house was very poorly filled each night which is to be regretted, considering the laudable purpose for which it was promoted, and as the expenses were very considerable the original intention can hardly now be carried into effect. In these performances there is always a certain amount of dissatisfaction visible, nobody seems happy in the part assigned to him. This was no exception. Pte. Duffy of the Scottish Rifles started the dissension by throwing up his part (but he afterwards took it up again); and several others followed suit, but owing to the energetic management they were induced to carry on the performance as at first cast with only one exception—Pte. Haley, The Buffs.—As this burlesque is pretty well known, it will be sufficient for the characters only to be mentioned: Germiuel was taken very nicely by Lce.-Corpl. Cosson whose actions on the stage might be improved upon; Corpl. Ward showed up as Dumont but a few singing lessons before his next attempt would do him no harm. Charles, the waiter, was given to Pte. Gorin, who has not yet mastered the art of speaking on the stage, but who has a good idea of acting. Pte. Greenslade made a good waiter. Robert Macaire was very ably represented by Pte. Belcher who seems quite at home on the stage. A word of praise is due to Lce.-Sergt Underhill who took the part of Jaques Strope, and proved that the character suited him. Sergt. Loupy which part was originally to be taken by Pte Haley, was successfully managed by Pte. Hills after a short notice, Pte. Haley having declined to perform. Pte. Biers looked really well as the daughter to Germiuel, and acted gracefully throughout; he should be instructed to keep still on the stage and in time would represent a woman's part well on the stage. Marie, (the caution) was carried out to perfection by Pte. Shears. The burlesque on the whole went off fairly well, but the singing parts required more rehearsing with the Band.

The Transformation Scene entitled "Under the Union Jack" was very pretty and effective, and reflects great credit on Sergt. Underhill the manager. The performance was concluded with a Harliquinade which was very amusing, and unique. Pte. Duffy, Harlequin, gave a sailors hornpipe. Sergt. Underhill made a very *original* Clown, and amused the audience with a spade-dance. Pte. Hills forgot, that as Pantaloon he was an old man, and skipped about the stage like a two-year-old. The "Bobby" was represented by Corpl. Ward who has had plenty of practice at the "move on" business, and seemed quite at home in the character. On the whole it was a pity that such a well deserving attempt in aid of a good charity was not better supported.

Concert at Bareilly.

On Monday the 20th inst. Bareilly was provided, in the shape of a concert, with a form of entertainment which, I believe, has not been attempted for some time in the station, though why such should be the case I cannot imagine, as it is evidently owing to no lack of talent, this being most agreeably proved by Mondays success. The concert was given by the members of the Glee Club in the Station Theatre, which was kindly lent for the occasion by Major Annesley and drew a capital house, in which, as usual, the men of The Buffs showed their taste for music by attending *en masse*, quite eclipsing by their numbers all comers from other corps in garrison.

The concert opened with a pianoforte duet "Sleigh Bells," by Mrs. Reeves and Mrs. Bayard, which was faultlessly played, nor must mention be forgotten of

Digitized by Google

an unseen accompaniment of bells which added greatly to the success of the piece. The Glee Club then scored its first triumph in Mendelsohns well known part song "Farewell to the Forest," which was excellently rendered, reflecting, as did the subsequent Glees, the greatest credit on the tutelage of Mr. Fitzgerald, the Bandmaster of the Scottish Rifles, who was most energetic and pains-taking in bringing the Club to its pitch of perfection. No. 3 on the programme was "The Minstrel Boy" for which Mr. Greene received a decided *encore*, in response to which he gave "Father O'Flynn," the popular song of the regiment evidently, as the men all joined with great spirit in the chorus, as they subsequently did in another song of Mr. Greene's entitled "Philadelphia." Mr. Greene, during the concert, also sang Faure's splendid song "Les Rameaux" most effectively. For the next item, "Aileen Alannah" Miss M. Lang received thoroughly well merited applause as she sang it most touchingly, The Club taking the various parts in the chorus. This was followed by a duet from Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Styan who showed great taste in this as they did afterwards in their solos. Mrs. Clarke obtaining an unanimous *encore* for "Ye banks and braes." to which she answered with "Annie Laurie," and Mr. Styan not accepting one for his rendering of "Tell her I love her so" only owing to pressure of time. Mrs. Atkinson sang Milton Wellings "The old Sock" with great feeling and repeated the last verse on being demanded again. In the second part Mrs. Bayard fairly brought down the house with "An old Garden," but not being provided with a second song had to content her audience by singing the last verse again, while it would be hard to say which Mrs. Ward sang "Katies Letter" or her response song "Within a Mile" with the most effectiveness, both being thoroughly appreciated by the listeners, as was the pianoforte and horn duet which the same artiste, and Colonel Ward had also to appear twice in, before satisfying the public taste. The other glees, three in number, were quite up to the standard of that first given, and should encourage the Club to renewed efforts. In conclusion, too much cannot be said for the capital management shown all through by Mr. Redfern and Mr. Styan to whose energy mainly the concert was such a decided success.

PADDY FROM CORK.

ITS A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY ;
OR
THE MILITARY ADVENTURES OF A BRASS COCK.

The following narrative is no idle fantasy of the writers brain. Were it such, it would be without interest, point, or wit. But as a true story, affording an insight into the interior economy, of our army, it is worthy of perusal. Let the general reader ponder over it, and then let him never again wonder at the complicated and expensive machinery of our little army ; its Secretary and Under Secretaries, its host of Clerks, its enormous staff, its control, its red tape, its correspondence, &c, &c.

Before I commence, let me again draw attention to the fact that, as I write, I draw on my memory, not on my imagination. in short I deal with events *buorum pars fui*. I omit, out of modesty, the *magna*.

Concerning the early history of our hero (let me here explain that the recollection of its subsequent career leads me at times into speaking of the brass cock as an animate object)—concerning the early history of our hero, I repeat, I am totally in the dark. I cannot even throw any light on that period when it first became the property of Her Majesty, and underwent the painful operation of having a broad arrow and a W, D. stamped on the small of its back. All these interesting little details are wrapped in profound obscurity ; but doubtless the brass cock performed its duties in connection with beer and porter barrels just as any other brass cock might have done. Then after many years of home service, in which its constitution became much weakened and impaired, its broad arrow, and W. D. nearly obliterated, and its powers of leaking highly matured, it was, with many other worn out articles, drafted out on foreign service.

Its destination was Hong Kong, where I can state it arrived safely, as I myself saw it later on. Here it made a stay of some duration in the military stores, until one fine day the Barrack-master at that station discovered that the services of an article of this description were required.

Then did this official sit down to his desk, and, with a few strokes of his pen, set the wondrous machinery of the system in motion. First of all a requisition was sent in to the Fort Adjutant of the garrison, who should have submitted it to the Commandant, who should have forwarded it to the Deputy Assistant Quartermaster General of the Station, whose duty it would have been to have laid it before the General, from whom, approved of or otherwise, it would then have returned through the same stages to the Barrack-master.

Now all these officials, in the natural course of their duties, would have complicated matters ; but the complication was greatly increased by the Fort Adjutant mislaying the first requisition, and the Commandant, when another one came, in a fit of absence, lighting his pipe with the second. The Barrack-master waited patiently for some time, and then wondering at the silent contempt with which his not very extravagant demand for one brass cock had been treated, sent in a third requisition, which happend to arrive at the Garrison office just after the first had turned up under the Fort-Adjutants nose.

'Halloa'! soliloquised that intelligent young officer 'here's old Barracky wants two brass cocks'. Then clothing his thoughts in more official language, he thus addressed the Commandant, who sat at the opposite side of the table.

'Here are two requisitions from the Barrack-master sir, for two brass cocks, dated, different days.'

Digitized by Google

The Commandant took the requisitions and looked at them very sternly.

'Why the devil can't he send in one requisition for the two?' he irascibly remarked, as if he had detected and nipped in the bud a fearful conspiracy with intent to defraud.

The Fort-Adjutant, stifling a glimmering which just then dawned upon him, that he himself might have mislaid the original requisition, diverted the current of questions the Commandant was about to put, by stating that the Barrack-master was 'an awful ass'. This opinion the Commandant not only indorsed, but added that he was a 'd--d fool', as he scribbled off on the two requisitions, 'Forwarded to the Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General for the consideration of His Excellency the Major-General-Commanding.' After this the greater part of the remainder of the morning was spent in proving to, and agreeing with each other that all the officials in every office but their own, were 'infernal fools'; an occupation which in like manner was carried on pretty briskly in the other official dens.

At mid-day the Fort-Adjutant repaired to the regimental mess for tiffin, and here he met the Barrack-master, to whom he jocosely remarked, 'Halloa, old fellow! what the deuce do you want with two brass cocks?'

'Who the devil says I want two?' indignantly asked the Barrack-master, smarting under the delay to which he had been a victim.

The Fort-Adjutant's suspicions with regard to his having mislaid the original requisition, received confirmation; so he threw up a little battery of reserve, and retired behind it.

'Who says I want two?' repeated the Barrack-master, gallantly storming the battery.

'Why, didn't you yourself?' asked the Fort-Adjutant, with an almost un-conditional surrender.

'No. I did'nt,' was the reply, 'I sent in a requisition for one, and not hearing anything, I thought you could'nt have received it; so I sent in a second, with the same result as the first: then at last I sent in a third.

'Well we've got the first and third,' says the Fort-Adjutant; 'and they are gone to the General, I suppose the second must have miscarried altogether?'

Now the result of the above conversation was, that the Fort-Adjutant went back to the Garrison office, and finding that the requisitions had not yet been forwarded, destroyed the first one; the Barrack-master returned to his office, to prevent mistakes, as he thought, wrote a letter begging to withdraw the last dated requisition, which letter the Commandant received next morning during the temporary absence of the Fort-Adjutant, and sent it to the Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General, who on receipt thereof anathematised the brass cock and old Barracky for not knowing his own mind, and tore up the last surviving requisition; all this presenting a very striking instance of how too many cooks invariably spoil the broth.

Days, weeks, roll on, and the Barrack-master hears nothing of the brass cock. At last he pens an epistle to the Commandant, bitterly complaining of the way in which all his attempts to procure one of these useful articles have been frustrated.

'Damme?' exclaimed the Commandant; 'there's this confounded brass cock again?' The Fort-Adjutant giggled, and at last even the Commandant joined in the laugh.

'One can't help laughing, you know; but it's really devilish annoying that fellow the Barrack-master won't do his work properly. First of all he says he wants two brass cocks, then he says he don't want any, and now he says he always wanted one. Write him a pretty stiff letter, and ask him what the devil he does mean.'

(To be continued.)

We have been asked by some of our readers to publish Sir F. Doyle's poem on The Buffs private, who refused to kow-tow to the Chinese general, and was cut down for refusing.

The first line has always rung a little harshly in our ear; for whatever our faults may be we certainly as a regiment, are not roughs; but the exigencies of rhyme have to be remembered, and it is very hard to find any answering word to Buffs except roughs or muffs; and most of us would, of the two, prefer to be called the former.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

Some Seiks, and a private of The Buffs having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the authorities and commanded to perform the Kotou. The Seiks obeyed, but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked on the head, and his body thrown on a dung-hill.

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A careless private of The Buffs,
Who never looked before,
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
He only knows, that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke, above his father's door,
In gray soft eddyings hung;
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself, so young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die.

Digitized by Google

And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent.
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed.
Vain, those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong hearts of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died as firm as Sparta's King,
Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS HASTING DOYLE.

HINTS ON HANDLING A SHOT GUN.

The beginner will have to learn that his gun must invariably be made safe from accidental discharge on every occasion on which a slip of the foot is a bare possibility, such as when crossing a hedge, a ditch, or a piece of slippery ground. This precaution is taken not so much for his own safety as for that of those near him.

We would indeed say that a hammer gun should always be unloaded when getting over a fence, or when jumping a dyke. A loaded gun may explode, an unloaded one cannot. After all this movement of absolute safety, is but a matter of seconds ; in placing a gun from full to half cock it may explode. The following rules should be attended to.

1. A sportsman should not fire towards cover which may conceal human beings, dogs, etc.

2. He should never applaud his own good shots.

3. Shooting with the left eye, with an ordinary gun, supposing a direct aim is taken, means aiming about eight feet to the left of a cross shot at 40 yards.

All the best shots hold the shot gun well forward along the barrel with the left hand. The effect of this is, that the barrel is well supported and kept up when firing and that the aim does not fall under the mark. This is sure to be the case if the left hand is cramped up near the trigger guard, and the elbow much crooked, the latter having little sustaining power in consequence.

Some men I verily believe would shoot behind the sea serpent !! Aiming forward is the secret of successful shooting ; knowing how much to shoot forward is another secret which is only learnt by instinct as well as by practise. To aim forward is however the golden rule of shooting. Every shot, save at something going away from the gun in a perfect straight line in easy range, requires a forward aim. It is however no use aiming forward and pulling the trigger when the bird is opposite the line of the barrels, that means shooting behind the mark. The trigger must be pulled at the time the gun is aimed in front of the object ; both aiming and trigger pulling must be instantaneous. It is better to fire a yard too far ahead of a bird flying, or of ground game running, than to shoot an inch too far in rear ; in the former case the shot may meet the mark, in the latter it never can ; in the former if it does count a hit it means one in a vital part, the head; in the latter it means a wound in the extremities. Shot far more frequently passes behind game which has been missed, than before it. How much to aim in front depends on how fast the mark is travelling as well as whether it is crossing at right angles or nearly so, or whether it is going partly away from the shooter. In both cases and especially in the latter the aim should be a little above the object ; for, it must be borne in mind that the game is often rising as well as crossing, and that the shot is falling by the natural law of gravity.

The endeavour of every shooter should be to strike his game in the head and neck—this is easily done by practice with winged game, as well as with hares and rabbits, so as not to damage their bodies for the table ; and is really good aiming, as well as sporting behaviour in its true sense. Many a man does not think of the head and neck only as a mark, should low and easy birds chance to be crossing him—as he might scarcely fail to kill a shot. The cook however or game dealer would comment freely and very unfavourably on him as a sportsman. It will thus be perceived that aiming comes under two separate heads—one of which consists in killing the object, and the other in killing it properly.

"R."

PIG STICKING AT BAREILLY.

The 11th and 12th of Feb., near Filibat was the place for the opening meet of the season; accordingly a few others and myself started on the morning of the 11th to rail as near our destination as possible. Three hours by train and five miles across country brought us to our "Bagh," where we found the Hon. Secy. had erected tents, provided breakfast, and otherwise thought of our comfort. Eight at breakfast, and a reinforcement of five from the camp of the Bengal Lancers completed our party, which was divided into four, and lots having been drawn for places we made a start. Our beat was a lot of rough grass with a jeel at the top and bottom, and a swamp between, in all about a mile long, and a half as much across. The parties took up their stations at either end and on either side, and then the line of beaters, and the two elephants began the work of arousing the wild animal from his peaceful slumber. The coolie is not a good beater, and it takes a deal of talk from the Shikaree perched on an elephant to keep the line at all straight and to stop the coolie from following in the exact track of his brothers in front. Neither does he entirely enter into the sport, "the boar is safe in the jungle, why should the Sahib turn him out?" The first beat is unsuccessful a few sows only being disturbed, so the line turns about, the Shikaree telling us that a big boar or two have broken back. I keep along with the line, just outside the grass. Presently the shouts of the coolies get louder, and a general stampede for the elephants follows; the Shikaree stands up and points, and you know that something is on foot. Is it a boar or is it a sow ? it is a great question at the time, and to the inexperienced a close scrutiny is necessary to be certain. Unfortunately the Native is no help, he does not understand the difference, and the Sahib not running a sow,

Digitized by Google

he puts down to the Sahib being in a funk. Well here it is anyhow, a rush and a grunt and it breaks cover, it is a boar, a fair sized one, and light enough to ensure a good run. Give him a second to let him get away and then off you go. He makes his way over the fields from one bit of cover to another, all good going except a few trappy ditches dug for irrigation, and hidden from sight by the crops. What a pace he does go, no chance for ponies to catch him yet awhile: unfortunately for him, a gentleman on an Arab has taken a fancy to him, and riding him hard takes the first spear, and gives him a second one also, but neither fatal. He gets a chance now by trotting along the top of an obstacle in the shape of a dry narrow canal with high steep banks which takes us a little time to negociate. By the time we are over this, he is well away on the far side and, having had a little time to get wind, going at a good pace, although the blood on his flanks show he has been hard hit. Now another rider has a turn at him, but the boar jerks and lies down and rushes into a high crop. Here he stands in a sulky looking way. You must look out now how you go for him. One makes a dash, the boar charges and jumps at him, rips up his boot and secures a large piece of his numdah in his teeth—a lucky escape for the horse.—I have a try at him but he turns sharp, and I find myself in the undignified position of riding as hard as I can pursued by a "pig;" another succeeds in planting his spear, but the head is fixed, and he has to let go; round and round the boar goes making the loaded bamboo whiz through the air, if he could only make off now he would be hard to touch, but he is too done, he shakes out the spear, one more stab, and he rolls over on his side, dead. The party on the right, had in the meantime had a good run and killed their boar; the remainder of the day we were unlucky, and did not add to the slain. One little incident rather pleased me—I was riding along the side of the jeel, when I heard a shout from behind, and on looking at the water I saw seven pigs swimming across. How nice they all looked and what a pleasure it was to ride for the point and wait for them to disembark. Again the question, which is the boar? Up the bank they come, one, two, three, four, five, all ladies. The man of the party had scented danger, I suppose, and in the most ungallant manner had sent the weaker sex to the front while he sneaked along the bank. He was spotted by one of our party, but escaped in the long grass. On the 12th we killed two more boars, but one attempt at description is enough, for me and for you too Mr. Editor I have no doubt. I will finish by recommending any who have not tried and have a taste that way to come out, it is good sport.

A BEGINNER.

RANIKHET.

Since writing my last we have had quite a variety of weather, three falls of snow, eight falls of rain, one fall of hail and about three hours of sunshine; if that is not enough to satisfy the most contrary man in the station well what is? We are very dull up here and I hardly know what to write about but I expect I must try and contribute a little to you for this month as I hear your Editor has gone on a pleasure trip to Nepaul, that your Sub-Editor is having a winter sleep in some part of Ranikhet, what part he has chosen I do not know, not having seen him lately, probably he has gone to Almora again on another divorce case. The last one I hear is not yet decided, and no one seems to know why.

Well, we have been trying to amuse ourselves as well as the funds will admit, by having a weekly dance or "*Soiree*," as one of the members persisted in calling it; also a weekly "free and easy," the name of which I dont quite agree with as you cannot call it "free" when you pay five annas for not quite a quart of ale or porter; however, you know the piano has to be paid for, the Canteen Sergeant has to make surplus, (between 10, and 15 gallons to the barrel I believe is the last order,) so that taking the whole thing into consideration we cannot complain as we have a very pleasant evening and generally get to bed about midnight.

The *soirees* have been a wonderful success again this month, the ladies shewing up in great force and every one apparantly enjoying themselves immensely.

Our endeavours at levelling the rifle range have proved a failure; we have taken a good hump off at the 100 yards range but still there is a lot more to be done so that your subscribers and non ditto at Bareilly will be very apt to make acquaintance with the picks and shovels when they return here. Anyhow we took enough of the hump off to allow us to have a few days shooting. Can anybody tell me when our 1886 course will be finished? We commenced in the Straits I think, and still keep it up, or perhaps this is the '87 and '88 course. We had a match the other day between C and E Companies. One of the Sergeants of C. Coy posted a challenge up in the library to shoot any of the Companies in the Detachment; this was immediately responded to by Sergeant Summers of E Coy, who gathered together a team of sorts and administered a mild thrashing to C Coy beating them by 21 points. Of course there is always an excuse for a beaten man, (or side) he either lost the start (running) or had not handled a cue for years (billiards) &c &c. but in this case the losers best man had been bought for half a gallon of ale, and had gone shooting three miles beyond cantonments according to orders.

All sorts of rumours are current here. One that we are bound for Thibet in case of a row; another that we go to Bareilly at the end of this year: another that lots of changes are about to take place amongst the Regimental Staff as there are, or will be very soon plenty of vacancies in the Regimental Depot. At the latter place we hear life is rather rough just now, they have one parade a week! viz 10 a.m Sunday morning until 10 p.m. Saturday night.

I think now I must draw this epistle to a close it being nearly publishing day and it looks bad to be two or three days behind in getting you saddled up ready for another start, so good bye my dear Dragon, hoping to see you soon up here.

RANIKHET.

P.S.—If you have not seen the *Empress* paper for the 1st inst. send for it, and let me call your especial attention to the "Bara Khana."

Digitized by Google

CRICKET.

B. COMPANY *v.* D. COMPANY.

Played at Bareilly on the 11th. Feb., and won by B. Coy., by an innings and 39 rnns.

D. Company.

	1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Pte. Goodings, b. Gilbert	3	b. Ware	1	
„ Page, b. Holland	20	b. Gilbert	0	
„ H. Hills, run out	10	b. Gilbert	20	
„ Beck, b. Holland	6	c. Ware b. Gilbert	1	
„ Pennells, b. Holland	2	b. Ware	0	
„ Piper, c. & b. Holland	8	b. Ware	1	
„ James, b. Gilbert	11	b. Ware	0	
„ Howarth, c. Smith b. Gilbert	25	c. & b. Gilbert	2	
„ Dillon, not out	3	b. Gilbert	6	
„ W. Hills, c. Smith b. Gilbert	5	not out	15	
„ Vickers, l.b.w. b. Gilbert	8	c. Smith b. Gilbert	2	
Extras	1		4	
Total	102	Total	52	

B. Company.

Pte. Gilbert, c. Pennells b. James	18
„ Ware, b. Pennells	12
„ Holland, b. Piper	36
Corpl. Baker, b. Pennels	11
Pte. Raward, not out	57
„ Russell, b. Goodings	14
„ Sageman, b. Beck	8
„ Wigley, b. Goodings	2
„ Palmer, b. Pennells	19
„ Riley, c. Pennells b. James	1
„ Smith, c. Beck b. James	6
Extras	9
Total	193

MUSKETRY.

A challenge to shoot any Companies' team who were at Ranikhet was posted in the Library by a representative of Letter "C." Coy., and was duly accepted by Letter "E." Coy., and fired off on the 22nd inst.

CONDITIONS.

Team,	Ten men a side,
Distance,	200, 400, 600 yards,
Rounds,	Five each distance,
Targets,	Wimbleton,
Stakes,	Honor and Glory.

The match was won by "E." Coy. by 21 points.

Scores being		200	400	600	
	"E." Coy.	154	130	78	362
	"C." Coy.	151	127	63	341

No good scores were made on either side Qr-Mr. Sergt. Cumber, "E." Coy. being top on both sides with 54 and Lce. Cpl. Moon, "C." Coy. coming next with 49.

The undermentioned N. C. Officers and men are expected to embark in H. M. S. Malabar on the 31st. March next for England.

For duty at the Depot,
Col. Sergt. J. Marshall,
Time expired,
Bandsman W. Morris.

Invalids,

Corpl. E. J. Parsons,	Pte. W. Ford,
Pte. T. Fry,	„ E. Haydon.
„ W. D. Powell,	„ W. Paine,
„ E. Timothy,	„ J. Smalley.

VARIETIES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PROBLEM.

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
But *he* has been to England more useful far than these,
Was ever wreath of glory, he was sure to win it.
Englands "only General!" Nonsense! Wolseley is'nt in it.
So, gallant Buffs, stir up and shew him what you are,
The smartest soldiers, I will vow; whether near or far.

LIGHTS.

1 A feathered hero, of whose wanderings we are told:
I have always thought that he was very rash and bold.

2 'Speak when you're spoken to,' this lesson take to heart,
I mastered it when young, now t'is my only art.

3 When something very special you may want to tell,
These letters write and you will find they'll mark it well.

4 What a world of grief; each night recalls the story,
Of fading light and joy and every mortal glory.

5 The place of my birth's never known; when I die
The world's very quick to find out where I lie.

6 Alas; I know, when women's charms begin to fade,
Too often now-a-days, I am called in to aid.

7 Our ancestors, unchecked, robbed and slew every day,
And they done *this*, in spite of all their brave array.

E. W. B.

Answer to last months acrostic :—

S a D
O l d e R
B e a U
E v e N
R a n K

Correct answers received from "Saile." and "J.O.L."

CONUNDRUMS.

Why does the bridegroom always put on the ring at a wedding? Because bell(e)s cannot ring themselves.

Why is it impossible for people who wear watches to be punctual? Because they are always *behind their time*.

When do husband and wife change places? When *she* comes down and blows *him* up.

Which is the best county for playing "nap" in? "Beds" of course.

Why is a doctor better taken care of than his patients? Because when he goes to bed some one is sure to (w)rap him up.

Printed for the Editor, at the "Quaisri Press," Bareilly.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

EAST KENT CHRONICLE.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1888

A Paper for the Men of The Buffs.

No. 13 Ranikhet, April 30th, 1888. Price 2 Annas.

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTHS

SALTS.—At Ranikhet, on the 13th March, 1888, the wife of Asst.-Apothecary Salts of a daughter.

HARTFIELD.—At Ranikhet, on the 13th March, 1888, the wife of Pte. W. Hartfield of a daughter.

BREEN.—At Ranikhet, on the 14th March, 1888, the wife of Sergt. Breen of a daughter.

PENN.—At Ranikhet, on the 17th March, 1888, the wife of Lce.-Corpl. Penn (attached) of a daughter.

HAMMOND.—At Ranikhet, on the 17th March, 1888, the wife of Pte. Hammond of a daughter.

MASTERSON.—At Ranikhet, on the 17th March, 1888, the wife of Pte. Masterson (formerly of The Buffs) of a son.

HART.—At Ranikhet, on the 24th March, 1888, the wife of Col. Hart, V.C., R.E., Commanding Ranikhet, of a son.

WHITTLE.—At Lucknow, on the 28th Feb., 1888, the wife of School-Master E. C. Whittle of a son.

DEATHS.

HARTFIELD.—At Ranikhet, on the 13th March, 1888, Elizabeth daughter of Pte. W. Hartfield.

JACKSON.—At Ranikhet, on the 7th April, 1888. Pte. G. Jackson, Letter E Compy.

TESTER.—At Ranikhet, on the 20th April, 1888, Corpl. W. Tester, Letter B Compy.

Notes.

Where are we going to walk to next? is the great unanswered question of the day, and the appearance of the reliefs will deprive a large number of worthy gentlemen of their daily occupation of inventing rumours and shaves. The Scottish Rifles are to descend to Ranikhet and we are to go to Chaubuttia; (a very nice little plan started by our friends on the hill) we are to relieve the Leicestershire at Lucknow; we are to relieve the 78th at Bareilly; we are to stop where we are. These are the various ideas. "You pays your money and you takes your choice." In the end we shall probably find ourselves sent to some place we have never thought of, and perhaps never heard of.

How's this? Leap-year come, and a quarter gone, and not so much as a single blushing Buff even reported as being engaged to be married. Even the dance that was to have taken place on the 29th of February, at Bareilly somehow fell through. Is it that we are not good looking enough, or too bashful, or what? The ladies are always deploring that they are not given the privileges of the trowsered sex: once in four years they have one of the most important of them handed over to them and they make no use of it. Why *wont* the girls propose?

Digitized by Google

Football has begun again, though the deep dust on the parade-ground makes it anything but easy work. Some of the Companies' Clubs have appeared in very brilliant costumes. "H" Company's bright blue shirt with a flying jack—Beg pardon! We mean, with the noble winged animal, from which this paper takes its name, on the left breast, is the most striking at present; but we hear of another club who will be satisfied with nothing less than chocolate and cerise stripes, especially ordered from home. A correspondent complains that the Rugby game bas been neglected of late, which is a pity; but there is no reason here why both games should not flourish, and a couple of Challenge Cups, one for each game, would act as a great stimulus. But where is the money to come from? Perhaps this might reach the eye of some millionaire who would like to present us with them.

A word to our contributors—and we're glad to say that this month they have proved their existence—Please write on *one* side of the paper only, as having to re-copy contributions for the printer, does not have a soothing effect on the Editors' temper. We are always very pleased to receive anything written by officers or men of the regiment, and wish to record as many of the shooting and fishing expeditions, in which members of the corps take part, as possible; besides the usual cricket matches, paper chases &c. We trust that nobody will be kept from writing by the fear that their spelling is a little rocky or that their punctuation is conspicuous by its absence. A few strokes of the pen put the stops right and there is a well thumbed dictionary in the editorial Sanctum.

We have been asked several times, by people in, or connected with, the Regiment to open our pages to advertisments. In the first series of *The Dragon* the back page was given up to advertisments and, as we have this precedent, weare willing to findspace for any advertisments which can be of any benefit to our readers or to any member of the Regiment, past or present Our scale of charges will be found on another page. In doing this we are not actuated by any desire to make money, for our finances are in a flourishing condition, but we think it may be a convenience to some members of our community.

The Demon Printer was at it again in our last issue and not content with spoiling the acrostic by printing

"And they done this,"

instead of

"But they were this"

as the second line of the light—he worked his wicked will upon the account of the Glee Club Concert informing our astonished readers that one of the ladies sang Milton Welling's pathetic song "The Old Sock." It was the native gentleman who presided at the Quaisri Press, who developed the fine humour of changing an S for an L; for our own printer was in hospital suffering from the local fever.

But what an unexplored wealth of sentiment this opens up. If an old sock can have pathos wrung out of it, how sentimental an antique shirt or an ancient pocket-handkerchief could be made.

THE ANCIENT POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

A PATHETIC BALLADE.

In his hand he takes it gently
And he smooths its tattered folds,
Hallowed by his loudest sneezes,
Cherished for his fiercest colds.
And he looks upon it sadly,
As he thinks in days gone by,
How it checked his frequent coughing
And mopped up his streaming eye.

Ah! vain is regret for the days gone by,
And hopeless is grief for the past,
For love and linen are fragile aye
And a ten-anna cambric wont last.

There! that sung pathetically down in the boots, with a nice heart-breaking waltz tune as the refrain, should bring tears into the eyes of the ladies in the front row. The poem is at the service of that noblest Roman of them all, Signor Ciesbi, if he chooses to make his fortune by setting it to music.

Digitized by Google

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

LOST IN THE JUNGLE.

To the Editor of The Dragon

SIR,

Seeing in your most valuable chronicle a rub for the scribes of the regiment for being backward with any contribution as food for the Dragon (Fiery Beast)! they might be able to subscribe, I send you the following little anecdote, my experiences while on a shooting expedition during our stay at Bareilly, hoping you will kindly publish the same should our printer have recovered from his recent illness and be able to cause the Noble Animal to come forth from his lair and flap his wings once more.

During the Battalion's stay in Bareilly, three of my companions and myself received an invitation from some friends in the Artillery to pay them a visit at Ketcha, where they were encamped for the purpose of going through their annual course of gunnery. We accepted the invitation as we were promised plenty of good sport with the *banduk* and not having had much chance of a shot in the hills, we were very pleased to get so good a chance of a pop at a stray *bagh* or *hathi*. We were granted passes for five days for the purpose of carrying out our plans. We arrived at Bareilly Station about 8. a. m. and after waiting till 9.40, our fiery steed loomed in sight. A few minutes after we were safely astride the noble beast and steaming away at the rate of nine miles in ten hours. Eventually we arrived at Ketcha, a distance of thirty miles from Bareilly, after a pleasant ride of three hours and half. (Sharp work for the engine, I did not look to see if they had run the boiler red hot.) On getting out of the train we were met by our friends who gave us a hearty welcome. The Paras being three miles from the Station we loaded our guns, thinking that perhaps we should get a chance of a shot at a few deer on our way. The party which consisted of three Artillerymen and three Buffs extended out and made way through the jungle towards camp. We had not gone many yards when I was surprised by a couple of good sized animals springing up in front of me. I was so startled at this strange apparition, that, thinking it could be nothing less than a pair of *sher* I ran with all possible speed towards the spot where I had seen my friends disappear into the jungle. After a few minutes search I found them and told them my strange adventure. Of course I was laughed at, but, not liking to be considered as a greenhorn, I asked them to accompany me to the spot where I had seen the strange *janwar*. We made our way thither and, on coming up to a clump of bushes the animals in question sprang out and made off with great speed: my friend told me they were Cheadledeer, we fired a couple of *goli* in their direction but without any success. Without any further adventures we arrived in camp where we were content to stay for the remainder of the day. We were up early next morning and after making a hearty breakfast we started with our followers for the Black Forest. Our party now amounted to nine viz., three men of the Artillery, four of the Buffs, and a couple of Shikarees whom we had engaged to point out the haunts of the game. They proved very useful fellows I assure you. I asked one of them if we were near the haunts of any game and the only reply I could get out of him was "han sahib yahan chiriya to bahut hain our kai suar bhi our har tarah ke hiran our chhote chhote shikar." I assure you this intelligent reply set me racking my brains to find out what he meant, but up to date I cannot tell whether he was speaking Dutch, German, or Hindustani, as I did not understand a word of it. After journeying about a mile from camp we came across a fair sized darya, the name of which I have unfortunately forgotten, and on the right bank we saw four Artillerymen who were making signs for us to join them as quietly as possible, we crossed over to them and they pointed out to us what I thought was a log of wood, but on one of the party firing at it, it turned out to be a large alligator measuring no less than eighteen feet in length. Several shots were fired at it before it gave up the ghost and the party then took it to camp and skinned it. Our party then divided themselves into twos and wandered in different directions, coming across plenty of peafowl and all kinds of chiriya large and small, a great many of which fell victims to our guns. After a good days sport we made our way back to camp for the night where we had a venison supper out of our day's bag. Now we have heard a great deal of talk

Digitized by Google

about Buffalo Bill lately but I can assure you he can step behind the scenes, he is quite out of date now. The next day we started early and made straight for the forest and after getting well into the jungle we separated as usual. After roaming about for some time I came across a large animal of the tiger species, I think it must have been a panther, I fired at it but did not succeed in hitting it and it escaped without hurt, to my disappointment. We came across some swampy ground where we saw a good many boars (notthe same sort who are in the Transvaal) but we only succeeded in killing one, and half of that we had to leave in the jungle as it was too heavy to carry about with us.

I have now to tell of our misfortune of getting lost in the jungle. We had been roaming about, not taking any landmarks on our way and when we came to retrace our steps towards camp, on signs of nightfall, we discovered that we were indeed lost in the wild forest. The grass was about twelve feet high so that it was impossible for us to move very lively, so we had to make the best of it and resign ourselves to our fate which was to make our bed in the forest for one night. Having found a good spot near a river we gathered a pile of dry *lakri* and soon had a good blazing fire. We cooked some of our game for a meal which we enjoyed very much, although cooked without any utensils except a long stick, which served as a toasting fork. We fired several volleys of blank to try and attract the attention of the camp but we got no reply. We told off in reliefs to keep watch during the night and then settled down to make the best of our night in the dreary forest. I was just dozing off to sleep when the chaukidar gave a yell that made my blood run cold, getting up I seized my gun and called out "where are you, what is the matter," I got the reply "all right I thought it was a tiger but it was only a jackal," after this alarm we built up the fire again and then settled down for the night but it was very little rest we got as we could hear animals of some kind moving about; but we could not see many yards from the fire as it was a very dark night. Morning arrived at last and we found to our astonishment that we were not many minutes walk from camp, having on the previous night travelled all round it without finding out our whereabouts. On arriving at the camp we were told that when we were discovered to be missing (rather funny to discover anyone and yet not know where they are) they put a light on a long pole to enable us to find our way should we happen to see it. After making a good breakfast we were content to spend a day in camp instead of going out again, as the adventure in the jungle had knocked all the roaming out of us for a little while.

We started for Bareilly the following day, very sorry to part with our friends as we had enjoyed ourselves very much indeed in their company, it is needless to say we arrived in Bareilly allright.

Now Mr. Editor I must conclude as I am not at Bareilly now but 6000 feet above the sea level in the big hills of Ranikhet, trudging twice a day up and down the big hill to and from the *Bara* Parade Ground, which with a couple of hours drill is quite enough for a little one like me without any jungle adventures and khud climbing.

Ranikhet, 16th, April, 1888.

Yours faithfully
Spare Driver.

FOOTBALL.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

By kindly inserting the following in your valuable columns, I am sure you will meet the approbation of most of our worthy sportsmen.

Now, as the battalion has once more reached Ranikhet, and sports, as I suppose will be again in full swing, I am certain that most, or at least, a great part of our football players, would like to see the 'Rugby Union' game played in more matches than it has lately been. Of course at Bareilly, there being only our 'Cannie' neighbours near us, naturally the 'Association' rules were mostly in vogue; but now, I do not see why the Buffs should not keep up their old reputation for the 'Rugby Union' game; and if the Standing Camp and other places around us are not forthcoming to meet us at this sport, at least let us have it amongst ourselves, and not allow it, as has lately been done, to dwindle down to Association only.

Places like the Standing Camp etc., ought to furnish the best of teams, having men from all corps stationed there. Is it the fear of torn shirts, of the seeming roughness of the game, or what? for I am sure there is no more danger in it than when playing the Association Rules, and I hope soon to see, matches arranged with our neighbouring friends. I am Sir,

Yours obediently,
A PLAYER.

Digitized by Google

To the Editor of The Dragon.

SIR,

I have been for some time thinking about our so-called temperance men. It appears to me that they are sailing under a false name. I think, if I am not mistaken, the bold old *Dragon* called them "disciples of the pump" a little while ago, but I don't think that is the correct name for them. Well then, some will say what name are you going to give them. Well I think the most applicable name I can find for them is "tea-drunkards." Why said some one, how do you make that out? well I will just tell you. I remember one morning seeing a man who belongs to two, if not three temperance societies, with a swollen head and eyes like a rabbit that has been in a gin all night. Oh! said I to him, "broken out I suppose?" "oh! no," was the immediate reply: I have only broken out on tea and buns. Well, I was puzzled to know how a man could be in a state like that through drinking tea, and eating buns; but at last, when I came to discover the true meaning, or cause, of his state I, found out that it was not one, two, or three cups of tea that had done this, but a number ranging between sixteen and twenty, and, I suppose, the same number of buns. Oh! what a feed! Now I am sure none of the readers of *The Dragon* will accuse me of exaggeration when I call such people tea-drunkards. Well then some one will say, what can be the temptation that causes a man to go to the extreme in this way? Well then we will suppose you are a man that likes the truth and not swift to take offence. I think it is this, there is a number of them get together and all at once some one says "what do you say to a game at twenty-fives for cups of tea and buns." "Oh! I'll make one" is soon the responding cry. But this is not gambling, just playing for cups of tea and buns: how could it be? But still all we ask you, who sail under the name of temperance, is to hoist your true colours. If a man who visits the Canteen was to confess that he drank that amount of beer, he would be called a "beast" at once by some of our moralists; but what about the man who drinks his sixteen to twenty cups of tea and eats the same amount of buns at one sitting. Oh! but then you see tea and buns don't make you drunk. But I am not quite so sure about that. I have heard of a teetotaller being put in for drunk. Why, he had not touched a drop for so—long. Drop, in this case should be understood to be alcoholic. But they say nothing about the cups of strong tea and buns that are playing upon his brain. I hope none of my temperance friends will think I am indignant towards them; but still I think a little moderation with the tea-pot and buns would be advisable. We all know how most of the teetotallers scorn the moderate drinker, but I wish they would learn from them to moderate the tea-pot and buns a bit. There is a great cry about moderate drinkers being allowed in the above society: bnt as far as I am concerned that is just what is wanted, to teach them to be moderate and temperate in all things.

Yours etc.,
John Blunt,
The Buffs.

We publish the above letter, because we always wish that any question, as seen from any point of view, should have fair play in our columns. If His Highness Prince Lucifer wrote to us pointing out the advantages of the fine warm climate of his dominions over the dampness of the heavenly regions we might find a place for his letter in our columns: but we should not agree with him. And we do not, except on a minor point, agree with our correspondent. We are not of the teetotal band, but the temperance movement has our most thorough support and respect. Disraeli once said he was on the side of the angels, and we can do no better than follow such a good example. A man may drink twenty cups of tea and eat twenty buns, and, unless he has the digestion of an ostrich, he will probably feel the effects of it next morning; but it does not turn him into the insensate, escort-resisting, madman that that amount of alcoholic drink would. Teetotallers and temperance men have their faults, like the rest of us, and they are perhaps apt to think, that because they don't drink alcohol, they are a few steps higher up the celestial ladder than they really are; but they are pushing on in the right direction, they are doing their best to gain for the rank and file of the Army a better name and a better position amongst our civilian surroundings, and they are deserving of every help. Perhaps one of the great advantages of the admirable system of Regimental Institutions which the present Commander-in-Chief is instituting, is that it will teach teetotallers that it is possible to drink alcohol and yet be respectable, and drunkards that it is possible to drink tea and yet be both amusing and amused.—EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

The Corporals always being in the habit of playing the Sergeants at cricket annually, it has been suggested (and a very happy suggestion to in my humble opinion) to meet our friends the Sergeants in an amicable game of football under the splendid Rugby Union rules. Could not a match be arranged? of course we dont expect the old hands to join in, but there are plenty of youngsters who are able, eager and willing for the fray.

Yours faithfully,
Hercules.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

It is rumoured in the Regiment that I am unable to run a mile, and that I am afraid to come to the front on account of being beat in my last two events, in Ranikhet, (not so) I am willing to run any N. C. Officer or man in the Regiment the distance of one mile, for the sum of fifty rupees a side, on any date they may wish to mention.

Ranikhet, 14th, April, 1888. J. S. Underhill, Lnce. Sergt., "D" Coy., The Buffs.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

The Gymnasium,
Lucknow.
March, 29th, 1888.

Dear Sir.

It might interest some of the readers of our "Dragon" to know, that the members of our Distinguished Corps who have qualified for Gymnastic Certificates, have endeavoured to keep up the credit of their Corps. In the Assault-at-Arms held here a month back before Sir Frederick Roberts, the 3rd. Buffs were selected to perform, with others, in a very passable programme, consisting of various gymnastic exercises. In the competitions, Corpl. Price came off with first prize for the gymnastics. Corpl. Davis with a first for Bayonet *v* Bayonet, and Corpl Price a second for Bayonet *v* Sword. If you think this worthy of a space in your journal I should consider it a great favour.

Yours respectfully,
Esprit-de-Corps.

Station News.

The Station has already begun its accustomed round of dissipation, the subscription dance being held at the Club on Tuesday the 17th inst. It was feared that a lack of dancing ladies might interfere with the evening's success; but all the men who came to the dance seemed to get partners, and, even after two extras, there was an appeal for more dances. The energetic promoter of the dance was unfortunately absent he having tried to commit suicide (we had nearly written regicide—what could have made us think of the great Protector)? by riding a shying pony alongside a khud. Luckily he escaped with only a bad shaking and an abrasion of the bridge of his nose.

The "Puppy question" came up at the General meeting of the Club again. The members who were of opinion that the premises should be turned into an amateur dogs' home were in a minority, and henceforth a fine of four rupees will be levied on anybody whose affection for his dog is such that he can't leave it outside. The energetic acting secretary has since discovered himself bringing his dog in, has instantly reported himself to himself, and there and then fined himself the specified rupees. A vote of thanks to Mr. Flemming, who as secretary has done such good work for the Club in looking after the building of the new room, was carried unanimously.

At a smaller meeting, of those interested in cricket and gymkana, held after the general meeting, it was decided that a garrison committee should be appointed for each. Captain Beresford has kindly undertaken the secretaryship of the cricket, and Captain Richardson that of the gymkana, which will be run on the same lines as last year. A representative from each of the Regiments, from the Standing Camp, and from the rest of the Station, form the committees.

If Naini Tal challenges the Station to do battle with her in May, as she did last year, we should be able to give a good account of ourselves at cricket, the Standing Camp and our friends the doctors having this year some excellent cricketers among them. Polo is being practised once or twice a week on the parade-ground and, as nobody has as yet gone over the

Digitized by Google

khud, may be considered a success; and we hope that the only remaining member of the last year's victorious and defeated crew will be off the sick-list in time to look about and select as good a crew as we sent over last Spring.

At the time of writing, what particular play is to be performed by our amateurs, is not settled but enough ladies have volunteered to make it certain that the performances will not fall through. The first piece or pieces played will probably be simple, but it is hoped that before the end of the season we shall have as good a company as that which played "The Lancers."

A musical society which will give a pleasant afternoon or evening's employment once a week to our songsters is in course of formation. Selections from *Les Cloches de Corneville* and ballads are the proposed objects to be wrestled with.

With the exception of one of two of the smaller cottages every house in the cantonments is now taken for the summer, and, judging from the energy already displayed in getting up amusements, the season should be a very successful one. The Scottish Rifles have begun their pleasant Monday afternoon's "at home," the theatre is being swept and garnished, the new cricket shed (it is hardly big enough to be dignified with the name of a pavilion) is to be pushed on as quickly as possible by the Engineers, a fortnight should see the completion of the new room at the Club, and, altogether the prospects of the season look rosy.

REGIMENTAL THEATRICALS.

The Regimental Dramatic Club have settled on "Larkins' Love Letters" and "The Chimney Corner" as their opening pieces this season. The first is a rattling farce and the second a little two-act drama with a touch of sentiment in it. Both pieces are in full rehearsal.

The Pond Lilly Minstrels, it is rumoured, are going to emerge from their retirement and give another performance. After keeping dark for so many months they ought to be very black when they *do* appear.

FROM BAREILLY TO RANIKHET.

I do'nt think it has yet been noted in any distinguished paper that The Buffs marched from Bareilly to Ranikhet, starting from the former place on 12th., March and arriving at the latter on 29th and 30th., March, 1888. If you have room in your valuable periodical for a few notes on that march I will endeavour to provide you with some. Our first march was to a camp about fourteen miles out. We started at four in the morning mightily glad to leave small tents with a future of rest in comfortable barrack rooms before us. In spite of the early hour of the start, both the bands of the Scottish Rifles and Seaforth Highlanders played us out, the latter not giving us the final tune until we had passed our fourth mile stone; which courtesy seemed to have been much appreciated by the Buffs if one can judge from the quantity of noise set up by each company as they tramped by the Highlanders—I use the word quantity advisably; the quality was not tuneful. Half way we halted for half-an-hour at the coffee-wallah's store for the purpose of more or less refreshing the inner man with the help of coffee, buns and biscuits at what some thought a reasonable price. The same ceremony was gone through every day and was sometimes more, and sometimes a good deal less, refreshing. We got settled down and at rest, both men and beasts, at about ten. The day was charming as regards suitable weather, the night was detestable; without any warning down came the rain in torrents, up blew the wind, away went some of our tents. The elements seemed determined that this gallant regiment, should have no rest that night and certainly succeeded in carrying out their determination. All this mixture of unfriendly elements damped our spirits, wetted our clothes through and caused a good deal of elequence, rough and to the point. In spite of our misfortune we moved on again the next morning as soon as the rain had ceased, settling down in our next camp shortly after twelve. This fact seems to have disheartened the unfriendly elements, before mentioned for we had excellent weather from thence to the end of the march. We journeyed along to Moradabad averaging about twelve miles a day at a rate of four miles an hour (this the men not the transport) and arrived there on the sixth day from starting. Now please do'nt think that we were without our amusements. The Band and Drums and Fifes

Digitized by Google

played on two occasions and were much appreciated by all. The hardier soldiers knocked each other about at "punt about" every afternoon and no doubt got much satisfaction in dealing each other blows and occasionally *hitting* the football; I say *hitting* because from careful observation of this interesting pastime I have noticed that angles on the body, the foot, the head and hand are put into use to strike the ball or come into violent contract with the other angles etc., of opposing bodies. There were no football matches, but punt about is very entertaining especially for the lookers on. I would add, there were pleasant walks in the country. There was a comic concert one evening which was announced to be given by a N. C. O. which never came off. However we all had the pleasure of anticipating the pleasure it would afford us in being present. Last but not least there were two issues of beer a day, that does not quite end all the harmless amusements, some of the observations by wags on the march were very entertaining but perhaps too forcibly expressed to publish in your respectable journal. The country we passed through was flat and for the most part uninteresting, now and then the surroundings was wooded and a distant view of the mountains lighted up by the rays of a setting or rising sun was to be seen, but most of the country were only cultivation, with a tree here and there and small native villages dotted about to the right and left of the road. We arrived in camp near Moradabad early in the morning and camped about a mile from that city on the opposite side of the river on one of whose banks Moradabad is situated. Before we had been settled in our new camp for an hour the wind began at us again and succeeded in blowing all the spare dust and shingle that was lying about on the waste between us and Moradabad into our eyes, tents, clothes etc and this sort of insult we had to submit to for two days. I think however that is about as much as you will want from me for the next few years, so I will quit afflicting with my remarks in a few more disjointed sentences as possible.

No one who has visited the camping ground near Moradabad can write about his or her visit there without paying some sort of tribute to the Moradabad flies, they are at once the most busy, noisy, active and generally detestable beings, it is a travellers misfortune to encounter. One Moradabad fly can keep two ordinary men employed in gesticulation and the use of bad language through the unbearable time of the day (for he does not torment when the cool evening comes on and one would not mind him) he is actively busy selecting sensitive spots on your hands, ears and other tender places exposed to his view, these places he settles on until struck at and invariably missed by you, then he varies the torture by buzzing loudly, no doubt triumphantly about the room until life in his society becomes unbearable. They say Mr. Editor that all things have their good uses, "what is the use that flies were made for"?, "To feed spiders," some one said the other day who wants to feed spiders? besides the spider who ate the Moradabad fly would be troubled by bad indigestion for the remainder of his sojourn of weaving webs on branches in neglected corners of deserted rooms.

From Moradabad the regiment was divided into half battalions one half starting the day after we arrived, the other half following in its foot-steps forty eight hours afterwards The coffeewallah as before superintending his store with more or less satisfaction half way, (or what he was pleased to call half way) on each day's march. I heard that man spoken of in one or two original ways but again they were too enerjetic terms for print. The country now was still flat and covered with cultivation, corn and wheat spreading away for miles on either side of the road, it was nearly ripe here and the light yellow color swaying about in the breeze was not unpleasant to look upon. Afterwards we came through two days jungle to the foot of the mountains and commenced our climb to Ranikhet. The days on the march are so very much like one another, the incidents of interest are so few that I will not bother you further. No one fell over what is called "The Khuds," what I, in my ignorance would persist in calling precipices. We saw some glorious hill views. We lowered our rate of marching but little and those in charge of the transport were the only sufferers. We arrived at this hill Station by eight on the morning of the 30th March, and are now settled here for some months, if it is to be so hoped. Jay Ewes.

[Flies were created to take the place of currants in Duffs made by London eatinghouse keepers.] EDITOR.

———o———

The following N.C.O's. have been awarded 1st class certificates for gymnastics, and have been appointed Instructors to the Battalion:— Sergt. Eaton and Corpls. Davis and Price.

Digitized by Google

Depot News

Major Jackson joined the Depot on the 28th February, and relieved Major Harrison who has returned to his battalion for duty therewith.

Thirty-six recruits proceeded to join the 2nd Battn. on the 17th of April.

The 2nd Battn. moved into the Shaft Barracks at Dover on the 14th of April, on which date the East Surrey Regiment proceeded to Guernsey.

No. 1661, Pte. G. Lock, who arrived from Singapore recently, on H.M.S. Orontes, was discharged with ignominy on the 26th March, in pursuance of a sentence awarded by District Court-Martial.

The Depot is at present without a Sergeant-Major.

Twenty-eight recruits were sent to 2nd Battn. on the 14th February.

Lce.-Sergt. Bond and Corpl. Ward have been passed to the Reserve.

Pte. Keefe has arrived in this country and joined 2nd Battalion.

Ptes. Dumphy, Spickett and Styles have been discharged as unfit for further service, awarded pensions, Dumphy 1/2 per diem, Styles /6 per diem for 12 months final and Spickett rejected.

Sergeant-Major Carter was discharged to pension on the 22nd February, and has been appointed Canteen Steward in the 2nd Battn. He has been awarded the Meritorious Service Medal with an annuity of £15 from the 25th December 1887, and consequently has relinquished the G.C. Medal and Gratuity.

Regimental Items.

Capt. Chippindall rejoined from leave of absence on the 7th March, 1888.

At an Officers' Mess meeting it was decided that, if possible, prints of the distinguished Officers who have served as Colonels of the Regiment, and of the many battles in which the Regiment has taken part, should be purchased.

The Officers are going to give two "At Homes" during the month of May.

It is probable that a Shield, resembling the Cricket Shield, except that it will have crossed rifles instead of bats, will be purchased for Musketry. The best shooting company will be recorded on it year by year

A Challenge Cup for football is also talked of.

Capt. Allen has heen granted leave of absence for the purpose of visiting Cashmere, from the 6-4-88 to the 6-6-88.

Capt. Tylden-Pattenson has been granted leave of absence. for the purpose of visiting British Ghurwall, from the 12-4-88 to the 10-6-88.

Qr.-Mr.-Sergt. Cumber has been offered and accepted the appointment of Sergt.-Major at the Depot. We congratulate Qr.-Mr.-Sergt. Cumber most heartily on obtaining his warrant; but we are very sorry to lose from the battalion a N.C.O. who throughout his long service with us has taken a keen interest in, and given a helping hand to, every kind of sport and amusement. And lastly, in losing Qr.-Mr.-Sergt. Cumber we, the Editor, lose a most excellent Sub-Editor.

GOOD CONDUCT BADGES.

The undermentioned men are entitled to Good Conduct pay at rates and from dates as specified:—

Pte.	W. Crockett	@ 4 pence,	21-4-88.
„	W. Ransley	@ 1 penny,	13-4-88.
„	G. Townsend	@ 4 pence,	15-4-88.
„	T. Hames	@ 1 penny,	31-3-88.
Drmr.	C. Michell	@ 2 pence,	14-4-88.
Pte.	T Cunningham	@ 1 penny,	5-2-88.
„	G. Martin	@ 2 pence,	19-4-88.
„	A. E. Ashelford	@ 1 penny,	2-4-88,
„	B. S. Chesson	@ 2 pence,	7-3-88.
„	R. Hayson	@ 1 penny,	29-1-88.
„	J. Hunt	„	7-4-88.
„	H. A. Warterman	„	19-1-88.
„	A. C. Cochrane	@ 2 pence,	5-4-88.
„	J. Park	„	9-4-88.
„	A. Smith	„	12-4-88.
„	J. Birch	@ 2 pence,	3-1-88.
„	H. White	„	18-2-88.
„	H. Woods	„	27-1-88.
Lce.-Cpl.	J. Bourne	„	20-12-88.
Pte.	A. Davis	@ 1 penny,	10-4-88.
„	C. Nash	„	22-4-88.
„	J. R. Pretty	„	24-4-88.
„	C. T. West	„	18-2-88.
„	A. Harding	„	6-3-88.

Digitized by Google

IT'S A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY.

OR

THE MILITARY ADVENTURES OF A BRASS COCK

—(o)—

(Continued from our last.)

On this the Fort-Adjutant sharpened his pen, and then commenced a paper warfare which before the mystery was cleared up, entailed a fearful amount of ink-shed, immortalised the brass-cock throughout the garrison. and occupied much of the Fort-Adjutant's valuable time, which might otherwise have been devoted to the consumption of full-flavoured cigars, and the development of a natural talent for the game of billiards.

At last the tangled skein was unravelled, and the Barrack-master was informed, that if he now sent in his requisition in due form, it would be attended to.

In it came. The clerks tittered; the Fort-Adjutant grinned as he handed it to the Commandant, who laughed as he forwarded it to the D. A. Q. M. G., who smiled as he submitted it to the General, who frowned, and remarked that a good deal of public time was being wasted in the matter, as he handed it back to the D. A. Q. M. G., who returned it with 'Approved' written on it to the Commandant, and so on, through the different channels, until the Barrack-master at last found himself authorised to demand from the military store department 'one brass cock complete.'

Now, the last offical, still smarting under all these delays, was now determined that everything should be done 'according to Cocker'; so in a form headed, 'urgent services required to be performed by the Royal Engineer department.' he requeststed the Fort-Adjutant to request the Commandant to request the D. A Q. M. G. to 'move' the General to direct the Commanding Engineer to detail a man of that scientific corps to fix the brass cock in a water butt.

In a retired and secluded spot near the sea shore, at the back of the military hospital, our friend now led a quiet and uneventful life. Its duties were light in the extreme. Often, for days together, it was not even 'turned on' once, for the water-butt into whose portly side it was inserted was far from the busy haunts of man, and out of the beaten track of hospital orderlies and coolies.

In this state of affairs it was not long, before it presented a melancholy appearance of dirt and neglect; and it soon took to itself a goodly coat of verdigris. Yet, even under these disadvantages, it still retained some powers of fascination against which the sordid mind of John Chinaman was not proof. Neglected and unnoticed by others, it had not been so by him. He had seen it, mentally appraised its value, and marked it for his own But there were obstacles to the consummation of his desires. Adjacent to the water-butt a sentry walked 'his lonely rounds,' and John Chinaman waited long and oft without an opportunity presenting itself. At last, one night he put his plan into execution. Creeping stealthily along in the shade of the wall until he arrived by the side of the water-butt, he here ensconced himself until the sentry had reached the farthest point of his beat, then with a dexterous wrench, the brass cock was drawn from the bung-hole, through which there trickled a few inky drops of rain-water as if the water-butt were shedding tears at the separation.

Unluckily for John Chinaman, just as he was making off with his booty, the sentry caught sight of him, and gave chase. Then began a series of doubles and slips and grabs, commingled with a curious jumble of Chinese and Milesian. 'Hi-Yah!' from the Celestial, as he ducked just in time to save himself from being caught by the nape of the neck; 'Be jabers, I've missed the devil!' at the same moment from the sentry, as he wildly clutched the air just where the Chinaman's head ought to have been. Backwards and forwards, round and round, diving, ducking, grasping and cursing, they both went, until the game was brought to an end by the Chinaman becoming so terrified at the unearthly noises made by his pursurer, whose imprecations grew more and more hoarse and guttural as their master became more and more blown, that in a panic he gave himself up, and quietly submitted to the indignity of being held by his pig-tail.

'Ah, yer thaving baste!' exclamed Private Dennis Magrath—such was the sentrys' name, as the two stood panting 'Sure I've got yer'! then feeling rather at a loss what to do with his prisoner of war now that he had got him, he brought one of his hob-nailed ammunition boots into violent contact with John Chinaman's person, just by way of not betraying any symptoms of indecision, and also impressing his prisoner with a proper sense of his captors power, and his own helplessness.

Notwithstanding that this proceeding indicated a certain amount of energy and vigour of character, our Hibernian friend still exhibited signs of irresolution.

'Devil a bit uv me knows what I've been run-

Digitized by Google

ning after yer for'! he exclamed, 'but, begorra'! 'now I've got yer, I'll kape yer'!

With these last words he gave the pig-tail a hearty pull, just to show the Chinaman he had a tight hold of him, when horror! the pig-tail came off in his hand, and its late owner bounded off like an arrow shot from a bow.*

Private Dennis Magrath stood aghast for some moments, looking by turns at the pig-tail in his hand and the fast receeding form of the Chinaman, and with each look opening his mouth wider and wider, until he appeared as if about to go through the unparalled performance of gradually turning himself inside out at last it closed with a snap, and then the following words were heard to proceed from it; 'Holy frost! I've pulled the tail out ov um! shure I've had enough running; ye may go, and the devil burn ye'! and upon this he threw the tail in the direction the Chinaman had taken, and resumed his walk.

The brass cock, after having been ruthlessly torn from the bottom of its water-butt, had been thrust into the breast of the Chinamans jacket, where it had nestled until in the scuffle it had dropped on the ground, to lie for a long time unnoticed

'Halloa'! said the sentry, at last catching sight of it and picking it up; here's something that thaving baste's dhropped. Shure it's a brass cock he's stole out of some bar'l.'

Thena tinge of melancholy shaded his features, and a soft light came into his eyes as he soliloquised with a deep pathos: 'May be thers' good liquor being washted somewheres this very moment, whilst I am standing here as dhry as a bone. May be' he added in a tone of almost passionate fervour 'it's somewheres quite close'!

The suspense of the moment was too much to be long endured, and in order to settle his hopes and fears as soon as possible, he subjected the brass cock to an examination in which nose and mouth took part.

'Wather! och, pooh'! he exclaimed, in tones of the deepest disgust. 'Letit washte'! and here the brass cock was nearly being pitched away; but on second thoughts it was put into his pocket.

The next morning, after coming off guard, Private Magrath betook himself to his quondam master, one Lieutenant Thorner, who was also Acting-Adjutant, and to him he gave the brass cock, together with a most elaborate and detailed account of how it had come into his possession, which, with all apologies to Mr. Magrath, we have taken the liberty of reproducing in these pages.

'You should have taken it to the Sergeant of your guard, and he would have entered the circumstances in his report' said Lieut. Thorner. 'However put it down and I'll see about it.'

Now when a man, with nothing particular on hand for a moment, says he'll 'see about' a thing, instead of doing so then and there, the odds are very much in favour of his never troubling his head in the matter.

This was the case with Lieutenant Thorner. He dismissed the subject from his mind, and the brass cock lay for days, idle and unheeded, on his table, until on his being suddenly ordered away on Detachment, together with Private Magrath to a place we will call Choofow, it was packed up with the rest of that young officers goods and chattels.

Here at Choofow it shone in quite a new sphere. Lieutenant Thorners' quarters were somewhat bare of articles of vertu and the brass cock, cleaned of its verdigris coat, occupied a prominent position as a chimney-piece ornament.

It was not long, however at Choofow before Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at that port saw it, and recollecting that he had a beer barrel in want of such an article, begged it of Lieutenant Thorner, who, having quite forgotten its previous history, presented it with all due ceremony, and it was forthwith installed in the Consuls' cellar.

In the meantime, stirring events had been going on at Hong-Kong. A few days after the departure of Lieutenant Thorner, the first rumble of the coming storm was heard in the office which is already known to our readers. There sat the Commandant, looking stern and soldier-like, and, opposite to him, sat the Fort-Adjutant

A letter was handed to the latter, who opened and read it, while the Commandant awaited the

* In Hong-Kong the police find that the easiest and safest method of conducting the Chinese prisoners through the streets, is by their pig tails, often thus driving four, or even six in hand. The regular professional thief though, aware of the facilities of his pig-tail offers for his conduct to durance vile, usually cuts it off—if it has not already undergone this process as a punishment for some former offence—and plaits a false one on to the old stump, an arrangement possessing advantages which are fully illustrated in our story. The police, however, as a rule, more experienced on this point than Private Magrath, are up to this stratagem, and, before harnessing their team together, will satisfy themselves of the genuineness of the articles by a few vigorous tugs.

Digitized by Google

communication of its contents.

'A brass cock stolen from the hospital, sir' and the Barrack-master, in a private note, says its the same there was all that bother about

'D——n that brass cock!' said the Commandant in his awfullest tones.

'Curse it!' muttered the Fort-Adjutant, who saw looming in the future more correspondence on the subject, to the detriment of his accomplishments as a billiard player.

'Assemble a Board,' said the Commandant,—A military expedient resorted to in every little difficulty. 'At once!' he continued in tones fully betokening the importance of the matter.

A board did assemble. It consisted of a Captain and two Subalterns, who, failing to obtain a vestige of evidence to show how, when, or where the brass cock had gone, took the liberty of stating so.

This would never do. Evidence of some sort must be taken and recorded on the proceedings, and a stinging memorandum to that effect, was sent to the President of the Board. Under this pressure, the Board obtained a voluminous mass of evidence, which, though it threw no light whatever on the disappearance of the brass cock, still made a very good show on the half-margin foolscap. Then after the trio composing the Board had made three copies of this mighty effort of their combined genius, and affixed their signatures thereto, the 'proceedings' were sent to the Commandant, who waded through them and sent them on, through the prescribed channel to the General. From this last personage they were returned as worthless: not because they consisted of a mass of irrelevant matter, but because a mere Captain and two Subalterns were considered inadequate to investigate so important a subject.

A Field Officer, as president, and two Captains and two Subalterns, as members, were to constitute the Board. So ran the awful mandate.

Under these instructions a new Board was immediately directed to assemble, a Colonel of the Royal Engineers, to the best of my recollection, presiding. Notes were taken, crowds of witnesses were examimed, quires of foolscap expended, orderlies exhausted, &c., and although not a spark of evidence was elicited which shed the tiniest ray of light on the disappearance of the brass cock, the new Board succeeded, after many adjournmemts, and many days research; in producing a goodly pile of closely written fools cap, which much delighted the eyes of the Staff, and, with its concomitants of red tape and sealing wax, was triumphantly despatched to the War Office. Here it must have found favour in the eyes of the mighty officials, as they expressed themselves resigned to the fate of the brass cock and the awful sentence fell on the 'public' that it was 'to bear the loss.'

The military mind at Hong-Kong had hardly been calmed down by this soothing assurance, when Lieutenant Thorner arrived on a short leave of absence from Choofow.

'Well, Thorner, have you heard of the infernal shindy we've been having all about a confounded old brass cock, that any fellow in the garrison would have paid for five times over sooner than have had all the bother its given,' asked one of his brother officers, as a number of them sat in the verandah sipping sherry and bitters in the cool of the evening before mess.

'I wish to goodness,' said a young ensign, 'I had all the money that has been chucked away on the blessed thing, in the way of chair hire for members of Boards, native witnesses, postage, paper &c. I'd have a jolly lark, and present Government with a gross of brass cocks into the bargain

'I've heard nothing of it,' said Thorner. 'what's it all about'

'Oh, only a brass cock was lost—stolen I suppose, from the hospital; and there's been the devil to pay in the shape of correspondence, and Boards, until everyone in the garrison was heartily sick of the subject.

'When did it all first begin?' asked Thorner, as if following up a train of thought.

'About a few days after you left, I should think,' was the reply.

'Oh, by jove, I see it all! Its as good as a play!' said Thorner, as he threw himself back in his chair, and indulged in laughter, loud and long. 'It's as good as a play, and I and Private Magrath have been two of the principal actors.'

'How?' was asked on all sides.

Then Thorner related in a few words his share of the transaction.

A general laugh followed, but everyone agreed to let the thing 'slide,' and say nothing about it, as there was no knowing what difficulties this denouncement of the brass cock mystery might have led to, and none of them relished the idea of more Boards.

In conclusion, I can only trust that these revelations will not resuscitate the subject, and that the brass cock will be allowed to rest in

Digitized by Google

peace. Should the War Office authorities, however, be once more put on the scent, the brass cock will be able to say to them, in the words of the old song, 'You may go, you may go, you may go to Hong-Kong for me!' for when we last heard of it, it had returned to that quarter of the British posessions.

Athletics.

"D" COMPANY'S, HARRIER CLUB.

The first meet of the above Club, since our return to Ranikhet took place on Friday, the 6th inst. At 5. 15. p, m. Pte Barrett started off as hare and, after being allowed 3 minutes start, away went the hounds in full cry. Near the Treasury the trail became somewhat puzzling. A cast was made, but several minutes elapsed before the keen scent of the hounds could discover the trail, which was ultimately found by Pte. Stevens, on the cart road near the Church, when full cry was again the order.

A good run was then made on the road as far as the Hospital gates, where the trail again turned down the hill to the left, leading along the road, past "B" Company's bungalow, on to the Half-Moon Barracks. At this point all drew up in line together, but did not continue long in this order, as, nearing home, the pace began to tell. At the steps leading to the *Champs de Mars*, (as the Editor is pleased to term the parade grounnd) Pte. Rankin made a spurt which was immediately taken up and maintained to the finish by the whole pack, several changes of places however occuring before the Treasury was reached.

Owing, perhaps, to its being the first rnn the club has had since our return to Ranikhet, the attendance was very small, but it is to be hoped that a much larger number will turn out on future occasions.

RESULT.

Pte. Hills, 1st.
„ Reese, 2nd.
„ Rankin, 3rd.
} Pte. Taylor, „ Stevens. } dead heat.

Pte. Brown, 0 Pte. Piper, 0

HANDICAP, "D," Coy., (100 Yards.)

The above, the first of a series of handicaps took place on the parade ground on Friday the 20th inst., which came to a very successful issue.

The idea of the above originated from the love of sport and recreation which exists among the men; the modest prizes which were distributed to the winners, were furnished from the entrance fees.

The handicap was run in three heats, and the judge had great difficulty in deciding the winners, so closely were they contested on each occasion. Our dramatic world was well represented by the lion comique (Pte. J. J. Haley) causing great fun, and who though successful in winning his heat, failed to distinguish himself in the final. The final was perhaps the most exciting, the scratch men apparently having but little chance whatever within ten yards of the tape. At this point it would have been difficult to have named the winner, however Pte Gallagher gradually coming to the front, won a brilliant race by a yard; almost a dead-heat between second and third. So much ammesement was caused, that it is intended to continue these handicaps up to the mile, by which time who knows that a record may not be broken.

RESULT.

	Start.	
Pte. Gallagher,	2 yards	1st.
„ Rankin,	9 „	2nd.
„ Reese,	4 „	3rd.
Col.-Sgt Featherstone,	2 „	0
Pte. Court,	scratch	0
„ Haley,	8 yards	0
„ Scott,	4 „	0
„ Lehane,	6 „	0
Sgt. Underhill,	2 „	0
Pte. Hills,	2 „	0
Sgt. Strutt,	8 „	0
Pte. Westby,	8 „	0
„ Taylor,	6 „	0

Steward. Capt. Philips.
Judge. Sgt. Bovenzer.
Starter. Lce. Cpl. Davis.

Cricket

THE BUFFS *v.* THE STATION.

The first match of the season was played on the 14th April, and there was just time to finish a very good game, the Station winning on the first innings by 11 runs. Mr. Hanley played a magnificent innings of 81; which he is greatly to be congratulated upon in his first match under novel conditions. Another newcomer was also to the front

Digitized by Google

on the side of the Buffs, Mr. Parry, making 29 in a well hit and well played innings. Corporal Godfrey as usual scored [illegible] Edwards made a useful 21. Mr. Greenaway was got rid of when he had already made 27 and was getting very dangerous. The fielding all round was indifferent, which the diffulty of the ground cannot altogether excuse. Edmonds must be sincerley congratulated on his reappearance, after a trying time in hospital, which fortunately does not seem likely to affect his play this season.

The scores are as follows :—

THE STATION.

Surgeon Hanley, not out	81	not out	4
„ Skeritt, b. Godfrey	11	b Simmons	4
Capt. Beresford, run out	8	not out	4
Surgeon Bateson, b. Edwards	7	st. Kluckner b. Godfrey	2
Corpl. Bates, run out	11	b. Godfrey	
Sergt. Molloy, c D'Aeth b. Simmons	9	st. Kluckner b Godfrey	20
Mr Greenaway, l.b.w. b Edwards	27		
Capt. Richardson, c Godfrey b Simmonds	1		
Sergt. Moran, b Edwards	0		
Capt. Sheenan, l.b.w. b Edwards	0		
Mr. Pearson, b Edwards	1		
Mr. Robertson, c Hilderbran b Godfrey	2		
Extras	7		
Total	165		

THE BUFFS.

Mr. Bayard, c Bates b Moran	5
Pte. Edmonds, b Molloy	5
Corpl. Godfrey, b Molloy	43
Mr. D'Aeth, c Bateson b Molloy	2
Pte. Kluckner, b. Bateson	5
Capt. Daughlish, l.b.w. b Skeritt	9
Pte. Edwards, b Skeritt	21
Lce.-Corpl. Reynolds c Greenway b Bateson	1
Mr. Parry, c Beresford b Hanley	29
Mr. Lloyd, l.b.w. b Hanley	4
Pte Simmonds, not out	1
Lce.-Corpl. Hilderbrand, c Moran b Hanley	1
Extras	36
Total	154

OFFICERS' THE BUFFS, *v* OFFICERS SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

This match was played at Bareilly 14th, January, 1888.

THE BUFFS.

Capt. Daughlish, run out	0		
Mr. D'Aeth, c. Cowans, b. Mackenzie	1	not out	16
„ Stuart, b. Stirling	18	st. Stewart b. Mackenzie	31
„ Pemberton b. Stirling	28	run out	1
„ Bayard, b. Mackenzie	14	b. Mackenzie	17
Capt. Phillips, c. Farquhar b. Mackenzie	0		
Major Newnham Davis, run out	7	b. Stirling	0
Mr. Bell, c. Stirling, b. Mackenzie	0	st. Stewart b. Cowans	2
„ Tarte, c. Garnett b. Cowans	0		
Capt. Tylden Pattenson, not out	1		
Mr. Lloyd, run out	21	b. Farquhar	3
Extras	5	Extras	0
Total	95	Total	80

SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

Major Garnett, c. D'Aeth b. Pemberton	4
Mr. Bailey, c. Bayard b. Pemberton	7
„ Stirling, b. Pemberton	5
„ Mackenzie, b. Pemberton	38
Major Stewart, b. Pemberton	27
Mr. Cowans, c. Bayard b. Stuart	22
„ Farquhar, c. Stuart b. Pemberton	0
„ Elliot, b. Stuart	0
„ Clark, b. Pemberton	0
„ Hopkins, not out	0
Extras	16
Total	119

"C" COMPANY *v* "H" COMPANY

This match was played at Ranikhet, on the 12th March 1888, and resulted in a win for "C" Company by six wickets.

"H" COMPANY.

Private Adams, b Gardiner	18	b Hall	1
„ Tizzard, c Gower b Brain	0	b Hall	9
„ Wardle, b Brain	15	c Reynolds b Golds	34
„ Harding, b Brain	2	c and b Golds	16
Sergt. Talbot, b Brain	5	l.b.w. b Brain	5
Private Simpson, c Michell b Gardiner	6	run out	5
„ Hall, b Gardiner	0	l.b.w. b Golds	0
„ Knight, c Michell b Gardiner	1	b Golds	0
„ Greenslade, not out	1	l.b.w. b Golds	2
„ Cowley, run out	0	not out	0
„ Martin, b Brain	1	c Hall b Brain	3
Extras	2	Extras	3
Total	62	Total	78

"H" COMPANY.

Private Golder, run out	0	b Wardle	17
„ Hall, c Wardle b Adams	1	not out	17
„ Gardiner, c Adams b Cowley	10	c Wardle b Martin	4
„ Reedin,	0	not out	3
„ Golds, b Wardle	25	b Adams	5
Lce.-Sergt. Brain, b Cowley	6	c Adams b Martin	8
Pte. Gower, not out	2	b Adams	1
„ Cooper, Adams b Cowley	0		
„ Reynold, c Knight b Martin	11		
„ Michell, c Knight b Martin	4		
Corpl. Moon, b Martin	0		
Extras	7	Extras	9
Total	76	Total	65

BAREILLY *v.* FYZABAD.

This match was played at Bareilly, on the 23rd and 24th of January, 1888. The scores are as follows :—

BAREILLY.

Capt. Daughlish, b Fairclough	8
Private Barton, run out	2
Surgeon Hanley, c Maisey b Eustace	41
Mr. Bayard, b Fairclough	0
„ Coombe, c Nicholson b Milne	4
Corpl. Godfrey, c Fowler b Fairclough	40
Mr. Mackenzie, st. Nicholson b Wynyard	82
„ D'Aeth, c Fowler b Fairclough	48
Major Stewart, b Wynyard	19
Mr. Pemberton, l.b.w., b Wynyard	7
Private Peart, not out	2
Extras	12
Total	268

FYZABAD.

Private Brown, c Barton	emberton	4	b Pemberton 6
Mr. Wynyard, not out		27	not out 27
„ Greenway, c and b Godfrey		4	b Pemberton 19
„ Nicholson, c Peart b Barton		2	b Pemberton 30
Capt. Fowler, c Barton b Godfrey		2	b Pemberton 7
„ Milne, b Godfrey		2	not out 6
Capt. Maisey, b Pemberton		6	
Drummer Owens, b Barton		0	
Private Fairclough, c Coombe b Barton		0	
Lce.-Corpl. Sadler, b Pemberton		0	
Private Eustace, b Barton		13	
Extras		27	Extras 10
Total		87	Total 92

The Ties for the Challenge Cricket Shield will be drawn at the Orderly Room at 7.30 a.m., on Monday, 7th May. Companies kindly send their representatives. The new matting may be used only for Regimental and Tie matches, or by special permission. On no account can regulation boots be worn when playing on it, or thick boots of any description.

G. V. DAUGLISH.

The Cricket-ground is available as follows :—

Monday.—Standing Camp day

Tuesday.—Football after evening parade.

Wednesday.—Football after evening parade.

Thursday.—Company Cricket matches. Polo after 5 p. m.

Friday.—Company Cricket matches. Polo after 5 p. m.

Saturday.—Garrison Cricket match.

The ground can only be secured on application to Sergt. Bovenzer at the Regimental Library.

Teams wishing to play Football on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, can obtain leave off parade by sending in the usual passes. No other passes for playing games will be required.

FOOTBALL.

RUGBY UNION RULES.

The first match since our return to Ranikhet was played between Letters "D" and "H" Companies under the above rules, on Saturday the 7th inst. At 5.30 p.m. the ball was kicked

Digitized by Google

off by Pte. Blockley, H Company. Some very fast play was made for the first ten minutes, which undoubtedly would have continued for first half time, but unfortunately the ball (like the players) began to lose wind, necessitating a stop in the play to refill the ball. Owing to this very little play was made for the first half-time. The second half was more successful. The ball being kicked off by Pte. Reese, "D" Company, after a very severe struggle and several scrimmages it was sent into touch by "H" Company within a foot of goal line. The throw in by "D" Company's half-back resulted in a try got by Pte. Howarth. After this some very determined play took place on both sides, another try, however, was made by Pte. H. E. Hills, "D" Company. Great credit is due to "H" Company for the manner in which they endeavoured to protect their goal, also a word of praise is due to Pte. Evans for the way he helped his team with his drop kicks. Time being called, the match resulted in favour of "D" Company by two tries to nothing.

The following are the teams:—

D COMPANY.		H COMPANY.	
Pte. Page, Back		Pte. Tizzard, Back	
, Gallagher	¾ Backs	Sgt. Talbot	¾ Backs
„ Rankin		Cpl. Cork	
, Hills W.		Pte. Evans	
Lc. Sgt. Underhill	½ Backs	Lieut. Tarte	½ Backs
Pte. Mepham		Pte. Simpson	
„ Reese	Forwards.	Major Davis	Forwards.
„ Dalloway		Pte Tennent	
„ Taylor		„ Blockley	
„ Hills H.		„ Moriairty	
„ Evans		„ Williams	
„ Hoare		„ Harding	
„ Howarth		„ Cronnon	
„ Revelle		„ Leabourne	
„ Vickers		„ Roach	

THE GONDOLA BIRD, (A TRUE STORY.)

—:o:—

At a meeting of the Bedford town council after the other busines had been transacted a town councillor rose to propose that a Gondola be bought for the ornamental water in the public gardens. Another councillor objected on grounds detailed below.

The Councillors of Bedford
Were met in brave array,
To settle some pressing questions,
Retrenchment and outlay.

And much momentous matter
Succumbed with small delay,
Such as varnish for the old town pump,
Fresh gilt for a statue gay.

A brand-new tongue for the old town bell,
Whose tongue had got somehow mislaid,
And a fine new coat for the beadle,
A sober man and staid.

Then up rose one, Tom Smithicus,
With a smile on his rosy face.
Said he; "a famous lake have we,"
"In the midst of our public space."

"With pleasure boats for the idle,"
"Arbours for amorous swains,"
"Sweet shady walks for serious talks
"In leafy flower-clad lanes"

"To complete this lovely picture,"
"A gondola, I propose,"
"Be purchased, the lake's bright surface"
"To gladden, as it goes."

"The cost wont be excessive,"
"For fifty pounds or so——"
"I make a strong objection,"
"A most emphatic NO!"

Thus spake the great Brownencius,
Full purple in the face,
"To pay a price like that," he cries,
"For a *bird*; why t'were disgrace."

Then when the peals of laughter
This little speech drew forth
Ha' ceased; the great Brownencius
Spake up—exceeding wrath.

"My words you greet with laughter,"
"The reason I can't guess"
"It seems to me, the Town Council," cried he,
"Is getting itself in a mess."

"But I say if you're all determined
"This bird to procure why of course"
"I'll waive all my recent objections"
"They only would make matters worse."

"And if money yo'ur bent on spending,"
"In this silly extravgant way,"
"Why dont you buy two of the creatures"
"A cock and a hen? Let her lay."

"And then when she's hatched all her young ones"
"They can all be let loose on the lake"
"And if you are minded to sell them"
"The price the birds, cost you can make."

The further proceedings then ended
For Brown could not make himself heard
And he now always feigns not to hear you,
When you ask, "How's the Gondola Bird?"

S.

Digitized by Google

Musketry.

The following is the averages of Companies,

"C"	Company,	121.72.
		51.19.
"D"	"	123.51.
		48.20.
"G"	"	120.34.
		50.38.
"E"	"	119.33.
		47.96.
"B"	"	115.83.
		48.31.
"A"	"	117.77.
		43.21.
"F"	"	114.78.
		46.07.
"H"	"	97.55.
		38.81.

Letter "C" Company had a cold supper and smoking concert on Saturday the 7th, inst., in honor of being the best shooting company for the season 1887-8.

This is the second season in succession that "C." Company has taken the guns and crown.

The mess-room was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and after ample justice had been done to the supper a most enjoyable evening was commenced by the Vice-Chair, (Sgt. Dray). R. Richards informed us in a most effective manner of "What an Englishman was made of," followed by Pte, Emery's favourite comic the "Soldier and the Slavey.',

Col.-Sgt. Butler now treated us, admidst great applause, to "Rhine wine" followed by a speech in which he declared his intention, with the assistance of the company; of again taking the "Bulls-eye Flag." An excellent step-dance by Pte. Horrocks was the next on the programme, after which we were transported by Sgt. Dray from the snows and sands of Ranikhet to the "Green lanes of England."

A recitation by Corpl. Benabo caused one of the guests to enthusiasticlly declare, that he and "Irving" were "Rivals." Deafening cheers now greeted Lieut. Stuart while he contuined to keep the roof shaking with the doings of the "Ballahoely Blue Ribbon Army," the water used by that army being of such unusual strength we were at once medicated by Surgeon Hanley with "Are you there Moriarity," the medicine however was so much appreciated that he was compelled admidst yells of "some more" to administer the "Ballahoely Horse." Corpl. Thorne next told us about "Lonisa and the hole in the wall." which at once brought Sgt. Dray to his feet with "Oh! I say."

Our Musketry Instructor, Lieut. Armitage, being next called upon, in a few words straight to the point congratulated the Company on its success, and told them they would have to fight hard for their "third year" as he hoped the highest score for 87-88 would be far below that of the lowest in 88-89.

Lieut. Hulke next earned noritory for ever with "Two lovely black eyes," whilst Lieut. Eustace was expressing in well chosen words the pleasure felt by him, and he was sure would be felt by Capt. Blackburn at the Companys success.

The writer hereof discovered a conspiracy to "mix his drinks," and ignominiously fled from

"Under the table."

ANSWER TO LAST ACCROSTIC.

GENERAL ROBERTS.

GanderR
EchO
N B
E v E
RumouR
A r T
LawlesS

Correct answers received from Duchy, Kate, and Nappy.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BISCALDI.—We have asked the questions you have suggested of the people who are responsible for the management and will let you know what can be done in our next issue.

AUFAUGER.—We are afraid that Singapore cricket is too much ancient history to hearkback to. Write us something about Ranikhet, and we shall be very pleased to publish it.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING IN "THE DRAGON."

	Rs.	a.	p.
For a whole Column	3	0	0
" half "	2	0	0
" quarter "	1	0	0
Small advertisements not exceeding six lines	0	8	0

Printed for the EDITOR, *at the "Station Printing Press, Ranikhet.*

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 14. **RANIKHET, MAY 31st, 1888.** Price, 2. As.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS. 1898.

Domestic Occurrences.

Births.

CAREY.—At Ranikhet, on the 7th May, 1888, the wife of Pte. Carey, of a daughter.

Marriages.

BROOKE—FORDE—At the Roman Catholic Chapel, Ranikhet, on the 26th inst., by the Rev. Father Fulgentius, Sergt. T. Brooke, Royal Lancaster Regt., to Miss M. E. Forde, Schoolmistress, The Buffs.

Deaths.

TRENCH.—At Bareilly, on the 27th April, 1888, Pte. J. W. P. Trench, of enteric fever.

WEST.—At Ranikhet, on the 11th May, 1888, Pte. C. West, of cerebral hemorrhage.

NOTES.

"Another fine sunshiny day Colonel," as the Subaltern, in the fine old crusted story, observed to his C.O. in the middle of a West Indian summer. And we have been having some of the aforesaid sunshiny day, with a vengeance, tempered with storms of rain and hailstones. Some of the hailstones have been of phenomenal size. One, which was measured, is reported to have been as big as an 18lb shot—It was measured after lunch at the Officers' and Sgts.' cricket match—and certainly many of them were as big as marbles. White clothing, with a great-coat in reserve, has become the order of the day, and we ought to bless our stars that we are where we are, and not baking down on the red hot plains.

John Blunt has got his answer, as will be seen from our correspondence columns. Both sides have had their say, and if John Blunt does not go about in future tortured by his conscience, it will not be owing to lack of energy or conviction on the part of the teetotalers who have taken up the cudgel against him.

Teetots delight,
At buns to bite,
For 'tis their nature so to do.

But they deny that they ever run to sixteen at a sitting, and it is to be hoped for the sake of their digestions that they don't.

The Officers and Sergeants played a great match on Thursday, the 16th inst. It was to have been a cricket match, but the rain and the eighteen pounder hail came on and changed it into a football match ; which was just as well for the Officers, who were getting the worst of it. The Officers won the toss and went in—

Digitized by Google

and also went out. Whether it was Tuesday's dance and Wednesday's guest night, or Color-Sergt. Featherstone's alarming puggaree, or the determined look of the Sergt.-Major at square-leg, it is hard to say ; but the best bats amongst the Officers did not waste much of their valuable time running between the wickets. It should be placed upon record that Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Cumber and Sergt. Brain had the meanness to bowl straight balls. When this was discovered a hurried council of war was held ; and various plans, from putting the bowlers under arrest to hitting them over the head with cricket bats, were mooted, but rejected, and they were allowed to pursue their evil way. We have the greatest respect for our Sub-Editor, but when he, with malice prepense, bowls out his Editor, after he has made only two runs, we feel hurt, badly hurt. Mr. Tarte made a stand for some period. This young officer is well known for his desperate hitting power, and, encouraged by shouts from the cricket shed, he struck the air some desperate blows. But at last even he succumbed, and at one o'clock the Sergeants went in for half an hour's play before lunch. Then came the Editor's revenge. The Sub-Editor came to the wicket with a hundred-run look about him, and began playing in the most correct form ; but the umpire was one too many for him, and gave him out leg-before wicket ; whereon our worthy Sub retired to think out an article, for the benefit of umpires, on the difference between bats and legs. The Sergt.-Major was more difficult to dispose of, and could not be induced to leave the wickets until he had been violently hit on the head with a cricket ball.

Then came lunch, with anecdotes from Sergt. Eaton about Drury Lane Theatre—the Drury Lane in which he has his modest abode, not the London one—and some slight reminiscences of his fellow actor, Mr. Peter Probity Haley. And then came the hail storm. After the hail storm cricket was an impossibility, and the brilliant idea of a game at football struck somebody.

And such football it was. If there ever was a sliding competition the Adjutant would win it easily, for he did at least 35 feet in a sitting position. Sergeant Bovenzer got Mr. Lloyd down and knelt on his back, which the head of the Pretty Pond Lily Minstrel Tribe says hurt, for the librarian is a bony man. But the supreme triumph was the back of the Officers' team. When one of the Sergeants' three-quarter backs got past the Officers' rear guard, the tiger-like rush of their full back made amidst encouraging shouts of Coombes ! Coombes ! ! was a sight never to be forgotten.

The match of the second eleven of Officers and second eleven Sergeants is on the tapis. We regret that this year the Neapolitan Ice-coloured socks of Capt. Blackburn will not be visible on the field, nor will the glare of the demon bowler strike terror into the batter's heart ; but we have no doubt that the Officers will put a fairly inefficient team into the field.

"The Gaffers," a team drawn from the Dramatic Club and the Pond Lily Minstrels, are going to challenge the second eleven of the Officers. If the "Gaffers" play in costume as proposed, this should be amusing.

Who is the Irishman ? *vide* Rule 5 of the Regimental Sports : "Tug of-War to be over a ditch full of water. The end of the rope or the last man to be pulled high and *dry*, on the opposite side."

——: o :——

Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

How very interesting it must be to the men of the 1st Battn. The Buffs for them to know that they have such a sensible man as

Digitized by Google

"John Blunt!" What a very considerate young man he must be. What's that I hear someone say? "He's an ignorant fool." It certainly is a pity that a man like him should waste his life in the Army. Why does he not go to the Temperance room and give a short lecture about intemperate habits, not put it in the regimental paper for it to go all over the world. He certainly cannot give much thought to the pride of the grand old Buffs. What does he think we are? Men made of putty. Certainly *Ventre affamé n'apoint d'oreilles*, but, oh! how ignorant you are, John, when you try to persuade about 500 Total Abstainers that a temperate man ate 16 buns and drank 16 cups of tea. If he will give it a second thought he will no doubt see where he is wrong. If he can bring any man who calls himself temperate, and, can accomplish a task of that description, then I am not English.

It would not have been so very bad had he made a few exceptions, but when he puts us all on the same footing, it becomes those of us who are true to our colours to fight for our right, and demand the truth; although I feel sure that silly old John did not mean the Independent Order of Good Templars, for their motto is to show charity to the needy, raise the fallen, to start any movement for the amelioration of the condition of the unfortunate victims of the canteens and dram-shops. No matter how humble and thankless the service the Good Templars never shirk from its performance, where ever courage, self-sacrifice or compassion are wanted to cripple the enemy, "Drink," or rescue its victims. The Good Templar responds to the call, for the trophies of its victories over vice and error, the Independent Order proudly points to redeemed lives lifted from the dark depths of shame and dishonour by fraternal Templar hands; fathers and mothers gladdened by the returning footsteps of wayward sons—this Order has reclaimed. To childhood that shivered amid the awful shadow of the drunkard's home until Good Templary restored the wandering father, and brought warmth and sunshine, never known before to households that Good Templary found bare, dark, and cheerless—now adorned and brightened by the sunlight of hope, and cheered by the ministry of love.

These are laurels nobly won and proudly worn by this Order, indeed, it may boast that because of its ministry.

"A million dim eyes were weary with sadness,
A million dark lashes still wet with their tears,
Are raised to the light with a glimmer of gladness,
As joy smiles again through the mist of the years."

Now, Mr. Editor, I hope you will forgive me for wandering so far from my subject, and I truly hope you will accept my heartfelt thanks for giving this bigoted—I might say ignorant—man the "glow." Perhaps he has been walking along under a cloak for some time, and now wishes to take his "pint" so as to be unobserved by anyone, and I assure "Mr, Blunt," although I have no disrespect for him. I hate his moderate drinking system, as there are so many who try to take an example from him, fall with such a crash that they are never able to get over it, and of course the moderate drinker judges everyone else by his own feelings, when his habits are worse than the drunkards.

Now, Sir, by publishing the above letter in your valuable paper you will greatly oblige

Yours respectfully,
G. Holmes, I.O G.T.
(Upholder of Total Abstinence.)

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

I wish to express myself through your medium in the following strain:—What dreadful sound is this we hear hovering closely around us? one would almost expect to hear the clouds answering by repeating its echo. It is none other than the formidable "Dragon" of The Buffs, as if eager to attack some menacing foe, something has evidently transpired to arouse the powerful monster. Who can wonder at the attitude of the mighty "Dragon," when one of her own children is advocating a measure, deadly against the welfare of her children in general. I have drawn two conclusions from "John Blunt's" most exaggerated assertions in reference to the wholesale consumption of tea and buns. Firstly, I believe it to be a pure invention, here you ask what promotes such an invention, I think the words "prejudice" or "bigotry" will answer that question effectually. Secondly, and failing the first, "John Blunt" must be disgracefully ignorant to believe that a man could consume about five quarts of tea plus about twenty buns in one night. It is doubtful whether such a gluttonous feat could be accomplished for a wager. That dignatary, "John Blunt," tells us to be moderate in all things, with which I heartily agree, but it cannot be carried out in our ranks as far as intoxicating liquors are concerned. Neither does our would-be benefactor attempt to practice it himself, as his language is about the most immoder-

Digitized by Google

ate I have ever witnessed in print. In my opinion "John Blunt" is not a well disposed person—a wolf in sheep's clothing is not a bad term for him, otherwise he would not advocate moderate drinking to his may be weaker comrade, he at the same time knowing from experience "that once the average man tastes beer or any other alcholic liquors he invariably acquires a craving for more and more." The result is that the steady and respected soldier as a total abstainer is transformed into a reckless drunkard, and we all know the numerous ills that issue from drink. If all the moderators who present themselves for admission to our flourishing Total Abstinence Asssociation are of "John Blunt's" type, we shall, with one accord, exclaim, "thou shalt not enter in."

I hope that "John Blunt" will not resort to the stifled indignation of which he hints he has a large store.

Yours respectfully,

SOND,
The Buffs.

Both sides having had their say, correspondence on this subject must cease.—EDITOR.

To the Editor of the Dragon.

Sir,

Having inserted a challenge in your last issue to run any man in the Battalion for one mile, and that challenge having been accepted, and the race won by Pte. Woodings, I feel it incumbent upon me to remove the false opinion that appears to exist in the Battalion with regard to the same, viz., that I "sold" the race. Now I have been the mile runner of the Battn. for the last four years, and I can say, without fear of being contradicted that I never yet "sold" a race or ran for anyone's money except my own, and I was always able to back myself.

I am very glad that I have been beaten by a man of my own Battalion rather than a stranger, and I hope Pte, Woodings will keep the mile in the regiment as long as I have done, and also that he will receive a little more encouragement that I did. I won 15 miles out of 17 that I ran, and now I retire in favour of a better man, and I wish him every success.

Yours faithfully,
J. S. UNDERHILL, SERGT.,
The Buffs.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

Those of your readers who subscribed last year to the Memorial Fund for Gunner Ridge, will be interested to hear how the money, so obtained, has been spent. The following quotation from Station Orders at the time, by Colonel Hart, V.C., will explain the circumstances which led to the fund being raised :—

"All danger from cholera is now over, that this disease never got the ascendency over us and was successfully stamped out is in great measure due to the zeal, energy and ability of Surgeon-Major Mally, Senior Medical Officer. Of the 21 men who volunteered to nurse their comrades, three have been specially noticed for their unceasing care and attention to their stricken comrades, and their behaviour has been described by the Senior Medical Officer as beyond all praise.

Gunner C. Ridge R-3, R.A.
Private Salt, 17th Lancers.
" Allcock, 17th Lancers.

Of these three men Gunner Ridge lost his life through devotion to a dying comrade, Pte. Rose, 17th Lancers. This young soldier when actually seized with symptoms of cholera still stuck to his post, and concealed these symptoms lest he should be sent away from his dying friend. The Medical Officers report that his care, kindness and attention were most unceasing and indefatigable. The Officers of the various Regiments and Corps at this station will be glad to do honor to the memory of Gunner Ridge. A monument will be erected over his grave and a tablet placed in the Church. The names of those who merited approbation will be brought to the favourable notice of Brigadier-General Sir John Hudson, K.C.B., Commanding the Rohilecund District.

In recognition of the devoted courage of Gunner Ridge a sum of ~~Rs~~ 220, As. 12, was raised by public subscription. Of this sum ~~Rs~~ 115, As. 7, have been spent in the purchase, carriage and erection of a monument placed over the grave near the Standing Camp, bearing the following inscription :—

"In memory of Gunner Ridge, R-3, Royal Artillery, who died of cholera on the 6th August 1887, through his noble devotion to his stricken comrades. This stone and also a tablet at the Wesleyan Church, Petrockstow, North Devon, have been erected by the Officers, War-

Digitized by Google

rant Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and men of R-3 Royal Artillery, and of the garrison of Ranikhet, in appreciation of his gallant conduct."

The remainder of the money, Rs 165, annas 5, has been remitted to Messrs. Cox and Co., London, for the purchase of a tablet of brass to be placed in the Wesleyan Church, Petrockstow, North Devon, Gunner Ridge's early home, and which will bear the following inscription :—

"In memory of Gunner C. Ridge, R-3 Royal Artillery, who died of cholera on the 6th August, 1887, through his noble devotion to his stricken comrades. This tablet and a stone at Ranikhet Standing Camp, India, have been erected by the Officers, Warrant Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and men of R-3 Royal Artillery, and of the garrison of Ranikhet, in appreciation of his gallant conduct. This young soldier when actually seized with cholera, concealed the symptoms lest he should be removed from his voluntary attendance on his stricken comrades."

In thus fulfilling the purpose for which this fund was raised, I have felt, in common with all who have contributed to the fund, the privilege of being able thus to place on record our loving admiration of a Christian heroism, nobler and rarer than the courage which faces death in the heat of battle.

I remain, yours faithfully,
J. J. B. Cockin,
Chaplain.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

It having come to my knowledge that some time ago you were enquiring the origin of the old regimental saying, "Steady, The Buffs," I beg to give you the following (if not too late), which I have received from an "Old Buff" who was present on the occasion referred to :—

Whilst the Army under General Elphinstone was advancing on Afghanistan at the outbreak of the first Afghan war, a grand field day was held in honour of Runjett Singh, on the plains of Ferozepore. During the course of the manœuvres The Buffs were retiring in column, their retreat being covered by a charge of the 9th Lancers and Skinner's Horse. In charging, the men of Skinner's Horse gave vent to a most unearthly yell, which quite startled everyone, the Lancers' horses bolted in all directions, and The Buffs momentarily halted, a great many of the men looking round to see from whence the noise proceeded, and the ranks got slightly confused, when the voice of the Colonel, Sir James Denis, was heard to ring out, "Steady, The Buffs ! Steady ! if all the Runjetts in the world were charging down, Steady !" At the sound of the well-known voice everyone looked straight to his front, and the movements were proceeded with as steadily as if nothing had happened.

As the regiment was marching past at the conclusion of the review, Runjett Singh was struck with amazement, and exclaimed "its one foot, one leg, one arm, one body, and one head. in fact its one man !" and he asked the General in command to name his sum, as he wished to purchase the regiment outright from colonel down to drummer boy.

Yours truly,
A. E. Colley.

Kingston-on-Thames,
May 4th, '88.

We are very much obliged to our correspondent for his interesting letter. We ourselves incline to believe that the term "Steady, The Buffs," was already a well-known saying at the time of the first Afghan war ; but, in any case, the above incident is an interesting bit of regimental history, which we are glad to record.—Editor.

STATION NEWS.

If you want to please the Post master sing the following little ditty to him :—

Two lovely black eyes,
Oh ! what a suprise !
Only for telling a Lancer to look,
Two lovely black eyes.

The first meeting of the Choral Society was a distinct success. After a little preliminary difficulty—caused by two of the members declaring that the coronation anthem "Zadok the Priest," as sung by them, was infinitely more amusing than any comic opera, and should therefore be adopted—the songsters settled down to their work. The basses were in a majority, and though the conductor said they were a little rough in the singing (a very kind way of putting it), they were very well pleased with themselves. Choruses and solos from

Digitized by Google

Falka and the singing of ballads kept the ball rolling until midnight. The Choral Society has a great future before it.

"Rap-rap, rap-rap, rap-rap, rap-rap. Young lady wake." What are the odds against this chorus, as rendered by the disciples of Zadok, not only sending her out of bed, but out of her senses?

The Lawn-tennis tournament, which is being played on the American lines, by which every couple has to play every other couple, still drags its slow length along. About the time that Macauly's New Zealander takes his Cook's ticket to survey the ruins of London, the winning couple will be discovered by some dauntless explorer celebrating their victory.

"Weak Woman" is the piece selected by our amateurs, and the first rehearsal has been held. The piece is in three acts by J. H. Byron, and was written by him to suit a particular company at the Strand Theatre. There is a first-class low-comedy character, "Capt. Ginger," played originally by Edward Terry, in which Capt. Richardson—who will be well remembered for his "Sergt.-Major Rattan" in "The Lancers"—should be very funny. "Tootal" and "Mrs. Gunn" are also low-comedy parts. There are two pairs of lovers, an uninteresting old doctor who talks platitudes, and a man servant, which part will be undertaken by Capt. Hughes, without his eye-glass.

Before "Weak Woman" sees the footlights a miscellaneous entertainment will be given—the probable date is the 5th June—which will commence with a concert, in which a galaxy of new talent will appear, and will conclude with the Farcical Comedy, in one act, entitled "All's Fair in Love and War," by that eminent author (Ahem)! Major N. Newnham-Davis. This will be the first production of the little piece in India.

Why are the garrison class like a fat man? Because life to them is all contours.

The Secretary of the Gymkhana promises us the first of the season in about a week's time.

Dramatic Notes.

On the 17th, 18th and 19th the Regimental Dramatic Club gave their first performance of the season, playing the farce "Larkins' Love Letters', and the two act drama "The Chimney Corner." The performance was in every way a success. "Larkins' Love Letters" is a roaring rough-and-tumble farce, of the good old kind, where the fun chiefly depends on practical jokes, such as the low comedian sitting on a band-box, and it served its purpose by putting the audience in a good temper for the more serious work which followed. The plot, such as it is, consists of the desperate efforts of a choleric Colonel to find some letters addressed to his wife by a certain Larkins, who does not appear on the stage, and the still more desperate efforts of "Lionel Lynx," a friend of the unseen Larkins, to anticipate the Colonel in the recovery of the compromising documents.

In the course of the 40 minutes the piece plays, all the furniture is turned upside down, trumpets are blown, alarms set going, a picture broken, and the Colonel's coat tails out off. Sergt. Eaton was "Bobbins" the proprietor of the house where the search is carried on, and he did all that he had to do very well; Sergt. Dray, as the red-haired and ferocious Colonel, worked very hard and got all his laughs successfully; Mrs. Crunden, an accomplished actress of such parts, played "Sally," the servant maid—whose attempts to get her *foggy-trap* sent to a neighbouring footman is the final means of getting the letters disposed of—and played it excellently. Mrs. Featherstone, in the small part of "Isabella," looked very pretty and spoke out manfully—if one may be excused the Irishism:—and Major Newnham-Davis, disguised by a very curly flaxen wig, was the "Lionel Lynx."

"The Chimney Corner" tells in two acts the story of an abstracted cash box; a wrongly suspected son; a middle aged chandler, who alternates between tears and low comedy jokes; the loves of the virtuous, but unjustly suspected hero, and the wicked lawyer for the heroine; and the misdoings of an imbecile grandfather.

Some of the acting in this piece was very much above the ordinary amateur level, as the old grandfather, Sergt. Dray played very carefully and effectively, his bye play being intelligent and unobtrusive. It was a very

Digitized by Google

neat character sketch. Pte. Haley as the Chandler was excellent. He played with plenty of humour and assurance, and had exactly grasped the right idea of the part. If he could have put a little more sincerity and force into the grief of the father on discovering, as he believes, his son's guilt, his rendering of the part would have left nothing to be desired. As it was it would have been a good piece of acting on any stage. Sergt. Gray was satisfactory in the small part of the detective. Sergt. Levason made a gentlemanly and supercilious lawyer; and Sergt. Avis was good as the hero. Mrs. Crunden played carefully and effectively a rather tearful wife, a part out of her line, and Mrs. Featherstone played the heroine very nicely. Sergt. Short and Sergt. Clifton were in charge of the scenery and shifting, and in their experienced hands everything was, as usual, most satisfactory. There was a ripple of discontent at the price of the front seats—three rupees; but only those people who have had charge of a theatre know how numerous the expenses are, and how hard it is to combine a well put on performance and cheap seats. Scenery is more expensive to make in Ranikhet than any other part, probably, of the world, and the cost of even an interior set swallows up the takings of a staff night's performance, thus leaving very little surplus to meet other expenses.

DEPOT NEWS.

Thirty-nine recruits proceeded to 2nd Battn. on 17th April, 1888.

Color-Sergt. Aherne has been promoted Sergt.-Major of the 2nd Battn., *vice* Gleeson discharged to pension on 17th April, 1888.

The 3rd (Militia) Battn. The Buffs assembled at Canterbury on 7th of May, 1888, and proceeded to Shorncliffe on same day, there to undergo 27 days' drill.

Qr.-Mr. Sergt. (Orderly Room Sergt.) E. Raye, at a full dress parade of Depot on 23rd of April, 1888, was presented by Colonel F. T. Hobson with a medal for long service and good conduct.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS

Lieut. Bell has passed the higher standard examination in Hindustani.

Capt. A. J. W. Allen has passed lower standard in Persian.

Capt. A. J. W. Allen has been attached to the Intelligence Branch of the Army in India.

Capt. G. H. Chippendall passed in subjects A and B for promotion.

Lieut. B. R. K. Tarte passed in subjects A and B for promotion.

Sergt. Eaton appointed Gymnastic Instructor to the Battn. 13-4-88.

Lce.-Corpls. Davis and Price appointed Assistant Instructors of Gymnastics. 13-4-88.

1957 Pte. A. Penfold transferred from G to D Company. 1-5-88.

The undermentioned have been awarded school certificates:—

2ND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

259 Lce.-Sergt. G. Brain,
1277 Lce.-Corpl. F. Cosson,
965 Pte. H. Blackwell,
1851 „ S. W. Constable.

3RD CLASS.

1920 Lce.-Corpl. C. Crumby,
1937 Pte. T. Croucher,
2046 „ W. Smith,
2059 „ W. Dunham,
1853 „ E. Poolman,
1825 „ C. Ansell.

4TH CLASS.

1967 Pte. H. Brown,
2424 „ W. Barnes,
1604 „ F. Mitchell,
1942 „ C. Nicholson,
1558 „ T. Barrett,
1800 „ T. Pembroke,
1809 „ A. Chapman,
1644 „ W. Barnes,
1794 „ A. Attaway.

Digitized by Google

POSTAL NOTICE

In future the overland mail will be despatched from Ranikhet Post Office at 5 p.m. on Friday.

Letters for franking by the Commanding Officer should be sent to the Orderly-room not later than Wednesday morning.

CRICKET NOTICE.

Captains or Secretaries of the different Athletic clubs would oblige the Editor by sending the account of all matches, etc., to him immediately after they take place.

The ties for the Cricket Shield for 1888 have been drawn with the following result :—

A plays B.
C ,, D.
E ,, F.
G ,, H.

———:o:———

ON THE WANDER (*Continued*).

If Delhi is the Rome of India, Benares is its Venice and, like the Queen of the Adriatic, is best seen and least smelt from the water, and a row up and down the Ganges, alongside the ghauts, is one of the most interesting, if not *the* most interesting sight in India. Flight upon flight of stone stairs lead down to the water, while, above them, tower the palaces of the princes and rajahs, and these stairs are crowded by thousands of worshippers, who are getting rid of their sins by dipping themselves in the muddy water. All sexes, sorts, and sizes come there ; little mites of children, who can't have very much iniquity to get rid of, and nice respectable looking old gentlemen, with snowy hair and large corporations, who are spending the fag end of their life in the odour of sanctity. They take their religion in different ways ; some of them shut their eyes and sing lustily at the top of their voices, while others, squatting on the shaky little bamboo piers which run out into the water, mutter their prayers in an undertone, and taking up handfuls of the water, touch with it their ears, mouth, eyes, nose, and throat ; but they all conclude the performance by throwing into the river their offerings of rice, flowers and leaves from a sacred tree. The priests have little rostrums, half-bed, half-pulpit, on which they squat, their oily and shaven heads protected by great umbrellas of matting, and expound the sacred writings to the faithful. And besides the interest there is in watching this intensely in earnest but thoroughly comic multitude of worshippers, there is the impressiveness of the mass of palaces and temples, which tower above the broad bowed boat as it is pulled up stream or floats down with the current, to look at and wonder at. Architecturally the palaces are not interesting ; it is the solidity of their huge foundations, the massiveness of the background they make to the fancifully designed temples and the ghauts glowing with colour and quick with the moving multitude, that they owe their grandeur and their beauty. The Minarets, a mark of the aggressiveness of the followers of the Prophet set down in the very midst of the stronghold of Hindooism, is a Mahomedan St. Marks, with the emerald flashes of innumerable paroquets about its spires in place of the quick wings of the Italian doves.

The burning ghaut is the only disappointing part of the river-side. It is most unimpressive ; a slope of muddy stone with small piles of wood, about a foot and a half high as the pyres and a reek of foul smoke hanging about the place. The first time I went there two Hindoo women where kicking about the ashes of an extinct pyre with their feet to see that no charred remnant of bone remained to be thrown into the sacred stream, and the second time a burning was going on, the relatives squatting like vultures on a wall above the ghaut to see that the dear departed got his full value of firewood.

The sight seeing by land is as unsatisfactory as that by water is satisfactory. The narrow streets are crowded with fanatics and pilgrims, and in the labyrinth of lanes which surround the cluster of shrines, one is snapped at by holy dogs, pushed out of the way by holy cows, and elbowed by holy, half naked, and *wholly* evil smelling men. And the shrines, glimpses of which are caught to a running accompaniment of Backshish ! Backshish !! Backshish !!! are not worth the trouble to see. The Golden Temple, as seen from the upper room of a Bunnia's shop, is an insignificant edifice with three squat spires, one remaining red sandstone, and the other two having been covered with gold leaf at the expense of the father of that harmful lunatic Dhuleep Sing. The Cow Temple, a view of which may be taken, by special permission, from the summit of the temple mixen, is an enclosure, the tessalated floor of which shows here and there through a flood of liquid filth, with a shrine of no especial beauty in the centre ; and the Well of Knowlege, the dirtiest of all holy places is a pit, with flowers and rice rotting in

Digitized by Google

the water, from which the priests, surrounded by a howling mob, draw little cupfulls of the fœtid mixture and sell it to the would be acquirers of knowledge. I thought I would carry on with what small amount of that commodity I had inherited from Adam and Eve rather than take in a fresh supply in this way. The next time there are any very holy places to be seen I shall see them by means of an arm-chair, an iced peg, and Murray's hand-book. The dogs of Benares are a disreputable and lazy lot—so lazy that when they think it desirable that a stranger should be bitten, it takes two of them to do it, one does the barking and the other lays hold of him—and they have a good time of it; for there is an invisible *kotwal* who is supposed to ride about on a dog and, though the Municipality has dog killers employed, the dog who is being led away to the slaughter is always redeemed by a small payment from one of the faithful. To be a dog-killer in Benares is a profitable business, and it entails no bloodshed. Benares can show one of those neglected graveyards that mark the course of the British Army round the world, and, in this case, the fact is aggravated by a boastful inscription over the entrance, by which Government takes credit to itself for the preservation of the graves of brave men who fell doing their duty. We soldiers have no right to complain of where we are buried. When we have fulfilled the end for which we draw our daily pay, fuel, and light, and have become food for powder, a ditch with a few handfuls of earth as cover is a quite good enough resting place; but we have a right to growl when "bucking" notices are put up, and the substance of them not carried out. All good Hindoos go to Benares to die, and for that purpose the great nobles and princes of the Empire keep the great palaces that overlook the river, but they have too much sense to run the risk of their graveyards being turned into a debating club for jackals, and what is left of them is floated down the yellow stream of the great river.

The pigeon market is worth seeing, and there is a clean and comfortable hotel, which is a very exceptional sight in India.

MUSKETRY.

The commanding officer has been pleased to award the following honorary distinctions on account of musketry course 1887-88, in accordance with para 215, British Musketry Regulations, 1887.

Gold guns and crown to be worn on right fore-arm by:—

Col.-Sergt. J. J. Butler „ D. Leary „ J. Dray „ W. White „ G. Eaton,	Sergeants of best shooting Company.

Gold guns to be worn on left fore-arm by:—

Lce.-Corpl. R. Pryce Sergt. R. Montgomery Lce.-Corpl. S. W. Johnson Sergt. W. Greenland „ C. Woodward Col.-Sergt. F, Andrews Pte. H. Woods Col.-Sergt. A. H. Tomsett,	Best Marksmen of their respective companies.

Worsted guns to be worn on left fore-arm:—

Corpl. M. Roach	Pte. C. Page
Pte. W. Dunham	„ C. Aitkens
„ W. Hooker	„ W. Hawkins
„ W. Crockett	„ J. Evans
„ C. Fisher	Lce.-Corpl. J. Reynolds
Lce.-Corpl. E. Kent	Pte. W. Percival
Pte. D. Thacker	Lce.-Cpl. T. Higgins
Col.-Sergt. J. Bennell	Pte. A. Pryce
Pte. G. Debley	„ A. Brown
Sergt. T. Cheal	„ A. Smith
Lce.-Corpl. A. H. Baker	„ C. Lyons
Pte. C. Munson	„ W. Clifton
„ W. Gilbert	Lce.-Corpl. T. Hodgins
„ J. McGinnell	Pte. G. Munday
„ J. Adams	Sergt. T. Hoar
„ A. Davies	Pte. F. Williams
„ W. Ware	Dr. J. Stevens
„ H. Ward	Pte. J. Mansfield
„ H. Mitchell	„ C. Puxton
Lce.-Corpl. E. Heffron	„ A. Smith
„ „ J. Fisher	„ W. Pardy
Pte. W. Gower	„ W. Moon
„ A. Patterson	„ J. Golder
„ T. Hartley	Lce.-Corpl. H. Rollins
„ J. Hindmarsh	Lce.-Sergt. W. Laing
Lce.-Corpl. J. Hall	Lce.-Corpl. T. Compton
Pte. F. Woods	Pte. T. Williams
Sergt. W. White	„ G. Honeysett
Pte. G. Pearce	Sergt. W. Watts
„ W. Marshall	Pte D. Revell
„ G Belcher	„ F. Nailer
Sergt. D. Leary	„ A. Hussey
Pte. F. Goodwin	Lce.-Corpl. Boyles
„ E. Wynn	Pte. G. Osman
„ W. Reese	„ H. Blake
„ J. Crouch	„ A. Hammond

The General Officer Commanding having sanctioned the issue of the musketry prizes for the season of 87-88, the following list of winners is published for general information, in accordance with para. 216, British Musketry Regulations '87:—

Digitized by Google

Pte. H. Woods, £4

The following are entitled to £2 10s.:—

Lce.-Cpl. W. Pryce
" A. H. Baker
" S. Johnson
Pte. F. Goodwin
Lce.-Sergt. C. Woodward
Pte. W. Clifton
" W. Pardy.
" A. Hammond.

The following are entitled to £1 :—

Corpl. M. Roach
Pte. W. Dunham
Pte. H. Marshall
" W. Moon

Pte. J. Golder, 19s.

The following are entitled to 15s.:—

Sergt. C. Woodward
" "
Pte. A. Hall
" C. Cheesman
" A. Patterson
" A. Goddard
" E. Wilson
" T. May
Lce.-Corpl. G. Higgins
Sergt. R. Summers
" G. Avis
" "
Pte. H. Taylor
Sergt. T. Cheal
Pte. J. Webb
" G. Groombridge

The following are entitled to 10s. :—

Pte. W. Dunham
" W. Crockett
" W. Hooker
" C. Fisher
Lce.-Cpl. E. Kent
Corpl. T. Cheal
Pte. W. McGee
" A. Matthews
" F. Cook
Lce.-Corpl. T. Greenland
Pte. J. Robinson
Corpl. M. Roach
Pte. D. Thacker
" J. Adams
" G. Debly
" G. Munson
" J. McGinnell
" H. Ward
" W. Ware
Lce.-Cpl. E. Heffron
Pte. H. Mitchell
Lce.-Cpl. J. Fisher
Pte. H. Lindsay
" J. Withey
" G. Riley
" W. Gilbert
" A. Davies
" J. Belcher
" T. Hartley
" J. Hall
" S. Pearce
" T. Branchley
" A. Taylor
" A. Richards
" A. Golder
Lce.-Sergt. G. Brain
Pte. O. Roberts
" H. Marshall
" W. Garner
" A. Patterson
" F. Woods
" J. Hindmarsh
" W. Reese
" E. Wynn
" J. Crouch
" C. Page
" C. Aitkens
" W. Hawkins
" T. May
Pte. S. Barrett
" J. Ball
Corpl. G. Watkins
Pte. C. Hoare
" J. Evans
Lce.-Cpl. J. Reynolds
" J. Higgins
Pte. A. Pryce
" A. Brown
" A. Smith
" C. Lyons
" W. James
" J. Arthur
" J. Taylor
Lce.-Corpl. J. Tomlin
Pte. J. Sannders
" W. Percival
" G. Munday
" J. Stevens
" F. Williams
" H. Mansfield
" C. Puxton.
" A. Smith
" F. Mainwaring
" J. Eldridge
" A. Cochrane
" P. Edwards
" R. Taylor
Lce.-Cpl. Hodgkins
Pte. W. Moon
" J. Golder
Lce.-Cpl. H. Rollins
Lce.-Sergt. Laing
Lce.-Cpl. T. Compton
" T. Penn
Pte. G. Honeysett
" F. Williams
" D. Revell
" A. Hussey
" F. Nailer
" G. Osman
Lce.-Cpl. J. Boyles
Pte. Blake
" J. Reader
" J. Cruttenden
" J. Crouch
" F. Greenslade
" G. Powell
" M. Collins
Pte. G. Groombridge
" G. Brooker
" W. Powell
Pte. A. White
" Cpl. H. Neale
" Pte. G. Gravett

The following are entitled to 5s. :—

Lce.-Sergt. W. Saville
Lce.-Corpl. T. Greenland
Sergt. E. Breen
" W. Levason
" "
Lce.-Sergt. J. J. Butler
Color-Sergt. J. Marshall
Cpl. C. Cook
Col.-Sgt. F. Gardener
" "
Sergt. T. Hoar
Col.-Sgt. F. Andrews
Cpl. T. Green
Sergt. W. Watts
Cpl. F. Hyatt
Lce.-Sergt. A Batty

The following are entitled to 2s. :—

Pte. G. Hayes
" E. Judge
" C. Millgate
" J. Redman
" E. Sewell
" A. Waldash
" G. Woodhatch
Lce.-Cpl. W. Price
Pte. A. Beard
" E. A. Burton
" J. Colvin
" T. Croucher
" G. Ellis
" Hewitson
" W. King
" A. Matthews
" A. Claydon
" W. Dunham
" C. Flint
" H. Mansell
" R. Noble
" W. Ramsley
" E. Sayer
" G. Spicket
" E. Foster
" H. Mewitt
" R. Hughes
" Cpl. H. Locke
Lce.-Cpl. W. A. Donnelly
Pte. C. Blackman
" W. Crocket
" I. Etherington
" G. Geer
" F. Hart
" H. Moore
" C. Osborne
" J. Robinson
" E. Staples
" G. Tapley
" A. Wilson
" W. Young
" G. Bell
" W. McDonald
" Raward
" W. Ryan
" W. Smith
" H. Suckling
" G. Ware
" J. Amos
" W. Bentley
" G. Briggs
" T. Davis
" H. Fraser
" G. Holland
" P. McElligott
Pte. W. Young
" G. Bell
" W. McDonald
" A. Raward
" W. Ryan
" W. Smith
" H. Suckling
" G. Ware
" J. Amos
" W. Bentley
" G. Briggs
" H. Cheeseman
" T. Davis
" H. Fraser
" G. Holland
" P. McElligott
" A. Sherwood
" R. Stringer
" J. Tussler
" F. Woods
" S. Dangerfield
" T. Hames
" G. Kent
" J. Hall
" J. Adams
" W. Gower
" J. Hindmarsh
" J. Jackson
" E. Letchford
" G. Miller
" A. Page
" D. Rowland
" C. Truscott
" H. Wilcock
" F. Wilson
" A. Burt
" J. Stall
" A. Mitchell
" R. Price
" O. Roberts
" W. Beeslee
" W. Day
" W. Hills
" W. Adams
" J. Pembroke
" C. Rowe
" R. Warren
Lce.-Cpl. Barnes
Pte. Belchamber
" P. Connolly
" W. Douglas
" W. Hawkins
" H. Mobley
" E. Penfold
" S. Barrett

Digitized by Google

Pte. G. Drury	Pte. W. Clutton
„ A. Greenstreet	„ P. Edwards
„ G. Lehane	„ L. Gunner
„ G. Watson	„ J. Jordan
„ H. E. Hills	„ C. Ansell
„ G. Newing	„ H. Faust
„ F. Gray	„ J. Brewer
Cpl. C. Burrows	„ E. Butler
Pte. J. Beck	„ A. Cochrane
„ E. Wilson	„ O. Dorrington
„ W. Pearce	„ G. Knight
„ J. Saunders	„ A. Parsons
„ F. Smee	„ J. Stevens
„ J. Straw	„ S. Carrell
„ W. Waterman	„ J. Gates
Cpl. A. Adley	„ C. Hicks
Pte. G. Apps	„ J. Chadderton
„ R. Bartor	„ W. George
„ J. Starkie	„ J. McKey
„ S. George	„ D. Lalley
„ E. Towner	„ T. Else
„ A. Money	„ E. Grant
Cpl. J. Alexander	„ F. Hilderbrand
„ J. Evans	„ T. Lynch
Pte. A. Ambrose	„ T. Millbank
„ A. Bird	„ T. Ovenden
„ J. Chase	„ G. Prior
„ T. Franks	„ T. Wilmott
„ R. Hayson	„ H Anderson
„ W. James	„ W. Burns
„ G. Millham	„ W. Farrell
„ A. Pelling	„ E. Harvey
„ H. Richardson	„ G. Honeysett
„ W. Sawyer	„ G. Mills
„ H. W. Smith	„ W. Pardy
„ W. Sullivan	„ H. Raines
„ G. Fyles	„ J. Egglestone
„ G. Holmes	„ J. Foster
„ H. Mitchell	„ A. Keeler
„ W. Percival	„ A. Lindsay
Lce.-Corpl. F. Marchant	„ W. Moriarty
Pte. J. Muldoon	„ G. Powell
„ C. Puxton	„ C. White,
„ A. Sale	„ B. Cook
„ A. Smith	„ J. Connell
„ P. Taylor	„ W. Wright
„ F. Welsh	„ G. Bailey
„ J. Barton	„ R. Gardiner
„ J. Eldridge	„ C. Keys
„ J. Hardes	„ T. Tennant
„ C. Hatchard	„ M. Duddy
„ G. Jubb	„ C. Foster
„ G. Matthews	„ W. Harvey
„ G. Munday	„ M. Kane
„ J. Read	„ I. Leabourne
„ G. Sands	„ M. O'Connell
„ W. Clifton	„ J. Sheed
„ A. Davis	„ G. Tizzard
„ H. Hodgins	„ G. Waller
„ J. Marchant	„ H. Bennett
„ J. Morris	„ W. Brooks
„ E. Pitcher	„ C. Coley
„ A. Sadler	„ M. Cronin
„ C. Young	„ C. Eggleston
„ J. Standard	„ J. Foster
„ W. Barrett	„ A. Lindsay
„ F. Brown.	

THE WEEK AT NAINI TAL.

—:o:—

Last year, it will be remembered, our team secured victories both when we went to Naini Tal and when that station sent over a team to encounter us. This year we have not been so successful, but we must look to retrieving our failure when we play the representatives of the town by the lake, on our own ground. Nothing could have been finer than the weather and, though the furnace heat of the Kyrna valley was as trying as ever, we found Naini Tal, when we arrived there, cool in comparison to Ranikhet. The first event contested was the gentlemens' double-handed tennis match, in which Capt. Beresford and Mr. Greenaway represented Ranikhet, Mr. Mally, who was to have been one of the players, being unfortunately put *hors de combat* by an attack of fever. From the commencement the Naini Tal representatives had the best of it—the courts being unknown to our players, of course handicapped them seriously—and they won the first two sets at six games to two. In the third set our players had got more accustomed to the courts, and when the game was called at "five all" it was decided to play three more games. Out of these Ranikhet only succeeded in securing one, and thus the match terminated in favour of Naini Tal.

On Tuesday morning fortune veered Ranikhet-wards, and we won the shooting match; the way in which our team, badly beaten at the short range, pulled up at the long ranges being remarkable. Subjoined is the score :—

RANIKHET.

	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	T.
Mr. Lloyd,	26	26	24	79
Mr. Brine,	31	20	29	80
Capt. Dauglish,	21	20	19	60
Mr. Campbell,	31	16	25	72
		Grand total ...		288

NAINI TAL.

	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	T.
Capt. Thurston,	30	22	17	69
Capt. R. Carnac,	29	18	23	70
Mr. E. Wilmot,	30	28	24	82
Mr. Whymper,	28	23	8	59
		Grand total ...		280

Ranikhet winning by eight points.

Digitized by Google

At cricket, as will be seen by the following account, sent us by our cricket correspondent, we were badly beaten, some of our best bats not coming off at all. We were glad to see Capt. Dauglish playing again in his old form :—

NAINI TAL *V.* RANIKHET.

Played on 22nd and 23rd of May, 1888, and won by Naini Tal in an innings and 17 runs. The match was lost through Mr. Whymper and Capt. Rivett-Carnac thoroughly collaring the bowling, the 6th wicket having fallen for 65, and the 7th not till 180 had been scored, the remaining wickets adding 61 runs between them. This was the great feature of the match, the two playing very steadily and patiently. Mr. Mantell bowling straight and fast, was most effective both innings. Our bowlers unfortunately were off the spot, though great credit must be given to Corpl. Godfrey for keeping up as he did and taking 6 wickets. In the second innings of Ranikhet Mr. Greenway and Mr. Hanley made a most promising stand, but were not supported. The fielding on both sides, especially that of Naini Tal was good :—

NAINI TAL.

Mr. Kor, b Godfrey	12
,, McCarthy, b Wardle	0
Capt. Rivett-Carnac, c Brine, b Hanley	74
Mr. Eardley-Wilmott, b Godfrey	0
,, D'Aeth, b Godfrey	12
,, Colvin, c & b Wardle	1
,, Wymper, b Hanley	61
,, Mantell, b Godfrey	2
Capt. Gordon, b Godfrey	9
,, Thurston. b Godfrey	12
Mr. Billings, not out	36
,, Money, did not bat	
Extras	22
Total	241

RANIKHET.

Mr. Hanley, b Billings	5	b Mantell	22
,, Stuart, b Billings	11	b Billings	17
,, Greenway, b Mantell	14	b Gordon	44
Corpl. Godfrey, run out	12	c & b Mantell	2
Capt. Beresford, b Mantell	0	c Rivett-Carnac b Mantell	0
Pte. Wardle, b Mantell	16	c D'Aeth, b Mantell	0
Capt. Dauglish, c Whymper, b Mantell	21	c & b Gordon	15
Pte. Edmonds, c D'Aeth b Mantell	5	b Gordon	2
Mr. Brine, not out	0	b Mantell	0
,, Lloyd, l.b.w., b Mantell	10	b Gordon	0
,, Eales, b Mantell	1	b Mantell	7
Cpt. Richardson, b Eardly-Wilmot	1	not out	5
Extras	3	Extras	11
Total ...	99	Total	125

The Ladies' and Gentlemen's double tennis gave Naini Tal another victory. Mrs. Cockin played up very well for us, and Capt. Beresford made some excellent strokes, but they were not able to stem the tide of ill-luck, and we had again to submit to a defeat.

Polo was a foregone conclusion, and at the end of the game the score stood 12 goals to 1, Capt. Richardson having hit for our side the solitary one.

Friday brought a Gymkhana, in which Mr. Stuart's "Perambulator" failed to get round the course, and on Saturday we ended our career of reverses by losing the boat race, after a hard tussle, by three quarters of a length, and also the billiard match. The social part of the week was very pleasant, the dance at the Assembly rooms and the ball at Government House were very enjoyable, and the banquet on Saturday night ran on well into Sunday morning.

Athletics,

FOOTBALL.

"C" *V.* "H" COMPANY.

A match under Association rules was played on the 9th inst., between the above companies. C Company having won the toss took the advantage of the win, the ball was kicked off at 5 p.m. by H Company. After twenty minutes hard play H scored the first goal, and in a few minutes, C equalised them. From a foul in front of the goal just before half time C scored again, but it was rejected. The game stood one goal each at half time, on changing ends, both tried hard to score, and after ten minutes play H scored out of a scrimmage in front of the goal. H then played a defensive game, but C managed to bring the ball right up to their opponents' goal. The umpires were unable to agree as to whether the line had actually been passed, and the referee not having been in a position in which he could see, was obliged to disallow the goal.

D COMPANY'S HARRIERS' CLUB.

On the 4th inst. the above club turned out and held what is termed a post run, for the purpose of competing for honours, viz:—Huntsman and first and second Whip respectively. The meet was one of the largest held in Ranikhet

Digitized by Google

At 5.15 p.m. the hares, Corpl. Davies and Gallagher, started off from the Treasury at a good pace, along the cart-road in the direction of the Post Office. The hounds were divided into three packs; slow, medium and fast, the slow pack starting off after an interval of three minutes, the medium four and the fast five, thus giving the hares a start of five minutes before the whole of the hounds were on the trail in full cry. After covering about the first mile or so of ground, some of the mediums came up and formed company with the slow pack who had already slackened pace. Ptes. Hickmott, Rankin and Taylor, taking the lead, made the running along the road in the direction of Chaubuttia, until the trail, turning along a by-path, emerged on to the lower road leading to the Parade-ground; from this point some hard running ensued, several of the fast pack gradually gaining on the others, who endeavoured to keep ahead. When near the Parade-ground, however, Sergt. Underhill and Pte. Blackwell came to the front and joined those who had taken the lead during the run, when the trail again turned on to the road leading to "B" Compay's bungalow, the pace and distance began to tell, and several now began to lose ground; by this time those who managed to keep to the front prepared themselves for the run in, and although several were far behind, all deserve credit for the way in which they ran. Sergt. Underhill now taking the lead brought the others along at a good pace, past the Half-Moon Barracks and Parade-ground where a good run in and an exciting finish after a five miles' run resulted as follows:—Sergt. Underhill, 1st (fast), Huntsman, Pte Rankin, 2nd (medium), 1st Whip, Pte. Hickmott, 3rd (medium), 2nd Whip.

NOTICE.

There will be three meets next month on the 7th, 15th and 23rd respectively. The hares will leave the Treasury at 5.30 p.m. (weather permitting), the runs will be open to all comers and we hope to have a good attendance. Those who wish to join the run will be good enough to send in their names to Sergt. Underhill not later than a day previous to each run.

SMOKING CONCERT.

The great liking which has prevailed between E and H companies for some considerable time was again brought to proof on the 14th inst. by playing a game of cricket, and after the game was ended both companies retired to H company's Bungalow, where a cold spread awaited them on the tables. The spread was started at 6.30 p.m., when Major N. Newnham-Davis and Capt. G. V. Danglish made there appearance at the head of the table, and spoke a few words on the day's cricket and wished every N. C. Officer and man of both companies good luck and a pleasant evening, tipped their glasses and departed, leaving the men to spend a pleasant evening. After ample justice had been done to the eatables, the men went to the mess-room, where at one end was erected a stage ready for the concert.

At 7-15 p.m. our chairman, Pte. J. Harding, announced that Pte. Richards would open the concert by singing the "Bells of the Tower.' which was followed by Pte. Shannon singing with great science "Tom Sayers." Pte. Bloomfield was next called upon for the "Ship that never returned." After a lot of persuasion Pte. Raward obliged with "Old Mother Brown," and Pte. Clinton, with a great sway and fancying himself the very man, sang "John Malone." Pte. Edwards sang his old favourite "Sweet Chiming Bells." Sergt. Ellis with a little of the brogue sang "Just as good men comes from Ireland to-day." Our chairman, J. Harding, next gave us a toast, "The four H's," but the audience not being satisfied he had to sing "The Shaker," and of course was a true picture of a shaker. Pte. Greenslade was called upon to sing the "Three leaf Shamrock," but finding he could not succeed, sang "The night that Mother died." Pte. Bailey sang a very amusing song which caused great laughter. Sergt. Talbot here obliged with "The Tricks of the Trade." Color-Sergt, Gardner sang his old song "The Salvation Army." Pte. Hamilton spoke a few words on the game of football, after which Pte. Stevens sang "The concert at Albert Hall." Lce.-Corpl. Pickett sang "What we all go through," but I don't think he could go through much as he was very shaky. Pte. Hughes, pulling enough ugly mugs sang "The Chinese bum-boat man." Pte. Richards again raised his voice to "On Tramp," he being encored sang "The Red White and Blue." Pte. Hughes sang "The Men of Kent" as an encore song. Pte. Saunders obliged with "Bright Star of Hope." Here Pte. Richards sang admidst cheers and loud shouts of encore "The Shipwreck," and Pte. Ambrose sang "Honest Pluck." Time being rather late order was called, and Color-Sergt. Gardner spoke a few words of the day's doings

Digitized by Google

and said he hoped we should soon meet again, and was backed up by Sergt. Ellis, who spoke on behalf of Color-Sergt. Tomsett, who had to leave early in the evening owing to sickness. The evening was finished by all hands singing, in good old style, "Auld Lang Syne," and "He is a jolly good fellow." The men all retired early, with one exception, and that was a young lark fancying himself rather large, but like all other birds, they can find a cage for them.

THE BURRA KHANA.

Mrs. Mary Moriarty was our Sergt.-Major's wife,
And she used to lead that warrior brave a very harassed life;
For tho' the Sergt.-Major's frown could make men's blood run cold,
It could not stop his Molly's mouth when she was on the scold.

She'd snap her fingers in his face, and even pull his nose,
And yet the two were happier than many would suppose;
For, tho' she wore the breeches, she watched his interest well,
And kept him "trim and dacent," as she'd very often tell.

There was but one thing greatly troubled Mrs. Molly's mind,
And that was quite a trifle, as you'll very quickly find,
She could'nt bear the airs of the Q.-M. S's. wife.
Alas, what tiny drops will turn to gall the cup of life!

The Q.-M. S's. wife, you see, had been a lady's maid,
When Molly in the scullery had learned a humbler trade.
Now Molly was the senior, as she often would declare,
And yet the Q.-M. S's. wife had a much superior air.

In vain poor Molly sported the most expensive clothes,
She always looked as "Slavey" does when "Slavey" courting goes;
While Mrs Mullins* in the dusk had oft mistaken been,
For the very handsome wife of Capt. John Fitz George McQueen!

Mrs. Mullins gave a party to her friends in Dustypore,
And Molly was invited *as belonging to the Corps*,
A fact which Mrs. Mullins was most careful to explain,
As she feared that Molly's coarseness might cause her guests some pain.

I fear my Muse will stumble, or at least feel rather queer,
When she tries to tell the names of those who tasted Mullin's cheer;
But I'll send her crashing at them like a tired hunter at a wall,
And the worse she may anticipate is, well—perhaps a fall.

There was Sub-Conductor Mayker, from the Commissariat lines,
Who daily *made* on various things, from bread and meat to wines;
And also Supervisor Grab, of the famed P.W.D.,
Who lived right royally, and yet banked many a bright rupee.

The Barrack-master too dropped in—Lieut. MacKarooze,
His rank was merely nominal, and he dearly loved a "booze."‡
He had made *one* splendid fortune out of chair and table legs,
And had squandered clean *another* one consuming whiskey pegs.

The Railway Barracks also sent contingents one or two,
To enumerate *their* several names is more than I can do.
They were mostly Guards and Drivers, or something on the line,
And their wives were *coffee-coloured*, well so perhaps is mine.

The dinner went off splendidly, as Grab said with *eclât*,
The same authority observed there was not one *faux-pas*,
And that nothing could compare with Mrs. Mullin's *esprit*.
You see Grab studied other things as well as the rupee.

The conversation never flagged, yet each one had a share,
Except poor Molly, who looked on with quite a sulky air.
Jealousy, the fiend, was raging through her untutored breast;
And where'er that demon enters, farewell to peaceful rest.

Like a terrestrial angel Mrs. Mullins flitted to and fro,
Giving to her little party what slangy folks call "go."
She listened sympathetically to departmental woes—
To these she talked "The Fashions" and "High Politics" to those.

When the party separated, Mrs. Mullins, with delight,
Listened to a pleasant choir of "Thanks for such a pleasant night."
Pleasant nights being few and far between in mofussil stations are,
To use a term financial, "quoted something over par."

Fired with emulous ambition, Molly to her husband said,
That she'd give a *Burra Khana* to excel the Mullins' spread;
And her husband very readily gave his consent I ween,
For in those days he supervised the much abused canteen.

Invitations soon were issued to each eligible guest,
And all, to Molly's great delight, accepted, and expressed
What pleasure it would give to them to visit her and dine,
On such a day, at such an hour, provided it were fine.

Khansamah had his orders such a khana to prepare,
As would cause each luckless Mem Sahib guest in envy wild to stare.
The liquors were the very best that Cursetjee could send,
Unmatched Manillas were the smokes—a present from a friend.

The hour arrives, and punctually the guests attended too,
And each to Ramaswamy's dishes gave attention due.
The "Fiz" from Cursetjee's was praised, and "Exshaws No. 1,"
But yet the feast seemed somehow flat for lack of joke and pun.

Poor Molly saw the danger, so rushed into the breach,
Retailing many a lengthy yarn in broad Milosian speech;
But yet her choicest jokes fell flat, or, if they didn't then
No laughter from the ladies came, but only from the men.

* Quarter-Master Sergeant's wife.

‡ The members of the Department only can explain this.

Digitized by Google

She told some lengthy anecdotes about domestic life,
And how her Ayah had disputes oft with the Mehter's wife ;
Declared the syce purloined the gram, the Mehter stole the eggs,
And to keep them all in order she was quite run off her legs.

Talking of the eggs brought her feathered flock to mind,
And she told her guests an anecdote—perhaps not quite refined :
About the love adventures of a favourite bantam hen,
Which blushes to the ladies brought, and titters from the men.

One sour-faced lady shortly declared she must retire,
And one by one they all went off in more or less of ire,
Till only bachelors were left who stayed to smoke and drink,
While Molly to her room retired in misery to think.

Her khana which was to have been the pride of Dustypore,
Had turned out quite a failure, and no credit to the corps ;
She could'nt guess the reason, she could only sigh and weep,
So she took a good stiff brandy peg and sobbed herself to sleep.

MORAL.

Now *Burra khana* givers, who this truthful tale may read,
To Molly's misadventures I pray you well take heed ;
When you make your preparations, of food, and wines, and fruit.
Don't forget the *conversation, and make sure that it will suit.*

THE EMPRESS.

Sergt. Underhill's challenge to run a mile, which appeared in our last issue, was taken up by Pte. Wooding of Letter "F" Company. The race came off on the 17th inst., on the Parade-ground. Both men got away to a very good start and also a good pace, they alternately took lead until the last lap, when Pte. Wooding drew out and won by about 30 yards. The time, 5 minutes, 12 seconds, was slow, no doubt owing to the very heavy rain that took place during the forenoon. Sergt. Underhill must now resign his colours to younger blood, he cannot complain, as out of the 17 mile races he has taken part in he has only lost two.

The Corporals of the Battn., invited by the Corporals of the Standing Camp, enjoyed a very pleasant evening at their messs-room on the 17th inst. Quoits, whist, cribbage, "breaking a crust" and a sing-song constituted the evening's entertainment, but The Buffs' Corporals only shone in the last two events, viz., eating and singing. The first song or two were not up to the usual form, evidently the supper had not properly digested (and no wonder, considering the business-like manner in which the dishes were disposed of), however, the evening passed in a very pleasant and amicable manner, and when 11 o'clock came round those who had not had an opportunity of showing how nicely they could sing previously, burst into song together, which was finished by a ring being formed and "Auld Lang Syne" shouted at the top of their voices. A few appropriate speeches were made, and the evening's entertainment terminated. The Standing Camp Corpls. will be invited here shortly, and it is to be hoped that as jovial an evening will be experienced.

THE LOST COLOURS.

After the disaster at Isandula the colours of the 24th Regiment were reported lost, but were found wrapped round the bodies of Lieuts. Melville and Coghill.

Who said we had lost the colours ?
Who carried the tale away,
And whispered it low in England,
With the deeds of that awful day ?
The story was hushed, they tell us,
—Freed from a touch of shame—
Washed in the blood of those who died,
Told in their sacred name ?

But they said we had lost the colours—
And the colours were safe, you see,
Whilst the story was told in England,
Over the restless sea !
They had not the heart to blame us,
When they knew what the day had cost,
But we felt the shame of the silence laid,
On the colours they thought were lost !

But now to its furthest limit,
They will listen, and heed our cry !
How could the colours be lost, I say !
Whilst *one* man who was left to die ?
Safe on the heart of a soldier !
Where else should the colours be ?
I do not say they were found again,
For they never were lost, you see.

Safe on the heart of a soldier !
Knotted close to his side !
Proudly laid on the quiet breast,
Washed in the crimson tide !
For the heart is silent for ever—
Stirred by no fleeting breath—
And the colours he saved are a fitting shroud,
And meet for a soldier's death.

What else would they know in England ?
The colours were *lost*, they said,
And all the time they were safe, of course,
Though the soldier himself was dead !
Quiet the heart—and still the hand—
And feeble the stalwart mind—
But he was one of the Twenty-fourth,
So the colours were safe with him !

Digitized by Google

JUGGINSON'S DILEMMA,
OR
A VICTIM OF THE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

The 119th Duke of Crampshire's own Light Infantry has, from time immemorial, enjoyed a well-earned reputation.

Of most ancient descent, the proud possession of such innumerable honours, that grand old corps in military parlance pretty well takes the right of the line, at least such seems the united opinion of all who are fortunate enough to be enrolled among its ranks.

A year or two ago when the regiment was on station at that somewhat undesirable location Liverabad (Bengal) waging fierce combat against fever, ague, and all the multitudinous ailments to which the Indian settler (ill-fated mortal ! ! !) is heir to, the subject of our monograph, No. 220, Pte. Walter Edward Jugginson was flourishing like the proverbial palm-tree.

Of scrupulously clean and neat exterior, possessing an absolutely unsullied defaulter-sheet, a smart drill, and in the matter, either of beer or buns, temperate to a degree, Jugginson was almost universally acknowledged to be *the* model man of the "Duke of Crampshire's Own."

Such a paragon could hardly exist without an enemy or two at least. In addition to a host of admirers, he numbered in his train a fair sprinkling of those unfriendly spirits whom the "green eyed monster," jealousy, ever prompted to the devising of different ways and means of ejecting from his pinnacle of fame this "Bayard" of the barrack-room, but in vain, Phœnix-like the immortal Jugginson soared aloft and flourished anew.

Now at the period cœvil with our hero's completion of six years in the army, the British Government thought fit to offer, by way of inducement to prolongation of service, no less a sum than £10 sterling..

Wise in his own generation (a sort of modernised Fabius Cunctator in fact) Jugginson, crafty soul as he was, had watched the market for some considerable time and now came forward, "took on for twelve," pocketing the bounty, a very nice little addendum to his already well filled purse.

Do not, dear reader, however, ascribe our friend's actions to purely sordid motives, to "let the cat out of the bag," Jugginson contemplated matrimony. Now matrimony is a subject which will bear much discussion both *pro* and *con*, and it was not till after considerable deliberation that he determined on this most important step.

Like Napoleon of old, having once made up his mind Jugginson was adamant itself, marry he would—but who ? yes, who ? this was the little difficulty that presented itself from the outset.

The maidens of Liverabad are black, not particularly beautiful, neither are they cleanly of person, betraying a more than sneaking affection for ghee. an article of diet whose pungent odour has the unpleasant knack of attaching itself to the diaphanous garments of the lady consumer. From the ranks of the dusky daughters of "Ind" Jugginson could not and would not select a partner ; and of eligible young English beauties Liverabad is devoid.

With the matrimonial market in such a condition, affairs hymeneal seems rather at a deadlock, for our gay young Lothario, however, the fickle goddess condescended at length to smile (a baneful smile) upon him disconsolate.

Strolling one hot sultry afternoon into the Regimental Library, Jugginson flung himself into a seat, carelessly taking up the first paper that came within his reach—"Ally Sloper's Half Holiday." Now everybody knows or ought to know that in addition to its other attractions that lively little journal possesses a column devoted to the worship of Hymen, denominated 'Tootsie's' Matrimonial Agency."

Lazily turning over the leaves of Sloper, Jugginson suddenly alighted on a paragraph which seemed to interest him to no slight extent, to wit, the following : "A young lady, pretty, accomplished, but thoroughly domesticated, wishes to correspond with a suitable young gentleman with a view to matrimony—money no object, military young man preferred, address—Sacharissa, care of Editor, Sloperies."

To obtain paper, pen, ink, and frame a suitable reply to the unknown fair one was as "Boy's Own Stushpail" has it, "the work of an instant," but on signing his name to four closely written pages of erratic effusion, for the first time in his life, the patronymic Jugginson struck its power as objectionable, odious, which even the euphonius Walter Edward failed to swamp, a name in short to be discarded at once and for ever.

Being a man of prompt action, the Paragon made a speedy application to his Commanding Officer for permission to alter the offending surname to Fitzroy, signed his epistle with the newly acquired title and despatched it duly

Digitized by Google

stamped in sure and certain expectations of receiving a favourable reply from the gentle Sacharissa. (*To be continued.*)

CRICKET.

OFFICERS *v.* SERGEANTS.

This annual match was played at Ranikhet on the 17th May, 1888, and resulted in a draw on account of the rain. It will probably be finished in June.

OFFICERS.

Mr. Bayard, b Brain	22
„ Stuart, b Brain	5
„ Brine, b Cumber	0
Capt, Dauglish, c and b Cumber	6
Major Newnham-Davis, b Cumber	2
Mr. Parry, b Cumber	25
„ Bell, b Nicholas	1
„ Tarte, b Nicholas	0
„ Eales, b Cumber	2
„ Lloyd, b Patterson	2
„ Hulke, not out	0
Extras	16
Total	81

SERGEANTS.

Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Cumber, l.b.w. b Bell	4
Col.-Sergt. Featherstone, b Parry	21
Col.-Sergt. Nicholas, c Eales, b Parry	21
Sergt. Brain, not out	2
Sergt.-Major Cook, not out	3
Col.-Sgt. Patterson, Sergt. Bovenzer, „ Talbot, „ Gray, „ Eaton, „ Short, }	did not bat
Total	51

"G" COY. *v.* THE STANDING CAMP.

This match was played at Ranikhet on April 30th, 1888, and resulted in a win for "G" Coy.

"G" COMPANY.

Pte. Hicks, b Lawrence	1	b Tyers	9
Pte. Lawrence, b Elliot	0	not out	0
„ Anderson, not out	2	b Lawrence	0
Cpl. Hilderbrand, b Lawrence	32		
„ Godfrey, b Lawrence	18		
„ Rollins, c Haken, b Lawrence	2		
Pte. Hussey, b Elliot	0		
„ Russell, cL awrence, b Gorringe	43		
„ Lynch, ht. wkt.	1		
„ Else, b Gorringe	5		
„ McKeating, b Wkyes	5		
Extras	6		
Total	114	Total	9

STANDING CAMP.

Elliot run out	0	not out	5
Gorringe, c Hilderbrand, b Godfrey	19	run out	9
Scapiethorne, c Godfrey, b Rollins	0	b Hussey	0
Lawrence, b Godfrey	2	b Hilderbrand	2
Sketchley, b Godfrey	5	c Else, b Hicks	7
Belton, c & b Rollins	6	b Else	8
Wkyes, b Godfrey	0	b Anderson	0
Hill, b Godfrey	11	c Else b Lawrence	7
Tyers not out	1	c McKeating, b Hilderbrand	10
Haken, b Godfrey	1	b Anderson	0
Carney, b Rollins	0	run out	1
Extras	4	Extras	21
Total	49	Total	70

"A" COMPANY *v.* THE STANDING CAMP.

This match was played at Ranikhet on May 7th, 1888, and resulted in a win for A Coy. by an innings and 54 runs.

After the match, both teams adjourned to A Company's Bungalow, were a smoking concert was given. All enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

A COMPANY.

Pte. Brewer, b Tyers	35
„ Hewitson, b Culppins	28
„ Fisher, run out	2
„ Sewell, b Lawrence	10
„ Edwards, l. b. w. b. Lawrence	6
„ Leek, c Betts b Culppins	12
„ Barnes, b Culppins	0
„ Maynard, b Morris	1
„ Corner, not out	6
„ Gordon, b Culppins	0
„ Golvin, b Culppins	0
Total	100

STANDING CAMP.

Pte. Scapeborn, not out	8	run out	1
„ Tyers, b Edwards	8	b Brewer	1
„ Sculley, c and b Edwards	0	b Brewer	9
Lce.-Corpl. Betts, run out	4	b Edwards	0
Pte. Reynolds, c Sewell b Brewer	7	b Brewer	2
Sergt. Culppins, b Edwards	0	not out	
Pte. Lawrence, run out	0	b Brewer	2
„ Hill, c Gordon, b Brewer	0	st Hewell, b Edwards	4
„ Morris, b Edwards	0	c Hewitson, b Edwards	2
Corpl. Belton, did not bat		b Brewer	0
Pte. Olive, did not bat		b Edwards	0
Extras	5	Extras	0
Total	32	Total	22

"B" COMPANY *v.* STANDING CAMP.

This match was played at Ranikhet on the 13th May and resulted in a win for "B" Company by 56 runs on the first innings.

Pte. Gilbert, c and b Lawrence	8	b Lawrence	18
„ Ware, c Olive, b Tyers	31	b Lawrence	2
Col.-Sergt. Patterson	7	b Belton	5
Pte. Russell, b Tyers	0	c and b Lawrence	9
„ Sageman, b Tyers	5	b Lawrence	2
„ Raward, b Sketchley	15	hit wicket	10
„ Holland, b Ollve	12	not out	1
„ Mitchell, c Lawrence b Belton	2	c Belton, b Lawrence	0
„ Peters, b Lawrence	2	b Lawrence	1
Corpl. Patten, not out	7	c Belton, b Lawrence	1
Pte. Riley, c Sculley, b Lawrence	0	c Sketchley	5
Extras	11	Extras	1
Total	100	Total	55

STANDING CAMP.

Sketchley, b Gilbert	9	not out	8
Gorringe, l b w, b Ware	1	b Gilbert	2
Tyers b Gilbert	0	b Ware	0
Belton, c Riley, b Gilbert	19	c Russell, b Ware	10
Culford, c Patten, b Gilbert	0	not out	5
Scapeborn, run out	0		
Sculley, b Gilbert	0		
Olive, run out	3		
Lawrence, not out	7		
Hill, b Gilbert	0		
Mort, b Ware	0		
Extras	5		
Total	44	Total	25

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

To Ranikhet a friendly challenge was sent,
To choose her best man for a tournament;
Her strongest then she picked and sent them over,
In neighbouring town to stay a week "in clover."
Their hosts were kindly and most glad to greet them,
But at the same time, did their best to beat them.

LIGHTS.

1. I am so ravenous that I'll eat
   A shovel or a poker, for a treat.
2. Sometimes its quite as hard to swallow this,
   But if you do you'll find 'twont come amiss.
3. A well known battle here was fought;
   Seek it in Spain, if you do aught.
4. A woman (as usual) spoilt *his* life:
   'Twas a warning severe against a wife.
5. Amidst English we love and miss here,
   None are missed more than these, and none so dear.

E. W. B

NOTICE.

Anderson's English Opera and Comedy Company are coming to Ranikhet for a fortnight and open on the 10th June with Toole's latest success, "The Butler." They will also play "The Magistrate" (which had a long run at the Court Theatre), Dorothy, The Mikado, and Pinafore.

Digitized by Google

TO ALL SMOKERS.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

That the following Tobaccos are manufactured from the choicest Crops grown in Virginia according to our special instructions by an entirely new and improved process and are guaranteed by the manufacturers not to contain any artificial colouring, flavouring or any impurities, which are universally acknowledged by smokers to be the sole cause of the deterioration in Tobaccos.

These Tobaccos will keep in any climate in splendid condition for any length of time.

ROSE BUD.—Bright Gold-flaked Honey Dew manufactured by LAMBERT & BUTLER, London, Pronounced to be the best Pipe Tobacco of the day, and its cheapness is a marvel! **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

HONEY DEW MIXTURE.—Prepared by THOMAS OGDEN, "LD." Liverpool, from Sun-dried Virginia (sweet and mellow) Old Kentucky (full flavoured), Turkey (Dubec mild) Latakia (fragrant), all matured in Bond and judiciously blended and assures a sweet and pleasant smoke, which is enjoyed by the most fastidious smokers. **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Bright Cut Navy.—Manufactured by THOS. OGDEN, "LD.," Liverpool, smokes with delightful aroma and taste: it does not swell, burn hot, or "pop," nor does it cake or go hard in the Pipe, however tightly filled, and burns to the last grain **Rs. 2-8 per lb.**

Reliable Bird's-eye.—Manufactured by COPE BROTHERS, Liverpool, a sweet and cool High Class Cigarette Tobacco. It can be inhaled with entire satisfaction without irritating the lungs or throat. **Rs. 2-0 per lb.**

SPORT DE JAVA.

The demand for these Cigars continues very steady, besides having increasing Sales from all parts of the World and more particularly from Australia.

	Rs.	As.	P.
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 1, 4½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box - -	3	0	0
SPORT DE JAVA, No. 2, 4 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box - -	2	12	0
SPORT DE JAVA. No. 3, 3½ inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box - -	2	8	0
REGALIA, 6 inches long, Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 50, per box - -	2	0	0
CONCHAS, 3 inches long, thin Havanna-shaped, in boxes of 100, per box - -	1	12	0
MINUTOS, 3 inches long, Cigar Cigarette, in boxes of 100, per box - - -	1	8	0

BEST THICK MANILLA CIGARS,

At Rs-45 per 1000. In great demand in Regimental Messes.

CHILD & Co., CALCUTTA.

THE BUFFS' REGIMENTAL PRESS.

The above Press having recently added a large quantity of fancy and ornamental type, borders &c., to its already large and well-selected stock, is now in a position to undertake every description of Plain, Ornamental, and Color Printing.

THE DRAGON.

Published Monthly at two As. per copy or sent to any address on payment of the extra cost or Postage.

:-o-:

Back numbers always obtainable at 2 As. per copy, or bound in best style.

Nos. 1 to 33, Rs. 6.
,, 1 to 45, ,, 8.
,, 1 to 69, ,, 11.

Apply to the Sub-Editor, or at the Regimental Printing Office.

Printed for the Editor at The Buffs' Press, Jullundur.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 15 RANIKHET, JUNE 30th, 1888. Price 2 annas.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS. 1898.

Domestic Occurrences.

DEATH.

BARKIN.—At Canterbury, on 2nd May, 1888, Col.-Sergt. P. Barkin Permanent Staff, 3rd Battn. The Buffs, and late of the 1st Battn.

Notes.

Once again, since the Dragon has begun its second life, we have to record that a Colonel has retired.

Colonel Halahan has for the whole of his long service been identified with the Regiment, and has seen service in China with it as adjutant.

In losing him we lose a Commanding Officer whose tact and kindness to all ranks endeared him to the whole Regiment. We can only regret that, owing to failing health, he has thought fit to give up the command.

"For we're going to Dum Dum!
Dum Dum!"

And if it turns out, as is reported on the best authority, that we are to march the whole way we shall have a very cheery three months hoofing it to the vapour bath near Calcutta where we shall spend the next two or three years. The last regiment that marchd through lower Bengal was the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who were then going to Dum Dum, and they subsequently suffered so much from fever that a strong recommendation was sent to Simla that in future all regiments moving to Calcutta or the Stations near it, should be railed the latter half of the way. This, up to this year, has always been done; but apparently the experiment is to be tried on our vile bodies, of marching us through the fever district in order to see whether it has grown any healthier of late years.

Mr. Stopford, the Adjutant of the Derbyshire Regiment, who is up here going through a Garrison Class has kindly written us an account of Dum Dum, which will be found in another part of the paper, and, though we rather envy our friends the Scottish Rifles, who in the lottery of the reliefs have drawn that big prize, Lucknow, still we might well have been sent to a worse place. There is this against the place itself that it is dull, damp and hot—but we who have spent two years in Singapore ought to be used to that—and in its favour that every thing there should be cheap, and that cricket, football, swimming, and game shooting can all be carried on at the doors of the men's bungalows. Calcutta which is within an hour's drive, will no doubt see a good deal of the dancing and racing men among the Officers.

Digitized by Google

Our football team will have to look to themselves, for the Calcutta Rugby team is the strongest in India and we shall want plenty of practice if we are to make any show against them. When the Regiment was in Calcutta, we tied the local team in one or two matches but we can find no record in the back numbers of the Dragon of our ever having beaten them.

The two football challenge cups we now possess, one given by the Subalterns and one by the Editor of this journal, should help to keep up the enthusiasm with which our men have taken to football, and the series of matches which will have to be played may bring to the front some unexpected talent.

We are glad to see the roads littered with paper and to notice that the men appear to go in more for hare and hounds this year than they did last year. We, the Editor being as we stated before, like good old Hamlet, fat and scant of breath cannot play at being a jelly dog; but we should like to see some of the junior Officers, whose wind and legs are lonb, running with the men.

Our hermit sportsman, who left us on leave with the idea of penetrating into Thibet, sends us an account of his doings, which account will also appear in *The Field*. We thought the other day that we had discovered, over at Naini Tal, a first rate correspondent on the subject of big game shooting; but before we had asked him to favour our pages with some of his hair-breadth escapes, a friend of his told us a little anecdote about the sportsman which we reproduce.

The sportsman who was then at a hill station, Mussourie we believe, had expressed a wish to meet a leopard face to face and do battle with him, and therefore was delighted when two brother Subs. in the strictest secrecy informed him that they knew where a leopard nightly took his walks abroad, and that, as a great favour they would, that very night, take him and place him in the path of the wild beast. It is a question whether his joy might not have been a little chastened if he had known that the two Subs. had that afternoon purchased in the bazaar a leopards' skin, a bundle of straw, some packing thread, and a few hundred yards of stout cord.

The night was dark, and the Subalterns having posted their companion half way up a hill, took post themselves at the top and bottom of the slope, assuring him that he would not have long to wait for his quarry. And he had not. Before five minutes had passed he could see a leopard coming towards him through the grass, with a strange rolling and jerky motion. He fired at it at once, but to his surprise it took no notice of the bullets and advanced straight at him with the same straight gait. Then he began loosing off as if he had been a mitrailleuse, but nothing could check the advance of the savage beast which was now within a few paces of him. "Cowards," he shouted to his concealed companions, who had given no signs of their existence, "Cowards! arn't you going to stand by me?" But the only answer was a smothered gurgle which he took as a sign of the paralysis of funk but which other people might have mistaken for suppressed laughter. The animal however did not make its fatal spring, but passed on up the hill and, after receiving fourteen bullets, finally collapsed. Then (as Rider Haggard would say) a strange thing happened; for the two Subalterns, who had lain low during the shooting, advanced, unharmed and without fear, to the prostrate leopard, and began fumbling about his hind and fore legs as if untying something. In a few minutes they shouted to the sportsman that the leopard was dead and that he had better come and help to carry it home. He found his friends trying to lift the carcass and caught hold of the tail (which crackled curiously) to help them. One heave he gave and found himself on the ground with the tail in his hand. And then great sorrow fell on him, for behold the leopard though of a goodly outside, was filled inside with newspapers, sawdust and straw.

And that is why we didn't ask the sportsman to write us any tiger stories.

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reaserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom de plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To The Editor of the Dragon.

Sir,

Now that the long expected reliefs are out I see that The Buffs are bound for Dum Dum. As I have had three years experience of that

Digitized by Google

Station, it may perhaps interest your readers to hear something about the place.

Dum Dum is situated about seven miles from Calcutta, which can be reached either by driving in, or going by rail. There are two stations, one the Cantonment and the other the Junction. The former is quite close to barracks the latter about two miles off, but there are very few trains that suit, so the usual way of going in is hired gharry. It is a very small place, there being no other troops in the Station except the regiment quartered there. The inhabitants are made up of the people employed in the Small-Arms and Ammunition Factory. The troops are quartered in barracks which are very comfortable. There is a very fine barrack-square with a road in the middle and trees on either side of it. The square itself is covered with grass and a road runs all round the edge. When parade is not going on the square is used for cricket, football &c. Just outside the barracks there is a very fair cricketing ground, but it wants a lot of trouble to keep it in order. The square itself is hardly large enough for ordinary parades and the regiment usually marches out to the polo groud about a quarter of a mile off. There is a very good bathing tank where at this time of the year Water Gymkhanas are held. Near the bathing tank is the Gymnasium which used formerly to be the riding school of the Bengal Artillery when their head-quarters were stationed at Dum Dum. All round the Station there are large tanks, aud in many of them excellent fishing. The baits used are worms and a very evil-smelling kind of paste which I believe is bought in the Bazaar.

The range is about a mile and a half from barracks and is a very fair one. There are altogether five ranges as the troops in Calcutta come out to Dum Dum to fire. Immediately behind the butts is the old race course. It is at present in a very bad state, though some fair galloping ground can be got here and there. On the way to the range one crosses the polo-ground which, though not very first rate, is still better than none at all. It is also used for Gymkhanas and regimental sports. There is very good snipe shooting to be got round the Station. Indeed, during the season every bird shot is a snipe as far as I can make out, and some of them have a wonderful appearance. The men also shoot wild pig, the country being too thick with jungle to admit of riding them. The numerous dogs I saw at the recent show will have their work cut out for them on arriving at Dum Dum as one can have great fun hunting the jackals, foxes and hares, of which there are any number in the jungle. It may perhaps interest some of your readers to learn that there are only two guards in the place. One the regimental Quarter Guard and the other a Corpl's. guard over the factory. There is a large building called the Outram Institute, where there is a capital library for the men, also a billiard table &c., and the Station Theatre. This building is going to be converted into a refreshment-room for the men, with a room for Non-Commissioned Officers, the present canteen being done away with. The Institute is quite close to the barracks and ought to be most comfortable. The theatre is not very good the stage being somewhat small. There are several small bungalows appropriated by different temperance societies round barracks. During the rains a great deal of football is played, and there are numerous clubs in Calcutta both Rugby Union and Association. There is a cup given by the Calcutta Club which is played for every year by all the local teams. During the cold weather there is any amount of cricket and constant matches. The Calcutta eleven is generally very strong and take a good deal to beat.

The climate of Dum Dum is very damp all the year round, but the heat is never so great as up country. There is always one company on detachment at Barrackpore fifteen miles away. It is a very nice Station and close to the Hooghly. Taking it all round Dum Dum is not a bad little place and I will conclude by wishing the Buffs a good time during their stay there.

Yours &c.,
M. Stopford Lieut. & Adjt.
2nd Derby Regt.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

Will you kindly inform me and the remainder of the regiment interested in shooting, why the Northbrook Vase has not been fired for since we came to India? It was given to the Battn. (I am told) in 1874, by Lord Northbrook, to commemorate his visit on the 302nd anniversary of the raising of the regiment. It was also Lord Northbrook's wish that it should be shot for annually by all ranks, and it seems a pity that it should now sink into oblivion. I am Sir,

Yours obediently, Marksman.

Digitized by Google

Depot News.

Forty-two recruits were sent to 2nd Battn., at Dover on the 15th May, 1888.

Bandsman W. Morris was discharged at Gosport on May 15th, 1888, and has been awarded a pension of 10½d per diem for life.

Col.-Sergt. Marshall arrived at Depot 26th April, and took up the duties of Pay-Sergeant of Letter B Company.

Lce.-Corpl. W. O. Sullivan who has been for a number of years at the Depôt as Master Shoemaker was discharged to pension (1/2d per diem) on the 1st May, 1888.

Col.-Sergt. Peter Barkin, Permanent Staff 3rd Battn. The Buffs, committed suicide by shooting himself on the 2nd May, 1888. No cause can be assigned for this terrible act.

No. 1541, Pte. T. Wratten was discharged to pension on 22nd May, 1888.

Regimental Items.

Lieut.-Col. H. T. Halahan retires from the service on retired pay, 20-5-88.

No. 1678, Pte. T. Casey changed his name to Michael Connary.

No. 405, Corpl. C. Perry, and No. 1322, Pte. F. J. Cook have been awarded certificates in telegraphy.

Pte. O. Kendal and Lce.-Corpl. S. Johnson have been awarded 1st Class certificate of education.

The undermentioned men have re-engaged to complete 21 years, 18-5-88 :—
Ptes. J. Dunk, J. Towers, T. Lynch and T. Else.

Lieut. G. G. Hunter leave of absence extended to 15-10-88.

The undermentioned men have become entitled to G.C. Pay as follows :—

AT ONE PENNY.

Private	T. Cozens,	14-5-88.
,,	M. J. Day,	20-4-88.
,,	H. Moore,	19-4-88.
,,	P McElligot,	10-5-88.
,,	J. Funnell,	25-5-88.
,,	R. Cox,	20-5-88.
,,	R. Pearce,	16-3-88.
,,	F. Rankin,	25-5-88.
,,	A. Roberts,	1-5-88.
,,	W. Roberts,	1-5-88.
,,	E. O. Lake,	2-3-88.

AT TWO-PENCE.

Private	J. Rooke,	19-5-88.
,,	C. Munson,	11-5-88.
,,	F. Stampton,	11-5-88.
,,	T. Pollard,	15-5-88.
,,	W. Bush,	15-5-88.
,,	J. Jordan,	6-5-88.

CONCERT.

On the 5th inst the first concert of the season was held, and as we promised our readers last month, quite a galaxy of new talent made an appearance. There was a preliminary difficulty as to the obtaining of a piano, but that, thanks to the kindness of a lady, was eventually overcome.

The band opened the programme by a short selection, and then Mr. Hulke sang "The message from the King." There was a constant movement, rustle, and murmur in the audience during this song, caused by late comers, who could not tear themselves away from their dining tables, coming in late; but in spite of these disturbing elements he sang his song very well, and gave as an encore, that very classical ditty "Two lovely black eyes." Mrs. Bayard was down on the programme for the lullaby from Erminie but substituted for it another song and in response to a well merited encore, gave us scant measure, singing only one verse of her second song. Mrs. Glasgow's clear elocution was heard to advantage in "The Private of The Buffs" and in a humorous poem of Bret Harte; Mr. Greene steadily refused to give a loudly called for song as a second encore; Mrs. Turner, though nervous at starting, soon recovered her voice and responded to the loud applause which greeted "When we meet," (The companion song to this ought to have been "When we vegetable,") by singing "Thaddy O'Flynn"; and Dr.

Digitized by Google

Hanley, in a tasty peelers paletot sang "Are you there Moriarity," and "The Ballylooby Horse."

Following the concert came the little comedietta "All's fair in Love and War," by N. ewnham-Davis—It is just as well to emphasize the authorship, for in a few years, somebody may possibly be attributing it to Bacon—which was played for the first time, on the Indian stage.

Mr. Weymouth played very carefully and effectively the part of Cyril Holliday, the young artist who disguises himself as the father, to frighten off an unwelcome suitor. Captain Richardson was the unwelcome suitor, Lord Wynmouth, and played the part very humorously; Mr Hulke kept his countenance under very trying circumstances as Jenkinson, and Major Newnham-Davis was the bibulous old gentleman Mr. Lambert. Miss Cumberland as Nelly Lambert, played the one lady's part in the piece very nicely. It was her first appearance upon the Ranikhet boards, and when she had mastered the difficulty of making her voice fill our barn-like building, she will be a decided acquisition to the *Corps Dramatique*.

The little piece was most favourably received by a kind audience, the characters all being called before the curtain at the conclusion.

QUADRILLE PARTIES.

The Sergeants of the Battalion gave a Quadrille party on the 10 ult. in their mess-room which was very prettily decorated by Sergeants Short and Clifton, Dancing was kept up with great vigour to the excellent specially arranged music of our band until daylight commenced to peep over the hills, when all dispersed after enjoying a pleasant night.

One of these entertainments every month would be a great boon, particularly to some of our rising young Sergeants who at present appear rather bashful, and can not be persuaded to venture into the dance room, but prefer standing in the verandah gaping at a number of ladies who are sitting down looking in vain for partners. Those that can dance and won't, ought to dance. Col.-Sergt. Gardner, as President, carried out the whole of the arrangements very creditably.

The first Company's dance since our arrival in India, was given by Letter D Company on the 8th inst., in the Gymnasium, and the management is to be congratulated on its success. The rooms were tastefully decorated, floor all that could be desired, and the ladies ditto, their dresses were all pretty, one of Cardinal and White with diamond ornaments, carried off the palm. The Company's Officers attended and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. No one patronised the refreshment table to excess, and the whole thing was a decided success.

Col. Sergt. Featherstone made an able M. C. the Committee consisting of Pts Reece, Taylor and Partridge, acquitted themselves admirably.

Athletics.

The Annual Athletic Sports of the battalion were held on the Parade-ground, Ranikhet, on Friday and Saturday, 1st and 2nd of June, 1888.

COMMITTEE.

Major N. Newnham-Davis, Honorary Secretary, Capt J. Hughes, Capt R. E. Philips and Lieut C. K. Greene, Umpires; Lieut C. P. Lloyd Judge; Qr Mr. J. W. Coombes, Starter; Lieut. and Adjutant R. Bayard, Clerk of the Course.

SUB-COMMITTEE.

Sergeant-Major J. W. Cook, Quarter-Master Sergeant H. C. Cumber, Col-Sergt. J. Bennell, Col.-Sergt. W. H. Nicholas, Col.-Sergt. Featherstone, Sergt. Hoar, Sergt. Eaton, Lce.-Corpls. Davis and Price.

The events were keenly contested. The feature of the sports was the Club Exercise performed by a squad to music arranged by the Bandmaster. The annual tug-of war between the Officers and Sergeants took place through a ditch of mud, after a most desperate pull the Officers succumbed and were landed high and *dry* on the opposite bank to that from which they started.

Throwing the Cricket Ball—1st, Pte. Veal, F Compy., 104 yards, 2nd, Pte. Wardle, H Compy., 103 yards

Long Jump—1st, Pte. Gallagher, D Compy., 18½ feet, 2nd, Pte. Nash, G. Compy., 17 feet.

Walking Match, (1 mile),—1st Pte, Olive, D Compy., 2nd, Pte. Maynard, A Compy., Pte. Maynard who was leading, was checked by one of the Judges for unfair walking, when he left the course, but thinking better of it, he again started and finished a lap in rear of Pte Olive.—Time 7¾ minutes.

Half mile Flat Race:—1st, Pte. Wooding, F. Compy., 2nd, Sergt Underhill, D Compy., 3rd, Pte. Mitchell, C Compy. Six started, Wooding made the running and after a most exciting finish, won by about a foot. Five yards between second and third. Time 2 min. 16 seconds.

Bayonet *v* Bayonet—Won by Sergt. Eaton.

Bayonet *v* Sword—Won by Sergt. Eaton, (Sword.)

Digitized by Google

Bayonet Exercise (Squads of 10 men)—1st H Compy. 2nd, C. Compy.

120 Yards Flat Race (Privates only)—1st Pte. Dyke, C Compy., 2nd Pte. Gardner C Compy., 3rd, Pte. Gallagher, D Compy. This was a good race. Won easily by Pte. Dyke who finished two yards in front of Gardner. Same distance between second and third. Time 13½ secs.

200 Yards Flat Race (N. C O's)—1st, Corpl. Davis, D Compy., 2nd, Corpl. Reynolds, E Compy., 3rd, Corpl. Alexander. E Compy. Corpl Davis breasted the tape a yard in front of Reynolds. Same distance between second and third. Time 23 seconds.

100 Yards Flat Race (boys under 17 years)—1st, Boy Banbury, 2nd, Boy Devan, 3rd, Boy Carroll.

120 Yards Flat Race (Sergeants)—1st, Sergt. Underhill, 2nd, Sergt. Eaton, 3rd, Col. Sergt.-Featherstone. Sergt. Underhill made the running, winning by about two feet. One yard between second and third. Time 14 seconds.

100 Yards Flat Race (open to Garrison)—1st, Pte. Dyke, The Buffs, 2nd, Pte. Gardner, The Buffs, 3rd, Corpl. Reynolds, The Buffs. Won easily by a yard, about two feet between second and third. Time 10¼ seconds. Eight started.

100 Yards Flat Race (Regimental)—1st Pte. Dyke, C Compy., 2nd, Pte. Gardner, C Compy., Corpl. Alexander, E Compy. Won easily by two yards. Time 10¾ secs.

120 Yards Flat Race (Corpls.) 1st, Corpl. Davis, D Compy., 2nd, Corpl. Alexander E Compy., 3rd, Corpl. Godfrey, G Compy. Won by three yards. Time 13¾.

One Mile Flat Race—1st, Pte. Wooding, F Compy. 2nd, Sergt. Underill, D Compy. Pte. Mitchell, C Compy. Won by forty yards. Time 5 min 6 secs.

Tug of War by Companies (10 men a-side over a ditch)—1st, H Compy. 2nd, D Compy. After a very exciting struggle H Company succeeded in getting the last man through the water after a pull of 7½ minutes.

Pole Jnmp—1st, Pte. Nash, G Company. 2nd, Pte Revell G Company. Height 8ft 6 in.

120 Yards Flat Race (Old Soldiers over 15 years service) 1st, Pte. Gilbert, (20 years), B Compy., 2nd, Corpl. Fisher. (17 years), B Company, 3rd, Pte. Holland, (18 years) B Compy. Gillbert with his start of 5 yards, had it all his own way, and finished three yards in front.

¼ Mile Flat Race—1st, Sergt. Underhill, D Compy. 2nd, Pte. Gardner, C Compy. 3rd, Pte. Hills, D Compy. Won by ten yards. Time 59½ seconds.

120 Yards Marching Order Race—1st, Pte. Dyke, C Compy. 2nd, Corpl. Davis, D Company. Won by two yards

Putting the 24lb. Shot, (with follow) —1st, Pte. Revell, G Compy. 2nd Pte. Lock, A Compy. 3rd Pte. Williams, G Compy. Distance 33ft.

High Jump.—1st, Pte. Revell, G Compy. 2nd Pte. Nash, G Company, 3rd, Corpl. Alexander E Company, Height 4ft. 11 in.

Fencing.—1st, Sergt. Eaton, C Compy. 2nd Corpl. Price, D Compy.

120 Yards Hurdle Race (10 flights)—1st Pte. Gardner, C Compy. 2nd Pte. Nash G Compy. 3rd, Corpl. Davis, D Company. Won by two yards.

Tilting at the Ring—Owing to the bad construction of the apparatus it came to grief but the prizes were divided.

¼ Mile Flat Race (open to Garrison).—1st, Pte. Gardner, The Buffs, 2nd, Sergt. Underhill, The Buffs, 3rd, Pte Smith, Scottish Rifles. Won by a yard. Time 59 secs.

Sack Race.—1st, Sergt. Underhill, D Compy., 2nd, Pte. Simpson, H Compy.

Tug-of-War.—Won by The Buffs.

Obstacle Race.—1st, Sergt. Underhill, D Company, 2nd, Pte, Hill, D Compy. 3rd, Pte. Stevens, F Compy.

Mile Flat Race (open to Garrison).—1st, Pte. Wooding, 2nd, Pte. Mitchell, 3rd, Pte. Stevens, all of The Buffs. Won easily by fifty yards, Time 5 min. 10 secs.

Tug-of-War Officers *v.* Sergts.—Won by the Sergts. after a desperate pull. The Sergts. who had not been in the muddy ditch were treated to a sousing by their comrades.

The names of the Club Exercise team are Sergt. Cheal, Sergt. Eaton, Corpl. Davis, Corpl. Price, Pte. Seeker and Pte. Truscott.

Letter D Company not being satisfied with the result of their final pull in the tug-of-war over the ditch, with H. Company at the Regimental Sports, decided to try again which they did, on level ground, on the 17th inst with the same result as before viz., D lost. It was a very good pull but did not last nearly as long as the one at the Sports, which took over 7 minutes, the last one occupying not quite 2 minutes. The respective teams were coached by their Col-Sergts. viz., Featherstone, D Company, and Tomsett, H Company.

The following are the names of the teams :—

H Coy.	D Coy.
Corpl. Cork	Corpl. Davis
Pte. Attaway	Pte. Reese
,, Bailey	,, Hughes
,, Clinton	,, Uzzell
,, Harding	,, Parker
,, Hannam	,, Revell
,, Smith	,, Connoly
,, Webb	,; Court
,, Roach	,, Gallagher
,, Gardiner	,, Newing

GYMKHANA

Held on the Parade-ground, Ranikhet, on Thursday, 7th June, 1888. Stewards, Col. H. Macnaghten, C. B., Col. Hart, *V. C.*, R. E., Col. Hamilton, Scottish Rifles, Major Reeves, The Buffs, Major Stewart, Seaforth Highlanders. Committee, Capt. Richardson, The Kings, Surgeon Major Leake, Lieut. C P. Lloyd, The Buffs, Capt. Sheehan, Scottish Rifles.

By kind permission of Major C. E. Reeves, and the Officers, the band of The Buffs was in attendance.

The dog show produced a wonderful variety

Digitized by Google

of animals, and the next thing to be thought of, is a dogs' home for Ranikhet and Suburbs, or when the troops go down, the leopards will have a Merry Christmas.

A screen race (*i. e.*, ponies had to be ridden at a large paper screen and if possible through it) had to be abandoned, owing to the morning rain leaving nothing but a framework. The following screed received from our doggy correspondent (whom we may mention casually is not Captain Dauglish) gives information about the dog show.

What was it that Shakspeare said about "Dogs having their day"? Marvellous foresight! only to think that it took nearly 300 years for that saying to come true at Ranikhet.

Thursday the 7th, of June, being entirely given up to the dogs of the district. Simla has had its dog show, Naini Tal as well, and so have we, and 103 entries is our show, can the others beat that I wonder? However, the meet was on the Parade-ground at 4-30. On arrival, the first noticeable fact was the strong attachment between the dogs and the iron tent pegs, but then dogs always were noted for their fidelity. Stonehenge (a doggy man) says "their attachment is so remarkable as to have become proverbial" and so many of your readers have no doubt found out long ago, especially when the object of attachment is something that dog is not allowed to have especially the soft part below the knee. At the show I only noticed one dog who tore himself away ftom his peg and for a time only, resisted all cajolements to return.

The Immortal Bard also added amongst his other remarks that "thereby hangs a tail," of course he was referring to the Ranikhet dog show, the tail of which Sir you might prefer I got hold of and shortened as much as possible. So here goes. The weather held up (what)? and all the canines appeared or I would say made their entry in form.

"Every dog will be there,
And all kennenls and fare
Will be left far behind them at home."

I wish Sir you had also been there, for of all the population, you were the only one who hadn't gone to the Dogs—and such dogs.

Of the various classes—the country breeds was the most various, every breed under the sun, every possible cross, every shape and form got into that class.

The ugly class, (which a yery popular lady kindly judged) was a perfect picture, the result was never in doubt the winner being a beauty (inside).

The fox-terrier class was good. The bull class fair, the sporting class brought out another mixture, then there was a Spaniel class, the best in the show and last a Puppy class, that glorious uncertainty of youth, with the query to be answered in the future, "What will that pup be when he grows up."

The following is the list of prize winners:

Class 1.—Fox terriers:—
1st Prize, Mr. D. Campbell, 78th, "Tootles."
2nd ,, Surgeon Major Leake, M.S. "Juno."
3rd ,, Colonel Macnaghten, "Toby."
(14 entries).

Class 2.—Spaniels:—
1st Prize Mr. Greenway, The Kings, "Pincher."
2nd Prize, Mr. R. Fell, Scottish Rifles.
3rd ,, Capt. Richardson, The Kings, "Bob."
V.H.C. M. Tarte, The Buffs, "Trocadero."
H.C. Qr.-Mr.-Sgt. Cumber, The Buffs, "Duck."
A splendid class, (21 entries)

Class 3.—Bulldogs and Bull cross:—
1st Prize Mr. Greene, The Buffs, "Billy."
2nd ,, Sgt. Sherlocke, The Kings, "Bully."
3rd Capt. Shaw, 16th Regt. "Tiger."
V.H.C. Capt. Shaw, 16th Regt, "Lily."
(16 entries)

Class 4.—Other sporting dogs, except spaniels:—
1st Prize Mr. Thoyts, 8th Hussars, greyhound "Bob."
2nd Prize Royal Welsh Fusiliers Hound, "Collier."
3rd Prize Royal Welsh Fusiliers Hound "Bramble." (21 entries).

Class 5.—Country Breeds:—
1st Prize Capt. Dauglish, The Buffs, "Quetta"
2nd ,, Mr. Bayard, The Buffs, "Rowdy."
3rd ,, Pte. Castleman, The Buffs, "Seldom fed." (13 entries.)

Class 6.—Ugliest Dog:—
1st, Pte. Newton, The Buffs, "Jim."
2nd, Sergt. Sherlocke, The Kings, "Venus."
3rd, Mr. Fell, Scottish Rifles, "Jungli."
V.H.C. Capt. Dauglish, The Buffs, "Pat."
(7 entries.) This class was judged by Mrs. Macnaghten.

Classs 7.—Puppies under 6 months:—
1st, Mrs. Beresford, "Priscilla."
2nd, Rev. J. R. Cockin, B.K. Spaniel, "Huz."
3rd, Pay-Mstr.-Sergt. Wilson, The Buffs, "Bonny Prince Charlie." (14 entries).
Total, 103 entries.

Digitized by Google

Judges. { Mr. P. F. Brine, The Buffs.
Mr. J. Bateson, M. S.
Surgeon Major Leake, M. S.
Mr. D. Campbell, 78th Regt.
Captain H. Richardson, The Kings, Hon. Secretary.

Jumping competition, all ponies, 1st, Surgeon Major Leake's—Paul Pry, 2nd, Col.-Sergt. Andrews'—Bono.

Three-quarters mile flat race, open to Garrison 1st, Lce.-Corpl. Monaghan, Scottish Rifles, 2nd. Pte. Wooding, The Buffs, 3rd, Sergt. Underhill, The Buffs. Won easily by about 20 yards. Time 31′ 40″.

GENERALS' INSPECTION.

The Battalion was inspected by Col. W. H. Macnaghten, C. B., on the 18th and 19th insts. The 18th inst was devoted to battalion drill, Sword Exercise, Inspection of Books, Barracks, Regimental Institutes, Pistol Practice, Shelter-trench drill &c. On the 19th, Outpost duty took place in the morning and the usual Marching Past, Bayonet Exercise &c., in the evening. The inspection passed off very satisfactorily, and the Inspecting Officer on conclusion, addressed the battalion as follows;—

"Major Reeves, Officers, Non-Commssioned Officers and men of The Buffs, it has been a great pride and pleasure to me, that it has been my duty to inspect you. Your discipline is excellent, and drill very good. The name of The Buffs has for many years been famous, and by your conduct you are keeping up your good name."

"If there is war, and I have the honor of commanding any force, I could not wish for better men behind me than you, men of The Buffs."

Station News.

A charming young lady wishes us to hold forth for the benefit of the judges at the recent Dog Show, on the difference between Country-breds and Country-breeds. What happened was this. The judges came and looked at her dog, said "Oh what a Bhooty!" and then went and gave the prize elsewhere.

"Hare and Hounds" has been the latest in amusement, and each Saturday a course has been run ending at a previously selected spot where tea is waiting for the ladies and pegs for the men. About 3 miles up and down the khuds was found to be quite as much as any of the hounds wanted.

The Garrison Class have gone through the practical part of their sketching examination, and on Thursday and Friday the 21st and 22nd a number of uncomfortably warm individuals might have been seen pacing the roads and drawing red worms on their paper.

This month has produced two Subscription Dances, one on the 12th and one on the 26th. A detachment of the dancing men of the Station had gone over to Naini Tal on the 12th, the counter-attraction of the ball given by the maidens of the cricket club having seduced them from their proper allegiance, and thus there was a paucity of dancing men. On the 26th the heat had frightened some of the ladies and kept them from going, whilst the men turned up in full force. The dance was a great success.

Falka has been relegated to the limbo of things that have been, and the Musical Society are going to make another effort, this time with some glees "Oh! who will O're The Down so Free," "The Chaffers" and "The Canadian Boat song" cannot be said to be novelties, but they are simple enough, and who, no doubt, serve as a sufficient excuse for a weekly meeting.

The double handed tennis match has not come to an end as yet, but there is very little doubt as to who will ultimately be declared the winners, for Mrs. Leighton and Mr Greenway have at present beaten all the couples against whom they have played. In the singles, Mr. Greenway after a hard tussle beat Captain Beresford.

Andersons' English Opera and Comedy Company have played for a fortnight to large houses—that on Saturday the 23rd being a bumper—and have produced "Dorothy," "Our Boys," "Aladdin," "The Mikado," "The Butler" and "The Magistrate." They were assisted in the comedies by some of our amateurs.

Digitized by Google

JUGGINSON'S DILEMMA.

OR

A VICTIM OF THE MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

(Concluded).

Our swain's fondest hopes were realized. When after many weary weeks of anxiety, a letter arrived from his lady love penned in the following strain:

Dear Hearts' Delight,

You have carried by storm my artless affections, I am yours, you are mine—shall embark on the "Nincompoop" for Indias' sunny clime exactly nine weeks from this, please forward P. O. O. to defray expenses, and contrive if you can to meet me at Bombay.

Unalterably thine,
Sacharissa.

A photograph of the damsel accompanied the note, a damsel whose charms according to the picture were of the nature of fat, fair and forty category, hardly justifying the description "Youug" set forth in the "Sloper" advertisement which first attracted the notice of Jugginson.

That young fellow on his part appeared perfectly satisfied with everything, at once despatched the needful, accompanied with elaborate instructions for the journey to his beloved one, and obtained permission from his Commanding Officer to meet her at Bombay.

A few days before the expected arrival of the "Nincompoop" in Port, Jugginson reached the great city putting up at the Infantry Barracks with a chum determined on spending the fag end of his bachelor existence with all befitting conviviality and mirth, so well in fact did he follow out this idea, that he suffered the vessel to arrive in port and discharge her precious freight without a thought of compunction being in that happy condition yelept alcohlic and therefore oblivious. Early next morning a note reached our friend's quarters which acted as a tonic.

Dearest,

Have arrived all safe and sound, am staying at Longs'—anxiously awaiting you,

Sacharissa.

Donning a suit of snow white garb and stick in hand, Juggings hastened on the wings of love to his sweethearts bower.

Having arrived at the Hotel, he enquired for and was directed to the apartments of the lady, he paused at the threshold for a moment, mustered up courage, knocked and entered. Great Heavens? can it be, can he believe his own eyes, he looks again, too true, alas too true, "My mother"? Great Scott "The old woman," he ejaculates and staggers, the lady en route to her lovers arms recognizes her son, her long lost son and falls with a shriek to the ground in a swoon.

* * * *

Eight years ago or more Juggingson, then a callaw youth had left his widowed mothers' home to seek his fortune, failed to find it and eventually enlisted completely losing all trace of home ties. Jugginson mere hooked a second husband shortly after her sons departure, one Josiah Muggins, a weak puny individual of no special mental calibre, but with a snug little greengrocery business rouud the corner, this poor fellow expired within a year managed to death by his spouse, leaving a sacred memory and the business aforesaid to his surviving better half.

For several years the relick of Jugginson and likewise Muggins mourned her dual loss, but length of time we are assured, assuages grief. It apparently did in this particular case for we find the uxorious old girl seeking through the friendly mediu m of Sloper for Benedict No. 3 and awaking a response in the heart of her own son.

We left the fair Sacharissa and the irate Jugginson at the Hotel, the latter on recovering from his first shock, upbraiding his newly discovered parent in terms both loud and strong and producing the photograph unconsciously waxed Shakesperian "Look on this picture and look on that" he thundered, as for the widow, she wept and shrieked and fainted by turns, until the noise attracted the attention of the occupant of an adjoining apartment, a wealthy bachelor in the Chemical line from Poonah travelling for orders. The cries of a female in distress roused the chivalrous portion of the old geatlemans' nature, he rushed with all speed to the rescue, composed the ruffled feelings of the widow and succeeded in partially appeasing the injured Jugginson. Now Mrs. J. or rather Muggins was on the whole a presentable old thing in her way, whose charms were if anything enhanced by the stirring events of the day, Niobe in tears and that sort of thing, The

Digitized by Google

chemist was mashed instantly, an explanation followed on all sides, concluding with a proposal on the part of Mr. Acsculapuis to throw in his lot with the widow for better or for worse.

The marriage was solemnized a week later at Bombay, Jugginson's discharge from H. M. S. was speedily purchased by his opulent step-father who toook him into partnership. The discovery of "Jugginsonessa distillata," a certain and speedy cure for anything, established the firm on a firm financial basis. From all accounts our hero is on the right road to wealth and fame but he is still unmarried.

PTE. O. KENDAL,
THE BUFFS.

LETTER "D" COMPANY'S CONCERT.

The finishing touch to an eventful week (eventful inasmuch as the long-looked for Regimental Sports came off during that week) was given on the 2nd June, in the shape of a concert by Letter "D" Company in commemoration of the 1st anniversary of the Companys' Football Club.

The evenings' ammusement commenced with an Overture by the band, after which Pte. Haley gave the amusing song of the "Family Man" followed by Pte. Roberts with "Norah Shea," Pte. Reese then read an account of the matches played by the club since its formation, from which it appeared that 19 matches in all had been played:—16 by the 1st team and 3 by the 2nd team. Of these the 1st team had scored 13 wins, 2 losses and 1 draw, and the 2nd team 1 win, 1 loss and 1 draw.

Lce.-Corpl. Day then gave a rendering of "My Wifes' Cousin," after which Pte. Hills sang "The Bum-boat Man."

Lieut. Eales again ventured on "Brown upside Down," Pte. Hawgins performed a step-dance to the enjoyment of many admirers of the clogs, Col-Sergt. Featherstone sang "The Wooden-leg Brigade," Pte. Partridge recited "The Soldiers' Pardon," with a little more emotional action this young aspirant for public fame would doubtless be fully appreciated.

Lieut. Stuart, on being called upon, obliged with the "Gayest Colored Gent," and for an encore "Ballyhooley," Paymaster-Sergt. Wilson sang the popular "Old Familiar Faces," and Ptes. Taylor and Haley appeared in a combination sketch illustrative of pleasures (?) of Football and Cricket.

Pte. Haley attempted a stump speech and gave an impromptu programme in this way:—

"Capt. Philips will oblige with a big-boot dance,"

"Mr. Eales will oblige with a banjo solo on the bones."

"Mr. Stuart will oblige with a sand-dance."

"Capt. Dauglish will recite the troubles of a Regimental Restaurant."

"Major Davis, the people's caterer, will oblige with a recitation."

"Lieut. and Adjt. Bayard will oblige with a few bars of the Bayonet Exercise."

"Mr. Hulk will oblige with a few turns on the horizontal bar."

"Sergt. Glesson will oblige with a few trial pulls on the beer-engine." (query.—Was this a broad hint, and next morning at 12 meant).

"Last but not least, Major Reeves will, no doubt, say a few words on behalf of his old Company."

Unfortunately the Officers did not come up to the programme, but, instead, each said a few words complimentary of the company. This concluded the first part of the programme.

The second part was commenced by the band with a Valse, and Major Newnham-Davis, the deservedly termed "people's caterer," gave one of Mark Twains' sketches called "Little Jim." This was disappointing, as, being so short there was not much chance of enjoying this Officer's powers of elocution.

Lieut. Bayard on being called upon, was desired by some facetious individual at the back of the room to "give us a few bars of the bayonet exercise," but the Adjutant quite ignoring this mild request (a repetition of Pte. Haley's) informed the audience "That what he'd Suffered nobody knew." Pte. May sang "The Orderly Man," Band Sergt. Steele gave a Cornet Solo, and Lieut. Hulk sang "Two Lovely Black eyes," Lce.-Corpl. Barnes recited "The Moorish Maiden," but the lateness of the hour had slightly dimmed his memory, Pte. Rankin sang "Duckfoot Sue," and the band played a selection.

Surgeon Hanley sang about "Woman lovely Woman," and on being vociferously applauded gave "Moriarity."

A sparring exhibition then took place between Corpls. Davis and Price, and Pte. Hoare then

Digitized by Google

told the Compauy all about "Pretty Mary Kelly" in which he specially prided himself on being her "beu-au-au," Sergt. Underhill sang "On Guard" followed by Pte. Blackwell with "The Three-leafed Shamrock."

This was the termination of a very pleasant evening. The chair was taken in the ablest manner by Col.-Sergt. Featherstone, who was enabled for the first time since joining the Company to hold that very responsible position.

"The Man Behind the Door."

SHOOTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

"Good-bye, hope you'll have good sport, and don't forget you've got to write an account of your trip for the *Dragon* when you come back."

With these farewell remarks from our indefatigable Editor, I left the mess on the 11th of April last, and commenced the first march of the little shooting expedition I had planned for my two months leave. Those of my acquaintances who knew, or fancied they knew the district I was about to visit, had not given me very cheerful accounts of the sport I was likely to get, so it was with feelings of rather uncertain success, that I alternately rode and walked that very uninteresting road, between Ranikhet and Dwarahat. On arrival at the Dak Bungalow, I found everything ready, not to mention a horde of coolies waiting for their hire, who directly they were paid, commenced the usual row. It is a very striking fact, that with the exception of the two marches nearest Ranikhet, I never heard a murmur from coolies about their pay, but as soon as one comes into what I presume is called the zone of civilization, it appears to be the custom for these miserable specimens of humanity to grumble and growl, as if one were trying to cheat them, I imagine it must be from coming so much in contact with a class of people called Anglo-Indians, however "bamboo backshish" judiciously administered on this, as on frequent other occasions, brought matters to a satisfactory conclusion.

Next morning we marched to Chaukuttia, a small village on the river Ramgunga, and put up at the Dak Buugalow, which goes by the name of Ganai. After leaving Dwarahat, the first three miles is a steep descent, and then it is rather a pleasant walk along the bed of a small stream, that simply abounds with watercress. We met crowds of natives flocking into Dwarahat to a great Hindoo tamasha called "Mela" I fished in the evening in the Ramgunga, but without success, though the natives managed to catch a lot with their hands, none of them were larger than half-a-pound weight. Owing to the coolies turning up late, we didn't get under weigh so soon on the following day, and had I known that our next halting place Lobha, was sixteen miles, I should have made two marches of it, as it was, by the time my baggage arrived at the Dak Bungalow, it was past four in the afternoon, which is rather a long time to go with only a cup of coffee before starting in the morning. The first part of the journey, the road is good and level, then a stiff climb over the pass Pundooa Kheil, followed by an equally steep descent the other side, brought us down again to the river bed. The view from the top of the pass is very fine; Guelder roses, lilacs and orange blossom in full bloom, all added to the beauty of the scenery. When my servants arrived at the Bungalow at Lobha, I found that my bearer and general factotum had been suddenly taken ill and could hardly walk. It was rather a serious matter, as not knowing the language myself, and he being the only English speaking servant with me I could hardly have gone on without him, later in the evening he became so bad, and coughed so violently, that I had to puzzle my brain, what dose to give him. At last it struck me that vaseline which I had taken for purpose of gun cleaning would be the very thing, so I poured about a wine-glass of melted vaseline down his throat with marvellous effect; the coughing stopped and next day he was able to come on with me to Adh Budhri.

This was a very small village of three or four huts, a temple and a school; in the latter I found an intelligent schoolmaster, surrounded by a crowd of some thirty or forty boys, of ages from eight to twelve, their studies consisted principally in pointing out places on a map of India, and as far as I could see, they did this with tolerable accuracy.

The next two days we continued our march, reaching Kurnprayag and Nundprayag respectively, the road though hilly, was in fair condition. A Kurnprayag, there is a good camping grouud in the compound of the native hospital. It is here that the two rivers the Pindar and Alaknanda join, they both have tremendously strong currents, and their noise is

Digitized by Google

almost deafening. At Nundprayag I encamped close to the Dhurrum Sala, (a rest house for native pilgrims). Here I made a bargain with a native for the hire of a Bhootiah pony, having sent my own back to Ranikhet, the roads being far too rough. The Bhootiah ponies are very sturdy, compact little animals and perfectly accustomed to the country, and as sure footed as a cat up and down hills and over the roughest of ground. It is very difficult to buy one up here as all the best are bought up and sent down to Calcutta, and those remaining, the natives don't care to part with. Our next camp Chumoli was only a short march. Here we came up with crowds of Bhootiahs, a race of people from the borders of Bhutan. These particular people know as Marhas, have no fixed abode but lead a sort of gipsy existence, wandering about and encamping wherever they find good pasture for their cattle. They come down south at the commencement of the cold weather, bringing dowu their herds of goats and sheep. Each of these unfortunate animals carries a pack-saddle which is filled with salt, and this they barter for rice and dol which they carry back with them when they return after the winter, they are a decidedly better looking people than the generality of natives in this country, and to all intents they are the same race as Thibetans. There is a slight similarity in them to the Chinese, which is the more noticable in the women.

The following day we reached Pipalkoti, the scenery again was very fine, the roads good and tolerably level, though the last two miles is a stiffish pull up hill. Our next camp was Hilang a good twelve miles march, the country mountainous and the roads infamous. Just before arriving at the village, one suddenly breaks on to a view of the snows quite close, in fact the mountain at the base of which I had my camping ground was at that time covered with snow at its top. On the road, I met a party of Goorkhas returning to Kaladunda, who had been recruiting in upper Ghurwal, and they told me that they had enlisted some 500 recruits for their corps.

On the 20th of April we reached Joshemuth I was horribly disappointed at finding that the Dak Bungalow where I had intended to stop two or three days, and make my "bandobast" before going further North was in a state of ruins, so I pitched my camp in the compound. The Shikarry I had expected to find here and take on with me had already been engaged by some one else so I had to take another man, who like the rest of his kind, was a horrid fraud. I had been led to believe by these lying natives, that I could get certain provisions here and had been relying on laying in a store before going on further, but to my utter horror, I could get nothing but the most common coolie food. I had an idea that the Potwarri, the man whose duty it is to provide for travellers, was not taking any trouble to assist me, so I got him brought up to my tent, introduced him to my bamboo walking stick, with the result that I never had any trouble about supplies afterwards, so far as he was concerned.

Up to this time I hadn't fired a shot, in fact hadn't seen anything but a few chikor and black partridge whose irritating call, morning and evening of "Be quick, pay your debts" is nearly as maddening as that of the "Brain fever bird." So when my Shikarry suggested that I should go and hunt the jungles on the hills close by for bear, I was ready with my rifle in a very few minutes. I followed my guide along a jungle path for about four miles when he turned straight up the khud, suddenly coming to a dead stop in front of a big rock and pointed me out a cave which he said a bear had been seen to enter two days before, and from the signs of foot marks, I was inclined to believe his story. As it was self evident that "bhalu" was not there, I made the coolies form a line at the top of a nullah close by, where I thought our friend might possible be, while I posted myself in a commanding position below. The drive proved blank, except a karkur which broke back past the beaters and didn't give me a shot.

On my way back to camp, I got a snap shot at a koklas pheasant which I managed to hit. The koklas or puchras pheasant as it is called by the natives from its cry, "Kok-kok-pokrass," is a very handsome bird, and more like the real pheasant than any of the other kinds in India; it is a splendid flyer, and as a dish for the table is not to be excelled. When I got back to camp, I found that a Goorkha officer, with a recruiting party of sepoys had arrived, and encamped close to me. He had just returned from Budrinath, two marches away, the road he said was nothing more or less than a series of stone steps the whole of the way; he had got with him a couple of pure bred Bhootiah dogs, in appearance not unlike collies, but very fierce and make excellent watch-dogs; the natives use them principally for guarding their flocks; it is said that two of these dogs are more than

Digitized by Google

a match for a leopard, though, were I making a bet, I would be inclined to back the latter. The natives put collars of broad iron bands on them, to prevent them being mauled in the throat or neck.

My bearer having laid in a sufficient stock of food to last the servants a fortnight or so, I ordered him to march to Tapaban on the early morning of the 24th, while I went up the evening previous, to look for thar, on some very high hill, in the direction of Budrinath. I took only the shikarry and a coolie to carry my bedding; by the time we reached the place near which the shikarry said there was a flock of thar, it was getting a bit dark, so I had what dinner I had brought with me and then bivouacked down for the night under a rock. On the first signs of daylight, we were on the move, and very glad I was, for the night had been terribly cold, but as the light increased, to my disgust I found we were enveloped in a cloud, and could hardly see ten yards, while to make matters worse it began to rain, which put the possibility of our finding any thar quite out of the question.

I very soon proposed a descent, which we effected by another way than by which we had come up, and a most jumpy bnsiness it was, at least I thought so at that time, though afterwards, from frequent practise, I got quite accustomed to this kind of climbing. The rain had made the rocks so slippery, but that for the shikarry catching me just in the nick of time, I must have had several nasty falls. On the way we came unexpectedly upon two gooral feeding quite close, an easy enough mark even for a third class shot, but whether or not my nerves were upset, I missed them clean with both barrels. Reaching the bottom of the hill, I marched on to Tapoban, where my camp had been pitched, here I again found the Ghoorkha officer, from whom I got some very useful information regarding the country and the roads round about.

Early on the 25th I left Tapoban, the Goorkhas struck their camp but started off in another direction to that in which I was going. My road for a change was very fair and level. I took it rather leisurely, reaching the camping ground of Serai Tota at 11 o'clock, close to the mountain known as Topal. The horse chestnut trees which were just coming into bloom, together with the deodarhs whose tops were still white with snow combined to give the mountains a very pretty aspect.

As arranged over night, I left camp a little before daylight on the 26th, and was led by my shikarry up the hills that lay a trifle to the west of the road and which are supposed to be good feeding grounds for thar. It was a frightfully stiff climb and I dont think at first starting I was in the best of humours, however as day-light increased and we reached some likely looking ground, the shikarry who was walking just in front with my rifle, suddenly squatted down and beckoned to me to come forward. After some little time I spotted with the aid of my glasses, three thar feeding on the opposite side of the khud to our left front, and about 400 yards distant. The shikarry in the meantime was getting terrible excited because I couldn't for the life of me at first see them, the chief reason being, because I didn't exactly know what coloured animal to look for. I soon saw that the only way to approach them for a shot, was to go back part of the way we had come, down the khud, and over to the same side of the hill the thar were feeding on and try to get above them. With the aid of grass shoes, an excellent invention, a pair of which my shikarry had made for me, and a six foot alpenstock I managed to keep my footing pretty well, though I still found great difficulty in getting down the very steep slopes. We had got down the nullah and nearly up the other side on a level with the thar, when I saw standing on the top of a crag some 500 feet above them, another thar, which from the size and colour, I at once recognized as a male, who was evidently doing sentry go over his three spouses. I at once, gave up all thoughts of following the females and going by a circular route, with some very stiff climbing which took me over half-an-hour, I came up unobserved to a commanding position, 150 yards from him, he was standing end on to me, his head turned in the opposite direction, so I waited a bit, partly to get my breath, and partly with the hope he might turn round and give me a broad side shot. Presently he moved his head round and faced my position, so resting my rifle on a rock and taking as careful an aim as I could I fired. My delight can better be imagined than described, when I saw this grand old fellow rolling lifeless down the khud. The shekarry ran, or rather rolled off the place at once, gesticulating to me to follow; fortunately a bough had caught the beast in his fall, or he most assure-

Digitized by Google

dly would have tumbled some hundreds of feet lower and been smashed to atoms, as is so frequently the case with wounded thar. After some difficulty, I got up to the place, and found that my victim was a five year old male, with flowing mane and shaggy coat, his horns were very thick at the base, and ten inches round the curve, a grand prize for any sportsman, doubly so for ones first shot. I returned to my tent while the shekarry with the aid of two coolies fetched the thar and brought it into camp. After the skinning operation was over the flesh which is very coarse and strong-flavoured, was divided among the natives, who evidently considered it rather a delicacy.

The following day I moved to Jumar, a camping ground 8½ miles off in the Neti Valley. There were no signs of human habitation along the route, the few huts that exist, were empty, their occupants not having yet returned from their winter sojourn in the South. I saw numbers of chikor which I was surprised to find at such an altitude. The roads in some places were so bad that they were quite difficult to follow, and totally unfit for ponies. The climate was glorious and bracing, the heat in the middle of the day was not warm, enough to make one wear a sun topee, while it was sufficiently cold at night to make three blankets a necessity.

On the 27th April, I struck camp at half past five in the morning and following the main route that leads to Neti for about a mile, we crossed the river Doulee on our right, and commenced that long and tiring climb up mount Donigiri the summit of which we reached at half past eleven. It was marvellous how the coolies ever got up with their heavy loads, the path being a mere sheeptrack, and the last two miles, ankle deep in snow. As usual, I went on in front with my gun, the shikarry following with my riffe. I saw a very fine thar, but perfectly secure from my approach, as a wide ravine separated us, and I was much too exhausted from the climb to think of going after him.

Moonal pheasants were giving vent on all sides to their loud call of "waa," which is not unlike the bleating of a goat, and can be heard for upwards of a mile. I shot one and could have got as many more as I liked but my shikarry said I should frighten the burhel, for whose special benefit I had come, so I refrained from firing any more. HERMIT.

(To be continued.)

Musketry.

The result of a shooting match between "D" and "F" Companies, fired at Ranikhet, on the 14th inst. Conditions: 7 rounds at 200, 500 and 600 yards, regulation targets. Won by "F" Company by 49 points. Scores were as follows.—

"F" COMPANY.

Private	Mitchell,	59
,,	Benge,	57
Col.-Sgt.	Andrews	54
Private	A. Smith,	54
,,	Puxton,	53
Lce.-Cpl.	Bing,	51
,,	Jubb,	47
Private	Munday,	46
Liuet.	Trollope,	44
Sergt.	Hoar,	44
Private	Peen,	43
,,	Williams,	40
	Total ...	592

"D" COMPANY.

Private	Belchamber,	61
,,	Barrett,	55
Sergt.	Greenland,	50
Col.-Sgt.	Featherstone,	50
Lce.-Cpl.	Aitkens,	46
Private	Reese	45
Lce.-Sgt.	Underhill,	44
Private	Evans,	42
,,	Ball,	40
Private	Wilson	38
,,	Wynn,	37
,,	Page,	35
	Total ...	543

Letter "B" Company completed their course of musketry, for 88-9, on the 10th inst. with the following result:—

Average	Range Individual		114.62
	Independent & Volleys		79.58
Classification	Marksmen	28	
	1st Class Shots	37	
	2nd ,, ,,	26	
	3rd ,, ,,	12	

The following are names of marksmen:—

Private	W. Ware	216
Lce.-Cpl.	A. H. Baker	205
Private	A. Withers	202
,,	G. Childs	198
,,	H. Mitchell	197
,,	C. Munson	197
,,	T. Russell	190
,,	E. Wigley	185
,,	G. Ward	183
,,	G. Riley	181
,,	J. Eaton	180

Digitized by Google

Private C. Yeo	179
,, J. Ramsay	177
,, A. Jones	177
,, A. Blackbarrow	176
,, A. Willis	175
,, H. Cheeseman	175
,, A. Hurd	175
Corpl. J. Patten	174
Private J. McGinnell	174
,, J. Gibbs	174
,, W. McDonald	173
,, G. Bainbridge	173
,, F. Pidgeon	171
,, G. Cox	171
Lce.-Sergt. C. Martin	170
Lce.-Cpl. Heffren	169
Private G. Holland	168

SHOOTING MATCH.

The N.C.O.'s of "E" Company *v.* the N.C.O.'s of "G" Company, won by the latter by 34 points. Distance 200, 500 and 600 yards, 7 shots at each distance, Regulation targets.

The following are the scores :—

"E" COMPANY.		"G" COMPANY.	
Corpl. Evans	61	Sergt Cheal	73
Sergt. Green	59	Lce.-Cpl. Boyles	61
Lce.-Cpl. Reynolds	54	Sgt.-Major Cook	60
Col.-Sgt. Gardner	53	Lce.-Sgt. Laing	59
Q.M.S. Cumber	53	Sergt. Watts	57
Corpl. Alexander	48	Col.-Sgt. Nicholas	55
Sergt. Summers	46	Sergt. Jesshope	43
Total	374	Total	408

Letter "E" Compaay concluded its annual course of musketry for 1888-89, with the following result :—

Average { Range Individval 140.83
Independent & Volleys 73.13

Classification { Marksmen 21
1st Class Shots 35
2nd ,, ,, 42
3rd ,, ,, 10

Total 138

NAMES OF MARKSMEN.

Best Shot of Company, Corpl T. Evans, 249 points.
,, ,, ,, Sergeants, Sergt. R. Summers 189 points.
Private J. E. Seager
,, A. Brown
,, G. Spencer
,, W. Percival
Sergt. W. T. Webster
,, F. Bovenzer
Private G. A. Brown
,, A. Smith
,, B. S. Chesson
,, C. Lyons
,, H. Williams
,, J. Taylor
,, T. Archer
Private W. Roberts
,, H. Mitchell
,, T. Pollard
,, W. Griffin
,, W. James

CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

The following extract received through the Adjutant General in India, of a letter from the Officer Commanding Corps of Commissionaires, Sydney, Australia, is published for general information :—

"Would you kindly mention at any convenient season, that we have started a Division of the Corps in this City, with a view to its being known throughout India, in order that any good men might, if they elected to do so join the Corps here in Australlia, instead of going home to Great Britain where work is not nearly so plentiful, nor are they so well paid as out here."

"Really good men who have been grooms, mess-waiters, or Officers' Servants, can get £2 and upwards per week; but they must be thoroughly good men and not expect to be paid a good wage without doing good work. We are at present doing very well here and the employers are very favourably disposed towards the Corps; so that although work *is not really guaranteed by the Corps*, that need not prevent men from coming here, as there is not any difficulty in obtaining good employment for good men.

Football.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

A match under the above rules was played on the 16th of June, 1888, between G. and B. Companies, and ended in an easy victory for G. Company, by 5 Goals to nothing.

Played on the 8th of June, 1888, between G. and F. Companies, and ended in a victory for G. Company, by 2 goals to nothing.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

A football match under the above rules, was played on the 20th of June, 1888, between G. and F. Companies, and ended in a victory for G. Company by 3 tries to nothing.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

—o—

Qr.-Mr.-Sergt Boon, Canterbury.—Rs. 7 Annas 8 received. The paper shall be forwarded monthly as requested.

Digitized by Google

Cricket.

"E" COMPANY *v.* "F" COMPANY.

The first match for the Shield for 1888, was played between the above Companies on the 9th inst, resulting in a win for "E" Company by 10 wickets. Corpl. Reynolds bowled well for his team, he accomplished the "hat trick' in the second innings.

"F" COMPANY.

Pte. Knight, c Reynolds b Simmonds	0	b Reynolds	5
,, Hillman do do.	0	do.	0
,, Bates, run out	0	do.	0
Cpl. Mansfield, b Bowden	31	do.	0
Pte Morris, c Kluckner b Smee ...	0	not out ...	11
,, Reed, c Simmonds b Bowden ...	4	b Reynolds ...	14
,, Watson, b Simmonds	1	b Simmonds	10
,, Spencer, b Simmonds	5	b Cumber ...	5
Sgt. Hoar, run out	7	c Wickens b Cumber...	0
Pte. Veal, not out	0	b Cumber ...	7
,, Munday, st. Ambrose b Simmonds	3	st Kluckner b Cumber...	3
Extras	3	Extras ...	0
Total	44	Total ...	54

"E" COMPANY.

Q.M.S. Cumber, b Knight	5	not out ...	10
Pte. Straw, b Reed	15	not out ...	8
,, Kluckner, l b.w. b Reed... ...	14		
,, Simmonds, b Reed	27		
,, Wickens, do	0		
Corpl. Reynolds, b Red	0		
Pte. Knight, c Mansfield b Knight	7		
,, Mitchell, b Reed	6		
,, Ambrose, b Morris	0		
Corpl. Smee, do	1		
Pte. Roberts, not out	0		
Extras	6	Extras ...	3
Total ...	81	Total ...	21

"E" *v.* "H" COMPANY.

This match played on the 17th May, resulted in a win for "E" Company on the first innings.

"E" COMPANY.

Pte. Edwards, b Adams	6	b Wardler ...	41
,, Straw. do.	2	b Foster ...	61
,, Kluckner, b Martin	35	not out ...	42
,, Simmonds, b Adams	15	run out ...	4
,, Mitchell, b Martin	18	b Foster ...	2
,, Roberts, do.	3	do. ...	3
,, Ambrose, not out	5	b Martin ...	17
,, Bowden, b Pickett	1		
Corpl. Reynolds, b Adams	2		
Pte. Dillon, b Fostec	9		
Corpl. Smee, c Wardle b Foster ...	0		
Extras ...	4	Extras ...	13
Total ...	100	Total ...	183

"H" COMPANY.

Pte. Wardle, c and b Bowden ...	18
Corpl. Pickett, b Simmonds... ...	0
Pte. Firth, b Bowden	0
,, Tizzard do.	0
,, Adams, do.	0
,, Harding, b Reynolds	13
,, Foster, b Simmonds	3
Sergt. Talbot, not out	12
Pte. Hartfield, b Simmonds	0
,, Knight, ht. wkt. b Simmonds ...	2
,, Martin, b Bowden	3
Extras	8
Total ...	61

OLD SOLDIEBS, *v* YOUNG SOLDIERS.

A match under this heading was played on May 26th, 1888, between soldiers over 15 years service, and Soldiers of the last draft under the Captaincy of Color-Sergeant Featherstone. The old Soldiers service amounted to over 200 years, Captained by Pte. Gilbert in the unavoidable absence of Qr.-Mr.Sergt. Cumber; for the winners, Ptes. Gilbert and Holland batted capitally in both innings, while in the Second innings, Canteen Sergt. Gleeson, and Coffee Shop Corpl Buckley, fairly took the cake for their excellent display of batting, for the losers Corpl Smee, Ptes, Colvin, Marshall, and Barnes batted fairly well, Ptes Gilbert, Holland, Hills, Reed, and Corpl. Smee, for their respective sides bowled very well indeed, and we hope to see a return match before the Qr.-Mr.-Sergeant leaves us for good.

The match was won by the Old Soldiers, by 88 runs.

VETERANS. OVER 15 YEARS *v* LAST DRAFT.

—o—

VETERANS.

Pte. Gilbert, c Hills b Smee ...	29	run out ...	14
,, C. Fisher, c Hills b Smee ...	4	b Col.-Sgt. Featherstone	4
,, McStea, b Smee	1	b Ambrose ...	6
,, Holland, c Colvin b Ambrose	22	not out ...	17
Cpl. Roach, b Reed	1	b Hills ...	1
,, Fisher. run out	1	run out ...	6
Pte. Hartfield, b Ambrose ...	4	b Col.-Sgt. Featherstone	9
,, Townsend, b Featherstone	2	c Colvin b Reed ..	1
,, Claydon, b Ambrose ...	4	b Reed ...	0
Sergt. Gleeson, b Reed ...	2	b Hills ...	26
Cpl. Buckley, not out ...	1	c & b Hills ...	8
Extras ...	9	Extras ...	8
Total	80		100

LAST DRAFT.

Pte. Marshall, c Gilbert b Holland	15	b Holland ...	11
,, W. Hills, b Gillbert ...	0	b Gilbert ...	0
,, Dalloway, b Townsend ...	0	b Gilbert ...	0
Corpl. Smee b Gilbert ...	1	c Holland ...	2
Pte. Colvin b Gilbert ...	12	c Holland b Gilbert	1
,, Reed out not	10	b Holland ...	0
,, Amdrose, c & b Gilbert ...	0	b Gilbert ...	0
Col.-Sergt. Featherstone b Gilbert	0	c & b Gilbert ...	1
Corpl Dann, b Holland ...	1	b Gilbert ...	1
Pte. Hughes, c Gilbert b Holland	0	not out ...	1
,, Barnes, run out ...	4	b Holland ...	9
Extras ...	13	Extras ...	4
Total ...	56	Total ...	36

Answer to double Acrostic :—

RIVAL TEAMS.

R u s T
I r E
VittoriA
A d a M
LasseS

Correct answer received from "Dutchy."

NOTICE.

We have to apologize for the late appearance of our little paper, owing no doubt to the night manoeuvres, and to which the Printers were requested to attend for an outing.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 16. **RANIKHET, July 31st, 1888.** [Price 2 Annas

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTHS.

BIRKHEAD.—At Ranikhet, on the 4th July, 1888, the wife of Band-Master C. S. Birkhead of a son.

STEELE.—At Ranikhet, on the 7th July, 1888, the wife of School-Master G. A. Steele of a son.

DEATHS.

DILLON.—At Ranikhet, on the 30th June, 1888, No. 932, Pte. J. Dillon of Enteric Fever.

BURNS.—At Ranikhet, on the 9th June, 1888, No. 1644, Pte. W. Burns of Pneumonia.

NOTES.

The night manœuvres have been the one exciting event of the month, and we are not likely to forget our march by hill and valley to turn the Scottish Tel-el-Kebir on the summit of the hill. Col. Hart has published a most appreciative order on the marching powers of the Regiment, which we produce elsewhere, and there is no doubt that the march was a thorough and successful test of the men's endurance and powers of getting over rough ground quickly. The scene next morning after the attack, with its mixed groups of umpires and friends and foes all looking toil-stained and rather disreputable, with a sky touched by the first light of the rising sun as a back ground, would have made an inviting subject for a Detaille or a Butler.

* * *

A football match the afternoon after our all night walking was looked upon as quite a light refreshment and in the evening a crowded house listened to Major Hutchinson's lecture on Waterloo, at the theatre. The only signs of everybody having been up all the night before were shewn by one promising Sub: who slept through a fair portion of the lecture, but who always roused up and applauded vigorously at the proper places. The lecture, which lasted about an hour and a quarter and which began by giving the political conditions which led to the Waterloo Campaign, and then went on to describe the short series of desperate battles ending with Napoleon's overthrow, was delivered by the lecturer with excellent clearness and a fine flow of nervous English

Digitized by Google

Still harping on the night march—for there is really little else to write about, except the weather, and that just now, is a moist and unpleasant subject. A correspondent from the clouds (Chaubuttia we are alluding to and not the heavenly regions) has sent us a screed which lack of space prevents us from publishing. One verse began thusly:—

"As pants brave Hart for bloody fight,
"That victories he may gain,
"So marched his men the livelong night—
"O'er mountain and o'er plain."

We had always thought, on the authority of a Hebraic author that what a "hart" panted for was cooling streams; but times is changed. The only plain that we came across were some ugly khuds.

* *
*

There does not seem to have been a very large gathering at the Regimental Dinner, the Subalterns shewing up in very small force, but the dinner seems to have been very good and the subscribers to the dinner fund ate and drank their fill for the "ridiculously small sum" of twelve shillings and sixpence. Next year, if the Great Powers will, considerately, put off the European war until 1890, the Editor trusts that he will be in a position to write out to India full gastronomic details of the *Truite Saumonee*, the *Nageoires de Tortue* and the 1880 brands of champagne.

* *
*

We do not see enough of our little neighbour Almora, and we were glad to be able to welcome their football team on our ground. It is cheering to find that there is some Station we can beat at something; but our friends were hampered by the Goorkhas who played for them and who had not quite acquired the science of the game. When the little Nepaulese hill-men have played the game a little longer they will make dangerous adversaries, for their pluck and good temper are both undeniable. Almora however, we were glad to hear, got the best of us on their own ground.

* *
*

The crape that every Officer wore on his arm was the outward sign of the sorrow that every soldier felt for the death of the Soldier Emperor of Germany. The last time he appeared in England in public was at the Jubilee procession when, conspicuous in his white tunic and eagle-crested helmet, he was as loudly cheered as even our own popular Prince of Wales. *The World* has a pretty poem on his death—a contrast to the doggerel which most of the other papers have published—of which these are the final lines:—

"Hero and martyr, after labor rest!
"This be her comfort who doth mourn the most,
"That thou, in faith did answer God's behest,
"And calm as soldier summoned to his post,
"Didst pass to quiet fields of asphodel,
"Hand clasped in hand with her who loved thee well."

* *
*

The weather is—but no, we wont write on that disgusting subject, for some of our remarks might have to be represented by blanks. If there is anybody who really yearns for solid excitement let him ride a shying hill pony down the cart road from Pilkooli to Kyrna on a rainy day.

———:o:———

THE NIGHT MANŒUVRES.

Ranikhet, 30th June, 1888.

From Col. R. C. Hart, V.C., R.E.,
Commanding Rohilcund District.
To Major C. E. Reeves,
Commanding The Buffs.

Sir,

"On the night of the 27th June, the 1st Bn. The Buffs under your Command formed part of the force which attacked Chaubuttia. I myself marched with your column, and I request that you will accept yourself, and convey to the Battalion my high appreciation of the splendid night march where every soldier. I include the Officers, without exception, responded to my appeal to undertake the most arduous exertions. From 8.30 p.m. on the 27th June you marched continuously till you attacked at 4.30 a.m. the 28th June."

"The night was pitch dark till midnight, the mountain track was hilly, dangerous and necessitated filing. The bed of that torrent was as bad as bad could be, and none of us are likely to forget the tug up of upwards of 2000 feet. The difficulties were so great that I could spare neither time for regular halts, nor resting, but

Digitized by Google

you closed up and went into action with a spirit nothing could resist."

"You marched out of your lines 837 strong and but two men fell out. You had had no previous training, the temperature was close and hot. Your rolled coats impeded your breathing and you suffered from thirst, but when you had returned to barracks you had marched between twenty and twenty-two miles over wooded mountains."

"On the night of the 28th many of you attended a lecture on Waterloo, and next day not a man was sick or sorry."

"Happy the chief in war, who had such a battalion to command, he can count upon doing great things. You move as one man. Your conduct and discipline is exemplary, and the spirit of Officers and men does credit to the British Army."

"I have reported to superior authority your most creditable performance."

(Signed) R. C. HART, COL.,
Commanding at Ranikhet.

OUR NEW STATION AND THE WAY TO IT.

Last month we had a description of what Dum-Dum is like, so now a short description of the route there, may perhaps be of some little interest, especially, as it will, so we are informed be a case of "Irish tandem," or putting one foot in front of the other, from the time we leave until we arrive at our destination.

After a careful inspection of the "Route Book," to ascertain the probable direction we shall take, the following is the result, eighty marches, or ninty-one days including Sunday halts, giving a total of 914 miles 5 furlongs :—

Route.	From.	To.	Marches	Miles	Furlongs
99, 104, 615.	Ranikhet	Bareilly	11	122	4
102	Bareilly	Fategarh	6	73	3
177	Fategarh	Cawnpore	8	86	7
316	Cawnpore	Fort William	54	623	7
313	Fort William	Dum-Dum	1	8	0

As everyone knows the route via Ratighat, Bhawali, &c. to Bareilly, also that place itself, it is useless saying anything about them, beyond that this year instead of having to climb down into the river bed, the new cart road will be available both for marching, and the conveyance of luggage &c.

Fategarh is a small cantonment and civil station with a Fort and Government gun-carriage factory. The name signifies 'Fort of Victory." There are the remains of Palaces formerly belonging to the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing, and the former Nawab, who for his cruelties during the time of the mutiny and his complicity therein, was transported to Mecca. At this station we join the Trunk-road which runs from Peshawur to Calcutta, and shall not leave it until we reach the latter place.

Cawnpore, on the Ganges, is a civil and military station with a large Government leather factory for making military harness and boots. The remains of the Mutiny are what give most interest to the place. The principal are the earthworks (now nearly all disappeared) raised by the Mutineers, admidst which, is the Memorial Well, containing the remains of the Christian people, mostly women and children, killed on the 17th June, 1857, and now surmounted by a beautiful white marble Angel, sculptured by Baron Marochetti, surrounded by a white marble Gothic Screen, all erected in 1863.

Allahabad, or the "City of God," is the capital of the North West Provinces, a large civil and military station, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, and a General Officers' Command. It is the head quarters also of the High Court of Justice. It is situated on the river Jumna, on the bank of which is the Fort, built of red stone, in which are the residency, Akbar's palace, now the armoury, and the Asoka Pillar or iron Club of Bhim Sen in the Chalee Satoom Temple. A little below the Fort the Jumna and the Ganges unite their waters, and as both are holy rivers, it is considered by the Hindoos to be a very sacred place, to which many of them make pilgrimages, especially at the time ot the Mag Mela Fair, which is held annually on the 14th December. There is a large Arsenal here.

Benares, on the Ganges, is a large civil and military station. It is an old Hindoo city and seat of learning, founded B. C. 1600, and extends for some three miles along the river, the

Digitized by Google

banks of which are lined with bathing ghats (steps), shrines, and temples, where devotees are always bathing. There are 5000 Hindu temples and pagodas dedicated by native princes, also hospitals and asylums ; besides these there are 270 mosques. One mosque, the Musjid of Aurungzebe, at the Madhoray Ghat, has eight slender minarets, 147 feet high, and only twelve feet broad at the base. It surrounds the copper spires of the temple of Shiva or Bisheshwar, at Saranoth, standing over a sacred Hindu well, and 47 blocks of stone much venerated. There are also the Doorga Koond temple with its monkeys, the temple at Ghoosala Ghat, the Jain temple, the Observatory built in 1680 by the Emperor Akbar, and the temple of Mahadeo. On leaving Benares, we shall cross the Ganges and take a south-western direction to Calcutta leaving the railway north of the route.

Calcutta, so called from "Kali, a goddess," and "Cuttah, a temple" is situated on the east bank of the river Hooghly. It is the capital of British India, the seat of Government, and of the administration of the Army under the Commander-in-Chief, also of the High Court of Justice. There is a large Garrison. The ceding, by the Emperor Aurungzebe, of Fort William to the East India Company was the beginning of Calcutta, which Fort, Clive in 1757 extended into a regular citadel. The city extends for about six miles along the river bank, and the river is deep enough for large ocean steamers to come alongside the jetties. The streets are broad and clean, and contain many handsome public buildings. The race-course is at the south side of the city near Fort William.

Dum-Dum or Dam-Dam, from "Damdama a mound or elevated battery," situated near the river Hooghly, and to the north west of Calcutta, is our destination. It was for seventy years the head quarters of that famous corps the Bengal Artillery, (1783-1853). There are factories for the manufacture of Small Arms and cartridges. The troops stationed in Calcutta, march out here, encamp on the rifle-range, and carry out their annual course of musketry.

THE REGIMENTAL DINNER.

The annual dinner of the Regiment was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 15th June last, when 26 Officers, past and present. sat down to dinner. The gathering compared with last year's was but a poor one. We hear the dinner was very excellent. and a most pleasant evening was passed, the company not separating until after midnight.

After dinner the usual loyal toasts were given by the Chairman, who in feeling terms alluded to the sad death (that morning) of the illustrious Emperor Frederick III of Germany.

The Chairman then proposed the "Past Officers of The Buffs" saying that there were present at the table no less than five former Commanding Officers, and coupled with the toast the name of an Officer who upwards of a half a century ago was serving in the Regiment.

General Sawyer who responded heartily to the toast, next proposed "Health and prosperity to The Buffs and the Officers now serving" which was drank with full honors.

Major Harley responded on behalf of both Battalions.

The Chairman next gave the health of "Sir Wm. Wyllie and the Officers 2nd Battn. Royal Dublin Fusilliers," who were holding their annual dinner at the same time. The toast was duly acknowledged and the compliment repaid with every honor.

Owing to an oversight, the health of the 1st Battalion was ommitted, although the usual message "Drank your Health" had been previously written out on a telegram form and placed beside the Chairman. However, we will accept the will for the deed and join in thanking General Raines for the indefatigable trouble he has taken in all matters concerning the welfare and interest of our Regiment.

Appended is a list of the Officers present :—

Generals.

J. A. Raines, C.B., Col.-in.Chief in the chair.
J. Blaksley. C. Sawyer. (Col. 7th Dg. Gds.)

Colonels.

S. Graves. H. T. Halahan.
F. T. Hobson. Hon. H. Parnell. C. B.

Majors.

F. E. Brace. G. E. Harley, J. W. Hind,
F. Jones. A. E. Ommanney. A. Worthington.

Captains.

C. L. Connellan. Percy Green.
A. McLachlan. G. A. Porter.

Lieutenants.

W. H. Booth, G. G. Hunter, B. R. Mitford.
A. Vickerman. E. C. Williams.
Dr. W. H. Day. A. A. Bernard Esq.
Mr. J. C. Woolacott, Secretary.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIC NOTES.

On the 12th, 13th and 14th the amateurs of the Station played "Weak Woman," on the first two nights to good houses and on the third to an audience of 57. "Weak Woman" is one of the plays that J. H. Byron wrote for the excellent little company that the Swanboroughs had collected at the Strand, of which company the majestic Ada Swanborough, Terry and Marius, were the bright particular stars. Captain Ginger was perhaps the funniest character that Terry ever created, and in the scene with Mrs. Gunn in the last act he always convulsed the audience. Vernon (we believe), Mrs. Stevens, and little Cox, were all cast for characters, and the play, despite its weaknesses, ran for very many nights, with the ever popular "Nemesis" as an after piece.

The play has all Byron's worst faults and all the best qualities of his work. It is weak in plot and his characters are scarcely living men and women; but the dialogue, if in some parts old fashioned in its rudeness, is sprinkled all over with those verbal quips and cranks with which Byron's brain was always overflowing and Ginger, Mrs. Gunn, and Tootal, are most amusing personages.

No one can take an interest in the idiocy of a defunct uncle Richard in making his nieces live together and keep as a secret which of them is the heiress, and Frederick Fanshawe's brilliant idea of behaving like a ruffian to his employers' guests and of making love to one lady while he intends to marry another would probably have secured for him a horse-whipping and a breach of promise case. The Doctor is a solemn bore with occasional lapses into professional babble. It is sympathy with the two girls for their surrounding and the eccentricities of the low-comedy trio that always secure for the play a measure of success.

That the play was a success the ripple of laughter with which it was followed on Friday proved. It certainly had every chance given it, for it had been rehearsed up to that point when a prompter is no longer required and it was mounted with every care; the garden scene with the bow window of the house opening on to it, being a very pretty one. The two Miss Gaythornes, cousins, were played by Mrs. Beresford and Miss Cumberland, and both played the parts very nicely. Miss Cumberland's method of speaking her sentences has much improved since she appeared in "All's Fair in Love and War," and all that she now requires is that repose which can only come from constant practice and which by contrast brings out in relief any strong passages in the dialogue. Mrs. Beresford is a new comer on our boards, and despite evident nervousness at the beginning of the first act, brought out every phase of the character and played her little scenes with Medwyn very prettily. Her voice will, with practice, gain strength. As we have before said both these ladies' parts were very agreeably filled. Miss M. Cumberland as Mrs. Gunn came out very strong, she had quite the right idea of the part, did not mind being "made up" to the requisite ugliness, and was very happy in her by-play. Capt. Richardson as Ginger, was very amusing in the two first acts, but on Friday his over exageration in the third act lost him some of his best points, this however, he rectified on the next night. On the whole he made Ginger a very amusing personage. As Tootal, Mr. Lloyd had a character which suited him down to the ground, and, disguised in a flaxen wig, fluffy whiskers, and an aggressive moustache, he brought out most successfully all the characteristics of the little provincial swell. That the character of Frederick Fanshawe is not a symyathetic one is the fault of the author and not of Mr. Weymouth who played the part carefully, and with feeling and force in some of the stronger passages. Mr. Tarte, who is steadily progressing in his acting, played the young farmer, Arthur Medwyn, very satisfactorily. Major Newnham-Davis' white wig was much admired. The important work behind the scenes, of which so little is seen by the audience, was carried out in the usual admirable manner by Sergts. Short and Clifton.

STATION NOTES.

To write "Station Notes" this month is chiefly to record what has not been done, the chief employment of the nobility, gentry and inhabitants of Ranikhet having been, like Major-General Stanley's daughters in "The Pirates," to talk about the weather and, on the part of the male members, to allude to it with a great big D.

Digitized by Google

Even the energetic paperchasers have been stopped by the rain from taking their Saturday run, and Mr Lloyd is deeply disappointed at being deprived of his only opportunity of playing that instrument of torture of his in public without bringing down upon himself the malediction of the community. The last paperchase was turned into a game of "rounders" in which Captain Hughes showed a fine turn of speed and grand falling powers. One lady qualified as a "point" in any first class lady's cricketing eleven by the magnificient way in which she held a sharp catch.

The Garrison Class have, we trust, successfully had their final encounter with the examination papers and have scattered to the various parts of the Empire. They were a singularly unlucky lot as far as health went, as hardly one of them escaped being laid up by sickness at one time or another.

Why is an H, all the difference between the Garrison Class and The Buffs' night march?

Do you gub it up Massa Johnson?

Because one was all hill and the others were all ill.

There have been two Gymkhanas during the month neither of which was distinguished by any startling novelties, for we had a quoit competition last year; but as our sporting scribes, with the exception of The Hermit, cannot be induced to put pen to paper and as we, the Editor, were forced by business of the highest importance (an attempt to get the rent of the theatre out of the manager of a dramatic company) to be over at Naini Tal on both occasions, we cannot give detailed descriptions.

The combined attractions of drinking tea and seeing other people try to hurt each other brought the whole of the station down to the parade-ground on the occasion of the matches, "Officers *v.* Men" and that against Almora, and the clapping of hands which followed a good charge or a successful run up showed that our ladies are becoming good judges of the game. In the match against the men, of which the Officers got slightly the best, some of the aforesaid Officers were lured on the ground by a statement that they had only to play two ten-minutes, whereas they had to play two twenty-fives. At the end of the game some of them were so done that a small child might have assaulted them with impunity.

A CONVERSAZIONE.

On Thursday, the 26th a novelty, in the shape of a conversazione was held at the Station Club. We had expected, from the name, to find everything Italian but instead of Neapolitan ices and macaroni the guests were regaled with tea and bread and butter and other English luxuries, there were no brigands or beggars on hand and the talking, which went on merrily through most of the songs, was the most fluent Anglo Saxon. Major Benson, "the teacher" from Naini Tal sang two songs and was encored in both. The Ambassador lifted up his voice in sentiment; Mrs. Bayard, Mrs. Reeves and Miss M. Lang all sang successfully; Miss Cole played a solo and took a share in a duet. Two glees were sung—the second one "All among the barley" being Wagnerian in its discord—and Mrs. Glascow and Major Newnham-Davis recited. The non-dancing part of the Station then went home, thinking that they had had a good eight annas worth. But the dancers kept it up some time later.

Major Newnham-Davis has been appointed Acting Garrison Instructor. The report that he intends to substitute lectures on Elocution for those on Military Law, Scene Painting for Surveying, and the elements of the Art of Acting for the Minor Tactics, is untrue.

NOTICE.

The Details are giving an entertainment next month viz., on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th, and judging from their programme, it will be rather a long evening. The pieces selected are "The Blossom of Churnington Green" and "Roast-em-Alive.' There will also be singing &c., during the interlude.

Digitized by Google

MUSKETRY.

The figure of merit of Letter "F" Company is as follows:—

Range Individual ..... 145.93.
Independent and Volleys ... 80,56.

CLASSIFICATION:—

Marksmen	25
1st Class Shots ...	34
2nd „ „	31
3rd „ „	7
Total	97

BADGES ON DISTINCTION.

Pte. Puxton as best Marksman,... Gold Guns.

Worsted Guns as Marksmen:—

Col.-Sergt. F. Andrews	Pte. W. Cross
Pte. P. Taylor	„ B. Sayer
„ W. Benge	„ J. Sayer
Lc.-Corpl, E. Bing	Sergt. E. Smith
Pte. A. Smith	Pte. G. Munday
Lc.-Corpl. G. Jubb	Corpl. T. Green
Pte. F. Richards	Pte. E. Pitcher
„ R. Sheehy	„ J. Brewer
Lc.-Corpl. J. Mansfield	„ J. Brown
Pte. S. Saunders	„ F. Williams
„ A. Cheeseman	„ W. Tweed
Sergt. T. Hoar	Lc.-Corpl. J. Standard

PRIZES.

The following prizes for the Musketry season 1888-89 have been sanctioned by the General Officer Commanding, and awarded to the undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officers and men of Letter "B" Company:—

No. 904, Pte. W. Ware Best Shot of Company £2 10s.

Ten per cent of the Best Shots of Company 10s, each:

Lc.-Corpl. A. H, Baker	Pte. E. Russell
Pte. G. Childs	„ E. Wigley
„ C. Munson	„ G. Ward
„ H. Mitchell	„ G. Riley
„ G. Withers	„ J. Eaton

No. 875, Corpl. J. Patten, Section Commander of best Section in Exercise *(f)* Field Practice, 5s.

Best Section in *(f)* Field Practice, 3s. each.—

Lc.-Corpl. A. H. Baker	Pte. J. McGinnell
Pte. Attaway	„ J. Parker
„ J. Berry	„ A. Reed
„ A. Bramble	„ W. Ryan
„ J Chadwick	„ J. Steele
„ R. Collins	„ W. Tebboth
„ W. Davis	„ G. Watson
„ A, Larkins	„ C. Yeo

Letter "E" Company year 1888-9:—

Best Shot of Company, Corpl. Evans £2 10s.

Best Shot of Sergeants, Sergt. Summers £1.

Ten per cent of the best Shots of Company 10s. each.—

Pte, J. E. Seager	Pte. A. Smith
„ A. Brown	„ B. Chesson
„ G. Spencer	„ C. Lyons
„ W. Percival	„ H, Williams
„ G. A. Brown	„ I. Taylor
Pte. T. Arthur.	

Section Commander of best Section in *(e)* and *(f)* Field Practice, Sergt. Webster 5s.

Best Section in *(e)* and *(f)* Practices, 3s. each:—

Pte. G. Kluckner	Pte. A. Chapman
„ M. McCann	„ R. Edmonds
„ J. Palmer	„ A. J. Hawkes
„ G. Raven	„ F. Lapatina
„ J. Smee.	„ J. Saunders
„ H. Stevens	„ F. Smee
„ J. Waters	„ J. Straw
Corpl. T. Evans	„ W. Waterman

SHOOTING MATCH.

CORPORALS *v.* SERGEANTS.

This match was fired on the 30th June last and resulted in a win for the Corporals by eleven points. The scores were not very brilliant, owing, no doubt, to the very strong wind blowing. Conditions:—200, 500 and 600 yards, 7 rounds each distance, Regulation figure targets.

CORPORALS.		SERGEANTS.	
Corpl. Greenland	67	Col.-Sergt. Andrews	61
„ Evans	61	Sergt.-Major Cook	61
„ Baker	59	Sergeant Watts	59
„ Rollins	56	„ Laing	54
„ Fisher	55	„ Hoar	54
„ Higgins	54	„ Cheal	54
„ Compton	53	Col.-Sergt. Bennell	50
„ Kent	50	Sergeant Summers	49
„ Reynolds	49	„ Brain	47
„ Stevens	39	„ White	43
Total	543	Total	532

"D" COMPANY *v.* THE CORPORALS.

This match came off on the 9th inst.. and resulted in a win for the Corporals by 80 points. "D" Company's registers mysteriously disappeared, like some of their bullets, so their scores cannot be published. Distances 200, 500 and 600 yards. Targets Regulation. The Corporals scored as under:—

Corporal Evans	74
„ Greenland	67
„ Rollins	61
„ Baker	60
„ Compton	60

Digitized by Google

Corporal	Kent	59
„	Alexander	59
„	Boyles	58
„	Locke	52
„	Jubb	48
	Total	598

CORPORALS *v.* "C" COMPANY.

This match came off on the 2nd inst., in favor of the Corporals by 60 points. Regulation figure Targets, Distances 200, 500 and 600 yards, 7 rounds at each. Scores:—

CORPORALS.			"C" COMPANY.		
Corporal	Baker	68	Sergt.	Stonebridge	63
„	Alexander	64	Pte.	Pearce	61
„	Jubb	62	„	Patterson	60
„	Kent	61	„	Marshall	57
„	Greenland	61	„	Kent	56
„	Evans	60	Col.-Sergt.	Butler	52
„	Reynolds	57	Pte.	McStea	51
„	Mansfield	55	Sergt.	Brain	43
„	Bing	52	„	White	37
	Total	540		Total	480

CORPORALS *v.* "F" COMPANY.

This match was fired on the 21st inst., and resulted in a win for the Corporals by 69 points. Distances 200, 500 and 600 yards. Regulation target and marking. Scores:—

CORPORALS.			"F" COMPANY.		
Corporal	Evans	72	Pte.	Puxton	67
„	Baker	69	Lc.-Cpl.	Jubb	65
„	Kent	67	Pte.	Taylor	62
„	Alexander	64	Col.-Sergt.	Andrews	62
„	Compton	63	Pte.	Mitchell	60
„	Donnelly	63	„	Benge	56
„	Boyles	59	„	Sheehy	53
„	Higgins	57	„	A. Smith	52
„	Locke	57	Sergt.	Smith	51
„	Greenland	56	Lc.-Cpl.	Standard	30
	Total	627		Total	558

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

Capt. H. Blackburn and Lieut. G. G. Hunter have been awarded School of Musketry certificates, 9-5-88.

Sergt. G. Avis appointed Regtl. Librarian, 1-6-88.

Major H. D. Harrisson promoted to Lieut.-Colonel, 21-5-88.

The undermentioned Volunteers have received Burmah medals and clasps:—
2383, Pte. M. Buckley, 2384, Pte. S. George, 2385, Pte. E. Towner, (2386, Pte. J. West, clasp only).

The undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officers and men have re-engaged to complete 21 years:—

1403, Sergt. E. Breen.
1112, Band-Sergt. T. Steele.
1030. Pte. J. Franklin.

No. 62, Pte. J. Chapman has extended his service to complete 12 years.

No. 1902, Pte. E. Smith changed his name to David Benton.

Lieut.-Col. and Col. F. Morley having completed 5years in Command of 63rd Regimental District, is placed upon half pay, dated 12-7-88.

The undermentioned men have become entitled to Good Conduct Pay:—

Private	W. Becket	at	4d.	16-6-88.
Lc.-Corpl.	J. Fisher	„	3d.	7-5-88.
Private	W. Gilbert	„	3d.	14-6-88.
„	H. Lindsay	„	1d.	8-6-88.
„	W. Dyke	„	2d.	20-6-88.
„	A. Golder	„	1d.	24-6-88.
„	S. Bailey	„	2d	28-6-88.
„	J. Ball	„	2d.	1-6-88.
„	G. Howlett	„	2d,	29-6-88.
„	J. Pearson	„	1d.	15-5-88.
„	O. Taylor	„	2d.	23-6-88.
„	J. Wilson	„	2d.	13-4-88.
„	C. A. Adams	„	1d.	29-6-88.
„	F. Martin	„	2d.	1-5-88.
„	J. Mackenzie	„	1d.	21-12-87.
„	F. Nash	„	1d.	25-4-88.
„	A. J. Cooper	„	2d.	1-6-88.
„	R. Hannaford	„	2d.	5-6-88.

Col. H. D. Harrison posted to 1st Battalion, and is expected to arrive on or about the 10th August.

Major A. E. Ommaney posted to 1st Battalion.

Captain J. Hughes posted to 2nd Battalion.

Sergt. G. Brewin has been awarded a certificate for telegraphy.

Digitized by Google

DEPOT NEWS.

Corpl. E. J. Parsons has been finally discharged as "unfit" with 8d. per day for fifteen months. Dated 29-5-88.

Territorial numbers have been assigned to the undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officer and men serving with the 1st Battalion, on re-engagement:—

Sergt. F. Bovenzer, (East Kent 1909).
Pte. S. Else („ „ 2586).
„ J. Towers („ „ 2587).

Proposed Rules For The Regimental Rifle Club.

1. The Club to be under the general superintendence of the Officer Commanding the Battalion.

2. Its principal object is to provide its members with a plentiful supply of free or cheap ammunition whereby Rifle Shooting will be much encouraged. It will further endeavour to promote Match Shooting, and to give amusement to all ranks.

3. Membership will be of great advantage to all who are anxious to excel in Rifle Shooting, on account of the facilities afforded for the purchase of cheap ammunition and of the assistance, which will, when practicable, be afforded to members wishing to enter for the Bengal Presidency Rifle Association or other extra Regimental matches.

4. The Club shall be maintained, 1st by such donations from the surplus of the Canteen Fund, Lead and Cartridge Case Fund at about Rs. 120 a month or any other available fund as the Officer Commanding may think fit to apply to the encouragement of good shooting, 2nd by the subscriptions of members.

5. Subscriptions shall be monthly as follows:—

	Rs.	A.	P.
Commanding Officer	10	0	0
Other Field Officers	5	0	0
Captains	3	0	0
Subalterns	2	0	0
Sergeants and Paid Lance-Sergeants	0	5	0
Lance-Sergeants and Corporals	0	4	0
Lance-Corporals and Privates	0	3	0

This income shall be expended in prizes or for the purchase of ammunition, as decided by the Committee.

6. The affairs of the Club shall be managed by a committee consisting of the Officer second in Command, the Adjutant and another Officer. This committee shall be assisted by an executive committee, consisting of Color-Sergeants of companies.

7. The members shall be divided into three classes as follows:—

Class A ... Marksmen and 1st class shots.
„ B ... ... 2nd „ „
„ C ... ... 3rd „ „

The classification to be arrived at in the first instance by the results of the last annual course.

8. The several classes shall, as a rule shoot separately and each class shall receive an equal proportion of prizes. Should it be necessary for any reason that two classes should fire together, those in the lower grade will receive a handicap of points. If possible this handicap shall be decided before leaving Barracks, by the Committee, in any case it must he decided before firing by the senior Officer superintending the match.

9. Winners of prizes may be promoted into a higher class, or be handicapped until further notice, at the discretion of the Committee.

10. The following scale of handicaps has been found satisfactory.—

A winner of a 1st prize in the 1st class, 3 points for three months.

Do. do. 2nd „ „ „ „ 2 points for two months.

Other winners in 1st class 1 point for one month. A winner of a prize in the 2nd class shall be placed in the 1st class on the decision of the Committee. Similarly, a winner of a prize in the 3rd class shall be promoted to the 2nd class.

Should a member win a second prize before the date of his handicap has elapsed, it will rest with the Committee whether or no he shall be still further penalized.

11. Ties will be decided by the rules of the Bengal Presidency Rifle Association.

12. The rules regarding Range Practice will be in accordance with those laid down in the Musketry Regulations.

13. Each member of the Shooting Club to be allowed to fire 100 rounds of ammunition free, yearly. Should any member choose to fire more, he will be charged for it at a rate which will be published in Regimental Orders. Members leaving the Regiment will receive credit for rounds of the free grant, which they have been unable to fire, but no credit will be given for ammunition unexpended, provided opportunity of firing it, has been afforded.

14. A book will be kept by the Adjutant or by a N.-C. Officer acting under the orders of the Committee which will contain a correct roll of members of the Club by Companies. It will also show against each member's name the amount of ammunition he has expended giving dates.

15. An account book will be similarly kept, showing all subscriptions, donations and grants received; the sums expended in the purchase of ammunition, and issues of the same for Club practice, as made from day to day.

Digitized by Google

16. To afford members every possible opportunity of frequent practice, each Company will, during the hot weather, have leave off parade twice a month for the purpose of shooting.

17. Any man wishing leave from parade for the purpose of shooting, on some day other than that detailed for his Company, will send in his name through the Pay-Sergt., for the sanction of the Officer Commanding his Company. A man wishing to fire on any evening that match shooting is taking place will be excused from attending afternoon parade on giving his name to the Orderly Sergeant of his Company.

18. Thursday will, as a rule, be set apart for pool shooting.

19. At times set apart for shooting, ammunition will be provided on the range, and will be under charge of a N.-C. Officer specially detailed, who will take receipts from the Company Sergeants, for the amount issued to their respective Companies. These receipts together with the balance of ammunition unissued will be rendered to the N.-C. Officer in charge of Club stores.

20. The Company N.-C. Officers to whom issues are made are responsible that every unexpended round is given up and returned to N.-C. Officer in charge of the ammunition, and men are on no account to be permitted to keep any portion of the ammunition issued to them for practice on another occasion. Miss-fires must also be returned.

21. Prizes may be competed for as the state of the funds may, from time to time, admit, monthly if possible, the object being to give many small instead of few large prizes.

22. It should always be borne in mind that all classes of shots should have a good chance of winning something. When the subscriptions of the many are spent in prizes for the few, the popularity of the Rifle Club will hardly be maintained.

SHOOTING IN THE HIMALAYS.

(CONTINUED FROM No. 15).

Of all game birds a cock moonal is by far the handsomest I have ever met with. It is a grand sight to see him rise from a crag and with his wings half closed soar across the deep valley below, the sun shining on his brilliant plumage and showing off the varied tints to perfection. I got my shikari to skin me a good specimen which I have since sent to England to be preserved. A full grown cock bird weighs 6½lb and the female about a pound less. At a height of 9000 feet there were rhododendrons with white blossom, several varieties of flowering shrubs, as well as orchids, all of which were familiar to me though I am not a sufficient botanist to give them their proper names. There was also a tree called by the natives "bhoje-putter," the white bark of which they use for writing paper.

At the summit of Donigiri (12000 feet) we came across a deserted village, close to which I pitched my camp, having previously had a place swept clear of snow which was then over 9 inches deep. The next day (28th April) when my shikari called me in the morning I felt too seedy to go out, so sent him off to prospect by himself. I had caught a chill the evening before, and in addition, being rather tired, I determined to lay by and rest for the day. Fortunately my dâk-coolie from Ranikhet turned up with letters and papers which helped me to kill the time. Instead of being any better next morning, I found myself considerably worse and extremely weak, and to add to my vexation, the shikari came in and said there was a flock of five burrhel within a mile of camp. I made an effort to get up and went out, but failed to get more than a hundred yards and then returned to my tent, determined that next morning, by hook or by crook, I would descend to the valley and remain there till I felt better.

During the night and up till daylight of the 30th, the snow fell heavily. I thought my little field-service tent would have been smothered—in fact had I not called up my servants to beat the snow off the outer fly, the whole concern would have collapsed. It had however the good effect of making the tent very warm inside. As soon as we had extricated everything, that had been covered up by the snow, we commenced our descent. My bearer was most anxious to improvise me a dhooly, but I set my face against this proposal, preferring to go on my own legs, and by dint of resting a good many times, finally reached the camping ground below, feeling considerably exhausted.

Two days I remained here, and I pulled round so rapidly that by the 2nd May I was ready to march again. I had been deliberating about returning to the snow, but at length decided to go back part of the way to Joshimath, and branch off up towards mount Ramri, where my shikari said I should find some burrhel. This I eventually found to be utterly false and simply a ruse on his part, to get me into a locality that suited his convenience better.

Digitized by Google

On the way to Serai-tota, there was a very unpleasant piece of road, about a quarter of a mile in length, along which we had to run the gauntlet of huge stones and pieces of rock, which, disturbed by recent rains, kept dashing to the ground from the precipice above. There was no avoiding them but to keep close under the cliff and run like a red shank. I bargained with a Bhootiah for some Yak's tails and although I beat him down to a quarter, I still paid more for them than I should have done; they make excellent "chaoris," or fly whisks, and used to be considered one of the emblems of royalty; they are very much prized in the plains. The white tails which are brought for sale are those of the tame Yak; tails of the wild species are black and of much greater size.

While at Tappobund I left part of my camp standing, and crossed over the valley to the range of hills opposite, to a place called Neelap, where I hunted a couple of days, without any success, for thar. I missed a snap shot at a musk deer, or better known as the "Kustoora" of the natives. I was very annoyed with myself as it was through utter carelessness, and the more to be regretted as I didn't see another one during my leave. From Tappobund I marched to Kulhave on the 5th May, a very steep ascent for eight miles. The camping ground was covered over with frozen snow. We passed a very miserable night, the cold being intense.

Starting next morning, soon after six o'clock we continued our uphill route, two miles further through heavy snow, when we reached the Kuari Pass, (12700 feet). On the other side, there was a steep descent, our path leading through most lovely jungles of rhododendrons of every hue. There were several moonal about, one of which, a hen bird, I dropped, but should not have bagged it, except for my little spaniel, who very cleverly followed it up, and brought it to me. We reached Pana late in the afternoon; the camping ground was large and open, with excellent water, the best ground I had hitherto come across. A local shikari with very good chits came and offered his services. I engaged him, as the other man that I had, had bolted from me only the day previous. As there were several places close round that the shikari said held game, I determined to stop here a few days, and set the natives to work at making me a grand suite of apartments or "chuppers" built of bamboo, and thatched with branches and straw. My first day I got nothing, though I saw a gooral and several moonal. The next day, when returning after a long and unsuccessful morning, I spotted three thar and was for going after them, but the shikari advised remaining where we were, as he said the thar would be sure to feed in the evening in our direction. Four mortal hours did we wait, every now and then looking at our prey, who were lying down in the shade of some rocks opposite us, about 400 yards distant. At last, first one and then the other got up and stretched himself and commenced feeding but not towards us; no such luck, as they fed, so they rambled off in the opposite direction. The following morning, 8th May, I was off at daylight to the spot where we had seen the thar on the previous day, and sending the shikari round to where I thought they would probably be, I concealed myself behind a rock, hoping that the shikari would drive them towards me. From my position, I soon spotted the thar, whose numbers had increased to seven, and I could also see the shikari stalking round to them, although he couldn't see the thar nor they him. It was very curious to watch their first instinct of approaching danger, which they all seemed to catch at the same time. Yet they appeared uncertain both as to its cause and direction. Suddenly the shikari, who had worked his way up in a most masterly manner, appeared on the rocks about fifty feet above them. They paused from astonishment, for a moment only, and then bounded away helter skelter, but unfortunately they didn't pass near enough for me to give them a shot. In the evening I went out along the hills close to the camp, and peering over the edge of the khud, I saw, some 200 yards below me, a fine grown thar, standing well out and by itself. Not seeing any chance of getting closer to it, I laid down and took a steady pot-shot and had the satisfaction of seeing it tumble over. The coolies were an hour and a half before they returned with it, or rather what remained of it, for in its fall of some five or six hundred feet both horns were broken off, the flesh and bones were smashed up together and the skin was torn in several places.

Next morning turning out at three o'clock, I went to some hills, rather celebrated for thar,

Digitized by Google

known as the Luggun Range. I commenced with a shot at a gooral, which being hit only in the fore-leg, gave a most exciting chase, during which I had a very narrow escape of rolling to eternity, and was only saved by the merest accident. One thing I have learnt in this trip, that the person who intends to shoot thar must make up his mind to face a certain amount of risk, and that the man who is at all nervous in this respect, had much better give up the idea of thar altogether and try for some other game. The shikari will very soon discover whether or not the "Sahib" is nervous, and if he thinks he is, he will never take him along any but the safest paths, where he will in all probability find nothing.

I missed two rather easy running shots at thar, much to the annoyance of the shikari. On my way home I got a brace of Kallige pheasants with that most convenient of guns, Lancaster's "Colindian," equally good with shot or ball. Next day, being somewhat fagged from the previous day's exertions, I gave myself a Europe morning's rest, and did not go out till after a late breakfast. I struck my camp, and after seeing the coolies loaded up, I went off with my shikari to the same hills I had hunted the first day I came here. My shikari spotted four thar, all females, feeding down the khud some 300 yards below us, I picked out the largest and fired, but the bullet struck a rock close behind it, and off the whole lot scampered. Later on I saw two gooral, which I watched while they disappeared over the crest of a hill, as soon as they were out of sight, I followed, as rapidly as the ground permitted, to the place where they had vanished and looking over I saw them moving quietly down about 80 yards below. I missed with my first barrel, but with my second shot, I wounded one, which I followed up and again shot at, when not ten yards from me. Frail as these Indian chamois seem to be, they are really most tenacious of life. I have put no less than three express bullets into one before it has finally succumbed.

(To be continued).

SERGEANTS' QUADRILLE PARTY.

On the 6th inst-, under the able management of Col.-Sergt. Gardner, the Sergts. again held one of their Quadrille Parties, which may be mentioned as a success, everyone apparently enjoying her or himself in a hearty manner. It was very well attended by representatives of the Station, and during the first part was conspicuous by the number of Officers and ladies who honored the dance with their presence and added so much to the gaiety of the assembly and to the pleasure the Sergeants must have experienced in their entertainment. The band performed their part well, and in their selection of music and the manner in which the programme was carried out, assisted greatly in the enjoyment of all.

The remarks in last month's *Dragon*, relative to "Wall-flowers and verandah frequenters' as also to the bashful young men, still holds good, much remaining to be desired relative to their backwardness in coming forward in the entertainment of the lady visitors.

However it has been deemed a pleasurable success and it is to be hoped the Sergeants will again shine and favor us with just one more and soon.

QUADRILLE PARTIES,

The Regimental Dance Club gave their first Quadrille Party on the 29th ult., in the gymnasium, and it was not quite the success it might have been if the management had studied the comforts of their visitors a little more. The supper certainly was all that could be desired but the whole of the male members persistently dancing together in every dance was too bad, surely they might have made way for their lady visitors of whom there was not one too many. No doubt there will be an improvement next time, as by then the bashfulness will have worn off from the men, and the ladies will not be looking in vain for partners.

The assistant M.C. modestly kept out of sight but the pucka one was both seen and heard to advantage, particularly in the fourth figure of a set of Lancers.

Digitized by Google

Football.

The first match, Almora *v.* Officers of The Buffs, came off on Monday, the 9th July, at Ranikhet, and resulted in an easy win for the Officers by three goals, one corner to nil. Superhuman efforts were made for the losers by Lieut. Woodyatt, but their natural awe of a "Sahib" prevented the Gurkhas from shewing their real form, as instead of charging, they contented themselves with kicking wildly in the air. For the winners, Lieuts. Parry and Trollope played well, and the long kicks and powerful play of the "Surgeon General', were much admired. In the return match played at Almora, whether it was to being on their own ground, or to the energetic coaching of Lieut. Woodyatt in the interval between the two matches, the Gurkhas played up with great pluck and energy, and this combined with some really good play by Lieuts. Woodyatt and Anderson, gave the match in favor of Almora by three goals and one corner to one goal and a corner. Some plucky play was shewn for the losers by Mr. Cumberland, who played at a moment's notice to fill a vacancy. The Officers were without the powerful aid of Major Davis and Lieut. Lloyd, and two or three of the team were invalids *pro tem*, whether owing to natural causes, or the hospitality of Almora, which was unbounded, we cannot say, but it is to be hoped the final match will be in favor of the Officers.

SIDES.

OFFICERS.—Major Davis, Surgeon Bateson, Capt. Dauglish, Lieuts. Lloyd, Eustace, Eales, Stuart, Parry, Bell, Tarte, Hulke and Trollope.

In the 2nd match, Lieut. Bayard, Mr. Cumberland (played vice Major Davis) and Lieut. Stuart.

ALMORA.—Lieutenants. Woodyatt, Anderson, Rose, Savage, Mr. Court, Mr. Hawthorne and five Gurkhas.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

OFFICERS OF STATION *v.* "D" COMPY.

This match was played on the 14th inst., and resulted, after a good game, in favor of the Officers by 2 goals and 1 try to 1 goal and 1 try. Lieut. Eales kicked off for the Officers, and almost immediately Capt. Dauglish, by a good dribbling, got the first try for the Officers, the place at goal by Lieut. Bayard was however a failure, on play being resumed, the Officers again took the offensive, and some good play among their forwards resulted in Surgeon Hanley obtaining a second try which Lieut. Bell easily converted into a goal. Some even play ensued, chiefly in favor of the Company, whose training was begining to have effect but thanks to a good man and a neat drop kick by Lieut. Stainforth, a second goal was obtained for the Officers, the game after this was chiefly in the Officer's 25, some good play by the Companys' forwards resulted in Pte. Chalklin getting a try, the place at goal by Corpl. Davis was however a failure, soon after, Sergt. Underhill made a good run and passing cleverly to Corpl. Davis, the latter by a good run, ran clean round, the place kick by Pte. Reese resulted in an easy goal. For the first quarter, the Company were playing four or five men short, during which time the Officers scored two out of their three tries, but in the latter half the game was very evenly contested. Besides those mentioned, Ptes. Hoare, Gates and Hills for the Company, Lieuts. Bayard, Parry and Surgeon Hanley for the Officers were conspicuous. The teams were as follows:—

OFFICERS			"D" COMPY.		
Lieut	Eales	½ Back	Sergt.	Underhill	½ Back.
,,	Lloyd	,,	Pte.	Gates	,,
,,	Greenway	¾ Back	Corpl.	Davis	¾ Back,
,,	Parry	,,	Pte.	Rankin	,,
,,	Stainforth	,,	,,	Hills	,,
,,	Bayard	Back	,,	Hills, H.	Back.
Capt.	Dauglish	Forward	,,	Reese	Forward.
Surgeon	Bateson	,,	,,	Vickers	,,
,,	Hanley	,,	,,	Chalklin	,,
Lieut.	Bell	,,	,,	Taylor	,,
,,	Tarte	,,	,,	Hoare	,,
,,	Hulke	,,	,,	Simmonds	,,
,,	Pearson	,,	,,	Parker	,,
,,	Hall	,,	,,	Court	,,
,,	Else	,,	,,	May	,,

"D" COMPANY *v.* CORPORALS.

On the 13th July, the return Rugby football match was played between the Corporals and "D" Company. This time the weather was more favorable, and play altogether faster than in their former game. The Corporals scored almost immediately by a sharp touch down, run in by Corpl. Hilderbrand, and turned to a goal by Corpl. Stirke. "D" Company were very strong in the scrimmages, but this was made up

Digitized by Google

for by the excellent running powers of their abversaries' three quarter-backs. Some very excellent play was then done by Pte. Gallagher, for his Company, who as usual was in good form. Another try was then scored by the Corporals, run in by Corpl. Hilderbrand. The Company then scored two tries, when a run up the field by the Corporals' three-quarter backs (in which most splendid passing took place), would have scored for their side, but for a dispute, and at the finale, "D" Company got another try, in the "unique" fashion of a man in the scrimmag, taking a ball past the goal line on his hands and knees, in spite of his being a three-quarter back, and although the two umpires gave it five yards out, no notice was taken of it. Corpl. Alexander was very conspicuous in a tremendous pair of Jack Boots. The game ended in a victory for the Corporals by a goal and a try to three tries.

The following are the teams:—

Corporals.		"D" Compy.	
Corpl. Reynolds	Full Back	Pte. W. Hills	Full Back.
„ Hilderbrand	¾ Back	„ Gallagher	¾ Back,
„ Davis	„	„ H. Hills	„
„ Cork	„	„ Reese	„
„ Behrens	½ Back	Sgt. Underhill	¾ Back.
„ Stirke	„	Pte. Gates	„
„ Peach	Forward	„ Taylor	Forward.
„ Crumby	„	„ Hoare	„
„ Alexander	„	„ Evans	„
„ Smee	„	„ Simmonds	„
„ Compton	„	„ Vickers	„
„ Aitkin	„	„ May	„
„ Baker	„	„ Wilson	„
„ Hickmott	„	„ Chalklin	„
„ Carnell	„		

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

A match under the above rules was played on the 24th June, 1888, between Letters "H" and "E" Companies, for the Association Challenge Cup, and ended in a draw owing to the men of both Companies being tired.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

A match under the above rules was played on the 7th July, 1888, between Letters "H" and "E" Companies, for the Association Challenge Cup, and ended in an easy victory for "H" Company by 4 goals to none.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

A football match, under the above rules, was played on the 29th June, 1888, between "G" and "H" Companies, and ended in a victory for "H" Company by 2 goals to 1 try.

A football match, under the above rules, was played on the 7th July, 1888, between "B" and "H" Companies, and ended in a victory for "H" Company by 5 tries to none.

SPORT.

It has been notified for general information that the earliest dates for which the undermentioned game birds can be shot, are:—

Chicar	12th August
Other Partridges	1st September
Pheasants	15th September.

APOLOGY.

The Editor offers his apologies to all Subscribers to this renowned paper who reside in England, on account of his worthy Sub: (who evidently must gave been suffering from the intense heat last month) only putting one nine-pie stamp instead of two on each of last month's *Dragons*. However, to obviate any inconvenience the public at home have been put to, he will have *three* nine-pie stamps put on each paper this month.

The undermentioned amounts have been deposited in, or withdrawn from the Regtl. Savings Bank, during the month of July, 1888:

	Deposits			Withdrawals.		
A Company	663	8	0	15	0	9
B „	390	0	0	54	3	7
C „	410	0	0	318	0	4
D „	342	0	0	215	3	0
E „	292	0	0	753	1	11
F „	486	0	0	98	11	1
G „	302	0	0	405	9	9
H „	272	0	0	100	15	3
Total Rs	2247	8	0	Rs2030	13	8

Digitized by Google

The final football match for the Assobiation Cup has been won by Letter "H" Company.

CRICKET.

"F" COMPANY *v.* DRUMMERS.

This match was played at Ranikhet, and resulted in a win for "F" Company by 55 runs. The scores were as follows:—

"F" COMPANY.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.
Pte.	Bates, c Davis b Manvill	14	c Hollingdale b Manvill	9
,,	Veal, b Manvill	13	c Harrison b Davis	5
Corpl.	Carnell, b Manvill	0	b Harrison	5
Sergt.	Hoar, b do.	7	b do.	4
Pte.	Knight, b do.	7	c Hollingdale b Dillon	1
,,	Morris, not out	32	c Manvill b Dillon	15
,,	Read, c Davis b Manvill	4	c Hollingdale b Dillon	11
,,	Spinner, b Manvill	7	stmp. Cullen b Harrison	0
,,	Mundy, run out	1	run out	5
,,	Aust, c Johnson b Manvill	2	b Davis	39
,,	Broom, b Dillon	0	c Hollingdale b Manvill	0
	Extras	0	Extras	3
	Total	87	Total	97

DRUMMERS.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.
Drmr.	Cullen, stumped Knight b Read	12	b Veal	0
,,	Hollingdale, b Read	1	not out	1
,,	Harrison, b Read	0	b Read	3
,,	Gray, b Morris	1	b Veal	0
,,	Dillon, c Carnell b Morris	0	b Knight	0
,,	Strutt, c Veal b Morris	16	b Veal	11
,,	Johnson, run out	6	c Hoar b Knight	12
,,	Manvill, not out	8	b Read	13
,,	Davis, b Morris	3	run out	7
,,	Paine, c Wenman b Morris	0	b Veal	6
,,	Mewett, b Morris	9	b Read	10
	Extras	2	Extras	8
	Total	58	Total	71

"H" COMPANYS' SMOKING CONCERT.

It is a bit rough that when the Editor of this influencial journal has settled down in the most comfortable arm-chair in the ante-room for his usual Sunday afternoon's comtemplation of his sins of the week—this religious exercise is generally gone through with closed eyes—he should suddenly be roused by a request from his Color-Sergeant to write an account of his Company's Smoking Concert. However, the few gems of phraseology which were showered upon the Chuprassie, who demanded an instant answer, were a relief. Now to business. The date. it was the 27th, the *raison d'etre*, the winning of the Association Challenge Cup, the letter of the Company, "H," and the place of assembly, the Company's bungalow. As will be seen from the programme, printed below, there was a goodly variety and throughout there was not a bad singer or a bad song. The room was tastefully decorated by Col.-Sergt. Tomsett, Corpl. Cork and Pte Leabourne, and, under the chairmanship of the aforesaid Color-Sergeant, the order which was kept would have given a lesson to most of the aristocratic Smoking Concerts in London. There was plenty of "the brewer," the ventilation of the room was all that could be wished, the whiskies and soda were not too strong; but just strong enough, and the programme was supplemented by songs from the Adjutant and Pte. Haley and speeches by Capt. Pattenson, the celebrated Hermit Orator and Lieut. Tarte, the latter effusion being short and sweet, Mr. Greene kindly played the accompaniments.

PART I.

Song..... Chinese Bum-boat Man .....Pte. T. Richards
,, ... Chased in the Clouds .....Corpl. Cork,
,, ... The Bold Fisherman .....Pte. J. Harding
,, ... Twenty Years Ago ..... ,, R. Clinton
Recitation... The Midnight Charge at Kasassin .....Major N. Newnham-Davis
Song..... To be There .....J. B. Hulke Esq.
,, ... The Ballyhooly Horse .....C. K. Greene Esq.
,, ...Surgeon Hanley
,, ... They are all getting Married but Me ...Pte. M. Duddy
,, ... Stolen Kisses .....Col.Sergt. Tomsett
,, ... The White Squall .....Pte. E. A. Beilby
,, ... The Harbour Lights .....Pte. F. Greenslade
,, ... The Marseillaise .....Corpl. J. Buckley

PART II.

Song..... I can't get at it ..... Sergt. A. Batty
,, ... All very fine and large ..... Lieut. Hulke
Duet..... The Moochers .....Corpl. Cork & Pte. R. North
Song.....On Tramp .....Pte. T. Richards
,, ... John Malone ..... ,, R, Clinton
,, ... The Butcher Boy ..... ,, J. Harding
,, ...Philadelphia..... C. K. Greene Esq.
,, ...The Ship that never returne d...Pte. Bloomfield
,, ...Shamrock.....Corpl. J. Buckley
,, ...Schnider how you Vas.....Pte. M. Duddy
,, ...Finnigan's Wake..... ,, M. Connery
,, ...Mr. Bull can you wonder at crime...Pte. R. North

VARIETIES.

A few days ago, at a school in Ranikhet, the Schoolmaster asked a little boy from the Half Moon Barracks "what is Ceylon celebrated for?" the boy remained silent, "don't you know where coffee comes from" thundered the Schoolmaster, "Oh yes Sir!" replied the boy, "we borrow it from Mrs. O'Kelly, who lives next door.

Scene:—Billiard Room, Sergeants' Mess, (paucity of decent sixed cues.
Visitor's log:—
"I can't Play a stroke with this cue." Shure its only the size of a bhit of sthick.

Digitized by Google

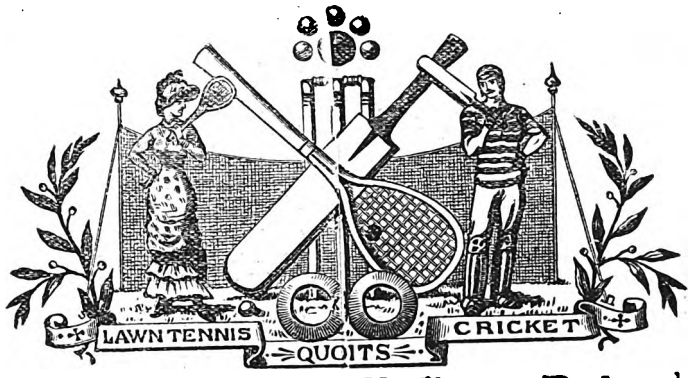
MURRAY & Co.

LUCKNOW AND NAINI TAL.

CRICKETING GEAR, LAWN TENNIS & SPORTING REQUISITES.

LILLYWHITE, FROWD AND C'OS. AND DUKE AND SON'S CRICKETING MATERIAL.

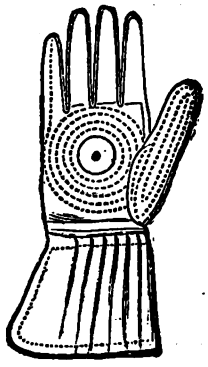
AYRES', JEFFERIES' SLAZENGERS' & TATES' LAWN TENNIS GEAR, GRAY AND JEFFERIES' RACQUETS.



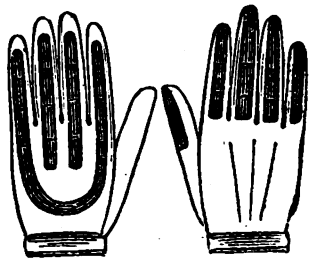
CRICKET MATERIAL.

Of the very best quality, well seasoned and specially selected for the Indian Market.

James Lillywhite Frowd & Co's. Cane-handle Bats, are universally acknowledged to be the best made. From their general experience as Players and Manufacturers they are enabled to bring sound practical knowledge to bear upon the manufacture of Bats. Murray & Co. have always in stock a large & carefully selected assortment of these bats, and can with perfect confidence recommend them to their constituents.

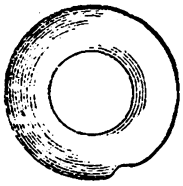


Lillywhites' Full Cane Bats.
Lillywhite's Double Cane Bats.
Duke's Full Cane Bats.
Lillywhite's Single Cane Bats.
Well-seasoned Practice Bats.
Stumps & Bails brass mounted & iron shod.
Stumps & Bails brass mounted.
Duke's Treble-seam Match Balls.
Duke's Double-seam Practice Balls.
Cobbler-sewn Cricket Balls, Re. 1 each.



Foot-Balls of the best quality Rubber, covered with leather.

No. 5—Association or Rugby pattern. No. 6—Association or Rugby pattern, Extra Bladders for same, and Foot-ball Rules.



QUOITS—FINE BRIGHT STEEL.

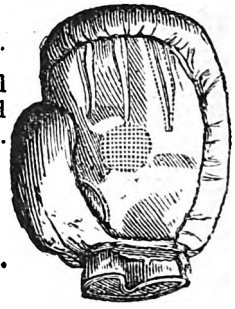
In sets of four with pins—5lb. 6lb & 7lb.

LAWN TENNIS GEAR

From the very best makers, and none but the very best quality imported.

BOXING GLOVES.

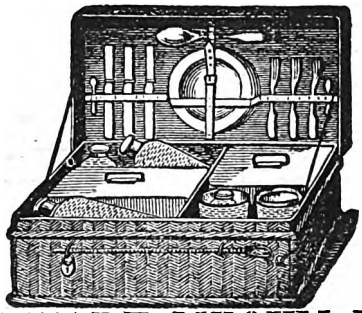
In sets of four stuffed with carefully selected Horse-hair Nos. 3, 4, 6.



Ayre's Cedar.handled Champion Bats. Slaxenger's "The Demon" Racquet Bat.
Ayre's Champion Tennis Balls &c., &c.

POLO ROGER'S ACME POLO STICKS, RACQUET, BADMINTON.

Oil Cooking Stoves,
Enamelled Ware,
Camp Bedsteads,
Pocket Filters,
Tiffin Baskets,
Game Utensils,
Canteens,



In-door Games.
Bezique,
Cribbage,
Chess,
Draughts,
Dominoes,
Race Games.
Sporting Ammunition.

SPORTMANS' VADE MECUM FREE BY POST.

MURRAY & CO.

Re-printed at The Buffs' Regimental Press—Dum Dum.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

EAST KENT CHRONICLE,

A Paper for the Men of The Buffs.

No. 17 Ranikhet, August 31st, 1888. Price 2 Annas.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTHS.

WEST.—At Ranikhet, on the 4th inst., the wife of No 2386 Pte. John West, of twins (Boy and Girl).

MARRIAGE.

STEELE.—At Chaubuttia, on the 15th inst., Band-Sergeant Thomas Steele to Marion Macready of this station.

DEATHS.

GARDNER.—At Ranikhet, on the 2nd inst., Col.-Sergt. F. Gardner, aged 26, of enteric fever.

WEST.—At Ranikhet, on the 1st inst., Annie West, daughter of No. 2386, Pte. John West.

GOBLE.—At Ranikhet, on the 7th inst., No. 953, Pte. H. Goble, of enteric fever.

CRUTTENDEN.—At Ranikhet, on the 13th inst, No., 1498, Pte. J. Cruttenden, of enteric fever.

Notes.

Sanitas Sanitatium, omnia Sanitas. We have so much sanitation to record this month that we are seriously thinking of changing the second title of the paper to the East Kent Lancet.

We publish a treatise on "The Preservation of Health" by C. R.—the initials should disclose the name of the author—which should be read through by every man in the battalion. It is all plain common sense and, if only the ordinary precautions are taken, Enteric Fever and other minor miseries should be non-existent.

On the 17th, Col. Hart delivered a lecture on "Sanitation and Health as a Military Subject." The lecture had more heads than the Hydra, but in spite of the formidable array of subjects to be touched on, which were recorded in the synopsis (good word that!) Col. Hart only occupied an hour and a quarter in its delivery. At first the lecturer did not warm to his subject and it did not seem that we were going to have a very lively evening; but, after the statement "that the stomach was the worst place to shoot rubbish into" had been received with uproarious laughter by the festive subalterns in the front row, matters grew more interesting; "Rations" and "How the soldier may be cheated" were listened to by Thomas Atkins with much appreciation; the teetotalers warmly applauded the statement "that intemperance was the shortest road to the grave in India;" and the lecture concluded amidst much clapping of hands.

Digitized by Google

Col. Hamilton thanked Col. Hart on behalf of the audience, telling us an anecdote about the behaviour of a revered aunt during the Sunday sermon, and then the blushing Surgeon Hanley ascended the stage and was received with loud cries of "Moriarity!" by the audience, who thought they had got to the singing at last. But there was no music at hand, so we were treated to a little poem about the skin—Without a Within—instead. Dr. Moriarity should have it set to music and sing it as an "encore." Dr. Mally concluded the proceedings by a spirited speech about nothing in particular.

We publish the following as a kindly warning to Boccus Ram, whoever the gentleman may be. How a wood-cart can bloom is beyond us, but the author must know how it is done, or he wouldn't have written it.

LINES ON THE OVERTHROW OF THREE WOODCARTS.

There stood three blooming wood-carts on the road by night and day,
Full many a sub. has fallen returning home that way.
"The deuce take all these woodcarts—and are we then to fall?
"And stand do all these wood-carts? "To arms! To arms! they call.
How are the mighty fallen! Lo, where the wood-carts stood
Nought now is seen but chaos, and chips of broken wood.
Then wisely thought Boccus Ram, the owner, cute was he,
"Those Sahib lŏg have done the deed, no poorer need I be."
"I make complaint to Colonel Sahib—he plenty—plenty jaw."
"The Sahibs will get a wigging and I rupees galore,
But, when the carts were vetted, no damage there was seen!
Then shouted all the subbies, right glad were they I ween.
Each sub received a wigging, and bore it like a man;
But, if they ever catch him—Look out oh Boccus Ram.

We thought that our friends the Good Templars had either boycotted us or had been too earnest in the conversion of John Blunt to find time to let us know of their doings; but we are glad to find, from the letter published elsewhere, that the "Hope and Perseverance Lodge" is flourishing, and we sincerely hope that they may have many of the pleasant evenings that they are looking forward to.

Bye the way a scribe reporting Col. Hart's speech, at the recent successful meeting, for the "Good Templars," represented him as saying that he, the respected Officer Comdg. the District, and his father, the well known General, had indulged in the luxury of an obstacle race round the barrack room encouraged thereto by Thomas Atkins, of the period, drunk, and with a loaded rifle. What the Colonel really did do, was to describe the scenes which were common in the barrack room during the last generation and even in ours. Humour and imagination are fine qualities but it is advisable not to introduce them into the report of a speech.

True stories about great men are always interesting and here is one anent the Senior Staff Officer of the District.

He was fitting clothing when stationed at Roorkee. One of the men of the company came in with his coat unfastened. "Wont it fasten," said the Major, "Oh yes Sir," "Then hook it." Exit the man. When called back he explained, "Well Sir, you told me to hook it and I did."

It is with the keenest regret that we have to record the death of Color-Sergt. Gardner.

When we laid him in the little cemetery on the side of the hill, we all felt that we were leaving there one of the brightest spirits and best N. C. O's. in the Regiment.

It is of course stale news to most of our readers that we are not to wear out our boots by marching the whole way from Ranikhet to Dum-Dum. We are to march to Katgodam, train to Lucknow (this is unofficial; but trustworthy) stop there for two months in a camp of exercise, and arrive at Dum Dum, having been trained from the city of the Residency, early in February.

One word to our correspondents. PLEASE write on one side of the paper only. It may seem a small matter, but *Printers* do not think so, and either they are put to inconvenience by it or the whole of the "copy" has to be re-written.

By a recent Army order, all ranks above that of Color-Sergeant have to be in possession of a first class certificate of education, and several aspiring Sergeants and Color-Sergeants have in consequence and in anticipation of coming vacancies been attending school. The following is an exact copy of a composition of a well known story in English History by an intelligent student in a certain Regimental School. It is to be hoped

Digitized by Google

that the candidate will, during his spare hours, read up English History by a good author, or else we are afraid his visions of four stripes and a star or a crown, or whatever he aspires to will be blasted.

COMPOSITION HENRY V.

Henry V. was a wild reckless youth, one day he went along, with his companions, and they used to make him worse. On one occasion the Judge sent him to prison, then Henry V. said you must not put him in prison, and the Judge said I will, then Henry V. stepped up and struck him in the face, then the Judge called his kings to march them to prison. Then Henry VI. came up, and the Judge got NERVAS because he put Henry V. in prison.

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, etc. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

SIR,

I cannot conscientiously let the paragraph in last month's *Dragon* about the Quadrille Party given by the Regimental Dance Club, pass without comment. You say that the whole of the male members of the club persistently danced together, consequently the ladies could get no partners. Now I don't think that is hardly fair because, if I recollect rightly, not one of the ladies sat a dance out for the want of a partner, certainly one of the ladies did ask a member of the club to dance with her, but I believe she was asked to dance and refused, the lady might have had her reasons for so doing, the member she asked danced with her several times up here last winter.

We must also make allowance for some of the members being young hands, they hardly had enough confidence in themselves to ask a lady to dance, as they did not get sufficient practice dances, I do not think it was altogether bashfulness on their part.

A few more practice dances and we will have another quadrille party, which I hope will be a great success. Now Mr. Editor, hoping you will insert this in your next issue of *The Dragon* and apologizing for intruding upon your valuable space. I am, Sir, Yours obediently,

F. G. GREENSLADE,
M. C. Regtl. Dance Club.

We, the Editor, were not at the dance ourselves but had our account from a correspondent. We are glad to hear that all the ladies danced all the dances and hope that the bashful amongst the male sex will get rid of their bashfulness by next time.—ED.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

SIR,

Could not the Sergts. get a football team together? now that every Company in the Regiment boasts of the same, and the Corpls. are playing Companies daily, the Sergts. appear to be altogether in the rear. I think if the matter was properly considered and some energetic Sergt. elected as Captain, the Sergts. would be able to select a team which with practice, would, in time, be able to hold its own against the Battn. Considering that when we have finished our weary march to Dum-Dum football will be more in vogue than ever, as I understand The Buffs will have to contend with one of the most powerful Rugby teams in India, it behoves the Sergts. to come to the fore if they wish to keep pace with their brother Non-Commissioned Officers of Her Majesty's Army in India.

I am, SIR, Yours obediently,

OFF SIDE.

THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

Most diseases are preventable, and the strong healthy man is one who takes care of himself, or one who naturally and from choice, leads a temperate, healthy life.

Fevers can always be traced to their causes, such as low marshy ground and jungle, defective sewage, or inefficient conservancy arrangements.

The tainted atmosphere, resulting from such conditions, is, if not the actual cause, certainly the predisposing and localizing excitant of the malady, and it acts more powerfully on those whose dwellings are defective in ventilation.

Drinking foul water when heated and thirsty, from streams which are befouled by all the natives of India, or from wells tainted in the same manner, is perhaps the way in which the greater number of fevers are contracted. The water looks clear and sparkling, it is beautifully

Digitized by Google

cool and refreshing, the rill has moss and ferns all round, but it is nevertheless nothing better than liquid poison.

To men going out shooting, I strongly recommend getting some clear glass bottles and filling them with the best filtered water, or cold tea, and hiding them so that you can find them on the way home, and thereby saving yourself the trouble and inconvenience of carrying them all day.

Drinking milk, mixed with water, obtained from a filthy source, is another cause of disease, and the only way to guard against this danger, is to see the milk drawn from the cow yourself.

As many diseases may be caught from carelessness and imprudence, it is as well to point out that putting any article used by a sick man to the mouth or lips, is imprudent, such as a mug, cup, pipe, bread, fork, spoon. and so on, so that the less things are used in common, the better.

The consumption of bad meat, bad flour, unripe fruit or the eating of any fruit, cucumbers, or what not in excess is of course bad.

Not changing the shirt when saturated with perspiration, sitting with wet feet until chilled, particularly when the temperature falls in the evening, is likely to cause dysentery or diarrhœa, and to reproduce fevers or ague.

The advice of an old soldier is "Never lose sight of the blankets you brought from home."

Going out in the morning on an empty stomach when the system is at its lowest after the long fast of the night, and when it is struggling to throw off the malaria to which it has been exposed during the past night, is another thing to be strongly condemned. Supposing a man takes his tea at 4-30 p.m. and eats nothing until 8-30 a.m. the next day, he will have gone 16 hours without food, and has probably taken a walk after tea and had a parade or march in the morning before breakfast. His tea and bread are digested before 8 p.m., since when his system had been feeding upon its own resources, and consuming what would otherwise have been a fund of strength to fall back upon in the time of sickness or campaigning.

For the early morning meal or chhoti haziri as the Qui hais call it, coffee is specially recommended to counteract malaria, as it is invigorating and does not induce subsequent depression, others advocate tea, but something should also be eaten, but, if one has had an extra cigar the night before, or if the lobster salad has disagreed with one, this is no easy matter, but it is all the more necessary, and must be carried out with Spartan firmness, at that early hour you must put something, a piece of biscuit, or a piece of toast in your mouth and continue to chew it steadily until it goes down your throat. A cigarette or pipe at this time is giving away to squeamishness, and must be looked upon as surrendering to the enemy who will show no mercy to you by and bye when you become a helpless victim to indigestion or something else.

With regard to the Indian sun, the writer who is not a Teetotaller will guarantee that a man who drinks but little alcohol, and whose blood is cool from a spare but nutritious diet, can stand its fiercest rays when wearing the soldiers' helmet during a hard days marching, but with only a forage cap on, a man is not safe for a minute, as the delicate blood vessels of the temples are fully exposed. and perhaps the back of the neck and spinal cord.

Men go out in their forage caps, on a cloudy day, afterwards the clouds clear off, or the sun beats down through the rifts in the clouds with concentrated power, and force, and their heads are totally unprotected. Can it be wondered at that their health is ruined after such suicidal conduct?

A man must be the guardian of his own health, no one can take care of it for him, such a one will say to himself, I have joined my Regiment to travel about to see the world for a few years, I intend to go home by and bye, as strong and sound as any one with some money in my pocket, I am not going to risk my health.

To enjoy good health, you must have strict cleanliness in every way, including what you eat and drink. Free ventilation, in fact as much air as possible without absolute exposure to draughts, and plenty of exercise, and amusement to engage the mind.

Many men lose their health from sheer carelessness, they never think about it until it is gone, perhaps never to return. They tell you, Oh! that never hurts me! by and bye you find them ill. Whereas by paying attention to a few simple common sense rules, which is by no means irksome, they may preserve their health, but they must not wait until they are ill to do so, but begin while they are young, strong and hearty. Or they may base their conduct on higher ground, remembering that every well trained, sound, healthy soldier is a source of strength to England, while the sickly ones are worse than useless, poor fellows.

C. R.

Digitized by Google

Dramatic Notes.

A Variety Troupe composed of R. Artillery, Buffs, Rifle Brigade, and in fact a dozen different Corps gave an entertainment on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of August in the Gymnasium. It consisted of a sketch called, "Roast-em-Alive" in which the performance kept the audience highly amused for its run of about a quarter of an hour. After that came Singing and Dancing, all acquitting themselves, at this also fairly well, particularly Pte. Riley, Rifle Brigade, (the stage manager). The next part was a Burlesque Drama entitled "The Blossom of Churnington Green," the author, I cannot state but, I should think, was a local one. Every one played their parts very well, but the blushing Battina, who was deecribed on the bills as "An orphan maiden," the Belle of the village, called "The Blossom for *her* surpassing loveliness," would have looked over so much more fascinating if *she* had put *herself* under the hands of the Regimental barber about one hour before the performance came off, as a very dark upper lip was perceptible

The troupe gave a free entertainment to the women and children at Ranikhet and also at Chaubuttia which was much appreciated.

The names are too numerous to detail, but suffice to say, that one and all played their parts well and Pte. Riley of the Rifle Brigade is to be congratulated upon his acting, and also his very careful attention to the rehearsals of his little troupe.

Regimental Items.

Lieut. Colonel H. D. Harrison arrived at this Station on the 3rd inst. and assumed the command of the Battalion from the 4th instant.

Major C. E. Reeves handing over the command of the Battalion, resumes the rank of Senior Major from the 4th instant.

Captain J Hughes left this Station on the 1st instant en route to join the 2nd Battalion, on his recent posting, and is struck off the strength of the Battalion from that date.

Captain R. E. Phillips proceeded to England from this Station on the 8th instant on twelve months' leave of absence.

Lieut. C. K. Greene has taken over the command and payment of Letter "B" Company, and Lieut. L. G. N. Eales, that of Letter "D" Company, with effect from the 1st instant.

Lieut. C. P. Lloyd passed the Lower Standard of Hindustani at the Examination which took place on the 2nd July last.

At an Examination which took place on the 2nd July 1888, the undermentioned passed in the Lower Standard Hindustani:

Schoolmaster, G. A. Steele, Pay-Master-Sergt. F. Wilson, Pte. W. King, and Pte. H. Mitchell.

Sergt. C. Woodward has been appointed, on probation, Pay-Sergt. of Letter "E" Compy. vice the late Color-Sergt. F. Gardner, dated 7th instant. Sergt. W. Watts has been appointed to act as Pay-Sergt. of Letter "G" Company, vice Color-Sergt. W. H. Nicholas, dated 17th instant.

Sergt. R. Montgomery has been awarded a certificate of proficiency in "Army Signalling," dated Kasauli, 24th July 1888.

Sergt, T. Hoar proceeded to Pachmari on the 10th instant, to attend a Musketry Class, commencing on the 23rd inst.

The undermentioned Non-Com.-Officers have been appointed Military Signallers, and have joined the Stations mentioned opposite their names:

Sergt. G. Brewin,	Cawnpore.
Corpl. E. Perry,	Naini Tal.

Corporal J. H. Pay has been awarded a First Class Certificate of Education, dated 23rd March 1888.

Corporal J. Carnell proceeded on the 5th instant to Umballa, en route to Kasauli, to join a Signalling Class forming at that Station.

Pte. F. Germaine left this Station for Colaba Depot, Bombay, on the 8th inst. for final discharge from the Army, having purchased.

No. 1651 Pte. J. Brown has changed his name to James Valentine Child. No. 1389 Pte. J. Macfarlane to James Christy.

Digitized by Google

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments with effect from dates as specified :

To be Lance Corporals from the 31st July 1887.

Pte.	F. Aitkins,	Pte.	W. Hurrell.
,,	F. Cosson,	,,	F. Dann.
,,	G. Jubb,	,,	F. Smee.

From 28th November. 1887.

Pte.	R. Golds,	Pte.	C. Crumby.
,,	S. W. Johnson,	,,	T. W. Hickmott.
,,	E. A. Wynne,	,,	F. Hilderbrand.
,,	W. Sexton,	,,	W. King.
,,	E. Gouge,		

From 11th April 1888.

Pte. W. Gorin

From 30th July, 1888.

Pte.	H. Boreland,	Pte.	R. Montgomery
,,	O. Dorrington,	,,	W. Duddy.

The undermentioned men have been appointed Pioneers, and are posted to the Companies stated opposite their names :

No.	341	Pte.	R. Freakes,	to Letter	A Coy.
,,	386	,,	W. Gamble,	,,	B ,,
,,	1040	,,	H. Hills,	,,	D ,,
,,	211	,,	S. Hallett,	,,	F ,,

SAVINGS BANK.

The undermentioned amounts have been deposited in, or withdrawn from the Regimental Savings Bank during the month of August 1888:

	Deposits.			Withdrawals.		
	Rs	A.	P.	Rs	A.	P.
Letter A Company	667	0	0	205	0	9
,, B ,,	470	0	0	249	6	4½
,, C ,,	537	0	0	133	4	3
,, D ,,	300	0	0	61	11	3½
,, E ,,	350	0	0	433	14	5
,, F ,,	350	0	0	641	7	3
,, G ,,	309	0	0	417	9	9
,, H ,,	287	0	0	35	6	6
Total Rs.	3,282	0	0	2,177	12	7

The undermentioned men have become entitled to Good Conduct Badges at rates and dates specified :—

Pte. C. Hall,	@ 1 penny 9-8-88.	Pte. G. Wraight	@ 1 penny 3-8-88.
,, C. Osborne	@ 2 pence 31-8-88.	,, A. Lawrence	@ 2 pence 21-8-88.
,, T. Amos,	@ 1 penny 6-8-88.	,, W. Marsh	1 penny 26-7-88.
,, J. Gibbs,	@ 2 pence 10-8-88.	,, H. Odell,	,, 2 pence 3-8-88.
,, W. Swift	@ ,, 13-7-88.	,, A. Ward.	,, ,, 18-8-88.
,, W. Greaves	,, ,, 21-8-88.	,, E. Finch,	,, 1 penny 15-8-88.
,, G. Hyland,	@ 1 penny 19-8-87.	,, G. Greenland	,, 16-8-88.
,, W. Pearce,	,, ,, 7-6-88.	,, A. Hammond,	2 pence 12-8-88.
,, J. Saunders,	,, 5-8-88.	,, G. Knight,	,, 1 penny 6-6-88.
,, J. Benstead,	,, 25 4-88.	,, J. Sheed.	,, 2 pence 14-8-88.
,, H. Smith,	,, 3-6-88.	,, H. Williams	,, 18-8-88

Lnc.-Corpl. Pickett, @ 2 pence 15-8-88.

Depot News.

Twenty-nine recruits were posted to the 2nd Battn. at Dover, on July 2nd, 1888.

Color-Sergt. B. Judd has returned from Hythe, and has been awarded a certificate qualifying him for the appointment of Sergeant Instructor in Musketry.

Lieut. Booths' name has been submitted to attend the course at the School of Musketry, commencing on the 1st August.

No. 429 Corporal T. Sheridan was discharged to pension on 24th July, after completing 23 years service.

A Cricket match was played at Dover on 13th July, between the Depot and 2nd Battn. the result of which is given in another column.

The Summer School Treat of the children attending the 3rd Regtl. District School, took place on 27th July at Whitstable. The children accompanied by their parents proceeded by train. Various amusements were provided for them, and afterwards a substantial tea on the beach : (Shrimps and Winkles.)

Station Notes.

What with the week and the visit of H. E. The Commander-in-Chief, the month of September should be a lively one for us.

H. E. expected to arrive on the 6th and on that night will be entertained at dinner by his host, the O. C. the District. On the 7th he will dine with The Buffs, and, on the 8th, (the last day of his visit) he will probably dine at Chaubuttia with the Scottish Rifles. There is to be a Gymkhana on the Saturday, of which this is the programme :

1. Tent-pegging. Re. 1 entrance and Re 1 for every peg not taken, fines to go to the winner, open to Officers and Residents of Ranikhet.
2. Musical Clubs.
3. One Mile Race. Open to N. C. O's. and men of the Garrison. 1st Prize, Rs. 20, 2nd Prize, Rs. 15, 3rd Prize, Rs. 10.
4. V. C. Race. Open to Officers and Residents in Ranikhet. Re. 1 entrance.

Digitized by Google

5. Three quarters mile Obstacle Race. Open to N. C. O's and men of the Garrison. 1st Prize Rs. 15, 2nd Prize Rs. 10, 3rd Prize Rs. 5.
6. Football Match. Rugby Union. The Buffs *v* The World.

The Military side of H. E's visit will comprise an inspection of the Corps in Garrison, an "affair of the outposts," between The Buffs and their green-coated friends, and a transit over a Military bridge erected across the precipice below the parade ground.

There has been another Conversazione, at which there was no talking. If, as a well known author has it, "Silence is sympathy," the audience were most sympathetic. At the next "Talkee" (the Italian name is too long to keep writing over and over again) we are promised a Toy Symphony—Hadyn is the criminal who composed it—wherein people otherwise sane, will play, Cuckoos, Corn-cakes, Cranes, (by kind permission of A. R. E.) Nightingales, and all the other finches of the grove.

(Aside) We are a little hurt that we—The Editor—have been deposed from Big-Drum and relegated to second Cuckoo. Hence this unkindness.

The new Garrison Class have been amusing themselves. They gave a dance which was one of the, if not the most, cheery of the present season. The Clerk of the Weather behaved himself like a gentleman, for once in a way, and supplied a fine night; and, the floor being beyond criticism, all the guests, male and female, went away saying kind things about the members of the Priory Mess.

Overheard at the Garrison Class Dance.

She—"It's her first appearance at a dance this year."

He—(Only a man could have perpetrated it) "Yes; a late 'un."

The "Gaffers" football match was thoroughly comic. A judge in scarlet and ermine, attended by a herald, whose performance on that well-known post horn, kept the lists; two gladiators attired half in the garb of old Saul and half in that of ancient Rome kept the goal, and run in any of the opposing side who looked dangerous, using the property clock as a sort of perambulating "kink;" and the team itself was a mottley crew. A nigger or two, a clown, two mouchers, a "fizzer" wallah, the McNab (very drunk) Con (wishing he had half the McNab's disease,) an old woman, a policeman, a countryman, a devil, a very fine and large baby, and some other comic nondescript, made up the array. The baby, who was rolled in the mud, and the old woman, largely assisted by her umbrella, especially distinguished themselves in the game; but everybody was laughing too much for serious play. There are many enquirer as to the revival of the piece; but the management find it too expensive, in the wear and tear of clothes, and the revival will not come off.

The following are the arrangements for the week so far as evenings are concerned:
Monday, 24th, Theatricals.
Tuesday, 25th, Garrison Subscription Dance.
Wednesday, 26th, Guest night.
Thursday, 27th, Billiards and Conversazione.
Friday, 28th, The Buffs Dance.

SHOOTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

CONCLUDED.

I found my camp pitched at Durmi, a little village in the Birahi valley, fearfully hot, and swarming with flies. At daybreak on the 11th May we moved to Gauna, four miles, where I found another sportsman encamped above the village; he very kindly sent me a note, to tell me the ground he had shot over, the sport he had had, and his plans for the future, in order that we might not clash. I got a local shikari and started off in the evening with him down the river. I made an attempt to stalk some thar over ground so slippery that I had to walk bare footed and only got my feet fearfully bruised and cut for my trouble. I bivouacked out on the hillside for the night and next morning at daylight climbed the high hills on the right bank of the river. Following the shikari, to whom every credit is due, for a most masterly stalk, we got up to within a hundred years of, and surprised a flock of thar, which had been hemmed into such a position, that their only means of escape was by a retreat past us. Unfortunately they were all females; I picked out the biggest and rolled her over, and then the rest of the flock, as I had expected, came doubling back within thirty yards of me, I had three shots at them and could I have loaded

Digitized by Google

quicker, I might have had as many more, but I shot in such a flurry that I never touched a hair. Leaving my shikari to skin the animal, I returned to camp, had breakfast, ordered coolies, and prepared for a move. A march of three miles straight up hill brought us to Taragtal. From the name, I expected to find something in the form of a lake, but apparently all the hill could boast of, was a muddy pool, about ten feet in diameter, and with less than a bucket of water in it, and this they term a "thal." I remained here two days, and though I worked hard morning and evening, I never saw a head of game, although from the marks, there must have been several gerow about.

One night I sat up near some water, where there were a great many gerow footmarks, but nothing appeared. The heat was intense, and the flies in my tent equal to Assouan in its best form. I do not believe there is a more persistent irritating brute alive than the common house fly, though there is another species, a ferocious little yellow fly whose bite on the hands and wrists is far more poisonous than a mosquito's. Wherever it bites, it leaves a minute blood spot that itches dreadfully, and has to be constantly squeezed to let out the blood and watery fluid that collects in the wound; this is the only way to obtain relief. Taragtal is only three miles from Goonee Ramri, where a Dâk bungalow is about to be built. I was told that beyond moonal and chukor there is no game there whatever.

We returned to Gauna on the 15th, and encamped higher up, and nearer the shooting ground than I had been before. I stopped here three days. The first day I saw nothing in the way of big game, but while I was resting, a koklas pheasant with her brood of young, some seven or eight birds, came trooping close past me: it was a very pretty sight. The second day I saw two thar, but they were too far off for a shot, and there was no chance of stalking them. About this time my provisions were running short, and the coolie who was to have brought me supplies from Ranikhet, was already several days over due, so on the third day while I made a wide detour, I sent my camp and baggage on to Chumoli by the river route thinking they would in all probability meet the dâk coolie.

On my way I saw several thar, mostly out of range, except two that afforded me a long running shot which it is needless to say I missed. I overtook my coolies, who because I wasn't with them, had been loitering on the way, and marched on to Chumoli before them. Next day we marched through Nundprayag, and on to Bunali, where I encamped for the night. In the evening some natives came and told me there was a "karkur" or barking deer in the jungle on the hill side above my camp. When it was first pointed out to me, it was a long end on shot, and my bullet went over its head: they are such active little brutes that if on the move it is always odds against a hit. Fortunately however they often stand still thinking they are not seen, but even then they are not only a very small mark, but are so similar in colour to the fallen leaves and to various jungle plants that till they move, it is often difficult to distinguish them. My next shot was more successful and furnished my larder with some capital venison, the kidneys and liver making a most excellent dish. My next halting place was Subtal, a place that I am convinced abounds in game, though I was never able to get anywhere near them, from the cracking noise made at every step, as we trod on the dry fallen leaves. The first afternoon I started off with a good piece of luck. I was returning from an unsuccessful stalk after a gerow, when I suddenly came upon a bear scraping away at the root of a large tree, I was within fifteen yards of him, when he spotted me, and bolted right across my path, and fortunately through an open place in the jungle to my left. I instantly seized my express from the shikari, brought it up to my shoulder and fired, and the bullet. from more luck than skill, struck him bang in the heart and bruin rolled over stone dead. He was a fine male, about five years old, with a long glossy black coat, though in point of size nowhere approaching the fine old fellow I shot near Ranikhet last autumn. I remained by my spoil while my shikari fetched some coolies, who slinging it by its legs to a pole carried it into camp. The same evening after dinner I sat up, the moon being favourable, near some water, where from the marks, gerow had been very recently, but nothing resulted. Next day I disturbed a fine old stag in his afternoon siesta, but he disappeared into the thick jungle before I could get a shot at him. On my way I came across a large troop of "langurs," about the most plentiful monkey in these hills; there was a very large party of them, from regular patriarchs down to little ones quite lately born, all sunning themselves on the rocks; up here they evidently have an easy time, and are rarely

Digitized by Google

molested, for they were exceedingly tame, letting me close to them; Strangely human-looking creatures are the large ones, with their white heads and fringes of grey hair, all round their faces, being ridiculously like old men: One a female had a youngster clinging to its breast, not in the least inconveniencing it, when it bounded from rock to rock, on my making them move. A little further on amongst some fir trees, I came on a troop of another kind, the common Bengal monkey, rusty brown fellows with port wine faces and sterns; they were also very confiding, and were busy picking the fir cones, apparently eating the sticky gum that exudes from them.

On the 23rd, my last day at Subtal, I got together a host of coolies, and tried a drive; and although I posted them in line myself, and carefully pointed out the direction I wanted them to beat, when they eventually came out the whole lot of them were in a clump together. Like all deer, gerow are very fond of salt, and are in the habit of coming in search of the salt, which the shepherds sprinkle about on the rocks for their flocks of sheep and goats. Selecting a place where there were very recent marks of gerow, I scattered some salt on the stones about and built myself an ambuscade of bushes close by. In the evening I repaired there and waited patiently though not in the best of humours, till daylight next morning. Although both wind and moon were favourable, I saw nothing, except an old boar, who came quite close, and then suddenly getting my scent, went off making an infernal noise.

My next move was to Sol Dungari. There must be a quantity of moonal pheasants about this place; they were calling loudly on every side, I shot a kallige pheasant on the way. After some lunch, I went out with my gun in the afternoon and bagged a karkur, shooting him with buck shot. The same evening, I was caught in a heavy thunder storm, and returned to camp drenched to the skin: The first thing that greeted me was to find that my tent had been blown down, though it is only fair to my servants, to say that they were working their hardest to get it up again, as far as the regular hurricane that was blowing would permit. While here, my servants got me some wild honey in the comb, which was most delicious.

On the 25th we marched to Kalsari, a small village on the left bank of the Pindar river. I had been told by the officer in the Goorkhas that this was a good place for gooral, so I determined to stop here two or three days. I sent for a shikari, of whom I had also heard as knowing all the likely places round. He sent me back his salaams and regretted that he was too sick to come to me. I wasn't going to be put off with this, so sent an escort of my own people, under command of shikari Pardi Sing, and had the man brought down to me. It is needless to say that there was absolutely nothing the matter; so telling my servants to keep an eye on him, I ordered him to remain in camp till he was wanted. I amused myself in the afternoon in watching an old native catch mahseer with a casting net. It is a cunning contrivance, and requires no little skill to work successfully. He captured in an hour and a half, four nice fish, two of which were 3 lbs. weight. Early next morning, conducted by my malingering friend, I commenced climbing the hills that rise straight up from the river on the right bank. We first had to cross the Pindar by a rope suspension bridge, a most jumpy undertaking, the swinging motion of which, combined with the rapid torrent of the stream below, very nearly had the effect of making me sea-sick. The dry pine needles made climbing very hard work, and it took us a full hour after leaving the river, before we arrived high enough to expect to find gooral.

My first shot was a tolerably easy one, about 90 yards. I fired standing, and shot a young buck clean through the neck: My next shot, about half an hour later, was about double that distance, and standing on a rock above me, it afforded only an end on shot. I got a good rest for my rifle and fired though couldn't see for the smoke what was the result. The shikari said I had missed. I climbed up to the place, and not finding any traces of blood, came to the same conclusion. We then moved down the other side, and I had just marked three gooral 400 yards away in our front, when the shikari suddenly pointed down below, and there was my second gooral lying dead. This is the worst of an express, as it so often gives no blood to track by; a small tiny entrance hole, and all the damage done internally. This was a great stroke of luck. Leaving my shikari to bring up the dead gooral, I moved on after the others which had by this time disappeared over a little rise, I came up very gently, and peeped over, the gooral who were quite close, instantly detected me and bounded off with their familiar hiss, at a great pace, but after going a short distance, they stopped. Taking advantage of this oppor-

Digitized by Google

tunity; I aimed at the largest, and bowled him over stone dead. I had now got three gooral in three successive shots, and as it was as much as my party could conveniently carry back to camp, I left off shooting for the day.

The following morning I returned to the same hills, on my way putting up a nide of koklas pheasants. Fortunately for them I had not brought my shot gun or I should have swept off the lot. I had equally good luck, however, as the day before, bagging four gooral in five shots, one being fired after a wounded animal. So in reality in two days I hit seven gooral in seven shots, a performance with which I was very pleased, and which speaks well for the accuracy of my express rifle, built for me by Leeson of Ashford. Though so hardly gained, the animal itself is no great prize either as a trophy, or for food; for though the head is pretty, the horns never exceed 8 or 9 inches, in fact 7 to 8 is the usual size, even with the old males. My best head was an old buck's with 7½ in. horns.

My supplies from Ranikhet, of which I was very much in need, being now ten days overdue, I sent coolies out to scour the country in every direction, but could get no news of them. I little thought, as I afterwards discovered, that the coolie who had been despatched to me, never got farther than Dwarahat, where he remained a week, and then returning to Ranikhet said he hadn't been able to find me. The following day we marched to Panti, and going out with my shot gun in the afternoon to find something for the pot, I only succeeded in getting a couple of green pigeons, when it came on to rain and I had to return to camp. On the 29th May we moved to Kimoli, my last shooting quarters. On the way my spaniel amused herself by hunting in the nullahs, alongside of the road for pheasants, of which there seemed to be plenty, though I only got a shot at one or two. I notice the pleasants very rarely rise for a dog, but keep running in front of it which is apt to make a young dog rather wild. The road to Kimoli is a steady ascent the whole way. I remained encamped here for four days, the greater part of which, I spent in endeavouring to get hold of a gerow, of which I havn't the least doubt there are plenty; but stalking in the then state of the jungles was practically useless for the reasons I have already explained. On one of the days while walking casually on the side of a hill in thick jungle, I disturbed a koklas which flew out of some bushes in a rook, I sent my shikari to look if there was a nest, and while he was peering about, out bounded a huge black bear from a small cave just below us. Before I could get a snap shot he nimbly turning round, disppeared out of sight. I was following him up, more out of curiosity than of any chance of finding him, when suddenly an extra smart coolie who was carrying my other rifle, called out "Sahib Sahib, gerow!" and down in the valley I saw a pair of these animals moving away from us, evidently having been alarmed by the bear. Presently they stopped, and taking a careful aim at about 150 yards, I fired at the stag who dropped to my shot. Giving my rifle to the shikari, and without stopping to reload, I foolishly rushed down to look at my spoil, I got up to within ten yards of the beast, when it rose up, looked at me as if in mockery at my gunless plight, and with a shake of his head bounded away. He was a grand old buck with long massive horns. It would be useless to analyse my feelings; the English language was not made to describe such a situation. else some extra strong words would have been invented for such a special occasion. I was so thoroughly enraged with myself, the shikari, the gerow, in fact with everything, that I felt almost sick. It only remained to follow up the tracks, in which we had no difficulty at first, so large were the splotches of blood. My bullet had struck the poor brute's underjaw causing it to hang down, a pitiful sight. Twice did we hear it moving off, as we seemed to be gaining on it, during the three quarters of an hour that we followed the trail. After a while the drops of blood became fewer and further between, until at last we lost the scent altogether and in disgust I gave it up. I offered a reward for the stag's head, and told my shikari to continue the search, which I don't for a moment suppose he did after my back was once turned.

During my four days here, my total bag was only a karkur and a gooral. Leaving Kimoli on the 2nd June, we marched over the Dewalikhal pass, and joined our former route at Lobha, where I was not altogether displeased in getting once more under the roof of a Dâk Bungalow. The road between here and Ranikhet I have before described, so in conclusion I have but little more to add.

For an undertaking of this kind, hints as regards kit and equipment have been so fully given by eminent sportsman, that a repitition would only be presumption on my part, neither will I restrict the hill sportsman or traveller to Capt.

Digitized by Google

Blackburns' Japanese kit of a "toothbrush and a razor," but as regards natives I feel bound to say a few words. Hit them! and hit them hard! Hit them frequently and with the heaviest of sticks, as this you will find to be the only way to exact truth and compliance from these mendacious curs—the scum of this Indian soil.

HERMIT.

HOPE AND PERSEVERANCE LODGE.

Trusting you will grant me a small space in your valuable paper just to let you know that the "Hope and Perseverance Lodge," No. 106 I. O. G. T. is still in the land of the living, and has not fulfilled the prophecy I heard made a little while ago, that it would soon go to the dogs. I am pleased to say that it is in a very flourishing condition, as yet from what I see of the spirit of Good Templary, it is not likely to fall to the ground.

We are all looking forward to our march down country to our new Station Dum Dum, wondering amongst ourselves what kind of receptions we shall meet with; but I think from what we received on the march up country we shall have nothing to fear. I myself, with many others, enjoyed ourselves immensely, especially at Morodabad where we were invited by the "Cudichn-Righ" Lodge. We spent two very pleasant evenings there, and I hope we shall be allowed the same privileges going down country. If our gallant Commanding Officer will only grant us permission to visit the different Lodges I feel sure that there is not one among our ranks who will abuse such privilege, and that there are some very pleasant evenings in store for us.

The officers of the Lodge for the present quarter are:

C. Templar,	Bro.	A. Price,	V. Templar	Bro.	Montgomery,
A. S. J. T.	„	J. Wells,	Sect.	„	A. Cosson,
F. Sect.	„	Carsons,	Treas.	„	E. Kent,
Chap.	„	Harris,	M.	„	A. Keable,
G.	„	G. Leek,	Sent.	„	Towner,
A. Sect.	„	J. Haley,	D. M.	„	Henniker.
P. C. T.	„	T. Ward,	D. G. C. T.	„	W. Hurrell,
S J. T,	Sis.	Harris,	G. L. R.	„	G. H. Mills,
Lodge Correspondent,	Bro.	R. Smith,	S. V. D. G. S. I. T.		

The above Lodge meets in the Suddar Bazaar on Thursdays at 7 p. m.

Motto.—Work Earnestly.

LETTER "C" COMPANY'S SMOKING CONCERT.

The friendly intercourse which has hitherto existed between "C" Coy. The Buffs, and "C" Coy. The Cameronians, 2nd Scottish Rifles, was further cemented by an invitation from the former to a series of competitions fixed for the 9th August, to consist of Shooting, Cricket and Football, which was most willingly accepted.

It was found however impracticable to carry out the shooting competition which has been postponed to a future date.

The cricket match which was won by the Scottish Rifles, it is only fair however to say, that for the losers Ptes. Marshall and Stacé distinguished themselves in batting, and Patterson in bowling.

As regards the football match it is needless to say that the home team was victorious, among so many brilliant exponents of the art, it would be inviduous to particularize. However it would be unfair not to mention the gallant manner in which our invincible little Scotchman charged the giant goal keeper of the opposite side, and with success; Dykes play, which is always good, was on this occasion excellent as was also the demon of the team, Truscott.

At the conclusion of the competitions, with which all heartily satisfied, visitors and invitors adjourned to "C" Coy's bungalow, where a menu, if not rich in variety and delicacies, was never-the-less distinguished for its substantiality and quantity, to which we all did ample justice.

A miscellaneous concert was afterwards held, in which the following took a prominent part. Horrocks's dancing was a feature of the evening, and was worth going a long way to see, we are of opinion this individual has sprung, phœnix like from the ashes of some renowned but deceased dancer Hewer and Terry. "B" Coy. also danced very well together. Pte. R. Richards in "The Three Leaved Shamrock," Goddards "Bumboat man" and Stringer in "Paddy stole the rope," called forth the plaudits of the audience.

Our Scottish Rifle friends also contributed largely to the success of the evening in this part of the entertainment.

The dining room was tastefully decorated by Ptes. Harryman and Millen, Color-Sergt. Butler who is a most liberal patron of all out door exercises in which his Coy takes a part, presided over the proceedings with that tact and acumen which distinguish his performance in the other

Digitized by Google

branches of his profession.

Every one regretted the unavoidable absence of the popular Commander of the Coy., Lieut. Eustace. Mr. Parry who officiated in the absence of Mr. Eustace, was rather unlucky at the wickets, but his excellent fielding made up for his bad luck in the batting. Owing to indisposition, he was unable to attend the evening entertainment, which was much regretted.

"D" COMPANY'S SMOKING CONCERT

A third smoking concert was given by "D" Company in the Library, on the night of the 7th August. The room was well filled and the evening passed very pleasantly. A slight attempt had been made to decorate the platform with a few draperies. To the regret of everyone, Major Newnham-Davis and other of the Officers were unable to attend. The programme commenced with an overture by the Band, followed by Pte. Blackwell who sang "I dreampt my little boy of thee," Pte. E. Hawkins gave "It's all over now with the Ladies," and Lce.-Cpl. Day "The Moorish Maiden," (recitation) Pte. Hills sang "Aint' you glad you didn't take it on," followed by Pte. Hawkins with a step dance and Pte. J. J. Haley with a song entitled "It's all explained in this," Pte. Hoar, in costume, (the latest fashion from the "Cut") sang "What cher' Ria," Color-Sergt. Featherstone gave a rendering of the Zerline Polka as a flute solo, and as an encore the Irish ballad "Killarney" Lieut. Lloyd sang of "Botany Bay" and for an encore "O wouldn't I like to know," Lce.-Sergeant Underhill and Lce.-Cpl. Barnes then appeared in a character sketch called "The Echo" which completed the first part.

The second part opened with a selection by the Band, Lce.-Sergt. Underhill, in Colonial Costume sang "Old England and the new," Band Sergt. Steel was down for a Cornet Solo, but owing to a *pressing* engagement was unable to appear. A willing substitute was soon found in the person of Lieut. Hulke who sang "To be there" and "Two lovely black eyes," Lieut. Eales then gave "Brandy and Soda l'ao," and Pte. Haley "There's nothing in it" and "Madame Lescharty," Lce.-Sergt. Underhill performed a spade dance very creditably, (is it true that this N. C. O. is going to practise slack rope performance in emulation of the Australian Blondin ?) Lieut. Stuart then appeared as "The Gayest colored darkey in the Land" and was "Leaning on the Balcony," Pte. Rankin sang "Sailing Sailing" and the Band played a Waltz. Pte. Hills appeared with "In fear" and bewailed his "Kathleen gone over the sea," after which Pte. May described the duties of the "Orderly man," and dwelt longingly on thoughts of his late dinner when he had had the "Tot once more." This concluded the evening's performance.

"TAKE THE MAN."

Musketry.

The Classification and Figure of Merit of Letter "G" Company is as follows:—

Figure of Merit.	Range Individual 139.92	
	Independent and Volleys 71.90.	
Classification.	Marksmen	32
	First Class Shots	27
	Second „	43
	Third „	12
	Total ...	114

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with para. 215, British Musketry Regulations 1887.

Gold Guns as best marksman of Compy. Pte. T. Williams.

Worsted Guns as marksmen.

Sergt. T. Cheal	Pte O. Stinchcombe
Corpl. P. Godfrey	„ G. Williams
Lce.-Sergt. J. Laing	„ W. Moon
Pte. J. Cassidy	Corpl. J. Sturke
„ J. McKeating	Pte. W. Bing
Lce.-Corpl. T. Ward	„ J. Hobbs
Pte H. Blake	Sergt. A. Jesshope
Sergt. W. Watts	Lce.-Corpl. T. Compton
Pte. W. Pardy	Pte. C Adams
Color-Sergt. W. Nicholas	Lce.-Corpl. H. Rollins
Pte. C. Lawson	Pte. D. Revell
„ S. Boyles	„ G. Honeysett
„ A. Hussey	„ W. Farrell
„ F. Nailor	„ J. Hickey
„ J. Wilson	Lce.-Corpl. T. Hickmott
„ G. Osman	

The following prizes for the Musketry Season 1888-89, to the N Commissioned Officers and men of Letter "F" Company. The mark men who are not included in the 10 per cent of best shots, w receive a prize at the end of the season.

Pte, C. Puxton, Best Shot of Company, £2 10 0
Col.-Sergt Andrews, Best Shot of Sergeants, £1 0 0

10 per cent of Best Shots of Company, 10/- each.

Pte, P. Taylor,	Pte. T. Richards,
„ W. Benge.	„ R. Sheehy,
Lce.-Corpl, E. Bing	Lce.-Corpl. J. Mansfield.
Pte. A. Smith,	Pte. T. Saunders,
Lce.-Corpl. G. Jubb,	„ A. Cheeseman,

Lce.-Corpl, Bing Section Commander of Best Section 5/-

Best Section in E and F Field Practices, each 3/-

Pte. A, Baker,	Pte. A. Parsons,
„ J. Friend,	„ J. Roche,
„ T. Clark	„ R. Sheehy,
„ J. Mansfield,	„ G. Young
„ R. Miller,	

Digitized by Google

SHOOTING MATCH, "B" *v.* "C"

The above Coys. competed in a shooting match on the 27th July, and resulted in a very decided win for "C" company by 79 points, some of "B" company's best shots going all to pieces at distances most fancied by themselves.

We are of opinion however, that "B" company's team at their best, would not be able to put on the good scores, secured by their victors.

The friendly rivalry indulged in by these two companies, might well be emulated by other companies of the Battalion resulting as it undoubtedly does in good feeling between the men, and a hearty desire to excel in that most important point, good shooting. This is solely due to the respective Color-Sergeants of these companies.

FOOTBALL.

We have to regret that, owing to want of space this month, much of the detail of both Football and Cricket Matches has to be omitted. [ED.

RUGBY.

Football having by this time obtained a firm footing in the Regiment, and the want of a Committee to choose the teams &c. being generally felt, it was decided that a Regimental Football Committee should be started, or rather revived in the Regiment, to keep up the traditions of the old Football Club of the Buffs, which thrived and prospered in the Regiment, as long ago as 1783 (?) and which was well known at Calcutta and elsewhere. The result of the voting was that the following were elected members of the Committee.

Lieuts. Eales, Parry, Hulke, Corpls. Behrens, Davis, and Ptes. Sewell, and Gallagher.

At a meeting of the Committee held on August 7th, 1888, the following rules were agreed upon:

1. That the club be called The Buffs Football Club.
2. That the Club dress be a white jersey, with a red Dragon on the breast, dark blue knickerbockers and stockings for the 1st XV and the same dress with the exception of a red Dragon on the breast for the 2nd XV.
3. That for the present, one day in the week, or Tuesday, be set apart for Regimental practise games.
4. That notice of Football matches, and names of teams, be put up in the Officers Mess, Sergeants Mess, and the Recreation Room.
5. That the Committee be empowered to make from time to time, such rules as may be necessary.

The Committee is composed as follows:

Captain, Lieut. H. L. Hulke.
Secretary and Treasurer, Lieut. L. G. N. Eales.
Lieut. Parry, Corpls. Behrens, Davis, Ptes. Gallagher and Sewell, Members.

"D" *v.* "E" COMPANY.

This match was played on Thursday, August 23rd, and ended in an unexpected victory for E Company, by three tries to one. For the winners, Corpl. Alexander at three quarters showed off brilliantly, running and collaring extremely well, Pte. Mitchell, and Corpl. Reynolds outside, and Ptes. Hagell and Wickens in the scrimmages, also played well. For D Company, Ptes. Hills and Gallagher, outside, Vickers and May in the scrimmage played best.

The result was a decided surprise, as D Company, who was the first to start the Rugby game in the Regiment, had not lost, up till this game, one Company match, and they would do well, for the future not to undervalue their opponents, and to always play their strongest team. E Company deserves great credit, for the plucky and energetic way they played from start to finish.

Cricket.

"C" *v.* "D" COMPANY.

The tie match between C and D Companies for the Shield took place on the 19th and 24th July, and resulted in an unexpected and brilliant win for C Company.

If this team would only give a little more attention to their practice, there is not the least doubt they would prove very troublesome to a more formidable opponent.

"A" *v.* "B" COMPANY.

This match was played at Ranikhet, on August 2nd, (for the Shield) and was won by A Company by 48 runs. For the winners, Edwards and Leek batted and bowled well, and Maynard made a very useful stand. For the losers, Davis batted well, and Fisher made a very stubborn 20. Chapman and Sageman also bowled well.

2nd BATTALION THE BUFFS *v.* DEPOT THE BUFFS,

Played at Dover on July 13th, 1888.

DEPOT.			
Capt. Colley, b Bailey	0	b Connellan	7
Lieut Booth, b Bailey	9	b Dyne	6
Capt. Porter, b Dyne	69	not out	43
Lc.-Cpl. Cooke, c Ommanney b Bailey	14	c Bailey b Dyne	3
Lieut. Buttanshaw, c Gammon b Bailey	2	b Connellan	1
Sergt. Hemsworth, b Bailey	4	run out	7
Colonel Hobson, not out	2	run out	4
Pte. Carne, c Gammon b Bailey	2	c Bainbridge b Connellan	1
Sergt. Duffin, b Dyne	0	b Connellan	0
Major Jackson, b Dyne	0	c Johns b Connellan	15
Col.-Sergt. Judd, c & b Dyne	0	c Connellan b Dyne	15
Extras	8	Exras	7
Total	110	Total	109

2nd BATTALION.	
Capt. Connellan b Cooke	6
Lieut. Buttanshaw, b Cooke	4
Major Ommanney, c Hobson b Judd	1
Sergt.-Major Ahern, b Judd	7
Lieut. Vertue, b Cooke	0
Lce.-Cpl. Bailey, c Porter b Judd	6
Lieut. Dyne, c Porter b Judd	6
Pte. Gammon, b Cooke	10
Capt. Saville, b Judd	4
Lieut. Geddes, not out	5
Sergt. Johns b Cooke	0
Extras	5
Total	54

Digitized by Google

FOR THE MILITARY, MEDICAL, MERCHANT & MISSIONARY

THE

ARMY WATCH

A STAMPED GUARANTEE OF FIVE YEARS WITH

MINCK'S CELEBRATED

ARMY WATCH.

SPECIAL WATCH FOR THE ARMY.

In giving details and commending the strength of manufacture of different watches the Army Watch needs none. It has universally gained the GRANDEST TRIUMPH in accurate time-keeping, and has been faithfully acknowledged by every purchaser to be greatly superior in finish of movement and solidity of case to any similar Watch at a similar price offered to the Public. The Army is specially identified with my firm, and is a favourite Watch with the general public all over India. Made size of drawing and sent post free at my risk and cost to any part of India, Burma and Ceylon.

Has now been before the public over 9 years, during which time I have sold over 20,000, to the utmost satisfaction of my constituents and myself. I can highly recommend it for the Army. Numerous Officers and men testify to the excellent qualities of this Watch, and can vouch for the truth of what it claims to be. It is neat and elegant in design, and gives the greatest satisfaction as an English Lever. Just suitable also for all Business men, the Merchant, Medical Officer, and the Missionary.

THE

PIONEER WATCH.

Equal to an English lever and for one-third the price. Specially manufactured for the Army; meets every demand as a superior Watch; all the works are carefully manufactured and examined; and more than every care has been bestowed to put out a first class article to the Indian public. This watch has had a wide reputation, and is still gaining repute wherever it goes.

CONSTRUCTION.——Compact, highly finished, ¾ plate, powerful Lever movement, combined with sound winding action, full ruby jewels, Brequet Spring and Chronometer Balance, and will stand all climatic influence of Heat and Cold.

Made size of drawing and sent Post Free at my risk and cost to any part of India. Highly recommended for daily wear, and is the best Watch for moderate purses.

THE

EXPRESS WATCH.

WARRANTED TO BE THE MOST ACCURATE TIME-KEEPER.

REGULATED TO A SECOND.

ENGRAVED CASE HALF HUNTER.
In Silver, Rs. 38.
18-Carat Gold, Rs. 100.
RENOWNED.

ENGINE TURNED CASE HUNTER.
In Silver, Rs. 36.
18-Carat Gold, Rs. 100.
SUBSTANTIAL

GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.

WARRANTY—For the Public confidence to rely on a five years' guarantee, is nothing but fair, where the choice of goods for valuables of this nature is concerned. A Watch of weak and common manufacture, and that will constantly require looking after, and sometimes will not go, is both discouraging to the purchaser as well as the manufacturer; in case of Expensive Watches, a 1 or 2 year guarantee does not in any degree ask for the investment; though to substantiate this, it will offer strength, durability, accuracy, and well-wear of the Watch—but such is only advertisement. The Watch is really good and strong as to call attention, so well; it should none the less go with a longer guarantee, if not longer.

If a Watch is treated well and not clumsily handled, such as awkwardly thrown about, it is bound to go that length of time till it uses upits own strength, either in motive power or cleanliness,—the material remains the same, and if given fresh force in spring power, &c., it will go again that length of time and longer, and such has been the case. — ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION.

:o:

MAX MINCK.——UPPER MALL, BOMBAY AND LAHORE.

Digitized by Google

The West End Company's Keyless lever Watch.

Is much cheaper and is superior in the finish of movement and solidity to any similarly normal Watch manufactured and sold by Indian Retail Firms.

PRICES.

In open face, nickel silver case.. Rs. 16 12 each
„ Hunting „ „ „ ... „ 17 12 „
„ Half Hunting nickel silver case „ 18 12 „

In open face sterling silver case... Rs. 28 12 each
„ Hunting „ „ „ ... „ 30 12 „
„ Half Hunting „ „ „ ... „ 32 12 „

Despatched free of Postage charges by V.P.P. cash, 12 a. velvet lined box with open spring and glass and a written guarantee for 2 years.

PLEASE TAKE NOTE:—That our Campaign Watches are now fitted with our Patent Hand Setting Mechanism of a simple construction, obviating the necessity of opening the crystal front lid to regulate the hands, which is done by drawing the winding-nut out and turning it to any direction required—the movements have two additional Ruby Jewels for the first and second wheel-holes, and a Real Expansion Chronometer balance.

Obtainable direct from our Chief Office, in India, 45 Hornby Row, Bombay, or from our appointed Sub-Agent—Mr. E. Deriaz Watchmaker, Lucknow; Messrs. Nehod, Chund & Co., Umballa and Kasauli. For Price List, illustrated catalogues, or any other particulars, apply to C. Droz, Agent to

WEST END WATCH MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

45 Hornby Row, Bombay.

WALTER LOCKE & Co.,

GUNSMITHS & IMPORTERS OF SPORTING REQUISITES.

3 ESPLANADE, CALCUTTA.

Agents for The North Punjab Fishing Club, The Calcutta Cricket Club, The Calcutta Football Club and most of the leading clubs in India.

ALCOCKS' celebrated (Gold medal) Fishing Tackle.

Cricket, Football, Tennis Bowls, Golf, Fencing, Boxing and other sporting requisites from all the leading Makers.

Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Swords, Powder, Cartridges, Wads, Shot, Gun Implements and Accoutrements of every description.

Illustrated Price-list sent free on application.

TERMS :—Cash or V. P. P.

DOUBLE-BARREL MUZZLE-LOADING GUNS.

No. 60.—English fine twist barrels, walnut stock ebony rod, &c, fitted in a Black canvas case, with the following implements:—

Powder flask Shot pouch, Bullet mould, Wad punch Nipple key, Turn screw, cleaning rod and Oil bottle.
12 gauge. PRICE COMPLETE Rs. 60.

DOUBLE-BARREL BREECH-LOADING GUNS.

No. 80.—D.-B. B.-L. C.-F. Guns, 12 gauge, English fine twist barrels, Cylinder bored to take shot and ball, Double grip action with lever under guard, good quality steel rebounding bar-locks, Hammer below line of sight, Walnut stock and fore-end, Snap fore-end fastener, &c. Fitted in a brown canvas waterproof case, with the following implements:—

Rammer and Funnel, Turnover, Re-capper, Powder measure, Shot measure, Extractor, Bullet mould, Nipple key, Turn-screw, Wad punch, Cleaning rod, Pocket cleaning apparatus and Oil bottle.

PRICE COMPLETE Rs. 88.

Hundreds of these guns have been sold in India, all of which have given universal satisfaction.

Digitized by Google

MURRAY & CO.,
LUCKNOW & NAINI TAL.

CRICKETING GEAR, LAWN TENNIS & SPORTING REQUISITES.

LILLYWHITE, FROWD AND CO'S AND DUKE AND SON'S CRICKETING MATERIAL.

AYERS', JEFFERIES' SLAZENGERS & TATE'S LAWN TENNIS GEAR. GRAY AND JEFFERIES' RACQUETS.

CRICKET MATERIAL.

Of the very best quality, well seasoned, and specially selected for the Indian Market.

James Lillywhite, Frowd & Co.'s Cane-handle Bats, are universally acknowledged to be the best made. From their general experience as players and Manufacturers, they are enabled to bring sound practical knowledge to bear upon the manufacture of Bats.

Murray & Co., have always in stock a large and carefully selected assortment of these Bats, and can with perfect confidence recommend them to their constituents.

Lillywhite's Full Cane Bats
Lillywhite's Double Cane Bats
Duke's Full Cane Bats
Lillywhite's Single Cane Bats
Well seasoned Practice Bats
Youth's Cricket Bats
Stumps & Bails, Brass mounted & Iron Shod
Stumps & Bails, Brass Mounted
Duke's Treble-seam Match Balls
Duke's Double-seam Practice Balls
Cobler sewn Cricket Balls, 1 Re. each.

FOOT-BALLS,

Of the best quality Rubber, covered with leather.

No. 5. Association or Rugby Pattern | **Extra Bladders for same.**
No. 6. Do. do. do. | **Foot-Ball Rules.**

QUOITS—FINE BRIGHT STEEL. In sets of four with pins 5 lbs. 6 lbs. & 7 lbs.

LAWN TENNIS GEAR From the very best Makers, and none but the very best quality imported.

BOXING GLOVES. In sets of four, stuffed with carefully selected Horse-hair, Nos. 3, 4, 6.

Ayres' Cedar-handled Champion Bats ... ... | Slazenger's "The Demon" Racquet Bat.

Ayres' Championship Tennis Balls, &c &c.

POLO. ROGERS' ACME POLO STICKS. RACQUETS. BADMINTON.

OIL COOKING STOVES,
TIFFEN BASKETS,
ENAMELLED WARE,
CAMP BEDSTEADS,
POCKET FILTERS,
GAME UTENSILS,
CANTEENS,

IN-DOOR GAMES.
BEZIQUE,
CRIBBAGE,
CHESS,
DRAUGHTS,
DOMINOES,
RACE GAMES.

SPORTING AMMUNITION. Sportman's VADE MECUM, free by post.

MURRAY & CO.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

EAST KENT CHRONICLE.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898

A Paper for the Men of The Buffs.

No. 18 Ranikhet, September 30th, 1888. Price 2 Annas

Notes.

The Commander-in-Chief has come and gone, having got through a vast amount of work in the three days he stopped at Ranikhet. The programme laid down before the arrival of H. E. was adhered to, with the exception of the "slap gun" parade for the Regiment which was omitted and the outpost work put in its place in the morning.

The Commander-in-Chief was greatly pleased with all he saw, said that he had never seen British Troops move so quickly over the hills, and specially noticed the rush with which our turning party carried the hill on the enemy's Right Rear. The unusual compliment of the publication of a General Order expressing the C. in C's. approval has been paid to the District.

The Gymkhana on the Saturday afternoon of the Chief's visit was in every way a success. The Scottish Rifles champion for a mile, again showed our man that he has something to learn before he gets into the first class. The Rifleman started at a tremendous pace with our man keeping about a hundred yards behind him but, though the long stride of the Buff looked as if it should tell in the end, he never got any where near on terms with his rival and was beaten by the length of a short street. "The Musical Clubs," (which sounds like a revival of the Choral Society and Glee Club; but is nothing of the kind) which the Commander-in-Chief appeared in time to see, was the most interesting event of the day; there was not the suspicion of a mistake, or a hint of uncertainty from beginning to end of the performance and the large squad (trained by the "Champion Gaffer," Mr. Lloyd) acquitted themselves admirably. In the tent pegging, most of the pegs were left undisturbed, and the V. C. race fell through.

The football match "Officers of the Station *v*, N. C. O's. and Men of the Buffs," was the most even one of the season and was as fast as they make them. We must again bear witness to the excellent temper in which the men play.

Digitized by Google

The rains have been, like poor Charles the Second, an unconscionable long time in dying. Every time that we have had a fine day and the great snow peaks have shown themselves over the clouds, we have congratulated ourselves that the deluge was over; and every small break of fine weather has been followed by a tremendous downpour. It is impossible even now to be certain that the rains are over.

Our little neighbour Almora (Almora does not like being called our little neighbour, it hurts the pride of the inhabitants, and the Almoreans are a proud race) has gone in for football just as vigorously as we have, and the residents have been, in a couple of matches, trying to beat the Gurkas; who however were too good for them. For the Gurkas all their Officers played, including their Colonel—who is an energetic if somewhat erratic player—whilst the inhabitants tried to propitiate providence by playing a missionary as three quarter back.

It is wonderful what absolute rot—there is no other word for it—some otherwise respectable papers write about soldiers. This is the Graphic's brilliant idea for collecting some choice recruits.

"The recent trial of the lads who were concerned in the incidents which led to the Regents Park murder suggests reflections of a somewhat varied character. Although Galletly was, no doubt, righteously convicted of a cruel and cold blooded assassination, his offence admits of a certain amount of palliation * * * * *

This is the stuff of which our soldiers are made who fight in our wars and that such a spirit should exist among the enervating influences of a great city's life is not altogether a discouraging symptom. Is it not possible to divert these tendencies which make for evil, into a more wholesome channel?

These choice young spirits from "the Deck" and "the Grove" could perhaps find neither the time nor the money necessary for joining the volunteers; but would it not be possible to give them some simple drill instruction, with a Saturday march out preceded by a band? But the whole business must be of a purely voluntary character or we should frighten away the very lads we want to attract. The War Office could do what is wanted at a very little cost and in this way might pick up some useful recruits for the regular army."

What do you think of that for high?

The choicest of the choice spirits will unluckily not be available for recruiting purposes, for some time, as they are enjoying Her Majesty's hospitality, and out door exercise preceded by a band, is not permitted by the rules and regulations of the establishment which they are patronising. But imagine the joy of any respectable regiment at having a batch of juvenile assassins sent them as recruits.

The Regimental Orders of this corps would make rather pretty reading. This would be, probably, something after their style.

Cadet Corps of The Basher's Brigade, (The Graphic's Own.)

Regimental Orders by the Artful Dodger Comd'g.

1. A full dress parade will be held on Tuesday next, in Regents Park, for Inspection by Mr. Fagin, all members of the corps are requested to attend in their best clobber.

2. The bashing of two small boys and one old gentleman by members of the Corps has been reported during the month, this the C. O. considers satisfactory.

3. Members of the Corps are again cautioned against prigging cotton wipes or nickel tickers: there being now no market for either.

4. Pte. O. Twist is discharged with ignominy from the corps and the word "sneak" entered against his name in the Regimental books, he having been seen talking to a Cop.

5. The C. O. cannot allow the retirement of Pte. Galletly from the active duties of the corps—caused by his being in the receipt of a Lifer—to pass without a few words of acknowlegement of the attention to duties

Digitized by Google

(he received the good conduct medal for an especially meritorious Murder) displayed by him and the excellent example set by him to other members of the corps.

By order His
B. Sykes, Jun. +
Adjutant. Mark.

Through the kindness of Col Hart, we can give our readers that great poem on the skin which Dr. Moriarty read out at the end of the Sanitation lecture. Now is Signor Ciesbi's chance to set it to music and make it the popular song of the day.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR SKIN.

Pioneer, 8. 7. 85.

The National Health Society are selling at a stall at the Inventions Exhibition a number of penny leaflets containing valuable rules as to health. The following is a specimen being a poem by Sir. Alfred Power, who established the present Poor Law system in Ireland. He is now an octogenarian, and lives in retirement at Dublin. We give the poem in its entirety :—

There's a skin without, and a skin within,
A covering skin and a lining skin ;
But the skin within is the skin without,
Doubled inwards and carried completely throughout.

The palate, the nostrils, the windpipe and throat,
Are all of them lined with this inner coat,
Which through every part is made to extend,
Lungs, liver, and bowels from end to end.

The outside skin is a marvelous plan
For exuding the dregs of the flesh of man,
While the inner extracts from the food and the air
What is needed the waste of the flesh to repair.

Too much brandy, whiskey or gin
Is apt to disorder the skin within,
While if dirty and dry, the skin without
Refuses to let the sweat come out.

Good people all, have a care of your skin,
Both that without and that within ;
To the first, give plenty of water and soap,
To the last, little else but water, we hope.

But always be very particular where
You get your water, your food, and your air,
For if these be tainted or rendered impure,
It will have its effect on the blood, be sure.

The food which will ever for you be the best
Is that you like most, and can soonest digest,
All unripe fruit and decaying flesh
Beware of, and fish that is not very fresh.

Your water, trsnsparent and pure as you think it,
Had better be filtered and boiled ere you drink it,
Unless you know surely that nothing unsound
Can have got to it over or under the ground.

But of all things the most I would have you beware
Of breathing the poison of once breathed air :
When in bed, whether out or at home you may be,
Always open the windows and let it go free.

With clothing and exercise keep yourself warm,
And change your clothes quickly if caught in a storm,
For a cold caught by chilling the outside skin,
Flies at once to the delicate lining within.

All you who thus kindly take care of your skin,
And attend to its wants without and within,
Need never of cholera feel any fears,
And your skin may last you a hundred years.

The great competition of the various *chefs* as to who is to be the company blue ribbon, has been going on this month, and each company has formed itself into a gastronomic committee to award the prizes ordered to be given by the Commander-in-Chief. We hope to be able to obtain the menus, and will present them to "The Standard," which paper is filling its columns during the silly season by discussing soldiers' food.

After many alarms and excursions (as the late Shake-bacon hath it) Qr.-Mr..Sergeant Cumber has definitely got his orders for England. We have already recorded in our columns how sorry we are to lose a N. C. O. who has served so long in the Battalion, and a Sub-Editor who has taken nearly all the hard work of the paper off the Editors hands. We wish him all prosperity at the Depôt.

It is very little use prophecying about moves, even if we think we know. Last month we wrote, in a cocksure manner, that all the arrangements had been made for our being trained to Lucknow, and, as a fact, all the details of our move had been fixed by those great powers who dwell on the heights of cloud capped Simla; when the Black Mountain Expedition, which has been disturbing, more or less, every station in Northerly India, managed to disturb us also, and a half battalion was ordered to Bareilly at once. Whether the Nynee Tal week could be carried out in its entirety, or indeed at all, then became a matter of question : but it was decided to carry it through in any case, though the programme had to be revised. Then postponement after postponement of the move came in succession, and, at the time of our writing, the move is put off till the 1st October.

It is, of course, that treacherous cart road

Digitized by Google

which is responsible for the uncertainty of our movements and, until it learns to conduct itself in a seemly fashion, our movements must depend entirely upon the Clerk of the Weather.

It is small comfort to know that the Nynee Tal people are in worse case than we are, for they have had some slips which have not only inconvenienced, but frightened them, and are already talking about the disappearance of the lake and the ceasing-to-be of the settlement as a hill-station.

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon

SIR,

May I, through the medium of your columns offer a suggestion to the N. C. O's. and Men of the Regiment, As we are about leaving this Station, would it not be advisable to erect a Memorial Stone to the memory of our Comrades which we are leaving behind. If some energetic N. C. O. would kindly take up a Subscription List, I think nearly all the Battalion would subscribe. Hoping that you will grant space for this suggestion.

I remain
Yours obediently,
THE PRINTERS DEVIL.

Station Notes.

With the exception of what are now known as "Six anna dances" there is no festivity of any kind, with the exception of the Week,—which is in full swing as we write—to record. The *raison d'etre* of the said dances, of which there were two, was to get the Club floor into order, which they have partially suceeded in doing. At the first dance there were more ladies than men and the fair sex retaliated at the second by appearing in such small numbers that the men had to dance with each other.

The Toy Symphony about which we wrote last month, was performed on the day on which our paper came out. Mr. Lloyd as a cuckoo was much admired and a lady who appeared as a nightingale was also received with rapturous applause. The set teeth and flashing eyes of the conductor brought back to us memories of our demon hermit bowler.

True to our habit of doing as little work as possible during any festive week, we intend to defer our account of the Nynee Tal Week till next month. Ranikhet however, we may say, has retrieved itself by winning easily at cricket and also at billiards and the men's lawn tennis. The ladies' tennis has gone to the Nynee side. The shooting was won by Nynee Tal.

Quadrille Parties.

The Band of the Regiment gave their first dance in this country, on Monday, 10th Sept. The affair proved a great success. The guests began to arrive about 9 p. m. and by 9. 30. the ball-room was crowded with ladies, come to do justice to the good music which was played during the night. The room was most tastefully decorated, thanks to the efforts of Corpl. Tozer and Pte. Hammond. We were very much disappointed at the non-appearance of Qr.-Mr.-Sergt. and Mrs. Cumber, being as it was the last time they had the chance of joining in with the band of their Regiment, we really expected them to have given us a look in. However, the band, one and all are sorry to lose such an old favourite from the Regiment, and heartily wish him success in his new appointment. With Band-Sergt. Steele as President, Corpl. Price as manager of the working committee, and Pte. Gilbert as M. C., no wonder the thing passed off so well. Both the music and supper were most excellent, and we finished with the Témpéte, which, Mr. Editor I hope you will not say, we stole from the Ranikhet Club. We expect to give a farewell dance before leaving Ranikhet, when we hope to have the presence ot the Officers and our most worthy Editor.

On Friday 14th inst, "E" Company gave a Quadrille Party, which was a great success, and was most ably presided over by Col.-Sergt. Woodward, President, and Pte. F. Hunt, Vice President. The room was tastefully decorated by Corpl. Adley, Ptes. Holmes, A. Brown Sherwood, Ashleford, Wickens, Roberts and Seager, with pictures, flags, flowers, evergreens

Digitized by Google

etc., and was most artistically arranged to the evident admiration of all. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly, and the presence of Capt. Daglish (the highly popular commander of the Company) added to the success of the evening. Everything passed off without a hitch, and everyone went away greatly pleased with their night's amusement.

THE MASONIC DANCE.

When we (The Editor)received a card from Lodge Fidelity, Wor. Bro. Boyd M., with an inscription thereon bidding us to a dance from 9 p. m. to 1 a. m. on Thursday, 20th Sept., we felt some grave doubts as to whether we could accept ; for, though our Masonic apron was all there and a beautiful piece of parchment, (decorated with a white seal,—a wax one not a furry, amphibious one--bearing the Royal Arms and the representation of three columns and enough globes to stock a dame's school) reposes in our desk ready to confute any one who dares to say that we have not been *ad tertium gradum admissum* —which sounds like a prescription, but is'nt—still our Masonic knowlege has grown so rusty that we thought that if we had to prove our membership as a free and accepted Mason before we were allowed to take the floor, we should'nt see much dancing. We tried to rub up our memory about the dread secret—which wild horses would never drag from us—and at last in fear and trembling we put on our apron (white, trimmed with blue, and with beautiful tarnished gold tassels) and mounting our noble steed, proceeded to Bro. Parvion's bungalow. And there we were received by a galaxy of splendor : the Sergt.-Major and Bro. Parvion led us to the dancing room ; there was not even a hint of the ceremony of the red-hot poker ; (Dear ! Dear !! there's the secret almost out) and amongst the worshipful bretheren we discovered such old friends as the Pay-Mr -Sergt. (our present worthy Sub. Ed.) gorgeous beyond measure ; Sergt. Levason hiding himself in some gauntlets, which would have put any dragoon to shame, and carrying a magnificent rupee round his neck ; Col.-Sergt. Featherstone in his celebrated character of the Deputy Grand something or another, and Sergt Bovenzer resting for a time from his literary labour. We also noticed (that is the artful and condescending way that reporters generally put it) Surg. Major and Mrs. Mally, Mrs. and the Misses Lang, Capt. Chippendall, Mr. Greene—who is one of the brotherest of the bretheren—Mr. Bayard, and last but not least, Col. Reade.

The floor was most excellent, the supper was of the best—a fond memory of the tongue which we, and Col. Reade, payed special attention to, is with us yet—the ladies dresses were too charming for a clumsy man to attempt to criticise, and the dance was a huge success

When we escaped from the hospitality of the faithful bretheren (We had memories of a previous festive occasion, when we had the dread secret imparted to us at Marizburg and thought that the sluit by the side of the road was a good enough place to sit down in—a performance we did not want to repeat) we took home with us the remembrance of a very pleasantly spent evening.

Regimental Items.

Lieut. E. C. M. Parry has taken over command and payment of letter H Company with effect from 1st inst.

The undermentioned Officers will perform duties with the detachment as follows :

Lieut. L. G. M. Eales, Acting Paymaster and Quartermaster.

Lieut. E. C. M. Parry, Acting Adjutant.

The undermentioned Officers embarked for England as follows.

Lieut. G. P. L. Pemberton, per S. S. "Sidur," 5. 6. 88.

Capt. R. E. Philips, per S. S. "Rubaltine," 21. 8. 88.

The undermentioned men have re-engaged to complete a total of 21 years service, Army service.

No. 1050 Pte. P. Burke.
,, 1763 ,, M. Tierney.
,, 1715 ,, G. Leck.

The undermentioned man has extended his service to complete a total of twelve years with the Colors. No. 134 Pte. A. C. Cockrane.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions.

To be Color-Sergeant.

No. 1238 Sergt C. Woodward, vice Gardner, deceased, 3. 8. 88,

Digitized by Google

To be Sergeant.

No. 126 Lce.-Sergt. A. Saville, vice Woodward, promoted, 3. 8. 88.

To be Corporals.

No: 82 Lce.-Corpl. T. Compton, vice Parsons, discharged, 31. 3. 88.

No. 40 Lce.-Corpl. H. Edwards, vice Tester, deceased, 21. 4. 88.

No. 597 Lce.-Corpl. W. Day, vice Saville, promoted, 3. 2. 88.

To be paid Lance-Corporals.

No. 2032 Lce.-Corpl. J. Fisher, vice Compton, promoted, 31. 3. 88.

No. 47 Lce.-Corpl. W. Price, vice Edwards, promoted, 21. 4. 88.

No. 214 Lce.-Corpl. H. Hodgins, vice Day, promoted. 3. 2. 88.

Color-Sergt. C. Woodward has been transfered from Letter "A" to Letter "E" Coy.

No. 937 Pte. F. Germaine having purchased his discharge and embarked in the B. I. S. N. Coy's. S. S. "Kerbala," he is struck off the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly..

Pte. Cook has taken over the duties of assistant in the Telegraph Department at Nynee Tal.

The undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officers and Men will proceed home during the ensueing Trooping Season for reasons as stated.

To First Class Army Reserve.

Sergt. R. Ellis,	Lce.-Sergt. A. Saville,
Corpl, J. Benabo	Lce.-Corpl. C. Edwards
Lce.-Corpl. W. Price	,, T. Compton
,, J. Bourne	,, H. Hodgins
Pte. G. Mills	Pte. C. Nash
,, J. Hardy	,, G. Sands
,, J. Beetles	,, G. Geer
,, W. Chalklin	,, T. May
,, A. Targett	,, A. Golder
,, A. Denison	,, G. Osman
,, J. Sampson	,, J. Peen
,, H. Smith	,, J. Steele
,, J. Gardner	,, A. Goddard
,, C. Olive	,, J. Ginn
,, J. Kingdon	,, F. Firth
,, H. Rollins	,, W. Birch
,, W. Young	,, J. Welsh
,, T. Power	,, W. Thacker
,, W. Bentley	,, R. Edmonds
,, H. Fraser	,, F. Manwaring
,, H. Blake	,, A. Hawks
,, E. Bing	,, A. Rose
,, F. Noakes	,, W. Powell
,, A. Holland	,, G. Groombridge
,, F. Hughes	,, G. Uzzell
,, C. Puxton	,, W. Pardy
,, A. E. Davis	,, J. Robinson

On Completion of 12 years service.

Pte. H. Featherstone	Pte. W. Higgins
,, E. Harvy	,, E. Towner (10 years.)
,, H. Peter	

On Completion of 21 years service.

Canteen Stewd. J. Gleeson	Sergt. W. White
Pte. G. Townsend	Pte. G. Hubbard
,, C. Fisher	,, W. Crockett
,, A. Claydon	,, C. Keys

Invalids.

Color-Sergt. J. Bennell	Corpl. Neall
Pte. Cowley	Pte. Garbutt
,, Whitby	,, Bailey
,, Cross	,, Pearce
,, Rooke	

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments:

Sergt. W. Greenland to be Drill Sergt.

Color-Sergt. J. J. Butler to be Canteen Superintendent of Issues.

Lnce.-Corpl. W. Greenland to be acting Master Tailor.

The undermentioned left this Station so as to embark for England, per H. M. Troopship "Euphrates," which leaves Bombay on the 13th proximo.

Qr.-Mr.-Sergt. H. C. Cumber, wife and two children, to Depôt on promotion to Warrant Rank.

Pte. E. Towner, on transfer to Army Reserve.

The undermentioned men have been granted Good Conduct Pay at rates and dates specified.

Pte. J. Wilson	@	1 penny	4-9-88.
,, J. Bishop	,,	,, ,,	13-9-88,
,, A. E Jones	,,	,, ,,	19-9-88.
,, W. Tebboth	,,	2 pence	26-9-88.
,, J. Dove	,,	,, ,,	5-9-88.
,, C. Elvy	,,	1 penny	3-9-88.
,, R. Stringer	,,	2 pence	23-9-88.
,, F. Belchamber	@	,, ,,	11-9-88.
,, C. Clements	@	,, ,,	25-8-81.
,, J. Matson	,,	,, ,,	27 9-88.
,, W. Dawson	,,	1 penny	12-9-88.
,, H. Stephens	,,	,,	2-9.88,
,, R. Sheeny	,,	2 pence	28-8-88.
,, J. Chadderton	@	,,	11-9-88.
,, J, Eardley	,,	,,	15-9-88.
,, J. Heath	,,	1 penny	16-9-88.
,, F. Matson	,,	2 pence	22-9-88.
,, W. Sharpley	,,	1 penny	3-9-88.
,, H. Aitkins	,,	,,	24-8-88.
,, H. Featherstone	@	2 pence	5-9-88.
,, W. Hartfield	@	4 pence	17-9-88.

The undermentioned men have been awarded Certificates of Education of the Third Class

Digitized by Google

dated the 4th inst.

Lnc.-Corpl. R. Golds	Lnc.-Corpl. J. Montgomery
,, M. Duddy	Pte. H. Mobley
Pte. J. Saunders	,, T. Webb
,, M. Clancy	,, J. A. Willis
,, L. J. Adams	,, J. Laslett
,, F. Sinden	,, A. Ashleford
,, G. Cowland	,, R. Horrocks
Boy W. B. Wittering	Boy J. Devan

SAVINGS BANK.

The undermentioned amounts have been deposited in, or withdrawn from the Regimental Savings Bank during the month of Sept., 1888.

	Deposits. Rs.	A.	P.	Withdrawals. Rs.	A.	P.
Letter A Company,	408	0	0	985	14	2
,, B ,,	377	0	0	279	9	9
,, C ,,	401	0	0	138	6	0
,, D ,,	346	0	0	208	0	0
,, E ,,	350	0	0	66	11	6
,, F ,,	294	0	0	489	13	4½
,, G ,,	179	0	0	597	8	3
,, H ,,	132	0	0	106	15	0½
Total Rs.	2487	0	0	2872	14	1

POSTAL NOTICE.

The Overland Mail will for the future be despatched from the Post Office, Ranikhet, at 5. 30. p. m. on Mondays.

Books, Packets, Parcels, and Foreign Money Orders, on Saturday at business hours of the Office.

THE COLONEL'S STORY,
By K. Butt.

"Tell us a story Uncle Tom—Tell us a story to make us forget the storm."

Outside the wind was howling round the old house, and sighing among the branches of the fir trees; but inside, things wore a more cheerful aspect. It was the children's hour, and Uncle Tom's sanctuary had been invaded. It was one of the pleasantest rooms in the house, this study of his, with its well-filled bookshelves and walls hung with all manner of strange things—stag's horns, tiger's heads, and curious weapons of all descriptions. A bright fire was burning on the hearth, casting weird lights and shadows on the various objects in the room, flickering on the three fair heads clustered on the hearth, and shining on the kindly face of the gray-haired man, sitting in the arm-chair.

"I like the storm" the smallest boy said, creeping close to his Uncle. "I like to hear the wind in the trees, it sounds like war and fighting. Does it make you think of battles Uncle Tom?"

"I have been thinking of a soldier, Jack, as I sat here by myself," the Colonel answered, laying his left hand for a minute on the boy's head. The right sleeve of his coat was empty, and pinned across his breast—"A soldier very little older than Philip here, would you like me to tell you his story?"

"Yes, please, Uncle Tom."

So he told them the story, sitting in the arm-chair, with Edith on his knee, and little Jack perched on the arm of his chair, and Philip leaning over the back, so that his bright boyish face was just on a level with the Colonel's gray head.

He was looking in the fire as he spoke, as though he could see the things that he spoke of in the dancing flames.

"It was summer when I first saw him—a glorious summer day. I was with my regiment the —th Dragoons, quartered in Newcastle at the time, and the heat in the town was intense, so late in the afternoon, I turned my steps countrywards and wandered as far as I could, away from the busy streets. I reached a field of ripening corn, at last, and stood for a minute, leaning against a gate, admiring the red glow of the poppies in amongst the yellowing corn. Everything was so still that when, on turning to go, I inadvertentley stepped on a dry twig, the noise startled me. Something else had been aroused by the sound, for there was a sudden movement almost at my feet. Was it a rabbit? No, a boy; a half-grown ragged urchin of some fifteen or sixteen years, who had risen suddenly from his hiding place in the ditch. He must have been asleep, for he stood blinking in the sunlight, looking dazed and bewildered. "What are you doing here"? I asked, for the mere sake of having something to say, for, after all, his movements were no concern of mine!

"I ain't doing no harm." The tones of his voice were aggressive, but, nevertheless, I liked his face, grimy and black as it was, for out from the dirt, and the tumbled hair, there looked a pair of honest grey eyes that pleased me.

"I am sure you are doing no harm," I said as gently as I could, "I only wanted to know what brought you here."

"It were them," he said, pointing with his grimy forefinger in the direction of the cornfield which lay stretched before us.

Digitized by Google

"What! the poppies?"

"Is that what you call 'em,', he said "I call 'em soldiers, because they look like red coats out a skirmishing, Crack! Crack! how I like to hear 'em, and how fine they look."

"The idea had certainly never struck me before, but hearing the lad say it, pleased me."

"Over yonder they looks different." he said with a jerk of his shoulder in another direction. "They looks like blood."

I turned at his words. The sun was slowly creeping westward, and its level rays fell all along a field that lay on the slope of a hill, across it was a broad band of red like a streak of blood. I think I shuddered slightly as I turned back to the boy.

You see, I had seen really battle-fields before this, and his words re-called many a scene of horror I had well-nigh forgotton.

"Yes—we must look at that side of the picture as well," I said, more to myself than to him. "It is not all honour and glory!"

"Do you think I am afeared," he said standing before me. "I'd as soon be over yonder as here. I'd as soon have that to do as this, as long as it had to be done."

"His words were a trifle enigmatical, but I think I understood him even then—but I am not sure! I do not think I fully realized all he meant until the day when I stood face to face with him in the Indian valley, No, not even then. It is only since I have lost sight of him altogether, that I have attempted to put the idea he tried to express, into my own words, I suppose he meant something like this. That it matters not where we are placed, or how rough the way before us, as long as we are quite sure that that path is the path of duty, and if a man lives up to that idea, as he did, I suppose he has done about as much as he can. But I must finish my story properly, it is not much of a story, after all. I took a good deal to the lad, and so saw a good deal of him after he enlisted; the liking was mutual it appeared, for he followed the regiment to Durham, and joined us there.

"Those were no times to play at soldering, we had most of us seen work, and we were to see it again before long. Twelve months after the lad had joined us, we were on the "Minerva" bound for India, and the thought in each man's heart as he stood looking back at the fast disappearing shores of England, was—when—if ever, he would see those dear old cliffs again. Three months afterwards we were up at the front, in the very thick of the fighting, and at last there came a day—the 16th of November—I remember, when we were awoke in the grey light of early morning by the sound of firing. General B—— was encamped at some little distance from us, and the enemy had taken possession of some slightly rising ground that lay between us, and had opened fire. I was acting Aide-de-camp to General Walker, and, in less time than it takes to say it I was in the saddle, awaiting orders. The General was looking worried and anxious, he had given the command for a hasty retreat on M— —, as the enemy were in overwhelming numbers.

"If I could only let General B—— know," he said. "But I am afraid the ride will be impossible," looking, as he spoke, across the three hundred yards of valley, now fully exposed to the enemy's fire.

"Not impossible Sir," I said "Will you give me permission to try?" and even as I spoke, I turned my horse's head in the direction of General B——'s encampment.

There was no time to think, I am not certain I realized anything, until I was down in the little valley, with the bullets rattling about me. Then all in a moment, there was a sudden jar. Roland, my good horse, sprang forward a pace, and fell heavily. I struggled up, shaken but unhurt, trying to collect my scattered senses, and realize what was best to be done. After all, I had failed! A familiar voice at my elbow startled me. I turned and saw a dismounted dragoon standing at my side, one hand raised at the salute, the other holding the bridle of a powerful bay charger. The early morning light was shining full upon the young man's face, lighting up the steady grey eyes—and I saw it was the lad, not one word passed between us, there was no time to be lost. I sprang into the saddle, and rode those three hundred yards with the bullets falling about me like hail, and delivered my message safely into the ears of old General B—— himself.

That day was the making of me as far as my military career was concerned, for General Walker was not the man to forget anyone, who had ever done him a service, and he used all his influence to get me pushed from one good post to another. But the lad was sacrificed. We found him the next day, when, in conjunction with General B——, we advanced, and drove the enemy from their position. He was lying

Digitized by Google

not ten paces from my good horse Roland, his gray eyes closed, and a smile on his lips that reminded me somehow of the day I found him in the poppy-field.

The Colonel ceased speaking, and there was silence in the room for a few minutes. Philip was glad now that he had taken up his position behind the chair, so that he could draw his hand quietly across his eyes, without attracting public attention, while, as to Edith, she was making no attempt to hide her tears, which were falling fast. It was little Jack who broke the silence at last.

"If he was smiling, Uncle Tom," he said, in his clear, young voice, "He must have been happy."

"Yes—I think he was," the Colonel said softly.

The following is one of Sir Alfred Lyall's poems- It has never been published but was printed privately in a collection of his verses. We are sure the distinguished Author, if he ever came to hear of it, would not mind our giving it light.

AFTER THE SKIRMISH.

(Rohilcund 1858)

Mid the broken grass of a trampled glade,
Where the bayonets met and the fight was sorest,
We had found him lying; and there we laid
Our friend, in the depths of an Indian forest.

Just as the evening shadow's pall
Over his grave from the hills came streaming,
By the rippled fiet and the eddying fall
Of a snow fed river, cool and gleaming.

With the funeral march still echoing round,
We had spread the mould o'er his tartan gory;
But, as we turned from the shapeless mound,
Sweet rose the music of "Annie Laurie;"

Full and clear from the pacing band,
Passionate strain of a love-lorn story,
How can they breathe it in strangers' land
Air of our Northern Annie Laurie?

For he whom we leave in the lonely brake,
Watched by the Himalay Mountains hoary,
Will not his brain from the death sleep wake,
Touched by the magic of "Annie Laurie?"

Heaven forefend! May the earth lie dense
O'er the heart that beat and the eyes that glistened,
What if a motionless nerve has sense?
What if that upturned face had listened?

Listened! As over his prison close
Floated that rich, voluptuous cadence,
Faint with the scent, like an Autumn rose,
Of youth, and beauty, and soft hued maidens;

Of a long late eve, and the falling dew—
(Never again shall the dew-drops wet him)
Of a womans hand, and a promise true—
(Will not the kindliest now forget him!)

Chaining his spirit's upward flight,
Staying his soul, though at Heaven's own portal,
With the soft refrain of a lost delight,
With the shadowy charm of a fairy mortal.

Lured by the sensuous melody's spell
Scarcely he recks of the Angel's glory;
Piercing sad is the earth's farewell
Sighed in the music of "Annie Laurie."

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

Saturday Night. So each please charge your glass:
Fill it right up from the bottles that pass.
Here's to the health of the lights of our lives!
Gentlemen, bumpers! 'Sweethearts and Wives!"

True hearts are beating across the wide foam,
Bright eyes grow brighter this even at home,
Lovers from loved ones the ocean yet rives,
But they know we are drinking "Sweethearts and Wives'

Our hair may be grey, but our hearts are still true,
And the wine warms the blood in our old veins anew,
For faces long vanished the old toast revives,
And old loves live again to "Sweethearts and Wives"!

Old forms die away with the laps of the years,
Each custom grows stale and in turn disappears,
Our fathers have passed. but their old toast survives.
We'll drink it as they did "Swacthearts and Wives"!

N. N. D.

TUG-OF-WAR.

A very exciting Tug-of-War was contested on the 7th inst. outside the Canteen, between the Full Corporals and Lance-Corporals, to decide their powers of endurance on the rope. The conditions were best two out of three pulls. After the first strain, neither side showed any lassitude until nearly 35 minutes had elapsed, when the full Corporals shewed the first sign of fatigue, some lying down, others rubbing their hands, and other signals of distress were perceptible, the younger N. C. O's. stood hanging on like grim death, until the older and weaker were steadily pulled over the mark. The 2nd pull was not quite such an uncertainty, the Lance-Corporals however again proved victors, this time in a little less time; if they had not, the final would have had to have been postponed, for the hands of both teams were completely done up the rope being too hard. An adjournment was afterwards made to the Corporals room where a sing-song took place.

NAMES OF COMPETITORS.

Corpl.	Winstanley,	Lce.-Corpl.	Davis.
,,	Hyatt,	,,	Froggott,
,,	Godfrey,	,,	Dan,
,,	Behrens,	,,	Reynolds,
,,	Peters,	,,	Hilderbrand,
,,	Staunton,	,,	Baker,
,,	Thorne,	,,	Donnelly,
,,	Ward,	,,	Cox,
,,	Patten,	,,	Crumby,

Digitized by Google

Musketry.

The classification and figure of merit of Letter H Coy., is as follows, viz :—

Figure of Merit. { Range Individual, 133.72. / Independent and Volleys, 56·58.

Classification,

Marksmen	22
First Class Shots	22
Second „	51
Third „	9
	104

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with para. 215 British Musketry Regulations, 1887

Gold Guns as best Marksman of Company,

No. 1028 Pte. T. Richards.

Worsted Guns as Marksmen.

Pte. G. Gravett,
„ J. Clark,
„ C. Keys,
Dr. J. Pickett,
Pte. T. Blockley,
„ E. Smith,
„ G. Groombridge,
„ E. Beilby,
„ W. Wright,
„ G. Latimer,
„ I. Leabourne,
Pte. M. Cronin,
„ R. Hannaford,
Sergt. M. Talbot,
Pte. A. Hammond,
„ C. Crumby,
„ J. Smith,
Sergt. R. Ellis,
Pte. J. Brooker,
„ T. Roache,
„ F. Heath,

The following prizes for the Musketry Season, 1888-89, having received the sanction of the Colonel Commanding the District, are awarded to the Non-Commissioned Officers and Men as stated.

The Marksmen who are not included in the 10 per cent of best shots will receive a prize at the end of the season.

LETTER G COMPANY.

Pte. T. Williams, best shot of Company, £2 10 0

Sergt. T. Cheal, best shot of Sergeants, £1 0 0

10 Per cent best shots of Company, each 10 Shillings.

Corpl. Godfrey,
Lce.-Sergt. J. Laing.
Pte. T. Cassidy,
„ J. McKeating,
Corpl. T Ward,
Pte. H. Blake,
Pte. W. Pardy,
„ C. Lawson,
„ T. Boyles,
„ A. Hussey,
„ F. Nailor,

Color-Sergt. W. H. Nicholas, Section commander of best Section 5 Shillings, in E and F Practices.

Best Section In E and F practices. each 3 shillings.

Corpl. P. Godfrey,
Lce.-Corpl. F. Hilderbrand,
Pte. J. Beard,
„ J. Brown.
„ T. Collett,
„ A. Dennison,
„ J. Gates,
„ T. Hammond.
Pte. J. Impett,
„ F. Matson,
„ W. Moon,
„ W. Pardy,
„ G. Prior,
„ C. Stinchcombe,
„ T. Williams.

LETTER H COMPANY.

Pte. T. Richards, Best Shot of Company, £ 2 10 0

10 Per Cent best shots of Coy., 10 Shillings each.

Pte. G Gravett,
„ J Clark,
„ C Keys,
„ J Pickett,
„ T Blockley,
Pte. E Smith,
„ G Groombridge,
„ E Beilby,
„ W. Wright,
„ G Latimer,

Section Commander of best Section E and F practices,

Lnce.-Sergt. A. Batty, 5 Shillings.

Best Section in E and F Field Practices, each 3 Shillings.

Lce.-Corpl. M Duddy
Pte. G Bailey
„ G Bloxham
„ F Cameron
„ R Coughlin
„ E Drew
„ E Firth
„ W Freed
„ F Greenslade
Pte. J Harding
„ A Holland
„ G Manser
„ R North
„ H Redsell
„ H Tavener
„ C Webb
„ W Wright

COOKING PRIZES.

In accordance with G. O. 78, of 1887, the undermentioned men have been selected as the first and second best cooks of their Companies in the recent Cooking Competition, and are awarded the prize laid down, viz: Rs. 10 and 5 respectively.

A Coy.	B Coy.
Pte. E. Sewell, 1st.	Pte. A. Croxson, 1st
„ A. Rye, 2nd	„ McMahon, 2nd
C Coy.	D Coy.
„ A. Patterson, 1st	„ J. Bull, 1st
„ E. Richards, 2nd	„ G. Martin, 2nd
E Coy.	F Coy.
„ B. Chesson, 1st	„ Cheeseman 1st
„ W. Sawyer, 2nd	„ W. Bush, 2nd
G Coy.	H Coy.
„ C. Hicks, 1st	„ J. Evans, 1st
„ M. Page, 2nd	„ J. Brooks, 2nd

GARDEN PRIZES.

Pte. Cassidy, 1st prize Rs. 25, Pte. West, 2nd prize Rs. 20.

WORKSHOP PRIZES.

The undermentioned men received prizes as first class workmen.

Lnce.-Corpl. E. Kent, Shoemaker, Pte. W. Sullivan, Shoemaker, Sergt. J. Green, Carpenter, Pte. R. Hannaford, Carpenter, R. Freaks, Polisher, F. Nicholls, Painter, G. Collins, Plumber, Lc.-Cpl. J. T. Greenland, Tailor.

The undermentioned men received prizes as second classs workmen.

W. Gamble, Carpenter, S. Rhodes, Blacksmith, J. Palmer, Shoemaker.

Digitized by Google

FOOTBALL.

REGIMENTAL FOOTBALL CLUB.

The following were elected into the 1st XV, on the dates mentioned against their names, and have been presented with their jerseys :
Lce.-Corpl. Davis, D Coy., as ¾ back, 24-8-88.
Pte. Sewell, A Coy., as ½ back, 6-9-88.
„ Reece, D Coy., as forward, 6-9-88.
„ Adams, G Coy., „ „ „
„ Williams, „ „ „ 9-9-88.

At a meeting of the Committee, held on August 21st, the following rules were agreed upon.

6. That a donation of Rs. 5, and a monthly Subscription of R. 1 from each Officer, and a monthly subscription of Rs. 2 from each Coy. Club be asked for, to clear off the present debt of the Club, and to defray the necessary expenses incidental to the game.
7. That the 1st XV be selected afresh twice a year, *i e* in the rains, and in the cold weather.
8. That Club jerseys be given as soon as possible to all players, such jerseys to be the man's private property, so long as he plays, if for any reason, he is unable to play, his substitute shall be allowed use of his jersey.
9. That no Company, who is not a Subscriber to the Regimental Club, be allowed to compete for the Rugby Challenge Cup.

RUGBY CHALLENGE CUP, SPECIAL RULES.

1. That the Cup be played for once a year *i e* the cold weather.
2. That the Cup is to be handed over each year to the winning Coy., (on the day of the final tie) by the Company, who won it the previous year.
3. That any disputes &c. that may occur in Cup ties be referred to the Rugby Football Committee, whose decision will be final.
4. That no Company be allowed to compete for the Cup, that is not a subscriber to the Regimental Football Club.

FOOTBALL MATCH, (CLUB GAMES.)

The Club matches up to the present, have been very succesfull, on one day more than 70 names being sent in to play, but having two games, on same day, allows as a rule all to play who wish to. Among the coming men who promise to turn into good players, may be mentioned Ptes. Ramsay and Spicer, of A Coy., Ptes. Ware and Sageman, B Coy·, Pte. Marshall, C Coy. Ptes. Hoare and Barratt, D Coy., Ptes. Mitchell and Hagell, E Coy., Pte. Gunner F Coy., Ptes. Hussey, McKeating and Lawson, G Coy. Ptes. Tissard, Cronin and Roach, H Coy.

Among the incidents of the game played, we must remark two cleverly dropped goals by Ptes. Hills and Russell for their respective sides in the match Right Half *v.* Left Half Battalion. Dropping, while running with the ball should be practised by all players, especially the ¾ backs. More trouble must be taken over place kicking, on the average only one out of five tries result in a goal being placed.

As there seems to be some misunderstanding as to how a game is decided, we give the new rule in full, and all matches will be decided by this Rule.

"A match shall be decided by a majority of points ; a goal shall equal three points, and a try one point. If the number of points be equal, or no goal be kicked, or try be obtained, the match shall be drawn, where a goal is kicked from a try, the goal only is scored."

E COMPANY *v* G COMPANY, CUP TIE FINAL.

Played on Wednesday, August 29th, and resulted in a win for G Coy. by two goals and one try to nil. The game was evenly contested in the first half, E Coy. being forced to touch down twice in self defence. In the second half a good rush by E Coy's. forwards conspicuous among whom were Ptes. Pollard, Hagell, and James, was only just stopped in time by Pte. Lawson, who was full back for G Coy., played consistently well throughout, never missing his kick, and stopping several awkward rushes of the opposing forwards, good runs were now made for their respective sides by Corporals Alexander and Hilderbrand, and Pte. Russell, and the ball being worked down towards E Coy's. goal, and crossing the line, was touched down by Corpl. Godfrey, and a goal was placed by Pte, Lawson. Soon after, some good play by Corpl. Hilderbrand and Pte. Russell, ended

Digitized by Google

in the latter running in, the attempt at goal, though good, fell short of the crossbar. Corpl. Hilderbrand almost immediately after ran in, and the place kick by Pte. Lawson, a very difficult one, resulted in a magnificent goal. Nothing further occured till call of time, leaving G Coy. victorious and winners of the Challenge Cup for 1888.

Corpl. Hilderbrand deserves all praise for the way in which he has worked up his team; and captained it throughout the season. At the conclusion of the match, the cup was presented by Col. Harrison, who, in a short speech, explained how glad he was to present the cup, and how much he had enjoyed seeing the match.

Corpl. Hilderbrand replied for G Coy., and the proceedings wound up with general cheering.

SIDES.

G Coy., Corpls. Hilderbrand, Behrens and Pte. Russell, ¾ backs, Stirke and Brown ½ backs, Lawson, Back, Forwards, Adams, Williams, Want, Hussey, Page, McKeating, Billing, Keeler, and Corpl. Godfrey.

E Coy. Corpl. Alexander, Ptes. Mitchell and Kluckner, ¾ backs, Wickens and Dillon, ½ backs, Reynolds, back. Forwards, Pollard, Hagell, Straw, Rose, James, Ambrose, King, Staunton and Sergt. Summers.

Cricket.

GARRISON CLASS *v.* OFFICERS THE BUFFS

A very pleasant match was played on 13th September, between the Officers of the Regiment and the Members of the Garrison Class at present stationed here, which was won by our opponents by only twelve runs. Much merriment was caused by the dismissal of their popular instructor for the comparatively small score of 5 runs. This gentleman, we understand, seldom taking the willow in his hands without scoring his half century. It is a great pity that we cannot, on account of our approaching move to Bareilly, meet our opponents again in friendly rivalry, but we are sure that whenever or wherever we may meet them again in other fields besides that devoted to the willow and the leather ball, we shall enjoy as pleasant a day's fun as that on the 13th.

The score is appended, in their second innings the Officers of the Buffs made 79, but time did not allow of the completion of the match.

OFFICERS THE BUFFS.

Mr. Brine, run out	8
,, Stuart, b Hill	29
,, Parry, c & b Hill	0
Capt. Daunglish, b Bell	0
Mr. Eales, c Hill b Taylor	10
,, Lloyd, b Spurrell	17
,, Hulke, b Taylor	0
,, Trollope, b Beresford	2
,, Tarte, c Taylor b Bell	7
,, Eustace, run out	0
,, Greene, not out	6
Extras,	13
Total	92

GARRISON CLASS.

Capt. Beresford, c Eales b Stuart	21
Mr. Hill, b Parry	10
,, Fasson, b Eales	23
,, Bell, hit wicket b Lloyd	15
Major Newnham-Davis, b Eales	5
Mr. Spurrell, c Tarte b Lloyd	3
Capt. Taylor, c Tarte b Lloyd	11
Mr. Markham, b Lloyd	1
,, Dyson, b Lloyd	0
Capt. Meade, b Eales	2
Mr. Endran, not out	5
Extras	8
Total	104

E COMPANY *v* C COMPANY, FOR CHALLENGE SHIELD.

The above match played at Ranikhet on the 11th of September, and resulted in an easy win for E Company, C Company giving up the match, after Ptes. Edmonds and Straw had themselves beaten the whole of C Company's score.

C COMPANY.

Marshall, b Simmonds	11
Gower, b Simmonds	0
Hall, b Simmonds	1
Gardiner, b Simmonds	0
Patterson, c James b Simmonds	2
Beeden, b Reynolds	0
Golds, b Simmonds	0
Truscott, b Reynolds	0
Reynolds, not out	10
Tussler, b Simmonds	6
Haines, s Kluckner b Simmonds	0
Total	30

E COMPANY.

Edmonds, not out	42
Straw, not out	19
Q.-M.-Sergt. Cumber	Did not bat.
Kluckner	Did not bat.
Simmonds	Did not bat.
Reynolds	Did not bat.
Wickens	Did not bat.
Mitchell	Did not bat.
Ambrose	Did not bat.
Roberts	Did not bat.
James	Did not bat.
Extras	4
Total	65

Digitized by Google

"E" COMPANY *v.* SUMMER CAMP.

This match was played at Ranikhet, on August the 27th, and resulted in a win for the Company, by an innings and seventeen runs.

For "E" Company, Pte. Kluckner's batting was very good, playing splendidly for his score of 31.

THE CRICKET SHIELD FOR 1888-89

On the 21st inst, the final for this shield was decided between "A" and "E" Companie's; the latter winning by eight wickets. This was the last match in which Qr.-Mr.-Sergt. Cumber took part previous to his departure from the Battalion for the Regimental District, and in appreciation of his former assistance to "E" Company, he was presented with a Cricket bat by the men of the Company who greatly lament losing a man who was so thoroughly popular and respected, and who sincerley hope that before long he may be amongst us again, shining in the cricket field.

The Officers of the Battalion have presented him with a magnificent silver cup, and the Corporals gave him a gold signet ring with "H. C. C." engraved on it.

The winning of the Shield by Letter "E" Company, now brings the Left Half Battalion well to the front, the Association Football Cup having been secured by "H" Company, the Rugby Football Cup fell into the hands of "G" Company, and "F" Company stands a fair chance of wearing the Gold Guns and Crown for Musketry.

The Right Half Battalion will probably alter this arrangement next season, as each competition has been very keenly contested "A" Company having appeared in two or three finals.

Apologising for the digression, we return to the Cricket Match For "E" Company, Pte. Simmonds and Corpl. Reynolds bowled well—really well—Simmonds being simply unplayable. Ptes. Edmonds and Straw were most conspicuous in the batting. For "A" Company, Pte. Edwards bowled most dangerously; Barnes and Sewell making the runs, settling down to their work as if they fully intended winning.

Umpires—Corpl. Baker and Pte. Gilbert.

Scores :—

"A" COMPANY.

Pte. Fisher, b Reynolds	0	c Cumber b Simmonds	0
„ Hewitson, b Reynolds	2	b Simmonds	0
„ Sewell, b Simmonds	1	not out	17
„ Edwards, b Simmonds	2	b Simmonds	0
„ Brewer, b Simmonds	0	b Simmonds	0
„ Leek, b Simmonds	6	b Reynolds	2
„ Barnes, not out	25	c Bowden b Simmonds	4
„ Maynard, b Reynolds	0	b Reynolds	0
„ Howe, b Simmonds	12	b Simmonds	0
Dr. Johnson, b Simmonds	3	b Reyuolds	0
Pte. Brown, s Kluckner b Simmonds	0	s Edmonds b Reynolds	0
Extras	2	Extras	6
Total	53	Total	29

"E" COMPANY.

Pte. Edmonds, b Edwards	6	not out	24
„ Straw, b Leek	15	b Edwards	4
Q.-M.-Sergt. Cumber, c Johnson b Brewer	0	c Howe b Edwards	3
Pte. Kluckner, b Edwards	4	did not bat	
„ Simmonds, b Edwards	3	not out	9
Corpl. Reynolds, c Hewitson b Edwards	9	Did not bat.	
Pte. Bowden, b Leek	0		
„ Mitchell, c Leek b Edwards	0		
„ Roberts, b Leek	0		
„ Ambrose, b Lee'k	0		
„ James, not out	0		
Extras	4	Extras	2
Total	41	Total	42

NOTICE.

The Amateur Variety Company will give another performance in The Buffs Theatre, on the 4th, 5th and 6th of October. The pieces to be played are. "Leave it to me" (farce) and the well known Burlesque, "Fra Diavolo,"! and an interlude composed of Singing, Dancing, etc., will make up the entertainment, which is hoped will be as well patronized as on the last occasion.

Digitized by Google

FOR THE MILITARY, MEDICAL, MERCHANT & MISSIONARY.

THE

ARMY WATCH.

:o:

A STAMPED GUARANTEE OF FIVE YEARS WITH

MINCK'S CELEBRATED

ARMY WATCH.

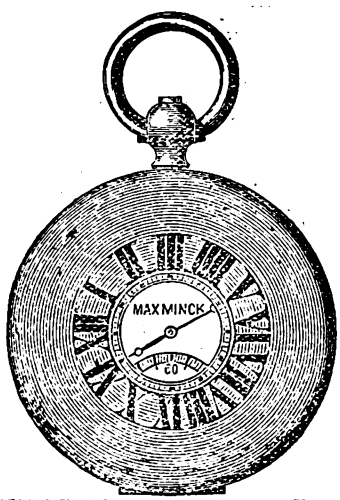
SPECIAL WATCH FOR THE ARMY.

In giving details and commending the strength of manufacture of different watches the Army Watch needs none. It has universally gained the GRANDEST TRIUMPH in accurate time-keeping, and has been faithfully acknowledged by every purchaser to be greatly superior in finish of movement and solidity of case to any similar Watch at a similar price offered to the Public. The Army is specially identified with my firm, and is a favourite Watch with the general public all over India. Made size of drawing and sent post free at my risk and cost to any part of India, Burma and Ceylon.

Has now been before the public over 9 years, during which time I have sold over 20,000, to the utmost satisfaction of my constituents and myself. I can highly recommend it for the Army. Numerous Officers and men testify to the excellent qualities of this Watch, and can vouch for the truth of what it claims to be. It is neat and elegant in design, and gives the greatest satisfaction as an English Lever. Just suitable also for all Business men, the Merchant Medical Officer, and the Missionary.

WARRANTED TO BE THE MOST ACCURATE TIME-KEEPER.

THE
PIONEER WATCH.



ENGRAVED CASE HALF HUNTER.
In Silver, Rs 38.
18-Carat Gold, Rs 100.
RENOWNED,

Equal to an English lever and for one-third the price. Specially manufactured for the Army; meets every demand as a superior Watch; all the works are carefully manufactured and examined; and more than every care has been bestowed to put out a first class article to the Indian public. This watch has had a wide reputation, and is still gaining repute wherever it goes.

CONSTRUCTION,—Compact, highly finished, ¾ plate, powerful Lever movement, combined with sound winding action, full ruby jewels, Brequet Spring and Chronometer Balance, and will stand all climatic influence of Heat and Cold.

Made size of drawing and sent Post Free at my risk and cost to any part of India. Highly recommended for daily wear, and is the best Watch for moderate purses.

THE
EXPRESS WATCH.

ENGINE-TURNED CASE HUNTER.
In Silver, Rs 36.
18-Carat Gold, Rs 100,
SUBSTANTIAL.

REGULATED TO A SECOND.

GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.

WARRANTY—For the Public confidence to rely on a five years' guarantee, is nothing but fair, where the choice of goods for valuables of this nature is concerned, A Watch of weak and common manufacture, and that will constantly require looking after, and sometimes will not go, is both discouraging to the purchaser as well as the manufacturer; in case of Expensive Watches, a 1 or 2 year guarantee does not in any degree ask for the investment; though to substantiate this, it will offer strength, durability, accuracy, and well-wear of the Watch—but such is only advertisement. the Watch is really good and strong as to call attention, so well; it should none the less go with a longer guarantee, if not longer.

If a Watch is treated well and not clumsily handled, such as awkwardly thrown about, it is bound to go that length of time till it uses up its own strength, either in motive power or cleanliness,—the material remains the same, and if given fresh force in spring power, &c., it will go again that length of time and longer, and such has been the case.——ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION.

:o:

MAX MINCK,—UPPER MALL, BOMBAY AND LAHORE

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1908.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 19. **RANIKHET, OCTOBER 31st, 1888.** Price, 2. As.

NOTES.

This number of the paper marks the end of the second year of its existence, and we are glad to say that, as time has gone on, *The Dragon*, which commenced very modestly two years ago with four pages, has now like Topsy, growed, and has settled down steadily to sixteen pages. We have again to thank our correspondents and contributors, who have always been well to the fore, and have saved the Editor from the cruel necessity, which in despair at lack of copy he sometimes contemplated, of printing the Regimental Muster Rolls.

We hope in our next issue to be able to give our readers an original story by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the well-known author of "Departmental ditties" and "Plain tales from the hills." Some time ago we wrote to Messrs. Thacker and Spink, the publishers, asking if we might republish one or two of the stories from "Plain tales"—a book we can strongly recommend any of our readers, who have not seen it, to read as soon as they get a chance. Messrs. Thacker and Spink replied that they had made a rule that none of the stories were to be reprinted; but that they had sent our letter on to the author. We heard nothing more, and imagined that a busy man had either forgotten about the matter, or had not cared to be bothered. However, the other day we learnt by chance that this was not so, but that Mr. Kipling, not being able to give us permission to excerpt any of the "Plain tales," had, with kindly thought and act, sent us another Military story with permission to publish it. We have now to rescue it from that Mælstrom of muddle, the Post Office, and when it appears our readers will know how it came into our possession.

The next issue of the paper will be published either at Lucknow or at Dum-Dum, we cannot tell which, and by that time we, the Editor, will be on our way home, on urgent private affairs, and the destinies of our little paper will be in new and, we are sure, most capable hands, and so *Messieurs et Mesdames* in our triple capacity of Editor, Manager, and "Teacher," we wish you good-bye for a year.

In any case before *The Dragon* again spreads his paper wings, the Battalion will have left Ranikhet, which has now been our Station for two years, and few of us, we fancy, will leave it

Digitized by Google

without a touch of regret. Dull at times, it may have been; but the cricket, the walks through the pine forest, the generous rivalry of companies at football, the hare and hounds, and the occasional break from the cast iron routine of the parade-ground into the mimic representation of mountain warfare, all will remain to us as pleasant memories; and, when we are sweltering on the steamy flats of Dum-Dum, many of us will look back with longing to the magnificent panorama of pine covered hills, and valleys golden with grain, and the great, glorious mass of snow peaks which bar the northern sky, and send to us a breeze cold from the snows better than all the tonics of the Medical Staff.

We have given up prophesying about moves, and though our last announcement about the move of our half battalion very nearly came right to the day, still we will not commit ourselves to any date for the move of the rest of the battalion down to Bareilly, and from thence to Lucknow. At present, writing three weeks before the date, for there is one of the festivals which the gentle Hindoo keeps with much regularity as far as doing no work is concerned, on, and we therefore have to go to press at an inconveniently early day. The move is fixed for the 8th November.

The half battalion who have preceded the headquarters to Bareilly seem to have got down there all right, in spite of the eccentricities of the baggage animals. Mr. Stuart's especial camel particularly distinguished itself. It played at being Professor Baldwin, and was found at the bottom of the khud, with its neck damaged irreparably (as they say in the Commissariat boards), and its burden neatly distributed over a paddy field.

The following has been sent in to us by some author, who is so modest that he has not even given himself a *non de plume*.

Macaulay is dead or we should have thought that it was that great master of style who had sent us an anonymous contribution; but as it is, we fancy, it must have emanated from the facile pen of the great essayist, poet, and inventor who at present graces the band: —

WHO ARE THE RANK AND FILE?

Who are the Rank and File? They are the poor wild birds whose country has cast them off, and who repay her by offering their lives for her glory, the men who take the shilling, who drink, who drill, who march to music, who fill the grave yards of Asia, the men who stand sentry at the gates of world famous fortresses, who are old when their elder brothers are still young, who are bronzed and burned by fierce suns, who sail over seas packed in great masses, who watch at night over lonely magazines, who shout "Who comes there" through the darkness, who dig in trenches, who are blown to pieces in mines, who are torn by shot and shell, who have carried the flag of England into every land, who have made her name famous throughout the world, who are the nation's pride in her hour of trouble, and her plaything in her hour of prosperity.

THESE ARE THE RANK AND FILE.

Our 2nd Battalion, from whom we have never received the much asked for and long expected monthly letter, have been distinguishing themselves at polo. In a match against the Royal Munster Fusiliers at Dover they beat the Irishmen by six goals to three. Captain Connellan (back, capt.) Mr. Williams, Mr. Vertue, and Mr. Bainbridge were the team who did battle for the buff and blue, and they appear to have galloped round their adversaries, getting nine shots at goal in the first fifteen minutes.

We of the elder Battalion are not going to be behind hand in the great Asiatic game, and we hear that our half Battalion at Bareilly are playing as if their lives depended on it. Mr. Tarte is mentioned as being a coming man.

Mr. Lewis Carroll, whom most of us have delighted in as the writer of "Alice in Wonderland," has been breaking out into poetry again. He has written a little poem, which is very graceful, as everything he writes is, and has sent it to the "Jabberwock," a little Boston paper, written by the girls of a Latin school. He has evidently taken his idea from Browning's two lines in Fra Lippo Lippi:—

"Flower o' the clove;
All the Latin I construe is 'Amo'—I love."

The verses under the title of "A Lesson in Latin" ran thus:—

Digitized by Google

Our Latin books, in motley row,
Invite us to the task—
Gay Horace, stately Cicero;
Yet there's one verb, whom once we know,
No higher skill we ask:
This ranks all other lore above—
We've learned "amare" means to "love!"

So hour by hour, from flower to flower,
We sip the sweets of life:
Till, ah! too soon the clouds arise,
And knitted brows and angry eyes
Proclaim the dawn of strife.
With half a smile and half a sigh,
"Amare! Bitter One!" we cry.

Last night we owned, with looks forlorn,
"Too well the scholar knows
There is no rose without a thorn—"
But peace is made! We sing this morn,
"No thorn without a rose!"
Our Latin lesson is complete!
We've learned that Love is "Bitter-sweet!"

Very pretty; but—Shade of Alice!—what ideas to put into the heads of school girls.

The Rajah of Sikkim is reported to be a sick him—that is to say an invalid—what is he suffering from? Why, Lhassatude, of course!

The season at Ranikhet has been finished, as far as the Regiment is concerned, by a series of field days, which will have given every man a most thorough knowledge of the formation of all the hills in the Cantonments. We have fought the Scottish Rifles in their hill stronghold, and they have returned the compliment by making a descent on us; the Standing Camp, in the most impartial manner, has assisted each Regiment in turn to butcher the other and, if it had been real warfare, the Black Mountain expedition would have been a joke in comparison to the Ranikhet Campaign.

Correspondence.

Correspondence, or Articles intended for insertion, must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any 'nom-de-plume' can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

I am glad to see that our men of Letter G Coy. have put a memorial over the graves of their comrades who died at Ranikhet. There was some talk of this taking place some time before the Coy. went to Bareilly, but they went down without doing anything about it, and I now see that the men who belong to the Coy. who are left at Ranikhet have taken the matter in hand and at their own expense have erected two pretty crosses to the memory of their comrades who are no more.

I am, Sir,
Yours truly,
G. H. Mills, Pte.,
G Company,
The Buffs.

Station Notes.

The great event of the Station during the month has undoubtedly been the ladies' cricket match. For weeks beforehand those whose buisness, pleasure, or desire to reduce the circumference of their figure, led them to walk on the road which runs past Col. Hart's house, heard nearly every afternoon the silvery ripple of maidens' laughter, quick cries of delight, and the encouraging shouts of "run! run!!" (The ladies were afraid that we were going to write something rude about the match, and we have put in the foregoing sentence to reassure them. There was a rude man who said something about the slaughter of live bacon; but then *he* was a BRUTE.)

At last the eventful day arrived, it was Thursday, 18th, as ever was, and true to their time all the ladies appeared on the ground—the ground was the old racecourse by the Standing Camp. The men did not, we regret to say, turn up with anything like the same punctuality. Whether it was fear of encountering the strong eleven opposed to them, or a low and matter-of-fact craving for tiffin, we cannot tell; but so few of the more brutal sex had put in an appearance at 3 p.m. that the ladies put in their opponents.

When we arrived on the scene Mr. Smith and Mr. Hill were making the stand of the day against the bowling of Miss M. Cumberland and Miss Lang. The ladies, we trust, will not think that we are underrating their bowling talents when we say that Miss Lang reminded us of Lohmann at his best, that Miss Cumberland was better than Spofforth when he first terrified England, and that Miss M. Lang and Miss M

Digitized by Google

Cumberland had all the united talent of Turner, Able, Peele, and Flowers. Miss Cumberland's system of back stopping also deserves special attention.

An idyllic and pastoral tone was given to the scene by two of the fielders taking afternoon tea at long leg—beg pardon! extended member: there shall be no rudeness about these paragraphs—and that love which is inherent in a lady's breast, to witness the gambols of happy childhood, to urge the growing child to take heathful exercise, and to impress on him the beauties of sylvan scenery, induced the fair fielders, whenever a ball was hit down the khud to allow the two small boys—the infantonian and *le petit charbon*—who were assisting them, to run after it.

The ladies won by 11 runs. The men played lefthanded with broomsticks, bowling and fielding ditto.

We must briefly say as regards the ladies' innings, that Mrs. Glascow in reach and hitting qualities is superior to Bonner, that Miss Lang is a lady's edition of W. S. Grace, that Miss M. Lang reminded us of W. W. Reade, that Mrs. Smith has much of K. J. Kay's slashing style, that Mrs. Taylor played a careful innings, which would have done credit to Able, and that Shuter, if he had been present, would have owned that Miss Cole knew more about the game than he did.

The scores were as follows:—

GENTLEMEN.

Mr. Hill, b Miss Cumberland	17
Mr. Greenway, b Miss Lang	13
Mr. Fasson, s Miss Cumberland b Miss Lang	14
Mr. Smith, l b w b Miss M. Cumberland.	15
Mr. Lloyd, b Miss Cumberland	0
Mr. Spurrell, b Miss Lang	1
Mr. Dyson, run out	17
Mr. Prioleau, c Miss Cumberland b Miss Lang.	2
Mr. Wallace, run out	9
Major Newnham-Davis, h w b Miss M. Cumberland	0
Col. Lang, not out	3
Extras	6
Total	91

LADIES.

Miss M. Cumberland, b Mr. Prioleau	3
Mr. Taylor, c	1
Master G. Leake, b Mr. Dyson	7
Miss M. Lang, not out	20
Mrs. Smith, run out	23
Miss Cumberland, c Mr. Hill	5
Miss Lang, c Mr. Spurrell	5
Mrs. Glascow, c Capt. Wallace	2
Miss Cole, c Mr. Dyson	10
Mrs. Shaw, b	2
Master B. Cole, b Mr. Fasson	0
Extras	19
Total	102

The only other events of the month were a boat race with Nynee Tal, which did not come off, "Stradvarivs caput" and "The Chucker-out" being the only two, out of our four, who put in an appearance, and the Garrison Class dance. The very sporting Class, who are now with us, on the 19th gave what will be the last dance of the season and, though the thinning out of the ranks of our society was very apparent, everything was as cheery and as nicely arranged as could be.

The following is "The Song of the Garrison Class," invented all out of his own head by "The Chucker-out," and sung by him to the air of "'Tis a fine hunting day."

FINE SKETCHING DAY.

This a fine sketching day,
'Tis as balmy as May,
And the Class to their "Teacher" have come.
Every Grecian is there, for with trouble and care,
They will chase the contour to its home.
See sketching kits all on their way,
And coolies plane tables display.
Let us join the wise throng
That goes pacing along,
For we'll all go out sketching to-day.

For we'll all go out sketching to-day
We'll try to look smiling and gay.
So we'll join the wise throng
That goes pacing along,
For we'll all go out sketching to-day.

Teacher says to his dame,
We won't mention her name, *
It is hard that I can't with you stay;
But I don't care a jot if you like it or not
For I must go out sketching to-day.
There's a contour got loose people say,
We must find him and chase him away.
I'll be first up the hill,
Give the Grecians their fill,
For I must go out sketching to-day.

Digitized by Google

There's the Chief in brown boots
With a breakfast that suits
Of mahogany pegs and a smoke.
To his comrades in pain,
As they sketch in the rain,
He looks like a jolly old bloke.
For he leads on his gallant old grey,
'Tis a wonder how well he can stay;
For the Chief is'nt light,
And his waistcoat grows tight,
And tighter, and tighter each day.

Now we troop down the khud
In the rain and the mud,
And we dare not apply to adjourn,
For the Teacher is there,
And his terrible stare
Makes us nervous and anxious to learn.
For he swears that big duffers we are.
"I'll be d——d if you ever will star."
But he aint a bad sort,
And I'm sure will report
That we haven't done badly so far.

There's Markham and Hill,
They are striving to fill
In their contours, where ever there's room,
And there's Wallace and Dyson,
Oh, his sketch is a nice one!
It looks as if made with a broom.
For lines run all over the place,
As if they were having a race;
But when marked with red ink,
We shall none of us think,
That the sketch would a General disgrace.

Then there's Priolean, Bell,
Oh, they're sure to do well,
For their skeleton's cribbed from a map, †
And Beresford too, not quite out of view,
And Spurrel who can't sketch a rap;
For he thinks all his instruments wrong,
See he solemnly paces along!
But he surely aint able
To bless his plane table
When his sketch comes six inches too long.

Then there's Taylor and Meade,
He's a sketcher indeed,
For the contours run right round his person,
And a Nynee Tal Swell,
You all know him well,
Then I tell you they call his name Fasson.
C———W———takes Carleton away
From thoughts of his sketching they say,
Thinking of them entails
Many several scales,
All of which are in use the same day.

Extra verse.

Since you've shouted encore,
One verse I'll give more,
But in it sad news I must tell,
That we all go away,
In eight weeks and a day,
From the Station we all love so well,
Ranikhet we shall ne'er see again,
But *one* thought now lightens our pain,
We shall meet down below,
Not what you mean—Oh, no!
See our old pals, The Buffs, once again.

"The Chucker-out."

* Because you don't know it, Chucker-out.
† We have our glassy eye on them.

Bareilly Notes.

The Half Battalion arrived here on Sunday, 7th October, having had an uneventful march down to Kathgodam; the road in some places, was certainly a bit jumpy, being at a slope of about 70 dgs., with only a narrow path to walk on. Much sympathy was excited for Lieut. Stuart at the sight of his baggage, lying some 200 feet down the khud in small pieces, that Officer's camel, having taken it into his head to step out of the beaten track (a path eighteen inches wide) into the river bed below, with the natural result of being killed on the spot. The tedium of the march was beguiled by our gallant acting Sergt.-Major (by the bye, one hears the term "acting" pretty often down here, as we are all "acting") performing on his flute, at the head of the column, the well known air "Are you there Moriarity"—a "call" we presume to our popular Doctor, toiling along in rear.

The four Companies are quartered in No. 1 to 11 blocks, large airy rooms, with plenty of space outside for cricket, quoits, &c., football is played, but with scarcely as much energy as at Ranikhet, the weather being still rather warm, but delightful in the morning and evening. At the Rugby game, the N.-C. Officers played a team of the men, with the result of a draw. The play all round was rather rougher than was absolutely compatible with friendship, but the harder a man was thrown, the more mirth was evoked from the audience, who enjoyed the looking on part immensely.

Of Company matches D Coy. beat H Coy. by two tries to nil. At Association the Detachment inflicted a severe defeat on the Seaforths, the "Jocks" being beaten by seven goals to love. We were roused up at 12 a.m. on the 16th inst. by the arrival of the draft of the South Wales Borderers, who are encamped just outside our barracks; they look as if a year at Ranikhet would do them all the good in the world. Of Station news there is but little to say, the Club is slowly filling again, old faces

Digitized by Google

(looking some of them younger than ever) are to be seen again ; and on Friday Mr. Neale gave an enjoyable little dance (not a 6 anna one) at the Club, and on Saturday the Officers of The Buffs (Lieuts. Eales, Parry, Stuart and Tarte) after a fast game, were beaten by the Station at polo, by four goals to love. Shooting has scarcely begun, one or two energetic spirits have been out, but so far have not bagged much. Next week is a gymkhana, with a 200 yards race for men; some of our sprint runners ought to have a look in for this, as there are several entries from the Regiment, and the Officers have got several entries for the young racing, and ought "to be there" at the finish.

There is not much else to relate, as one excitement in the week is about all the Station can rise to, and just now we are devoting our energies to this gymkhana, however, as time is up, this letter must be closed, and the gymkhana reserved for another letter.

"BAREILLY."

THE NYNEE TAL WEEK AT RANIKHET.

It is rather late in the day now to write an account of the Week, but still, as it is the chief event of the year at Ranikhet, here goes.

It seemed very doubtful until quite close on to the eventful week whether our guests would be able to get over here at all, for the final burst of the rains had broken down the cart road, and when a Royal Engineer Officer was reported missing and a hospital orderly had been sent down to look for him, armed with a bottle of "Pogson," in case he was dying of cholera, or had broken his neck, matters looked very black indeed. However, the arrival of the Lay-deacon and some days of glorious weather, restored confidence, and we set to work to prepare to entertain our guests. Every available quarters was set apart for the bachelors, and the sporting Garrison Class turned out of their mess house and gave it, and their mess, over to the ladies who had promised to come over and had nowhere particular to go to. The constant revision of the programme of the week, which had been necessitated by the varying orders as to the half battalion's start for their march, had finally left Monday as the first day of the cricket match, and accordingly, most of our guests from Nynee Tal put in an appearance some time on Sunday afternoon, all of them having experienced many adventures and great perils on their journey over.

Our friends of the neighbouring station were very much handicapped in their selection of their cricketing team ; Mr. Colin Mackensie, one of their best bats, had been ordered off to the Black Mountain ; another first class cricketer had been suddenly recalled from leave, and their best bowler was suffering from a severe cut, which put his bowling out of the question. This combination of misfortunes necessarily made their team a weak one, and as our cricketers were not willing to give up the advantage we derived from playing two of the men—an advantage which, under the circumstances we (simply as our own individual opinion) scarcely think our Station was justified in retaining—the team opposed to us, puzzled by the novelty of playing on matting, and unable to meet the first class bowling of Corporal Godfrey and Pte. Edwards, who were both in their best form, collapsed, and we won easily in one innings. For our opponents, Captain Rivet-Carnac, who had scarcely time enough to show his wonderful batting powers, made a good stand, but his partners never stayed in with him long enough to give him a fair chance.

The scores of the cricket match, and also the sides in the two football matches will be found in another part of the paper.

Monday night brought the dance given by the Officers of the Regiment. As was the case last year the large mess room was cleared for dancing, and the stretches of bare wall decorated with a dado of blue and buff and with stars of bayonets. The supper was laid out in the large mess tent, and the mass of silver, which formed a pyramid on an extemporised sideboard, received much admiration.

The floor was excellent, and twenty-four dances barely satisfied the energy of the dancers. The Lieutenant-Governor, who had arrived that afternoon, was present. On Tuesday morning, owing to the collapse of the cricket, there was nothing going on, but in the afternoon a scratch Association Football match was got up, Officers The Buffs *v.* Station and Visitors.

The excitement for Tuesday night was the Garrison Theatricals. The talent available in the Station was hardly up to the mark of a three act comedy, so it was determined to play two smaller pieces. In "Retained for the Defence," Capt. Richardson as Mr. DeWindsor

Digitized by Google

made an amusing and eccentric old man ; Mr. Markham declaimed fluently as the young barrister ; Dr. Bateson, who was greeted with much applause and who had a bonquet thrown to him, played a stuttering swell ; Mr. Pearson was the comic butler ; and Mr. Lloyd, made up as a most miserable looking object, got a great deal of fun out of his part. The farce was played brightly enough, but the rustle caused by most of the guests coming in late and the hum of conversation which pervaded the house, prevented most people from picking up the thread of the story. We have omitted to state that Miss M. Cumberland made a very attractive Agatha De Windsor. Next came the step-dancing, Ptes. G. Terry and L. A. Hewer appearing first as two Lancashire lads in a song and dance, and afterwards doing some very good step-dancing. Mr. Greene followed with "The Irish Emigrant," and gave as an encore "Philadelphia."

Then came the *piece de resistance*, the one act drama "Our Bitterest Foe." In it Mr. Stuart, who is comparatively new to the stage, played the hunted French Officer with earnestness, and in some of the situations showed considerable power. Miss Cumberland, though not emotional enough, played Blanche, his cousin, with delicacy and grace, and to Major Newnham-Davis fell the part of the German Commander, who foregoes his revenge and gives up his lady love. The scene, an old oak chamber, painted chiefly by Mr. Brine and Sergts. Clifton and Short, made a very handsome setting to the little play, and the red light of the fire, contrasting with the blaze of moonlight outside the open window, added greatly to the effect.

On Wednesday Ranikhet easily defeated Nynee Tal at double-handed men's lawn-tennis, and in the evening the Lieutenant-Governor dined with the Officers of The Buffs.

Thursday was another blank morning ; but in the afternoon The Scottish Rifles gave an "At Home" at Chaubuttia, and there the two Misses Ross did battle for their Station at lawn tennis, defeating Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Cockin by three sets to one. In the evening Mr. Mullaly and Mr. Eustace beat Capt. Woodhouse and Mr. Mantel in the billiard match, and while the match was in progress, amusement for the ladies was found in a Conversazione, of which this was the programe.

PART I.

1.	GLEE	
2.	SOLO	Mrs. Mally.
3.	SOLO	Mr. Markham.
4.	RECITATION ...	Mrs. Glascow.
5.	SONG with violin and piano	Mrs. Bayard. Mrs. Smith Mrs. Leighton.
6.	SOLO	Mr. Greene.

PART II.

1.	SOLO	Mr. Punnett.
2.	SOLO	Mrs. Turner.
3.	DUETT ...	Mrs. Stuart and Miss M. Lang.
4.	RECITATION ...	Major Davis.
5.	SOLO	Mrs. Stuart.
6.	SOLO	Mr. Greene.

Friday morning had been fixed for the shooting match, which has usually been looked upon as a certainty for Nynee Tal, but which went this year to us, as can be seen by the score.

RIFLE MATCH.

NYNEE TAL.

	200	500	600	TOTAL.
Mr. Ross,	29	25	17	71
Capt. R. Carnac,	30	26	12	68
Capt. Woodhouse,	29	18	23	70
Mr. Thurston,	28	2	9	39
			Total ...	248

RANIKHET.

	200	500	600	TOTAL.
Mr. Greene,	31	14	24	69
Capt. Wallace,	28	27	13	68
Mr. Brine,	35	32	16	83
Mr. Hulke,	29	27	19	75
			Total ...	295

Ranikhet won by 47 points.

In the afternoon there was a Gymkhana, the principal events being clay pigeon shooting, tent-pegging, and a Rugby Union match, The Buffs Mess *v* The World. The game was a very fast one, The Buffs having much the advantage in the scrimmage, while the World had the better players outside. However, the Buffs, although playing without Mr. D'Aeth, who did not come over from Nynee Tal as was expected, soon showed their superiority in the matter of training, and won the game by one goal and two tries.

The fancy subscription ball in the evening practically ended the week. The Club rooms had been prettily decorated, and the only point that could possibly be picked out in which the dance was not up to the highest mark was the

Digitized by Google

floor, which, being newly laid down and of soft wood, was rather heavy in spite of every effort having been made to bring it to perfection.

Some of the ladies' dresses were very handsome, an Albanian, Portia, and The Press being perhaps the most remarked. The men were mostly in uniform, but there was a sprinkling of Burmese dresses, which are very night-gowney costumes ; some gentlemen had mounted black velvet and white wigs, and there were some various other dresses, including a nondescript black one, known as Mercik's latest

Saturday was a day of much photographing, and of the departure of most of our guests.

The Week may be pronounced to have been a great success—Mr. Ross, The Commissioner, indeed says that it is the best he has ever seen —and it made a good wind up to the stay of The Buffs in the Station.

Regimental Items.

At the Examination held on the 16th July and following day, the undermentioned Officers qualified as noted against their names.

Captain G. H. Chippindall.

Examination in "C" and "D," Sect. IX, para. 39 IV., Queen's Regulations (for rank of Major).

Lieut. C. K. Greene,
" E. C. M. Parry,

Examination in "C" and "D," Sect. IX., para. 39 III., Queen's Regulations (for rank of Captain).

The undermentioned N. C. Officer has been awarded a Certificate for Musketry, dated Simla, 20th August, 1888.

No. 1826 Sergt. W. Lishman.

No. 1672 Pte. C. H. Flint and No. 1590 Pte. G. Martin have been permitted to re-engage so as to complete 21 years' Army Service.

The following have extended to complete 12 years with the Colors.

No. 363 Sergt. G. E. M. Brewin.
" 89 Lce.-Sergt. W. Hunt.
" 155 Lce.-Corpl. E. Bing.
" 83 Pte. A. Hussey.
" 788 " R. Noble.

The following have received Territorial Nos. on re-engagement.

Sergt. T. Steele, 2605
" E. Breen, 2606
Pte. J. Franklin, 2607.

With reference to our notification in the last *Dragon*, the following alterations have been made in the publication then published.

To be Corporals.

Lce.-Corpl. T. Compton, vice Tester deceased 21-4-88.

Lce.-Corpl. H. Edwards, vice Parsons discharged 30-5-88.

Lce.-Corpl. W. Day, vice Saville promoted 3 8-88.

To be paid Lance-Corporals.

Lce.-Corpl. J. Fisher, vice Compton promoted 21-4-88.

Lce.-Corpl. W. Price, vice Edwards promoted 30-5-88.

Lce -Corpl. H. Hodgins, vice Day promoted 3-8-88.

The undermentioned N. C. O's and Men will perform the duties as stated opposite their names on the march down to and during the stay of the detachment at Bareilly.

Col.-Sergt. Featherstone, act. Sergt.-Major.
" Woodward, " Qr.-Mr. Sergt.
" Tomsett, Canteen Steward.
Sergt. Clifton, Canteen Writer.
Pte. Hills, D Coy. } Camp Colormen.
" Nicholls, E " }
" Hussey, G " }
" Hannaford, H " }
Sergt. Clifton, act. Orderly-room Clerk.
Col.-Sergt. Featherstone, Superintendent of Canteen Issues.
Lce.-Sergt. Batty, act. Provost Sergeant.

The following proceeded to Lucknow on the 6th inst. for the purpose of undergoing a course of Gymnasium.

Corporal Cork, Corporal Stirk and Lance-Corporal Tomlin.

No. 275 Pte. W. Hughes proceeded on the 5th inst. en-route to port of embarkation (Bombay), on transfer to Army Reserve.

Sergt. W. Lishmam has taken over the duties of Drill Sergeant to the Battalion from the 3rd inst.

Digitized by Google

No. 1452 Dr. C. F. Mepham attained 18 years of age on the 17th September, 1888.

The undermentioned have left this station en-route to Calcutta for duty with the Presidency Volunteers :—

Lce.-Corpl. E. Bing.
„ J. Hall.

SAVINGS BANK.

The undermentioned amounts have been deposited in or withdrawn from the Regimental Savings Bank during the month of October, 1888 :—

	Deposits.			Withdrawals.		
	Rs	A.	P.	Rs	A.	P.
Letter "A" Coy.,	331	0	0	368	2	10
„ "B" „	316	0	0	84	9	0
„ "C" „	496	0	0	80	3	0
„ "D" „	132	0	0	285	0	0
„ "E" „	210	8	0	52	7	9
„ "F" „	385	0	0	224	7	3
„ "G" „	274	0	0	378	11	5
„ "H" „	40	0	0	40	0	0
Rs	2184	8	0	1513	9	3

The undermentioned N. C. Officers and men have become entitled to Good Conduct Badges at rates and dates as specified :—

Pte. H. Peters,	granted 1d.,	3-10-88.
„ J. T. Sampson,	restored 1d.,	25-10-88.
„ E. Carter,	granted 2d.,	17-10-88.
„ J. Cullinam,	„ 1d.,	17-10-88.
Lce.-Corpl. J. Froggot,	„ 1d.,	31-10-88.
Pte. A. Goddard,	„ 2d.,	7-10-88.
„ F. Aust,	„ 2d.,	18-9-88.
„ P. Taylor,	„ 1d.,	16-10-88.
„ E. Lebannon,	„ 2d.,	7-10-88.
Lce.-Corpl. Hickmott,	„ 2d.,	7-10-88.
Pte. M. Collins,	„ 2d.,	5-10-88.
„ H. W. Forde,	„ 2d.,	2-10-88.

DEPOT NEWS.

A draft consisting of 1 sergeant, 2 corporals and 110 privates is being prepared by the 2nd Battn. for embarkation in H.M.S. "Serapis" on 10th October, for 1st Battn.

Color-Sergt. Marshall has been posted to the Permanent Staff, 1st Volunteer Battn., The Buffs, as Sergeant Instructor of "H" or Ashford Company.

The Commander-in-Chief has approved of the wife of Pte. J. Clarke being considered eligible to be placed on the married roll, and she will embark with her husband with draft.

16 recruits are under orders to be sent from Depot to the 2nd Battn. on 1st October.

Colonel Hobson, Commanding Regimental District, proceeds on leave on 6th October until 31st December, 1888, and during his absence Major Maclear will assume command of Regimental Depot.

No. 1411 Pte. W. Griffiths is about to be discharged to pension.

DUMBLETON'S VICTORIA CROSS.

By K. Butt.

"Encore!"

"Give us another!"

It was growing late, but we—that is the younger officers of the —th Regiment —— were still sitting round the mess table, smoking and beguiling the time with song and story. At the sound of the somewhat feeble applause above recorded, an extremely young ensign, who had just finished relating a thrilling tale of his own adventures by land and sea, bowed slightly. "Much as I have enjoyed Jack Dalziel's story," I said, glancing in his direction, "I think I would not care for another to-night. It was too exciting—it has an effect upon the nerves. Jack's stories are apt to be exciting."

"Peter's voice, of course," he replied, without looking up, "I suppose if one were to find the sentiments of one's dearest friend printed in the desert, one would recognise them at once—such is the power of love."

"Well, at any rate it does not matter who tells the story, Jack is sure to have a share in it," some one said from the far end of the table. "If he does not turn out that he is the hero, he is sure to be connected or intimately acquainted with him." A withering glance from the young ensign in the direction from which the voice came was the only answer vouchsafed. Here I hastily interposed. "I think the proper moment has come for Dumbleton to tell the story of his Victoria Cross. I don't think any of you fellows have heard him tell it yet. Come, Dumbleton."

Digitized by Google

I looked across the table as I spoke, and all eyes were turned in the same direction. My opposite neighbour was an exceedingly long and exceedingly red young man. His legs were so long that I was continually finding his feet under my chair at dinner; and, at a gentle hint from me to remove them, he would draw them suddenly under him, lifting the whole table on his knees in so doing. His hands were very long and red, and, as he did not smoke, or use them in any way, as far as I could see, he had fallen into a way of twisting the fingers together which made them redder than ever. His face was red, and his hair was that peculiar shade of auburn which goes so badly with a red coat. Mothers should think of this when choosing a regiment for their fair haired sons. He grew redder than ever when he found that public attention was turned in his direction, and made some furtile attempts to be allowed to sink once more into insignificance; but it was useless, everyone was clamouring for the story; at last, after clearing his throat several times, and tightly interlacing his long fingers, he began.

"It is certainly an odd story. I am always half ashamed of wearing this," touching the medal as he spoke—"but it happened this way. It was just before the engagement at Inkerman, I was acting as Aide-de-Camp to Col. Georgeton at the time, who, with a small body of men, was on outpost duty. We had been marching all one night, and, when the light first broke we found ourselves on the top of Kadakoi Hill, a small eminence overlooking a valley. A halt was called, and I was very thankful. The long ride had tired me, and for the last two hours my head had been aching intolerably, so that I was faint and dizzy. I had suffered from that pain in my head a good deal, off and on, ever since I had that touch of the sun in India two years before. I was just about to dismount when the Colonel directed my attention to a moving body of men, hardly discernable through the mist, who were in the act of mounting another small hill at no great distance from the one on which we stood."

"Who are they, Sir?" I said.

"That is more than I can tell," he replied. "The field glasses are useless in this light, and, with those long grey cloaks it is almost impossible to say if they be friends or foes, and yet we must discover."

Even as he spoke an idea had flashed into my mind.

"Will you give me leave, Sir, to find out?" I said, I hardly heard his answer. The pain in my head was growing worse and worse every moment, till I could hear and see nothing but the Colonel's figure in his long grey cloak, and, far away, the indistinct moving mass. I tried to pull myself together, to carry out my plan; the Colonel had said it *must* be done—but it was useless. A thick darkness was settling down on me, and a silence that felt like death. I tried to move, but my limbs seemed bound with chains of iron; I tried to call out, but my tongue refused its office. And then, all of a sudden the spell seemed broken; but it was too late. Before I had recovered myself sufficiently to act, the sound of horse's feet broke upon my ear, and a man rode past me at a gallop in the direction of the adjoining hill, where the strange soldiery were already beginning to assemble."

At this point of his story Dumbleton grew so excited that he drew his long legs suddenly beneath him, lifting the table at least an inch from the ground in so doing, and causing every glass on it to ring. Jack Dalziel put his hand to his heart and gasped, but Dumbleton was too excited to heed the interruption. "The strange thing was that, as the man rode past me, I caught one glimpse of his face, and I saw that he was the living image of myself, and the horse he rode—I could not be mistaken—was my own chestnut Dniat, with her two white stockings shining in the dim morning light. Well, I watched them anxiously to see what they would do, yet knowing all the time that the strange rider was going to carry out the plan I myself had formed; and indeed it was so. He never drew rein until he was within musket shot of the advancing troops, whoever they might be. Then he halted suddenly on a little hillock, fully exposed to view; and, unbuttoning his grey cloak, displayed for a moment the red beneath. That he had been seen by the advancing troops was evident, for they halted. There was an instant's pause, then a volley was fired in his direction. Apparently he was untouched, for shortly afterwards he rejoined the Colonel, who had already given the order to retreat. The Colonel was grateful to the man who had got him out of the difficulty, and swore that it was I, and I alone, who had come to his rescue. He would not even listen to my story, and so they gave me the medal. At

Digitized by Google

first I hardly liked to wear it, for I could not help thinking of that strange rider—my unknown benefactor!"

There was silence for a few minutes after he had finished speaking. It was a good story, and he had told it well. Then Jack Dalziel rose, and walking over to the fire, threw the end of his cigar into the flames; after that he turned and faced us.

"Gentlemen," he said, with a little bow, "I was the man."

There was a general laugh, but it was unheeded by Dumbleton, who rose to his feet, and went awkwardly over to the young man's side.

"You," he said, staring at him blankly, why did you never tell me so?"

"My natural modesty prevented me," he said, with a little laugh, "pray do not mention the subject again, goodnight."

I was sitting with Jack in his room the next day smoking the pipe of peace, when we heard somebody shuffle up the passage, and lay a nervous hand upon the door-knob.

"A hundred to one on Dumbleton," Jack said lightly.

In another moment Dumbleton himself stood in the room. He looked redder than ever, and his hair seemed to match with his coat, worse possible, in the morning light.

"I have been to the Colonel, Dalziel," he said, standing on one leg, and twisting his long fingers together, "and he says he will have the matter enquired into at once."

"Been to the Colonel," echoed Jack, somewhat mystified.

"Yes," he repeated, more nervously, "about that business on Kadakoi Hill, he would like to see you at once; it was kind of you not to wish it known," he added, "but of course, I could not allow that."

I looked at Jack, he had risen to his feet, and the calmness of despair was upon his face.

"Kadakoi Hill," he said bitterly, "I had not entered the service at the time of that incident on Kadakoi Hill: I was in the nursery, most likely, I am not even certain that I was born." Having deliverd himself of this cutting speech, he strode across the room, and disappeared through the open doorway.

I turned one withering glance in the direction of Dumbleton, but, as I looked, my anger gave way to a feeling very nearly akin to pity.

"Dumbleton, you are a fool," I said, in a conciliatory tone.

What passed between Jack and the Colonel that morning never afterwards transpired, all I know is that in the future Jack's stories were of a character somewhat less exciting. And as to Dumbleton—I do not think he ever told the story of his Victoria Cross again.

MUSKETRY.

The classification and figure of merit of Letter D Coy. is as follows, viz :—

Figure of Merit. { Range Individual, 142·27. / Independent and Volleys, 11·88.

Classification.

Marksmen	37
First Class Shots	17
Second ,,	46
Third ,,	8
	108

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with para. 215, British Musketry Regulations 1887.

Gold Guns as best Marksman of Company.
No. 1800 Pte. T. Pembroke.
Worsted Guns as Marksmen.

Pte. A Horsecroft	Lce.-Corpl. E Wynne
,, C Clements	Pte. A Milgate
,, A Haseldene	Lce.-Corpl. J. Davis
,, T Barrett	Pte. B Hargreaves
Sergt. W Greenland	,, R Cox
Pte. F Goodwin	,, C Aitkins
,, J Simmonds	,, J North
Corpl. C. Burrows	,, C Page
Lce.-Corpl. J Harlow	,, T Bryant
Pte. E. Wilson	,, W Westley
,, G Turner	,, R. Gallagher
,, W Hawkings	Cr.-Sergt. H. Featherstone
,, H Goddard	Lce.-Sergt. J. Underhill
Sergt. C. Gray	Pte. T May
Pte. W Papworth	,, S Bailey
,, J Gray	,, C Olive
,, A Greenstreet	,, A Roberts
,, H Blackwell	,, G Martin

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with para. 215, British Musketry Regulations 1887.

Gold Guns as best Marksman, first party of casuals 1889-89.

E Company, Color-Sergt. C. Woodward.
Worsted Guns as Marksmen.

F Coy. Lce.-Corpl. Hodgins	B Coy. Pte. Gilbert
G ,, Pte. Newing	,, Lce.-Cpl. Hurrell
A ,, Lce.-Corpl. Price	,, Pte. Rayward
E ,, ,, ,, Reynolds	F Coy. ,, Copeland
H ,, Corpl. Buckley	B ,, ,, Davis
B ,, Pte. Fraser	E ,, Lce.-Cpl. Tomlin
G ,, Lce.-Cpl. Tozer	A ,, Pte. Howe
G ,, Pte. Woods	B ,, ,, Bishop
D ,, ,, Hoare	F ,, ,, Bush
G ,, ,, Munday	H ,, ,, Sheed
B ,, ,, Saunders	F ,, ,, Maytom
A ,, Corpl. Roach	H ,, ,, Moriarty.

Digitized by Google

Classification and figure of merit of Letter A Company.

Figure of Merit. } Individual 143·80.
Independent and Volleys 75·54.

Classification.

Marksmen	33
1st Class Shots	22
2nd ,, ,,	38
3rd ,, ,,	10
	103

Badges of distinction.
Gold Guns as best Marksman of Company.
Pte. E. Poolman.
Worsted Guns as Marksmen.

Lce.-Corpl. A. Donnelly	Pte. J. Saunders.
Pte. Geer	,, T. Mansell
,, Kent	,, McGee
,, Dunham	,, Thacker
,, Burke	,, Higgins
,, Claydon	,, Ransley
,, Lipscombe	,, Etherington
,, Fisher	,, Leek
,, Williams	,, Ridgeway
,, Cronk	,, Hooks
Lce.-Corpl. Greenland	,, Chalton
Pte. Croucher	,, Cafferty
,, Mathews	,, Judge
,, Fidler	,, Edwards
Sergt. Sheppard	,, Woodhatch
Corpl. Locke	,, Speller.

REVOLVER PRACTICE.
Warrant Officers and Staff Sergeants.

The Warrant Officers and Staff Sergeants of the Battalion fired their annual course on Friday, the 12th inst., under difficulties rather annoying at the time and which brought forth silent remarks from some, who had to snap more than their share of times, in order to get the ammunition to explode, or their revolver to act in a proper manner.

With patience and perseverance, however, some tolerably good scores were made, which were as follows:--

With the right hand.

	Independent	Repeating	Total.
Sergt.-Major J. W. Cook	16	18	34
Pay Mstr.-Sergt. F. Wilson	20	19	39
O. Room Sergt. F. Butler	19	11	30
Sergt.-Drummer H. Lawrence	20	15	35
Band-Sergt. T. Steele	12	7	19
Canteen-Steward J. Gleeson	13	14	27

With the left hand.

	Independent	Repeating	Total
Sergt.-Major J. W. Cook	18	18	36
Pay Mstr.-Sergt. F. Wilson	18	13	31
O. Room.-Sergt. F. Butler	13	10	23
Sergt.-Drummer H. Lawrence	21	20	41
Band-Sergt. T. Steele	13	13	26
Canteen-Steward J. Gleeson	3	2	5

FOOTBALL.
REGIMENTAL FOOTBALL CLUB. (RUGBY).
NOTICE.

There will be no further election into the Regimental 1st XV. until the Regiment is all together again.

October 20th. L. G. N. Eales, Lieut., Hon. Sect.

RUGBY UNION.
F COMPANY *v.* C COMPANY.

On the 10th inst. a very good game was played which ended in a draw, one try each being got. Pte. Gunner obtained the try for F Company after a very clever run.

B COMPANY *v.* F COMPANY.

F Company won by two tries to nil.

ASSOCIATION RULES.

THE BAND *v.* F. COMPANY.

Played at Ranikhet on the 6th inst., and resulted in a victory for F Company by two goals to nil.

B COMPANY *v.* F COMPANY.

This match was played on the 6th inst., and resulted in a win for F Company by two goals to one.

A COMPANY *v.* F COMPANY.

This match was played at Ranikhet on the 12th inst., and resulted in a draw.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL AT BAREILLY.

G COMPANY, THE BUFFS, *v.* THE BAND, 78th.

Played on the 13th inst., and to the surprise of everyhody, resulted in a win for G Company by two goals to nothing.

Digitized by Google

DETACHMENT, THE BUFFS, *v.* DEPOT, SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

This match emanated from the match G Company *v.* The Band, and was played on the 19th inst. The "Jocks" cannot understand an English Regiment beating them at this game, and G Company beating their best team (The Band), they expressed an opinion that they were playing the Detachment, having beaten H Company by three goals to nothing. However, this match was made and played in the presence of an enormous, enthusiastic multitude, the Highlanders, Artillery, Buffs and 24th turning out in great force.

Goal after goal was shot past the goal-keeper amidst tremendous cheering. The game ended in an easy win for The Buffs by seven goals to nothing, who when leaving the field were cheered to the echo.

The Detachment team was as under:—

Corpl. Hilderbrand, Goal-keeper.
Pte. Caffery, } Full backs.
„ Lawson, }
„ Moriarity, } Half backs.
„ Golder }
„ Ambrose }
„ Evans } Right wing.
Corpl. Behrens }
„ Alexander, Centre.
„ Godfrey } Left wing.
Pte. Kluckner }

THE RANIKHET WEEK FOOTBALL MATCHES.

"OFFICERS, THE BUFFS' MESS," *v.* "OFFICERS, THE WORLD."

FIRST MATCH, ASSOCIATION.

Played on Tuesday, September 25th, and resulted in a draw, one goal each. The game throughout was very evenly contested, the ball being first at one goal, then at the other. There was a good deal of charging, in fact more fun than science. The World's goal-keeper must have been surprised at being hurled to the ground in the most approved Rugby manner by an energetic Buff, but both the World and Buff Officers were hauled about in a most impartial manner.

Sides as follows.

BUFFS' MESS.

Lieut. Hulke, Goal-keeper.
Dr. Bateson, } Backs.
Major Davis, }
Lieut. Trollope, } Half Backs.
„ Eales, }
„ Stuart, }
Lieut. Eustace, } Forwards.
„ Bell, }
„ Lloyd, }
„ Tarte, }
„ Bayard, }

THE WORLD.

Lieut. Hill, Goal-keeper.
Lieut. Mullaly, } Backs.
„ Spurrel, }
Lieut. Lloyd, } Half backs.
Mr. Growers, }
Lieut. Markham, }
Lieut. Woodyat, } Forwards.
Capt. Thurston, }
„ Gordon, }
„ Hopkins. }

SECOND MATCH, RUGBY.

Played on Friday, September 28th, 1888.

After a hard match resulted in a win for the Buffs' Mess by one goal and two tries to nil.

In the first half of the game the ball was chiefly in the World's half, thanks to the good play of the Buff forwards, conspicuous among whom were Lieut. Bell, Dr. Hanley, and Lieut. Bayard getting possession, by a good run, ran in and gained the first try for the Mess, the place at goal, though good, failed. Several attempts were now made by Lieut. Greenway to relieve his side, but he was always well collared by Lieut. Tarte, whose collaring throughout the game was of the greatest service to his side. Soon after another good rush of the Buff forwards, placed the ball over the enemy's goal-line, where it was touched down by Lieut. Stuart, and Lieut. Bell placed a good goal.

The principal feature of the game was good forward play and collaring by Lieut. Ellis for the World, and a grand dribble for the Buffs Mess by Dr. Bateson, who took the ball right down the ground, and Pte. Taylor, following up well, obtained the third try for the Mess, the place kick by Lieut Bayard, though a capital try, went over the posts. Nothing further

Digitized by Google

occurred till call of no side. The Mess is to be congratulated on its victory, as with Lieuts. Lloyd, Parry and D'Aeth away, it was not playing its full strength, but new blood was discovered in Capt. Chippindall, who with a little more practice, would doubtless play in the same form as he used to, when playing in the Old Football Club of The Buffs in 1879.

SIDES.

BUFFS' MESS.

Lieut. Bayard, ,, Tarte, Dr. Hanley,	Three-quarter backs.
Lieut. Eales, ,, Stuart,	Half backs.
Major Davis, Dr. Bateson, Lieut. Eustace, ,, Bell, ,, Hulke, ,, Trollope, Capt. Chippindall, Lieut. Brine,	Forwards.
Pte. Taylor, ,, Hoare,	Subs.

THE WORLD.

Capt. Gordon, Back, Lieut. Greenway, ,, Woodyatt, Mr. Grouse,	Three-quarter backs.
Capt. Thurston, Lieut. A. Kay,	Half backs.
Capt. Hopkins, Lieut. Turnfold, ,, Ellis, ,, Robertson, ,, Markham, ,, Hall, ,, Pearson, ,, Fasson, ,, Lloyd.	Forwards.

CRICKET.

"G" Coy. The Buffs *v.* The Band 78th.

This match was played at Barielly on the 11th inst., G Company played at a great disadvantage, being without the services of three of their best players, who are left at Ranikhet, but it seems as if they were quite strong enough by winning an easy victory by 10 wickets.

The scores were as follows:—

78th Band.

First Innings.		Second Innings	
Benton, b Hilderbrand ...	1	b Hilderbrand ...	0
Grant, b ,, ...	4	b Godfrey ...	0
Froster, c Willmott b Hilderbrand	0	run out ...	7
Delaney, b Godfrey ...	0	b Hilderbrand ...	1
Yates, b ,, ...	0	b Godfrey ...	0
Pearson, c and b Hilderbrand...	4	not out ...	12
Murphin, b Hilderbrand ...	6	b Hilderbrand ...	8
Balcombe, b Hilderbrand ...	12	c Russell b Godfrey	0
Frost, b Godfrey ...	0	b Godfrey ...	1
Dickenson b Hilderbrand ...	0	b Hilderbrand ...	1
Young, not out ...	2	c Wilmott b Godfrey	1
Extras ...	12	Extras ...	1
Total ..	41	Total ...	32

"G" Company, The Buffs.

First Innings		Second Innings.	
Godfrey, c Benton b Balcombe	4	not out ...	4
Hilderbrand, b Frost ...	9	not out ...	8
Russell, c Pearson b Balcombe	5		
Hussey, b Balcombe ...	6		
Lawson, c Pearson b Frost ...	6		
McKeating, c Benton b Balcombe	3		
Hicks, b Frost	1		
Watts, b Frost ...	8		
Willmott, b Murphin ...	3		
Golder, b Frost ...	9		
Collins, not out ...	6		
Extras ...	2		
Total ...	62	Total ...	12

"G" Coy. The Buffs, *v.* Band 78th.

This, the return match, was played at Bareilly on the 19th inst., and resulted, owing to the splendid batting of Corporal Godfrey, who scored a faultless 81, in a walk over for G Company by an innings and fourteen runs, Corporals Godfrey and Hilderbrand dismissed the whole of the team in both innings, and when the excessive heat is considered, they are to be congratulated.

The ssores were as follows:—

Digitized by Google

"G" Company, The Buffs.

Corpl. Godfrey, c Glynn, b Murphin	81
,, Hilderbrand, b Balcombe ...	3
Pte. Hussey, c Yates, b Balcombe ...	4
,, Hicks, b Balcombe	7
,, Russell, b Balcombe	2
,, Want, c Glynn, b Murphin ...	5
,, Golder, by McKoy	14
Corpl. Else, c Murphin, b McKoy ...	11
Pte. Christie, c and b Murphin ...	5
,, Collins not out	4
,, Beard, c Benton, b Murphin ...	0
Extras	1
Total	137

78th Band.

	1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
McKoy, b Hilderbrand ...	0	c and b Godfrey ...	3	
Grant, c Hussey, b Hilderbrand	3	b Hilderbrand ...	6	
Barns, c Hilderbrand b Godfrey	4	run out	9	
Hoskins, b Godfrey ...	18	b Godfrey ...	0	
Glynn, c Russell, b Hilderbrand	10	b Godfrey ...	6	
Allen, b Godfrey	3	run out	1	
Benton, b Hilderbrand ...	12	b Godfrey ...	0	
Foster, b Hilderbrand ...	3	not out	6	
Murphin, b Godfrey.	0	c Godfrey, b Hilderbrand ...	1	
Balcombe, run out	2	c and b Godfrey ...	0	
Yates, not out	14	c Godfrey, b Hilderbrand	14	
Extras	7	Extras ...	1	
Total ...	76	Total ...	47	

SCORES OF CRICKET MATCH.

NAINI TAL *v.* RANIKHET.

Played at Ranikhet on the 24th September, 1888, and resulted in a win for Ranikhet by an innings and 59 runs.

The scores are as follows:—

RANIKHET. First Innings.

Mr. Hanley, b Whymper	6
,, Bayard, b Gordon	33
,, Growser, c Whymper, b Milner...	15
Capt. Beresford, c Sub, b Milner ...	33
Mr. Greenway, c Rivett-Carnac b Gordon ...	0
Mr. Hill, l.b.w. b Gordon	19
Corpl. Godfrey, c Thurstot, b Milner	4
Mr. Stuart, b Gordon	4
,, Bateson, b Gordon, ...	4
Pte. Edwards, not out	0
Mr. Lloyd, run out	2
Extras ...	19
Total ...	137

NAINI TAL.

Major Woodhouse, b Godfrey	0	b Godfrey	1
Mr. King, l.b.w. b Edwards	0	b Godfrey	0
Capt. Thurston, c Edwards b Godfrey	0	c Bayard b Edwards	1
Mr. Quinton, b Godfrey	0	b Godfrey	0
Capt. Rivett-Carnac, b Edwards	15	not out	13
Mr. Whymper, b Edwards	0	b Godfrey	0
Capt. Gordon, c Edwards b Godfrey	9	c Bayard b Edwards	0
Capt. Milne, not out	2	c Hanley b Edwards	7
Capt. Angelo, b Edwards	2	b Edwards	2
Mr. Deighton, b Godfrey	1	run out	19
Mr. Bryant, b Godfrey	0	b Bateson	2
Extras	6	Extras	7
Total	35	Total	43

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

RANIKHET FIRST INNINGS.

	Total bls.	Runs.	Mdns.	Wkts.	Wds.	No. bls.
Cpl. Godfrey,	62	11	7	6	0	0
Pte. Edwards,	60	18	6	4	0	0

SECOND INNINGS.

Cpl. Godfrey,	70	16	5	4	0	0
Pte. Edwards,	45	13	3	4	0	0
Dr. Bateson,	18	8	1	1	0	0

NAINI TAL, FIRST INNINGS.

Capt. Gordon,	145	48	10	5	2	0
Mr. Whymper,	85	19	8	1	0	0
Mr. Quinton,	25	23	0	0	0	0
Capt. Milne,	80	28	4	3	0	1
,, Thurston,	5	2	0	0	0	2

"B" COMPANY *v.* "C" Company.

This match was played on the 2nd October, and was won by letter "B" Company by an innings and 11 runs. Gilbert and Holland batted in good style for the winners, and Sageman's "daisy-cutters" were much to straight for the losers.

"B" Company.

Pte. Holland, c Tusler, b Golds ...	21
,, Patten, b Golds	0
,, Ware, b Golds	4
Color-Sergt. Patterson, b Golds ...	3
Pte. Gilbert, c and b Gardiner... ...	27
,, Sageman, b Golds	0
,, Russell, c Reynolds, b Patterson ...	1
,, Peters, b Gardiner	4
,, Mitchell, b Gardiner	0
,, Riley, not out	5
,, Benton, b Patterson	0
Extras	7
Total...	72

Digitized by Google

"C" COMPANY.

Beedon, b Sageman	... 0	l. b. w. b Ware	...	3
Reynolds, c sub. b Gilbert	... 0	b Ware	...	6
Gower, b Sageman	... 1	not out	...	7
Golder b ,,	... 2	b Gilbert	...	2
Patterson, run out	... 6	b Gilbert	...	2
Gardiner, b Sageman	... 1	c Russell b Gilbert	...	3
Hall, b Sageman	... 0	b Gilbert	...	1
Truscott, b Gilbert	... 1	c Benton b Ware	...	6
Tusler, b Sageman	... 2	b Gilbert	...	2
Golds, not out	... 0	b Gilbert	...	0
Haines, c Riley b Gilbert	... 1	run out	...	3
Extras	... 7	Extras	..	5
Total	... 21	Total	...	40

B v. H COMPANY.

Played at Ranikhet on the 29th September, and won by Letter B Company by 73 runs. Neither side played their full strength.

B COMPANY.

Fisher, c Foster b Adams	6	b Adams	8
Sageman, b Foster	4	b Firth	2
Patten, c Firth b Adams	5	b Adams	18
Riley, b Foster	7	b Adams	0
Gilbert, b Foster	5	c Harding b Adams	37
Peters, c Firth b Adams	4	b Foster	6
Baker, b Foster	0	l. b. w. b Adams	11
Russell, b Adams	3	run out	16
Champion, run out	2	b Adams	3
Benton, c Tomsett b Foster	0	not out	7
Palmer, not out	1	b Adams	0
		Extras	8
Total	37	Total	116

H COMPANY.

Lieut. Parry, b Sageman	4	b Peters	1
Tizzard, c Fisher b Gilbert	2	b Gilbert	0
Adams, b Gilbert	0	b Gilbert	7
Harding c Fisher b Gilbert	0	c & b Peters	8
Foster, run out	20	b Peters	1
Clark, b Gilbert	1	run out	0
Firth, run out	5	b Gilbert	1
Talbot, b Gilbert	2	b Peters	0
Tomsett, c Benton b Russell	0	b Peters	0
Gardiner, not out	3	c Benton b Gilbert	1
Martin, s Benton b Gilbert	4	not out	1
Extras	7	Extras	2
Total	48	Total	22

A PERTINACIOUS LANDLORD.

"Isn't there such a crime as conduct calculated to provoke a breach of the peace?" asked a nervous looking man of a Police justice one morning. "Of course there is," responded the justice. "Then gi'me a warrant for my landlord," demanded the nervous man. "What has he done?" asked the justice, eyeing the suitor suspiciously. He comes to my house when I've got company, and says he wants the four months' rent I owe him, and sits out on the front steps and howls for his money. If I should kick the whole spine out of him, I'd be arrested, wouldn't I?" "yes I think you would. Why don't you pay him?" "That isn't the question. He comes to my house at four o'clock in the morning and yells through the key-hole, and then he goes up through the vacant house next door and gets on my roof and shouts down the chimney. Says he will have that money. If I drop a flat-iron on him, or blow him up with powder, it would go hard with me, wouldn't it?" "Pretty apt to. Can't you come to some understanding with him?" "It seems not. Say, has he got a right to climb over my fence, and have fits in my back yard, just because I owe him a little money?" "Does he do that?" "Of course he does, and when we haul him in the house, he yells murder and draws a crowd. Have I got a right to maul the life out of him with a club for that?" "I think not," responded the judge. "Why don't you move?" "That's got nothing to do with it. I want to know if he is entitled to slip up on the ice and fall through my basement window and do ten dollars worth of damage to the glass?" "Couldn't I mash the stuffing out of him for that?" "Certainly not" "But when he lies down on the side walk and howls that his mother is dead and he can't bury her because I won't pay what I owe him—haven't I got any remedy?" "I don't know of any. I think you'd better pay him." "But isn't it conduct calculated to provoke a breach of the peace when he comes round with a quart of laudanum and a horse pistol and threatens to take 'em both right on the premises if I don't put up? ain't it a crime when he hangs himself to a tree in front of my house with a paper pinned to him that I drove him to suicide? has he got a right to make faces at my children in Sunday School? won't the law touch him for coming to my door at daylight as drunk as a lord and claiming he's me, and yelling he's me, that I want to get in and lick my wife?" "I don't think you can do anything but pay him or move. The man has a right to his money." "That's all I want to know," replied the nervous man, appearing relieved. "I'm the landlord, and my tenant says he will have me arrested for doing these things. Now you bet he'll put up that wealth or I'll fall off the top of the house, and have the inquest in the parlour, a man can't live four months in my house for nothing without going to some trouble, now you hear me?" and the nervous man pranced off glowing all over with grim determination. A.S.D.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 20 **BAREILLY, NOVEMBER 30th, 1888.** Price 2 annas.

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTHS.

LEARY.—At Ranikhet, on the 21st inst. the Wife of Sergt. Denis Leary, The Buffs, Canteen Steward, of a daughter.

FEATHERSTONE.—At Ranikhet, on the 30th ulto, the Wife of No. 1135 Pte. Featherstone, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

GAGE—LYSAGHT.—At St. Pauls, Knights Bridge, on the30th ulto., Mr. Ælla Molyneux Berkeley Gage, (The Buffs,) to Miss Ethel Marion Lysaght, second daughter of Mr. John Lysaght, of Springfoot, Stoke Bishop, Gloucestershire.

DEATH.

SPENS.—At Staplehurst, Kent, on the 10th October, Wife of Major L. T. Spens (The Buffs.)

Notes.

In our last issue we were afraid that owing to th Battalion being on the march, it would be impossible t publish our usual monthly number, but as we remain here until the 7th of December, it will not do to forego our issue, more especially as this month inaugurates the beginning of the third year since "The Dragon" entered into its second existence. "The Dragon" was orginally started in Calcutta, in 1874, (when the Battn. was Commanded by Colonel Talbot Cox,) under the able management of Lieut. and Adjutant Colville, and was continued until the Battn. left for England in 1879.

As mentioned in last months' issue the Editor has gone on a years leave, the present Editor hopes he will continue to receive the same support from Correspondents and Contributors previously accorded.

The orginal order as to our move, still holds good, Head Quarters and seven Companies proceed by route march to Lucknow, and one Company proceeds to Barrackpore in advance of the Battalion, as their services here are not required, owing to the arrival of the Regiments from Burmah. The Leinster Regiment at Fort William now furnishes one Company at Dum-Dum, and one at Barrackpore, and no doubt this must make their duties heavy. As there are several Garrison Guards in the Fort, and with the arrival of the new Viceroy, many Guards of Honor to be furnished. It is hoped therefore that the Company may be sent direct in advance, so as to make things comfortable for arrival of Head Quarters.

Dum-Dum has already been described in a former Edition, the climate is very different to what has been experienced for the last two years, but it is much the same as Singapore. There is no doubt that to keep in good health, exercise is necessary, and if the same energy in games is displayed there as here, there will be little sickness.

The name of The Buffs is still well remembered in Calcutta,—we beat them at Cricket, and ran them very close at Football, and from what we can now remember both our Cricket and Foot-ball Teams are better than they were then; we are afraid it will be too late to play Cricket on our arrival, but Foot-ball is played in the rains, when we ought to make a match of it. We must also remind our readers that it was at the Dum-Dum range we won the Commander-in-Chiefs (Lord Napier of Magdala) Cup, and the Battn. was nearly at the head of the Army in its Annual Course. The

Digitized by Google

Regimental Rifle Club will soon get into full swing and we look forward to a great improvement in the shooting of the Battalion. There is a monthly Rifle Competition held at the Ranges, open to the Garrisons of Fort William, Barrackpore, Dum-Dum and to the Volunteers, and at which we no doubt shall hold our own

REGIMENTAL DISTRICT.

Col. the Hon. H. Parnell. C. B., from Lieut.-Col., half-pay, to be Col. to command the 18th Regimental District (The Royal Irish Regiment), vice Col. M. J. R. MacGregor, whose period of service in that appointment has expired; 23rd October.

The following cuttings from the "Morning Post" have been received:—

The marrige between Capt. A. J. W. Allen, The Buffs, and May, eldest daughter of Major-General Sir John Hudson, will take place at Quetta early in January.

The Marriage of Mr. Ella Molyneux Berkeley Gage (The Buffs) third son of General the Hon Edward T. Gage, C. B. with Miss Ethel Marion Lysaght, second daughter of Mr. John Lysaght, of Springfoot, Stoke Bishop, Gloucestershire, took place in St Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, yesterday afternoon. Viscount Gage was the best man to his cousin and the bride was attended by eight birdesmaids—namely Miss Beatrice Lysaght, her sister; Miss Mabel Gage, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Fanny and Miss Rosa Lysaght, cousins of the bride: Miss Maxse, and Miss Violet Maxse. and the Hon. Miss Veroker, cousins of the bridegroom. and Miss Violet Press. The bride entered the church at two o'clock, and was led to the chancel by her father, who afterwards gave her away. The service was fully choral. The Rev. J. W. Hardman officiated. assisted by the Rev. W. Boyd, rector of Wiggon-holt. Pulborough the Rev. John Eldowes Gladstone, vicar of St Matthew's Wolverhampton, and T. J. Filmer Bennett, of St. Paul's. After the ceremony, Mr. and Miss Lysaght (the eldest sister of the bride) held a reception at the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde-park-corner. the guests present including General the Hon Edward and Mrs Gage, Viscount Gage, Viscount Gort, Lord Sherborne, General Hon. Sir St. George and Lady Foley, Sir George and Lady Bowen and Misses Bowen, General Sir Daniel and Lady Lysons, Sir Rainald and Lady Russell, Colonel and Lady Katherine Eustice. General Sir Edward Hamley, General Sir Charles and Lady Crauford. Lady Clifford and the Misses Clifford, General and Mrs. Duff and Miss Duff, Mr. F. Percy Lysaght, Mr. Gerald S. Lysaght. the Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Lysaght, Colonel and Mrs. Harvey, and Colonel and Mrs. Campbell, Captain and Mrs. Stewart Beaumont, and Major-General and Mrs. Booth. At four o'clock the newly married couple started for Folkestone, *en route* for Spain.

Notice.

An Assault-at-Arms will be held at Lucknow on the 29th, 30th and 31st of January, 1889, open to the Troops who are quartered or encamped in the Oudh District on the above dates. The following are some of the events, being those only for which any men of the Regiment are likely to enter:

1. Fencing, 2, Bayonet *v.* Bayonet, 3. Bayonet *v.* Sword, are open to all, also 2, 3 and 4, Gymnastics open to all Non-Instructors. 6. Best man at arms, open to all (choice of Sword, Bayonet or Lance.) 6. One mile race, open to all Europeans, 7. Tug-of-War, ten a side, 8. Obstacle race, open to all Europeans, (about 300 yards.

The following are some of the rules for Assault-at-Arms

N. C. O.'s or Men holding First class certificates of qualification will be excluded from competing, except for open events.

On the day appointed for the distribution of prizes prize winners must be properly dressed with waist-belts and side-arms.

The form of entry, also a complete list of events, prizes and rules can be seen at the Orderly Room.

Numbers, Names, and Regiments of intending competitors, with a list of prizes for which entering, to be sent to the Inspector of Gymnasia in Bengal, Lucknow, ten (10) days prior to date of Assault-at-Arms.

Gossings.

To write Station news is hard work, harder still in a Station where everyone is either just settling down, or preparing to leave, as is the case now. What with the arrival of the 24th, and the departure of the Seaforth, consequently one's own doings and goings on form the chief topic of conversation and buck, therefore Station News will be chiefly Regimental news, as far as this letter is concerned.

The Polo match (return of Officers The Buffs *v.* The Station) came off on Monday, Nov. 12th resulting in a win for The Buffs by 3 goals to 1, the goals for The Buffs were got by Lieut. Eales, two, and Lieut. Stuart, one, while that for the Station by Lieut. Millar, 27th Punjaub Infantry. Each side having scored a win, the final should be a good game.

"D" Company, just before arrival of Head Quarters, carried through a most successful little Gymkana, the chief attraction being the boxing competition, at this great science (comparatively for his size) was shown by Pte. Brazier, strength finding a good exponent in Pte. Vickers, the combination of the two, however, secured First prize for Pte. Gallagher. In the Station Gymkanas; our runners have done well, as in races open to Garrison, in the 200 yards flat race in the first Gymkana, Corpl. Davis 1st, Pte. Court and Williams equal 2nd, and in the second Gymkana, Hurdle race Pte. Gallagher 1st, Lce.-Sergt. Underhill 2nd and Corpl. Alexander 3rd, competitiors from another corps had as the Yankees say "to take a back seat." With the arrival of the 24th, however, a fresh lot of runners will have to be competed with, no time is being lost apparently at playing our neighbours at almost everything, Cricket, Football, and Polo matches, &c., are all on, and we shall be able to see from the way our teams play the 24th, what sort of chance we stand in Calcutta at the various events.

Digitized by Google

On Thursday, the 22nd inst. about 7 a. m. "the morn being cold and misty," as novelists love it, several riders might have been seen slowly wending their way, across the maidan; slowly as, on account of the fog, one could scarcely see a yard in front of the pony's head, towards the grand (?) stand; which had been fixed upon as the opening meet of the Regimental Paperchasers (riding). The field having been collected, and great coats, &c., having been cast off, a goodly sight was seen: about 15 riders on ponies of every description, spurs golden, spurs silver, even down to the humble needle stuck through the heel of the boot, all were to do their work, as persuaders, but what mattered dress, when the heart of the rider was in the right place. At the start one of the hares ponies refused to budge, revolving like a teetotum on its hind legs, and seriously threatening the stability of the rider's seat, consequently only one hare was despatched, the time being 7-30 a. m. by the Quarter Master's Waterbury, after 4 minutes law the pack were let loose, the scent being laid over race course to 13th Lancers jumps, over (?) them, and on to river, the crossing of which excited some misgivings in the breasts of several riders we fancy, over the river, the scent lay along left bank, and bearing left on to the village of Curry Bait, and keeping left, finally struck main road, where a sharp trot of about a mile brought the pack, on to the race course, and a ding-dong finish between Lieut. Stuart, and "He would be a hare" (only his pony wouldn't) ended in Lieut. Stuart securing 2nd honours, the remainder of the field were well on, the Sergt.-Major, and other well-known riders across country being all there at the finish, and so ended a very pleasant morning's ride.

Jaffer and Gabb.

Regimental Items.

The undermentioned Officer landed in India on the 16th ulto. ex. Troopship "Crocodile:"

Major A. E. Ommanney.

Privilege leave of absence from 27th October 1888 to 18th inst. to visit Calcutta was granted to the above-named Officer.

Second Lieut. J. Hasler has been posted to the Battalion under Horse Guards authority, dated 18th September, 1888.

Major N. Newnham-Davis has been granted leave of absence to England, for 12 months.

Lieut. C. P. Lloyd has been granted leave of absence to England for 11 months, on urgent private affairs.

Lieut. G. G. Hunter has been posted to the Egyptian Army, under Horse Guards Authority, dated 5th October, 1888.

Lieut. E. C. M. Parry took over command and payment of Letter H Company with effect from the 13th inst., resigning the duties of acting Adjutant and Quartermaster to the first half Battalion at Bareilly, upon the arrival of the remainder of the Battalion at Bareilly.

Leave of absence in extension has been granted to Lieut. F. D. J. Annesley to the 27th February, 1889.

Captain H. Blackburn landed in India on the 30th ulto., and proceeded on the 17th inst. to Lucknow to take over the command of the draft of the Battalion, which landed in India on the 7th inst., and has arrived at Lucknow.

Lieut. D' Aeth has taken over command and payment of Letter G Company from the 19th inst. inclusive.

School-mistress Brooke has been granted leave of absence to visit Hydrabad, Scinde.

Color-Sergeant Nicholas has been promoted to the rank of Quartermaster-Sergeant with effect from the 13th October, 1888, vice Quartermaster-Sergeant H. C. Cumber, embarked for England to fill the vacancy existing of Sergeant-Major in the 3rd Regimental District.

Pte. W. Barrett has been appointed a provisional Lce.-Corpl. for the purpose of proceeding to Lucknow, to take up the duties of Prison Warder at the Military Prison there.

The undermentioned are also appointed provisional Lce.-Corporals:—

Ptes. E. Bailey, A. Cochrane and T. Murray.

Digitized by Google

The undermentioned N. C.O. and men having embarked on board the Troopship "Euphrates" for England on the 13th inst. are struck off the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly :—

Quartermaster-Sergt. H. C. Cumber.
Pte. E. Towner.
„ G. Hunter.

The undermentioned men left Ranikhet en-route for England for discharge on dates specified :

Pte. M. Higgins, 29th October, 1888.
„ J. Connell, „ „ „
„ J. H. Bates, „ „ „
„ J. Lane, 1st November, 1888.

Pte. W. Hughes embarked on board H. M. Troopship "Crocodile" on the 25th October, 1888, and is struck off the strength of the Battalion accordingly,

---

Proceedings on discharge was held by the Commanding Officer at the Orderly-room on the 6th inst. at Ranikhet, to verify the services, conduct and cause of discharge of—

Sergt. R. Ellis, Pte. A. Targett,
Corpl. H. Neal, „ W Young.

Sergt. W. Lishman proceeded from this station on the 14th inst. to Calcutta for duty with the Nowgong Mounted Rifles.

The undermentioned men arrived at this station on transfer from the 1st Battalion, West Riding Regiment, on the 2nd inst. :—

Ptes. G. Rogers and A. Harvey.

The undermentioned N. C. O. and men have been transferred to the Battalion from the 2nd Battalion, East Yorkshire Regiment, with effect from the 1st October, 1888 :—

Corpl. E. Goose, Ptes. J. Malkin & W. Wilson.

Color-Sergeant J. J. Butler was presented, on the 8th inst., with the medal for long service and good conduct.

The following have been presented with War Medals (Burmah) 1885-87 :—

Pte. Adams	Pte. Kent
„ Barnes	„ Keys
„ Couzens	„ Money
„ Dangerfield	„ North
„ Gardiner	„ Sherrard
„ Haines	

The undermentioned are appointed to perform the duties of camp colormen to the Battalion on the march to Lucknow :—

A	Company,	Pte. Rhodes
B	„	„ Gamble
C	„	„ Pearce
D	„	„ Hills
E	„	„ Nicholls
F	„	„ Hallett
G	„	„ Hussey
H	„	„ Hannaford

Pte. H. Featherstone was, on the 26th inst., permitted to re-engage to complete a total continuous service of 21 years.

Third class certificates of education have been awarded to the following, at the examination held at Ranikhet on the 9th inst :—

Pte. J. Hemsley,
„ G. Holmes,
„ G. Lehane,

The undermentioned N. C. O. and men having embarked on board the Troopship "Malabar" on the 3rd inst., en-route for England, are struck off the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly :—

Col.-Sergt. Bennell,	Pte. Blackman,
Pte. Cowley,	„ Millbank,
„ Cross,	„ Pearce,
„ Garbutt,	„ Rooke.
„ Whitby,	

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotion :—

To be Color-Sergeant.

No. 497 Sergt. W. Watts, vice Nicholas promoted, 13th October, 1888.

The undermentioned N.C. Officer will proceed home during the ensuing trooping season, and be posted to the home Battalion :—

Sergt. E. Breen.

Drummer C. Mepham returned to duty at his own request on the 5th inst.

Digitized by Google

Sergt. J. Gleeson ceased to perform the duties of Canteen Steward on the 8th inst., and Sergt. D. Leary has been appointed to perform the duties of that appointment.

Sergt. T. Hoar having rejoined the Regiment from Pachmari, resumed the appointment of Drill Sergeant to the Battalion on the 12th inst.

Pte. O. Taylor has been awarded a 2nd Class Certificate of Education at the Examination held at Bareilly on the 13th inst.

No. 714 Pte. George Riley has changed his name to that of Ryley John Phillips, and No. 1115 Pte. Edward Finch to Edward Bannister.

SAVINGS BANKS.

The undermentioned amounts having been deposited in or withdrawn from the Regimental Savings Bank during the month of November 1888:—

	Deposits.			Withdrawals.		
	Rs	A.	P.	Rs.	A.	P.
Letter A Company	414	0	0	106	4	9
„ B „	202	0	0	153	0	1½
„ C „	325	0	0	289	1	1½
„ D „	137	0	0	90	0	0
„ E „	167	0	0	535	4	4½
„ F „	161	0	0	276	9	0
„ G „	145	0	0	72	0	10½
„ H „	167	0	0	71	0	6
Rs.	1,718	0	0	Rs. 1,593	5	9

GOOD CONDUCT PAY.

The undermentioned men have become entitled to Good Conduct Pay at rates and from dates as specified:—

Pte.	W. McDonald.	@ 2 pence	22-11-88.
„	J. Rowling	„	21-11-88.
„	W. Googe	@ 1 penny	8-11-88.
„	R. Horrocks	„	25-11-88.
„	C. Truscott	„ restored	5-11-88.
„	A. Batt	„	13-10-88.
„	T. W. Constable	„	19-10-88.
„	W. Court	@ 2 pence	21-11-88.
„	C. Hoare	@ 1 penny	12-11-88.
„	A. Rose	@ 2 pence	17-10-88.
„	W. Clutton	@ 1 penny	28-10-88.
„	C. Harvey	@ 2 pence	18-11-88.
„	A. Hussey	„	10-11-88.
„	G. Bloxham	„	28-9-88.
„	M. Connery	@ 1 penny	5-11-88.
„	J. Webb	„	23-10-88.
„	C. Keys	@ 5 pence	25-11-88.

PRESENTATION.

The N. C. Officers of Letter C. Company and Color-Sergeant Patterson of "B" (for a long while a N. C. O. in "C.") met together at Ranikhet a few days before our departure from that Station for the purpose of expressing in a substantial manner their high appreciation and esteem as a N. C. O. for Sergeant White on the termination of his 21 years Army Service, and to express their regret at the departure of a fellow N. C. O and a comrade.

Color Sergeant Butler presided over the proceedings and in making the presentation which consisted of a massive gold ring suitably inscribed made a neat and most appropriate speech which was responded to in a very feeling manner by the recipient of the gift who shewed, by the manner in which he expressed himself, that he felt very keenly his forthcoming severance from those who had been his companions and the Regiment with which he had been so long associated; several of the N. C. O.'s present endorsed the sentiment expressed with the gift, by short speeches.

After this, the evening was spent in a chatty and convivial manner, Sergeants Eaton, Keeler, constituting the comic element, each in his own style inimitable; Corpl. Benabo (who also shortly leaves the Battalion for the Reserve) was very happy in some of his melodramatic selections, as so was Corpl. Thorne in "Louisa" and others in this strain, shewing his predeliction for the fair sex; Color-Sergeant Patterson's pleasing tenor with "Eileen Alanah" was silently listened to and well applauded; P. M. Sergeant Wilson and Sergeant Dray also displayed vocal powers of a high order, and last but not least the guest (Sergeant White) sang the new original song entitled "The Great Black Bear," of which we believe he has secured the "copyright" at great expense and which was received with rapturous applause.

The meeting broke up after the hearty singing of "Auld lang syne," and reiterated expressions of long life and prosperity to Sergt White.

Dot Vas Visness.

"Herman," said a Chicago merchant-clother addressing his clerk, "haf ye sole all of dose over-goats vat vos left over from last vinter"? "No Sir, dere vas dree of dem left yet." "Vell, ve must sell'em right away, pring me out one uf de goats, und I vill show you somedings apond de pisness, Herman. De vinter was gone you know, und ve haf had dose goats in de store more as seex years." An eight dollar over-coat was handed to him by his clerk, and, smoothing it out, he took a buck-skin money purse from the show case, and stuffing it full of paper, dropped it into one of the pockets, "Now Herman, my poy," he continued, "vatch me sell dot goat, I haf sold over dirty-fife uf dem shust de same vay, und I vant to deech you de pisness. Ven de nexd gustomer comes in de shop I vill show de vay Rube Hoffenstene, mine broder in Detroit, sell his cloding und udder dings." A few minutes later a negro, in quest of a suitable pair of cheap shoes, entered the store. The proprieter advanced smiling, and enquired "Vat is it you vish?" "Her got any cheap shoes hyar?"

Digitized by Google

asked the negro. "Blendy uf dem, my frent, blendy—at any brice you vant." The negro stated he wanted a pair of brogans, and soon had his pedal extremities encased in them, and a bargain struck. As he was about to leave, the proprietor called him back. "I aint gwine to buy nuffin else, I'se got all I want said the negro sullenly," "Dot may be so, my dear Sir," replied the proprietor, "but I shust vants you to look at dis goat, it vas de pure Russian Vool, und dis dime last year you doan got de same goat for twenty-fife dollars. Mine graicious, cloding vas gon down to nodding, und dare vas no money in de pisness any longer. De consumption vas going round, und de doctors dell me it vas de vedder, more den nine beeples died round vere I lif last veek. Dink of dot, mine frent, dot goat vas Russian Vool, dick and heafy. Vy Misder Jones, who owns de bank on Canal Streed, took dot goat home mit him yesterday und vor it all day; but it vas a little dight across de shoulder, und he prought it pack shust a while ago. Dry it on my dear Sir. Ab, dot vos all righdt! Misder Jones vas a rich man, und he liked dot goat. How deep de bockets vas, but it vas a leedle dight agross de shoulders." The negro buttoned up the coat, thrust his hands into the pockets, and felt the purse. A peaceful smile played over his face when his touch disclosed to his mind the contents of one of the pockets; but he choked down his joy and enquired," Who did you say wore this hyar coat?" "Vy Misdar Jones vot owns de pank on Canal Street." What yer gwine to ax fur it?" "Dwenty dollars." "Dat's pow'ful high price far dis coat, but I'll take it." "Herman, here wrap up dis goat for de shentleman, and drow in a crabat; it will make him look nice mit ve ladies." "Nebber mind, I'll keep de coat on," replied the negro; and pulling out a roll of money, he paid for it and left the store. While he was round the next corner moaning over the stuffed purse, Hoffenstein said to his clerk, "Herman, fix up anudder von of dose goats de same vay, und doan ferget to tell dem dot Misder Jones, vot runs de pank on Canal Streed, voer it yesterday."

A. S. D.

Letter "D" Company's Gymkhana.

Letter "D" Company held a Gymkhana on the 23rd October, 1888.

The course was marked out by the Committee outside of their Bungalow. All the events were well contested. The programme was as follows:—

100 Yards flat Race, Old Hands—1st Pte. Gallagher, 2nd Pte. Court, 3rd Sergt. Underhill.

100 Yards flat Race, Young Hands—1st Pte. Hills, 2nd Pte. Reese, 3rd Pte. Moth.

Boxing Competition—1st Prize was carried away by Pte. Gallagher, Pte. Vickers coming in for Second,

V. C. Race—Pte. Gallagher 1st., Sergt. Underhill 2nd.

Great amusement was caused by the novel event of putting the head into a tub of water to try and bring up two-anna pieces with the mouth, hands to be kept behind each competitor, the pieces were thrown in by Color-Sergeant Neatherstone, Pte. Gates was successful in bringing six pieces to the top and Pte. Blackwell five.

100 Yards Flat Race, Old and young Hands—1st Pte. Gallagher, 2nd Pte. Court.

Visitors' Race, 100 Yards—1st Pte. Frost, 2nd Battn. Seaforth Highlanders, 2nd Pte. Hagell, The Buffs, 3rd Pte. Want, the Buffs.

100 Yards race between Sergeant Underhill's pony and Pte. W. Hills, the latter having fifty yds. start, Pte. Hills won.

At the conclusion of the events, Mrs. Reeves very kindly presented the prizes to the winners. After the prizes were presented, Col.-Segt. Featherstone called on the Company to give three cheers for Mrs. Reeves, which was heartily responded to.

The programme was furnished by Lieuts. Eales and Stuart.

COMMITTEE.

Lieut. Eales, Lieut. Stuart, Col.-Sergt. Featherstone. Lce.-Sergt. Underhill, Lce.-Corpl. Davis, Pte. Gallagher.

Gymkhana.

Held at Bareilly on the 1st November, 1888. The following is the programme:—

220 Yards Hurdle Race—1st Pte. Gallagher, 2nd Lce.-Sergt. Underhill.

A match between Lieut. Eales' pony Scorpion and Mr. Watson's pony Charley, Lieut. Eales' Scorpion won easy.

Rugby Foot-Ball Match.

THE BUFFS *v.* S. W. BORDERERS.

This the first foriegn match of the Regimental Club was played on Saturday, November 24th, before a large and enthusiastic crowd of spectators, from the General down to the last joined drummer boy. After the kick off, the ball was kept in the Buffs 25 yards by some energetic play of the opposing forwards, but the Buff scrimmage pulling itself together gradually worked the ball away and from then till call of no side, the Buff goal was never seriously threatened. Some good play by Pte. Sewell, and passing, ended in Lieut, D'Aeth getting possession, and running in; the place kick by Lieut. D'Aeth resulted in a safe goal; after kick out and some clever runs by Corpls. Davis and Behrens, Corpl. Davis getting the ball, ran clean round, the try at goal was however a failure, half time being called, and ends changed, the Buffs at once assumed the offensive; and Gallagher by a dodgy run, got in; the try at goal fell short. Some even play then ensued ending in Corpl. Davis making a good run, and passing at the right moment to Lieut. Bayard, that officer got in, and taking the place kick; landed a good goal. Soon after Pte. Williams showed up with a good dribble and run; and passing unselfishly to Lieut. D'Aeth, another try

Digitized by Google

was obtained, and a good goal was placed by Lieut. Bayard. After this Corpl. Behrens making some good dodging runs; ran in; the place at goal was however a failure. No side was now called; leaving the Buffs victorious by 3 goals and 3 tries to nil; the ground being hard, the game was essentially a fast one, the forwards having very few chances of dribbling. Pte. Sewell as ½ back, showed consistent form throughout; his collaring being excellent, and feeding his ¾ with judgement. Some splendid runs were made by Lieut. D'Aeth, Bayard and Corpl. Davis; and Pte. Davis, Want and Chalklin were conspicuous among the forwards, too much running back, and one or two cases of wild passing were faults chiefly observed; bnt the play all round was good; and the Club is to be congratulated on the result of this its 1st match.

BUFFS.

Lieut. Bayard Backs.
Lieut. D'Aeth, Corpl. Davis, Pte. Gallagher } ¾ Backs.
Corpl. Behrens, Pte. Sewell } ½ Backs.
Lieut. Tarte, Lieut. Hulke, Capt., Pte. Reese, „ Adams, „ Williams, „ Davis, „ Want, „ Chalklin, „ Taylor } Forwards.

Association Foot-Ball.

Letter "D" Company has played several matches since their arrival here, one being with the Corpls. and one with "F" Company, resulting in a win for the Corpls. by 1 Goal to nil, the same result for "F" Company. "D" Coy is promising a good association team if the Captain would pick his best men and practice them together.

A match was played on the 20th inst. with Letter "C" Company resulting in a draw.

ASSOCIATION FOOT-BALL.

THE BUFFS *v* SOUTH WALES BORDERERS.

This match was played at Bareilly on the 23rd inst. As soon as the ball was started it was taken up by the Buffs left wing and passed over to the right when it was headed through by Pte. Evans within a minute from the start. The play now was of a give and take character for a short time, until the Buffs forwards went down the field again in fine style and Pte. Evans passing well to Corpl. Godfrey he was able to score a second goal. The play now was very even for a time until just before half time the Buffs scored a third goal. After the change of ends the Buffs forwards continued to give the Borderers backs plenty of work and shortly after again scoring. From this up to the finish the Buffs forwards was very busy in front of their opponent's Goal and they scored twice more before the whistle blew leaving them the winners by 6 Goals to nil, Corpl. Godfrey Kicked 3, Pte. Evans 2, Corpl. Alexander 1 Goal.

Names of Team
Lce.-Corpl. Hilderbrand, Goal-Keeper.

Pte. Lawson, „ Cafferty } Full Backs.
„ Hartley, „ Sewell, „ Harding } Half Backs.
„ Dyke, „ Evans } Right Wing.
Corpl. Alexander, Centre.
Corpl. Godfrey, Pte. Golder } Left Wing.

Shooting Matches.

The following Shooting Matches were held at Bareilly on the dates specified, between the Officers and Sergeants of the Battalion who have been on detachment, and the Officers and Sergts. of the 2nd Battn. Seaforth Highlanders, with the result that the Highlanders won the first match, and the Buffs the second one.

The following are the names of the teams and the scores.

FIRST MATCH, 7th NOVEMBER, 1888.

2nd. SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Lieut. Fielding	29	23	18	70
Col.-Sergt. Gair	30	28	21	79
Sergt. Cummings	24	27	15	66
„ Brady	24	23	17	64
„ Glynn	29	28	20	77
„ Sykes	27	24	14	65
Bd.-Mr. McChessney	29	32	29	90
Sergt. Galloway	28	13	21	62
„ Freeland	23	30	15	68
„ Jamieson	27	21	18	56
Total ...	270	249	188	707

Digitized by Google

1st Battn. THE BUFFS.

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Lieut. Brine	27	27	20	74
Col.-Sergt. Featherstone	28	18	0	46
,, Tomsett	23	16	18	57
,, Watts	30	27	9	66
Sergt. Greenland	25	23	16	94
,, Webster	27	26	21	74
,, Summers	23	11	15	49
,, Hoar	25	9	12	46
,, Bovenzer	29	19	13	61
Lce. Sergt. Laing	22	25	18	65
Total ...	259	201	142	502

SECOND MATCH, NOVEMBER 15th.

2nd Battn. SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

Bd.-Mr. McChessney	27	23	25	75
Col.-Sergt. Robertson	28	27	18	73
,, Gair	30	24	22	76
Sergt. Cummings	17	14	18	49
,, Glynn	21	26	24	71
,, Wylie	23	18	14	55
,, Freeland	26	17	22	65
,, Brady	22	17	16	55
,, Galloway	24	17	9	50
,, Jamieson	19	19	19	57
Total ...	287	202	187	626

THE BUFFS.

Lieut. Brine	30	30	19	79
Col.-Sergt. Featherstone	28	29	19	76
,, Tomsett	29	27	21	77
,, Watts	25	30	17	72
Sergt. Bovenzer	26	26	22	74
,, Summers	21	18	10	49
,, Clifton	28	25	22	75
,, Greenland	30	21	26	77
,, Grey	26	18	10	54
Lce.-Sergt. Laing	27	11	18	56
Total ...	270	235	134	689

Cricket.

THE BUFFS *v.* SOUTH WALES BORDERERS.

Below are the scores of a very pleasant match with our new friends, though old friends, of the Second Battalion in South Africa.

We had great pleasure in beating them, though split up as they have been for some years past, they have not been able to get their Cricketers properly together yet.

Captain Phipps and Lce.-Corpl. John made a good fight to recover the match, and their bowlers were too much for most of us, only Corpl. Godfrey and Ptes Kluckner and Simmonds scoring well, the former with a very good 67, and the two latter pulling up our total well at the end. Simmonds again to the fore with six wickets. Our fielding was not up to form, perhaps on account of the bad afternoon light.

We hear rumours of a return match.

This match was played at Bareilly on the 23rd of November, 1888, and resulted in a victory for The Buffs by 80 runs on the first innings.

THE BUFFS.

Mr. Stuart c Armitage b Taylor	7
Pte. Edmonds, c Banister b Taylor	0
Mr. D'Aeth, c Banister b Taylor	0
Corpl. Godfrey, c Morris b Phipps	67
Pte. Wardle, b Taylor	3
Mr. Parry, b Press	8
Pte. Edwards, b Phipps	12
Capt. Daughish, b Taylor	5
Pte. Kluckner, b Press	25
,, Simmonds, run out	29
Lce.-Corpl. Hilderbrand, not out	7
Extras	15
Total	178

SOUTH WALES BORDERERS.

Lce.-Corpl. Fosser, b Simmonds	0
Pte. Edwards, b Godfrey	0
Dr. Press, b Simmonds	15
Pte. Erratt, c Parry b Simmonds	5
Lce.-Corpl. Taylor, b Simmonds	3
Capt. Phipps, c D'Aeth b Edwards	15
Lce.-Corpl. John, b Wardle	22
Capt. Armitage, b Edwards	0
Pte. Norris, b Wardle	5
,, Bannister, c & b Godfrey	11
,, Smith, not out	11
Extras	11
Total	98

THE BUFFS *v.* THE GARRISON.

This match was played at Bareilly on the 10th November, 1888, and resulted in a win for The Buffs by 250 runs. Mr. Stuart's excellent 174, and Corpl Godfrey's 57, with Simmond's 7 wickets out of 9, deserves special notice.

THE BUFFS.

Mr. Stuart, not out	174
,, D'Aeth, b Troute	3
Major Ommanney, b Troute	1
Corpl. Godfrey, c Fasson b Bayley	57
Capt. Daughish, c Troute	11
Pte. Kluckner, b Troute	3
Mr. Parry, b Troute	2
,, Eales, absent	
Pte. Simmonds, s b Troute	12
Lce-Corpl. Hilderbrand, b Frost	7
Lce-Corpl. Davis, c Frost b Troute	0
Extreas	21
Total	291

THE GARRISON.

Capt. Balfour, b Godfrey	0
Pte. Frost, c Simmonds b Godfrey	2
Mr. Millar, c D'Aeth b Simmonds	1
Pte. Delancy, b Simmonds	8
Mr. Fasson, b Simmonds	4
,, Vernon, absent	
Pte. Pearson, c Hilderbrand b Simmonds	2
Mr. Bayley, c & b Simmonds	7
Gr. Troute, c & b Simmonds	14
Pte. Murfin, b Godfrey	1
Gr. Simpson, not out	0
Extras	2
Total	41

Digitized by Google

Musketry.

The figure of Merit and classification of Letter "C" Company is as follows :—

Figure of Merit	Individual,	162·30
	Independent and Volleys	78·30

Classification,

Marksmen	58
First Class Shots	26
Second „	19
Third „	6
Total ...	109

Badges of Distinction.
Gold Guns as best Marksman of Company,
Lce.-Sergt. Stonebridge.

Worsted Guns as Marksmen.

Sergt. Leary
Pte. Golder
„ Letchford
„ Patterson
„ Millan
Lce.-Corpl. Golds
Pte. Walker
„ Hucks
„ Richards
„ Reynolds
„ Dove
„ Roberts
Sergt. Dray
Pte. Varney
„ Wilson
Lce.-Sergt. Brain
Pte. Taylor
„ Dunk
„ Wilcock
„ Page
„ Fuller
Marshall
Color-Sergt. Butler
Pte. Santer
Sergt. White
Pte. Gardiner
„ Elvy
„ McShea
„ Court
Pte. Russell
Sergt. Eaton
Pte. White
„ Knight
„ Castle
„ Hartley
„ Towers
Lce. Corpl. Moon
Pte. Pearce
„ Dyke
„ Carter
Dr. Strutt
Pte. Tussler
„ Askew
„ Haines
„ Croft
„ Michell
„ Quillinan
„ Featherstone
„ Blackwell
Dr. Mitchell
Pte. Woods
„ Greaves
„ Goddard
„ R. Price
„ Stringer
„ Scott
„ Dangerfield

The following prizes for the Musketry Season 1888-89 having received the sanction of the Colonel Commanding the District are awarded to the N. C. O.'s and Men as stated. The marksmen who are not included in the 10 per cent. of best shots, will receive a prize at the end of the season.

LETTER "D" COMPANY.

Pte. Pembroke best shot of Company £ 2 10 0
Sergt. Greenland best shot of Sergeants £ 1 0 0
10 Per cent. best shots of Company each 0 10 0

Pte. Horsecroft
„ Clements
„ Haseldene
„ Barrett
„ Goodwin
„ Simmons
Corpl. Burrows
Pte. Harlow
„ Wilson
„ Turner
„ Hawkins
„

Sergt. Greenland, Section Commander best section in E and F. Field Practices, 5 shillings.

Best section in E and F Field Practices, each 3/

Corpl. Smith
Pte. Olive
„ Reese
„ Wilson
Dr. Manvill
Pte. Bailey
„ Blackwell
„ Clements
Pte. Cunningham
„ Douglas
„ Goodwin
„ Hargreaves
„ Horsecroft
„ Kaine
„ Mepham
„ Curley

CASUALS.

Best shot of Casuals £2 10 0
Lce.-Cpl. Hodgins
Best Shot of Sergeants £1 0 0
Color-Sergt. Woodward.

Ten per cent. Best Shots each 10 shillings,

Pte. Newing
Lce.-Corpl. Price
„ Reynolds
Corpl. Buckley
Pte. Fraser
Lce-Corpl. Tozer
Pte. Woods
„ Hoare
„ Munday

Color-Sergt. Patterson, Section Commander best section in E and F Field Practices, 5 shillings.

Best section in E and F Field Practices, each 3 shillings.

Lce.-Corpl. Hurrell
Pte. Davis
„ Fraser
„ McElligott
„ Palmer
„ Peters
„ Saunders
Pte. Buxton
Lce-Corpl. Sexton
Pte. Staples
„ Young
„ Hewer
„ Bishop

RECRUITS.

Pte. Northand, (R. Welsh Fusiliers) best shot of recruits, 5 shillings.
Pte. Greaves, second best 4 „
„ Mudd, third best 3 „
Dr. Dillon, Pte. A. Rose } Next best shots 1 shilling.
Pte. Featherstone, „ Wilson, Dr. Strutt, „ Cooper, „ Davis. } Remaining best shots, each 1 shilling.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

EAST KENT CHRONICLE.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898.

A Paper for the Men of The Buffs.

No. 21 Lucknow, December 31st, 1888. Price 2 Annas

Domestic Occurrences.

—o—

BIRTHS.

Featherstone—At Ranikhet on the 30th October 1888, the wife of No. 1135, Pte H Featherstone of a daughter. Kate Florence Featherstone.

—o—

DEATHS.

Jeffries—At Bareilly on the 28th ultimo, of Enteric Fever, No. 1813 Pte. J Jeffries.

Notes.

—o—

A very merry Xmas, and many of them, we, Editor, and Staff, wish to our numerous readers. This the Xmas number of the Dragon, is not as large as we should like, but being on the march, and not much going on (except our legs), must be accepted, as an excuse for quantity, the quality of course remains the same.

—o—

On Thursday, December 13th at Calcutta, Lieut. P. F. Brine the Buffs was married to * * * and we are sure all our readers join us in wishing good luck and all prosperity to the happy pair.

The march down (a short account will be found further on) was uneventful, chiefly remarkable for the excellence of the transport arrangements and the rate at which the Batt. marched, frequently doing the four miles an hour, and always averaging over 3 for the whole march down.

—o—

According to present arrangements, our camp lies by that of the "Kings" and alongside the barracks of the Rifles; the latter we know well, both at Ranikhet and Bareilly; but this is the first time we believe that the Regiment has lain with the "Kings."

—o—

We hear rumours that our camp, owing to various causes, is to be changed, but nothing is definitely settled. Somewhat of a scare was created by a report that crocodiles were to be found in the rivers and marshes along the route from Bareilly to Lucknow, Visions were at once rife of crocodiles being caught, and Pte. Thos. Atkins; along with his putties and other paraphernalia of the march, being discovered inside, but the scare turned out groundless, consequently T. A. is "himself again."

Digitized by Google

The Indian Musical Clubs at the Regimental Races, were, for most of those present a novelty, and a most enjoyable one judging from the praise that was heard expressed on every side; In the forthcming athletic sports here, we hope and expect that Lucknow will be as agreeably surprised as Bareilly was at "the Show."

—

For the 2nd year in succession Xmas day has been spent under canvas, and as before, the usual Xmas dinner, owing to Co's not being able to sit down all together to enjoy it, was dispensed with, however barrels of a well known shape, kept rolling into camp, the more the merrier, as the sentry remarked, and under the circumstances, as merry a Xmas as possible was spent.

—o—

Barrackpore Notes.

—o—

Monday 3rd of December was unfortunately the day fixed for the departure of B. Company for Barackpore, it being the day fixed for Regimental Gymkhana, so we lost what we have since heard was an enjoyable afternoon and a successful meeting; however the time we paraded, enabled us to see the first race and the start of the second, the hurdle race, the last thing we saw before marching off was the coming to grief, of a pony and rider at the last hurdle, both unknown to us, but we hoped with no evil result—Our train left Bareilly at 5 p. m. and arrived at Lucknow at midnight where we remained an hour, which enabled us to stretch our legs and get some refreshment which we wanted badly after the long and dusty journey. At Lucknow Sergeant Martin and Sergeant Gremland joined us making up our strength to 100 of all ranks under command of Major Ommanney with Lieutenant Stuart as his subaltern. We resumed our journey at 1 a. m. and after a restless night due to the chattering of the natives at the stations where we stopped, and more so to the jolting of the train (how we did wish we had the director, Manager, or whoever the proper official might be, on whom we could vent our wrath, for never was a train so badly coupled together or the permanent way more badly laid and *ours was the Mail Train*, but doubtless others have experienced the same thing. But we forgive and forget and wish the remainder of the Battalion well over the Oudh & Rohilkund Railway) but to resume.—We reached Benares about 10 a.m. on the 4th and were met at the Station by the Station Staff Officer and to some there was also a well known face, that of Major Spencer who formerly was in the Battalion, and left us when it went to England in 1879, he is now with the Bengal Infantry. It certainly is an agreeable sight to see old faces after a lapse of years, more especially that of one whose heart and soul was in the welfare of the Battalion and to whom even now we are sure the name of the Buffs is very dear. by the way he renewed his acquaintance with some of the old soldiers. There is no rest camp, but some tents had been pitched close to the station and barracks, by the East Lancashire Regiment, unfortunately there being no rest camp our rations were not cooked, and it was past 12 o'clock before we had anything to eat. We remained the night and left at 7 a. m. for Dinapore, crossing the new bridge over the Ganges shortly after, and some of us saw for the first time the far famed city of Benares with its mosques and minarets and crowds of natives bathing in its holy water, but the glimpse was brief, and onward we go arriving at 8-20 at Mogal Sarai. the Junction of the Oudh and Rohilkund and East Indian Railways, here we had to change (except the heavy baggage which went in a through carriage to Barrackpore), the down train was very late, but at last it hove in sight and in half an hour we were once more en route, after a monotonous journey. We arrived at Dinapore at 3-30 p.m. and right glad to do so as sitting six in a carriage is not apt to improve the temper, the rest camp is within a few hundred yards of the station, and we found our rations ready cooked, but through some mistake only half rations, it being surmised that we had received a half days ration before leaving Benares, but the other half was soon ready through the energy of the Gomashta, a Baboo who certainly did his best to please. We remained at Dinapore until 3 p. m. the next day 6th December when we started on our final journey, this was likely to prove the most trying stage, as we were not due at Barrackpore until 10-20 on the 7th. Under Company arrangements two cooks were sent on to Hooghly (where we had to change and wait an hour) with directions to have tea ready on our arrival at 8-30 a. m. this turned out to be a most successful arrangement as owing to late trains &c. &c. we got no meal until past one o'clock. We left Hooghly about

Digitized by Google

9 a. m. crossing the river shortly afterwards at Naihatti, the Junction of the Eastern Bengal Railway, we had another change, here we had to wait some time owing to the mail train being late so we did not arrive at Barrackpore until nearly an hour late, the Station Staff Officer, Major Boileau, met us at the station, in a very short time we detrained and had our heavy baggage out. As the transport supplied consisted of elephants and carts, the former evidently did not like our appearance as no sooner had we got a few sulleetahs on then up they got and shook them off. However after great delay, and by dint of hard work and bad language by the mahouts, we got all packed and started for Barracks.

The entrance to the Cantonments from the station is certainly a pleasing one, a long red road with green grass, and an avenue of fine trees on either side, leads straight down to Barracks, distant about half a mile, on our left the Park of H. E. The Viceroy's country residence, charmingly green, as the clumps of trees dotted about, and tanks covered with lilies; and such lilies—large, red, such as few of us had seen before. The Barracks are on the right side of the road from the Station, and consist of double and single story bungalows, the detachment of the Leinster Regiment had left in the morning and the Barracks vacated were taken over as quickly as possible, they consisted of one double story, holding 44 men and 2 Sergeants, and two single story bungalows, the latter are married quarters, the quarters are certainly very good, and no doubt when we get settled down everything will be very comfortable, certainly the first impressions are most favourable, there is an excellent cricket ground and we intend very soon to see what we can do with the Batteries of Artillery, one field—one garrison—which are stationed here. In our next we hope to send you a further account of Barrackpore and our doings, for the present we bring our letter to a close with wishing you all at Head Quarters a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—
Barrackpore 19th December.

IN 1878.

One hears a good deal about soldier's sons and their hereditary courage, and splendid virtues, but one does not hear much, as a rule, about the soldier's daughter, and yet I have known some who had a fine courage too.

For instance there was Anna Jane Austen, who was the daughter of the Colour Sergeant of my company in 1878 at Fyzabad. I have often thought of the fearlessness and indomitable courage of that girl, and should like to put it in writing, only everything I write now has the flavour of an official report, by official reports my life has been embittered.

Anna Jane's courage was, I fancy, hereditary too, for her mother was one of those people who are born without fear, and who sail calmly through life, leaving terror and desolation behind them. She frightened Austen terribly, though he used to pretend he liked it and spoke jauntily about "Me and the Missus having a few words. He would not allow that it went beyond *words*, Anna Jane was never frightened at her mother. She used to stand on one leg in a way peculiar to herself and the adjutant (I mean the bird!) with her head a little bent, and her hair tossing in her eyes, whilst Mrs. Austen talked—and oh, how she *could* talk! and then, all of a sudden, Anna Jane would throw back her hair, and drop her leg, and raise her dark, clear eyes and say quite quietly. "Ha, done, mother, Ha done, I say"—and there was an end of it! Mrs. Austen quite speechless—Austen limp and tired—and Anna Jane triumphant.

I had seen this happen once or twice and it had impressed me with a feeling of great respect—not to say awe—for the girl, but it was when the cholera broke out amongst the men in April, and the women and children were hurried off to the hills, that we first knew the stuff of which Anna Jane was made.

During the week of preparation and delays she was always in the hospital, bolts and bars, apothecaries and Doctors, could not keep her out. An hour after an ignominious eviction, there would be the slight, straight figure again, tripping steadily up between the rows of beds—the bright, dark eyes glancing warily from side to side.

The men liked her being there, for she was born a nurse, and she fought the terrible disease as if it had been a living foe, but, on the fourth night, little Gordon—one of the band boys—died—and when the Doctor came hurrying back to the bed he had only left ten minutes ago, Anna Jane was there before him, kneeling at the bed's head with the poor lad's cheek against her own.

He tried to speak sternly, but he broke down. Anna Jane's soft voice broke the silence.—"But for me h'ed ha' been alone, Sir"—She said, and

Digitized by Google

she laid his head back upon the pillow, and went quietly away.

"This will never do" Macrae said to me as he stood staring after her "Thank goodness, it's only for another 24 hours, they are all off to the hills tomorrow. Do you hear that? he said—a little louder so that Anna Jane could hear.

"Yes, Sir"—she answered meekly.

"I wonder what devilment that girl is up to now" said Macrae to me, when we got outside. "She's never as quiet as that unless there's insubordination working in her brain."

The next day there were 8 more men of my company down, and the rest went out into camp. I spent all day in hospital, and Macrae was almost worked to death, but he expected a little more peace when the women and children were off. They were all in such a dreadful fright, Anna Jane was in and out of the cholera tents all day working with all the calmness and courage of an experienced woman, but at 7 o'clock she put on her hat and walked deliberately down between the rows of beds, with a determined face.

I called out, as she passed, to say goodbye, and Evans—the fellow in the bed near me—looked after her wistfully, but she took no notice of either of us. Over Evans' face—he was awfully bad—a look of disappointment flitted, and I leant over him.

"She's only a child, Evans" I said "she does'nt know—she can't realise, that she leaves a blank."!

Evans turned his eyes suddenly upon me, and spoke hoarsely. "She's a 'comin back, Sir" "he said. I was afraid to contradict him, because I thought he was wandering, so I said nothing, but I went back to my weary task in that dreadful tent.

I am not a good nurse—I nearly always give medicines out of the wrong bottles and my boots creak, but I suppose I am better than none, and all one had to do was to go from bed to bed and soothe a moment's agony if one could, to speak hopefully—and smile, and no one knows till they have tried how hard it is to smile in nights like that.

I was leaning over poor old Brown, feeling his fluttering pulse, and watching for the "turn," for which Macrae was always hoping, when behind me I heard a sound like the ghost of a laugh. It seemed such years since any one had laughed that I looked round hastily to see what was up, for one quick moment, nearly every head was turned upon the pillow. Evans had raised himself with difficulty and was looking at the lifted purdah in the doorway, and there, standing in the shadow, with the dull, sickly light of a lantern falling on her hair, stood Anna Jane.

She came swiftly up between the beds looking very tall in her short, black frock, and her charming face lighted up with a smile. When she was close to Macrae she dropped a curtsey.

"I've come to stay, Sir" she said.

"Has the train gone?" he asked looking her all over.

"Yes Sir" she said demurely—"I waited till it was off."

"And I suppose" he said, speaking as quietly as she did, "That you are prepared to have your hair cut and spend 7 days in cells?"

"As you please Sir" she said indifferently.

But the long and the short of it was that she stayed, and very thankful we were to have her.

I cannot write anything about the dreadful weeks that followed. It is all too vivid, too real, too sad. There were deeds done in that hospital tent that earned a V. C. as fairly as it was ever won on the field of battle, but only the recording angel knows the same and we who went through it will certainly never forget all we owe to Anna Jane. She was a child when it began, but it seemed as if she grew to womanhood in a night—so patient was she, so gentle, and above all, so strong.

It was refreshing to turn from the ghastly faces of the men to the tall straight young figure in the black dress, crowned with the red brown hair, that she brushed back now under a prim cap. It could not make her look older, but it made her look more serious, and that pleased her.

It it no use my running on like this! When once I begin to write of Anna Jane words seem too poor and weak to express my thoughts, but it sometimes seemed to me as it the rough brown hair should have been a halo.

As to the men she was their idol.

But at last it was all over. We stood and breathed again, and looked around us, and every where, it seemed, as if the world was full of graves. The red sun shone low upon the wooden crosses by the cholera camp the day the men marched back to barracks, and Anna Jane stood by my side, for a minute, at the tent door, shading her eyes, and looking back,

For the first time I saw her lips quiver, and when she spoke, it was huskily.

"I cannot bear to leave them here alone" she said.

As if ashamed of her emotion, she walked away, her slight figure looking very tall in the

Digitized by Google

twilight. Presently she hesitated—turned and came back.

Macrae had come out and joined me. She went straight up to him and looked into his face with the clear eyes that seemed to see through you.

"Will you send me to the hills *now*, please Sir" —she said.

"Are you not afraid of your mother? he asked, parrying her question.

She glanced up, and then down again—"I'm not father" she said disdainfully. And so she went.

The only reason I have for fancying that Anna Jane married Evans the Quartermaster Sergeant of the 114th is that about a week ago a fellow told me he had been speaking to a Mrs. Evans in that regiment about the cholera scare in Fyzabad in 78. She had been through it she said, and it was not as bad as people thought; she said she knew a Captain in the—Lancers, whose name was Allison, and I fancy she meant me. Bates said she had very beautiful clear eyes and very untidy hair.

G. R. G.

Bareilly to Lucknow.

—o—

The following account by one of our contributors of the march from Bareilly to Lucknow, may interest those of our readers who were not there.

The Regiment left Bareilly on Friday, December 7th, and after an uneventful march of 15 days arrived in Lucknow Saturday December, 22nd, most of us were sorry to leave Bareilly; as the Regiment; both officers and men, had made many friends there, our quondam foes the South Wales Borderers sent their band to play us out; and several friends, in spite of the early hour of starting, were there to say good-bye to the Buffs The 24th Band not only played us out, but kept it up for nearly three miles; thoroughly deserving the cheers that were given them on turning back. After marching for about six miles; we passed the 7th B. C; on their way to Bareilly; this was the only event worth recording on the march; Reveille at 5-30 a. m. march off at 6 a. m. and arrival at new camping ground between 9 and 10 a. m; was usually the order of the day. The transport worked most smoothly, and those who did the rearguard work up to Ranikhet will understand what smoothly means; and doubtless duly appreciated the difference. Shooting of sorts was to be had at nearly every camp; and some good bags of snipe and duck were got; only four buck were shot, but to make up, any amount of sarus found their way into the cooking pot. At Shahjahanpur we came across a wing of the Royal Munster Fusileers; and some of the 9th at Sitapur. these being the only stations of importance that were passed. After passing Sitapur, the road ran alongside the railway; the camp being pitched close to the line each day. The monotony of camp life was varied by watching the young squad at the Indian Club Exercise; and from the way in which the officers' squad performed, this must be a most difficult art to learn. In the last two or three marches; the band has been preceded by a deer, those of us at Malta, who remember the fate of the last Regimental deer will hope that the same fate will not befall the present one. We marched in to Lucknow by a different road to what we were expected by: and after arrival in camp; band after band (four had gone out) was seen returning from marching out to play us in. Our camp here is perhaps, not quite all a camp should be; but as we are only here for 6 weeks; we may look forward to the empty barrack rooms at Dum-Dum, which we hope we shall soon fill.

Regimental Items.

Lieut. P. F. Brine has been granted leave of absence from the 26th November 1888 to the 24th January 1889 on private affairs.

Major A. E. Ommanney has taken over command and payment of letter B. Company with effect from the 1st instant.

Lieut. C. K. Greene has taken over command of letter D. Company from the 1st instant.

Captain A. J. W. Allen has been appointed to officiate as Aide-de-Camp to Major General Sir J Hudson, K. C. B, Commanding the Quetta District.

2nd Lieut. C. C. Cobbe, is posted to the Battalion on his recent appointment to the Regiment.

The undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officers proceeded to Calcutta on the 28th November, to do duty with the Presidency Volunteers as 3rd Class Instructors;

Lce. Corporal Harlow.
" Marchant.
" Duddy.

Digitized by Google

The undermentioned man has this day been presented with the medal for long service and good conduct.

No. 1878. Private J. Hickey.

Letter B. Company under the command of Major A.E. Ommanney proceeded to Barrackpore on the 3rd instant, to take up detachment duty there.

Sergeant Montgomery has been transferred from letter B. to letter D. Company.

Territorial number 2641 has been assigned to Pte. P. Burke on re-engagement.

The following tranfers from the West Riding Regiment have been assigned' territorial number as shewn opposite their respective names.

George Rogers, 2664
Arthur Harvey 2665

The undermentioned is appointed Master Tailor, on probation, to the Battalion, and posted to letter H. Company.

Gunner W. McDowell,
4/1 South Irish Division Royal Artillery.

The undermentioned man having purchased his discharge, embarked at Calcutta for Penang on the 20th ultimo.

No. 1530 Pte. A. Lane.

The undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officers, men and women, having landed in India on the 7th ultimo, ex H. M. Troopship "Serapis" are taken on the strength of the Battalion and of the married establishment respectively from that date accordingly, and are posted to Companies as follows:—

Letter A, Company.

Corpl, J. Smith,	Pte. T. Jones.
Boy P. Dobson.	,, F. Knight.
Pte. J. Beills.	,, F. Lake.
,, A. O. Comley	,, J. Lepper
,, W. Freeman	,, W. Maller.
,, W. Hanger	,, G. Patterson.
,, C. Hook	,, W. Sharpe.

Letter B. Company.

Pte. T. Bridges	Pte. F. Luxford.
,, R. Clegg	,, A. E. Williams.
,, W. Girt	,, C. Williams.
,, E. Gurney	,, G. Williams.

Letter C. Company.

Boy A. McGrath	Pte. J. Lackey.
Pte. A. Askew	,, T. Midwinter
,, A. Avery	,, G. Rainer,
,, A. Comley	,, W. Sheen
,, T. Holbrook	,, C. Sherwood
,, A. Humphries	,, P. Sutton
,, T. R. Kent	

Letter D. Company.

Pte A. Austin	Pte. H. Kemp.
,, T. Brown	,, T. Page
,, E. Bunn	,, H. Pettitt
,, C. Care	,, D. Reed
,, C. Collins	,, W. Skinner.
,, A. Custance	,, J. Smith
,, H. Hoare	,, W. Strawson.
,, J. Jarvis	,, W. Weller
,, C. Keen	

Letter E. Company.

Lc. Serg. P. Field	Pte. E. Hamilton
Pte. H. Arms	,, E. Jackson
,, W. Bowler	,, G. Little
,, C. Carthew	,, C. Mills
,, J Clements	,, W. Plumpton
,, T. Clist	,, H. Setterfield
,, T. Cocklyn	,, G. Stupple
,, H. Cox	,, W. Swift
,, F. Cox	,, H. Wood.
,, E. M. Dungey	

Letter F. Company.

Pte. A. Bailey	Pte. C. Miller
,, F. Bishop	,, J. Reeves
,, J, Clark	,, E. Sickle
,, J. Coppard	,, A. Smith
,, C. Green	,, J. Watson
,, T. W. Hobbs	,, E. Wenman.
,, A. Hufton	,, W. Bishop.
,, A, Ingram	

Letter G. Company.

Sergt. R. Murray	Pte. W. Folwell
Pte. C. Beer	,, F. Ford
,, T. Benster	,, A, Gilbert
,, T. Clark	,, G. Milgate
,, H. Cozens	,, A. Stokes
,, A. Davis	,, T. Webb.
,, E. Else	

Letter H. Company.

Pte. R. Gower	Pte. P. Reynold
,, W. Hobbs	,, F. Scott
,, H. Holbrook	,, H. Scott.
,, H. Knight	,, E. Stevens
,, F W. Mears	,, E. Street
,, T. Meopham	,, C. Williams.
,, W. Paramour	,, F. Wilkins

Married Establishment.

The wife of Corpl. Smith
,, L. Corpl Sutton
,, Pte Clark.

Digitized by Google

No. 214 Lc Corpl. H. Hodgins has returned to duty from the Band

The undermentioned Officers, Warrant Officers, Non Commissioned Officer and men passed the Lower Standard Examination in Hindustani on the 1st October, 1888.

2nd Lieut. L. I. B. Hulke.
,, A. G. Trollope
Sergt. Major J. W. Cook
C Segt H. E. Featherstone.
Pte. R. Collins
,, W. Blackborrow
,, C. Munson.

The Buffs Gymkhana.

Officials all, well be it so, to describe is hard you know
When Generals judge, but then our judge was old Sir Robert Low.

The other judge—of Punjaub fame—the well-known Major Rose
For his eye is like an Argus, his verdict "just a nose"

The starter next (important man) Lt Colonel Clements
He started fair, he started square, and swore at all delinquents

His junior too-the cornet bold; with heart and eye serene
He dropped his flag in faultless style (this is too rarely seen)

Our sporting Coombes, clerk of the scales, so innocent and good
He weighed them out, and weighed them in, in style no other could

A noble three, who worked the show, with Ommanney as Boss
With Eustace tall, and Eales the small, how could it suffer loss?

One word I'll add that this your show-may as regards comparison
Thrive anywhere—if your C. O. is Col Joseph Harrison.

—o—

A combination of pleasant weather; a large audience; and excellent management made the Regimental Gymkana on the 3rd December, go off with great eclat; every event being up to time, and there being no unnecessary delay, contributed in no small measure to the success of the meeting.

A Totalisator on the course was largely patronised; and the close finishes kept the excitement up to the end. In the 1st Race a field of nine faced the starter; and from the first; the race lay between Mr. Bayard's "Wynne" and Eales'; "Conrad"; at the distance post "Conrad" drew away and won with something in hand. For the hurdle Race; the favourite "Mike' was beaten by a neck by Cr. Sergt Andrew's "Bono" who was well ridden by Mr Millar; only one fall, but we are glad to say, no bones broken. The station race came next, and with two such well known ponies as "Paul Pry" and "Sally" in for it, other competitors, were rather out of it; Paul Pry and Sally raced neck and neck the whole way; the former just catching the judge's eye in time; "Musical Indian Clubs" came next and this was done without a mistake; by a large squad of 18 men; at the conclusion, the performers were loudly and deservedly applauded. The next race the "Regimental Cup Race" was easily won by Mr. Eales "Scorpion" "Daphnie" and "Firefly" making a good race for 2nd place which the former secured. The tug of war 1st pull in the Buffs way, between the Buffs, and the South Wales Borderers, was won after a good pull by the Buffs, and time for rest was given by the N. C.O's; Race, which next took place; for this, every owner fancied his own pony, and what's more, in nearly every case, rode himself; but the invincible "Bono" was not to be denied; and secured first honours for his owner. In conclusion the tug of war, 2nd Pull in the Borderer's way, took place; also resulting in a win for the Buffs; thus fittingly ending a most pleasant afternoon. General Low as Judge had with the close finishes, all his work cut out for him, but his, and Major Rose's decisions gave every satisfaction. The success of the starts was due to Col. Clements, who in spite of his large fields of amateur jockeys; in every case succesfully started them off. Our sporting Quarter Master made a most efficient clerk of the scales, and there was nothing in the shape of disputes to try the harmony, or to test the judicial knowledge of the Committee.

FIRS RACE.—*Hack and Charger Race.*

Lieut. Eales' b. a. h. *Conrad* (Lieut. D'Aeth)	...	1
Lieut. Bayard's b. c.-b. h. *Wynn* (Owner)	...	2
Lieut. Brine's b: c-b. p. *Jumbo* (Lieut, Taite)	..	3
Lieut.-Col. Harrison's g. b. e. m. *Moira* (Owner)	...	0
Lieut.-Col. Harrison's g. c.-b. p *Gray Friar*, (Lieut Parry)		0
Captain Tylden Patterson's g c.-b p. *Kafoosalam* (Owner)		0
Lieut.-Eustace's b. c-b p *Liddie* (Lieut Fasson)	...	0
Lieut. Bell's b c -b. p *Sultan* (Owner)	...	0
Lieut D'Aeth's g. c -b m. *Susan* (Lieut Eales)	..	0
Lieut. Coombe's g. c.-b. p *Fenian* (Lieut. Millar)	...	0

The race lay between *Conrad & Wynn.* At the distance the former drew away and won comfortably: a good third,

SECOND RACE—*Hurdle Race.*

Color-Sergt. Andrews' g. c.-b. p. *Bono* (Lieut. Millar	...	1
Mr. Eales' g c-b p. *Mika* (Lieut Fasson)	...	2
Mr. Trollope's g. c.-b. m. *Novice* (Lieut. Eales)	...	3
Lieut.-Col. Harrison's g c.-b p *Gray Friar* (Lieut Parry)		0

Digitized by Google

Also started Mr. Eales' b. c.-b p *Decoy* (Lieut Taite): fell.

Bono jumped away with a long lead. At the last hurdle *Mike* and *Decoy* drew level; but *Decoy* fell, and then a slashing race ensued, ending in *Bono* securing the verdict by a neck: a bad third.

THIRD RACE—Open to the Station, Distance ½ mile.

Mr. Leake's g. c. h. p *Paul Pry* (Owner	... 1
Captain Roche's b. w. m. *Sally* (Going)	... 2
Mr. Neville's g c.-b. p. *Wire* (Mr. Eales)	... 3
Mr. Warren's b. c-b p. *Rabit* (Mr Watson)	... 0
Mr Hanley's b c-b p *Julius* (Mr Fasson)	... 0
Mr Robinson's g c-b m *Gall* Mr Milla	... 0

The race lay between *Paul Pry* and *Sally*, and these two, racing together the whole way, passed the stand level. Here *Paul Pry* putting in his effort, just received first place by a head: *Wire* third, and the rest nowhere

FOURTH RACE—*Regimental Cup Race*, Distance 5 furlongs

Mr Eales' g a p *Scorpion* Owner	... 1
Mr Hulkes g c-b m *Dapne* Lieut Bayard	... 2
Mr Parry's g c-b p *Firefig* Owner	... 0
Mr Eustace's b c-b p *Laddie* Lieut Taite	... 0

Scorpion at once took the lead and won as he liked

The fifth race was for non-commissioned officers, and was won easily by Sergeant-Major Cook on his *Tommy*.

The Indian Clubs (to music) were performed by a squad of 18 men of the Buffs without a single mistake and in faultless style: and at conclusion the applause was loud and continuous. The tug-of-war—Buffs *vs.* Borderers—resulted in a win for the Buffs, who won in both ways, standing and sitting. And so ended a most pleasant gymkhana.

—o—

SAVINGS BANK

The undermentioned amounts have been deposited in or withdrawn from the Regimental Saving Bank during the month of December 1888

	Deposits Rs.	A.	P.	Withdrawals Rs.	A.	P.
Letter A Cmpany	173	0	0	60	14	9
„ B „	87	0	0	233	13	1
„ C „	332	0	0	215	4	1
„ D „	204	0	0	154	1	0
„ E „	50	0	0	181	2	7
„ F „	429	0	0	181	7	1
„ G „	196	0	0	36	5	4
„ H „	160	0	0	172	3	11
TOTAL Rs.	1,631	0	0	1,235	3	10

DEPOT NEWS

—oo—

Friday 9th November

The annual regimental dinner of the 3rd Battalion the Buffs took place at Limmer's Hotel last night. There were present—Colonel Beales, Lieutenant-Colonels Algernon Tatham and Toke, Majors W. L Wilkinson, Kelly, and Sir H. C. Perrott Bart, Captains A. D. Stevenson, Brinckman, Gillow Matheson, Colley, and Carter; Lieutenants Graystone, H. R. Cumming, and Le Breton Simmons, and Mr. Frank J. Heseltine; and Captain C. A. Stevenson.

—o—

5th Lancers—9th November, Secnd. Lieut W. T F. Horwood, from the 3d Batt, the Buffs (East Kent Regt.) to be second Lieutenant, on augmentation.

—o—

LINE BATTALIONS.

The Buffs (East Kent Regt.)—Secnd Lieut. C. C. Cobbe, from the 3d Batt the Worcestershire Regt., to be second lieutenant, in succession to Lieut. G. G. Hunter, seconded 9th November.

—o—

The Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regt.)—Lieut. T. S Smith from the 3d Batt the Buffs (East Kent Regt.), to be second lieutenant, in succession to Lieut. A. C. Hickley, seconded, 9th November.

—o—

On the 13th November two more companies of the new mounted infantry regiment, for service with the First Army Corps, were constituted at Aldershot, one being commanded by Captain Connellan, of the 2d East Kent, and composed of drafts of that Regiment, the 2d East Surrey, 1st Roval Sussex, and the 2d Royal West Kent; and the other, under Captain Hore, of the 2d South Stafford, and composed of men of the 2d South Stafford, 2d Suffolk, 1st Bedford, and 2nd Hampshire. The full strength of the companies is 262 officers and men.

It is rumoured the 2nd Battln. The Buffs proceed to Woolwich in the early part of next year, there to be quartered.

The Horse Guard authorities issued instructions that Cr. Sergeant Bennell shall proceed to the Depot on arrival in England (if found fit for further service) for duty thereat.

Col. Sergeant G. Robinson "A" Company of Depot has been appointed Sergeant Instructor of "K" (or Dover) Company 1st Volunteer

Digitized by Google

Battalion the Buffs, with effect from the 1st November 1888.

Quarter Master Sergeant Cumber has arrived safely at the Depot and taken up the duties of Sergeant Major.

Application has been made for his promotion to the rank of Warrant Officer.

Privates Towner and Hughes have arrived at Gosport, and been passed to the reserve.

VARIETY.

PA: "What would you like to be when you grow up, Johnny?"

Johnny: "I think I'll be a soldier."

"You might get killed."

"Who by?"

"By the enemy, of course."

"Well, then, I think I had better be the enemy."

YANKEE SLIPPINGS FROM LIFE.

"ETHEL," asked a Lewiston mother of her daughter as the fair young girl sat down at a late breakfast in her morning gown, "did George leave any package for me last evening?" Ethel blushed and said falteringly: "What made you ask?" "Oh, nothing; I only heard him say at the door as he said good-bye, 'Now, here is one more for your mother,' and I didn't know but it was that pattern for lace lambrequins that his mother has promised me." Ethel said nothing.

MARY: Dont you dislike to have a man talk shop when he comes to see you?

JENNIE: Indeed I do! Who's been talking shop to you?

MARY: Oh, my young man. He's a street-car conductor, you know, and nearly every time he comes to see me gets off his shop talk.

JENNIE: What does he say?

MARY: Sit closer, please!

A MARKED IMPROVEMENT.

"Yes, boys," said the retired naval officer, as he returned his glass to the bar, "the navy is improving. For instance, there is not so much drunkenness now as there was when I was in it."

"No, indeed!" shouted the boys

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

For the FISHERMAN—Castanet.
FOR THE LAWYER.—Lyre.
FOR THE POLITICIAN—Organ.
FOR THE WHIST-PLAYER—Trumpet
FOR THE HORSE-JOCKEY—Hautboy.
FOR THE TOPER—Horn.
FOR THE LAUNDRESS—Flute.
FOR THE PAWNBROKER—Jewsharp.

AXIOMS

BORN TO RULE—A book-keeper.

HE "WHOOPS 'EM UP"—The cooper.

STICKETH CLOSER THAN A BROTHER—A porous-plaster.

AWAITING ITS TURN—A buckwheat cake.

WHEN is a despondent lover like a tumor? When he is cut out.

IRONY—The wit of the laundry.

—o—

MUSKETRY

The following prizes for the Musketry Season 1888-9 having received the sanction of the General Commanding the District, are awarded to the Non-Commissioned Officers and men as stated. The marksmen who are not included in the 10 per cent of best shots will receive a prize at the end of the season.

Letter A. Company.

Best shot of Company.

No. 1853 Private E. Poolman £ 2-10-0

s.

10% best shots of Company each 10/

Lc. Corpl. A. Donnelly Pte. A Claydon
Pte. G. Geer ... „ G. Lipscombe
Lc. Corpl. E. Kent „ C. Fisher
Pte. W. Dunham „ D. Williams
„ P. Burke „ A. Cronk.

Section Commander best section "e" & "f" field practice combined. s.

Sergeant A. Saville 5/ s.

Best section in "e" & "f" field practice each 3/

Pte. H. Barden Pt. F. Maynard.
„ A. Beard „ J. Montgomery.
„ J. Cafferty „ E. Poolman
„ W. Cowlard „ J. Saunders
„ W. Fidler „ A. Spice.
„ J. Greenwood „ A. Waldash
„ W. Hooker

Letter C. Company.

Best shot of Company

Lc. Sergeant A. Stonebridge £ 2-10-0

Best shot of Sergeants.

Sergeant D. Leary £ 1-0-0

10 per cent best shots of Company each 10/

Pte. A. Golder Pte. E. Richards
„ E. Letchford „ J. Reynolds
„ A. Patterson „ J. Dove
„ A. Millan „ O. Roberts
Lc. Corpl. R. Golds „ W. Varney
Pte. W. Walker „ F. Wilson
„ A. Hucks

Digitized by Google

Section Commander best section 'e' & 'f' field practice. s.

Cr. Sergeant J. J. Butler 5/

Best section in 'e' & 'f' practices each 3/

Pte.	E. Carter	Pte.	A. Manning
,,	J. Dartnell	,,	E. Orton
,,	Fitzgerald	,,	R. Price
,,	Goldsbrough	,,	W. Salter
,,	W. Harryman	,,	R. Stringer
,,	E. Humphries	,,	A. Wilcox

—o—

CRICKET

The Buffs and South Wales Borderers

SERGEANTS TEAM.

At Bareilly on the 5th instant a very lively match was played on the ground of the Block Barracks, Infantry lines, between the Sergeants of the Buffs and the Sergeants of the 24th South Wales Borderers, which after much amusing more than scientific play, resulted in a win for the Borderers by 15 runs. The play throughout was rather brisk on both sides, as two innings were completed in plenty of time for a short game of Football to be introduced as a close to the afternoons sport, The scores were as follows:—

S. W. BORDERERS.

	1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
Sergeant West ...	2	9
,, Conboy ...	3	8
Cr ,, Gibson ...	3	6
,, Lyons ...	7	0
Sergeant Jones ...	0	1
,, Stephenson ...	0	5
Cr. ,, Turner ...	0	12
Sergeant Weller ...	6	4
,, Jennings ...	17	0
,, Monoghan ...	0	6
Pte. Davis ...	8	0
Extra	24	14
Total	70	65

THE BUFFS.

Cr. Sergeant	Featherstone	4	0
,,	Talbot	27	0
Lce. ,,	Brain	7	2
,,	Eaton ...	9	0
,,	Gray ...	1	2
,,	Sheppard ...	6	5
,,	White ...	0	0
,,	Short ...	0	9
Lce. ,,	Laing ...	1	2
,,	Hoare ...	1	13
,,	Jesshope ...	2	9
Extra		6	14
		64	56

The Sergeants of the Borderers entertained their opponents, providing a sumptuous Tiffin after the 1st innings and again at the close of the days sport, an impromptu smoking concert was held which was well carried out, many really, good singers giving evidence of their vocal powers, and before the final break up, amongst mutual praise giving and speech making, many tokens were exchanged, to shew the friendly feelings of all present.

—o—

CRICKET

B. Coy. The Buffs-Versus K./2 R A,

Played at Barrackpore on the 13th December 1888, and won by B. Company by 49 runs, on the first innings owing to the excellent batting of Cr. Sergeant Patterson, and Pte. Ware and a very patient innings by Pte. Holland. In the 2nd innings Mr. Stuart made his runs in fine style, whilst Ptes. Champion, and Sageman shewed some free hitting, Mr. Stuart and Pte. Ware bowled capitally throughout. This being our first match in our new station, we are very pleased at winning, as the Regiment's reputation for cricket is well known in this direction.

B. COMPANY THE BUFFS.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Lt. Stuart bowled	Golden 0	Bowled Smith	33
Pte. Ware ,,	Smith 26	Did not Bat	
,, Holland ,,	,, 12	,, ,, ,,	
C. Sergt. Patterson not out	20	,, ,, ,,	
Corpl. Patten Run out	3	Ct Bartlett Bd England	10
Pte. Peters Ct Connolly Ba. Smith	0	not out	17
,, Russell Bo. England	8	Ct & Bo. Connolly	7
,, Sageman Ct. England Ba. Smith	5	L. B. W. Bo. Connolly	26
,, Champion Ct Connolly Ba. Godden	10	not out	17
,, Bowled Godden	2	Hit Wicket Bo. Smith	3
,, Chapman Bo. Godden	6	Ct Smith Bo. Connolly	3
Extras	17	Extras	16
Total	109	Total for 6 wickets	129

K./2. ROYAL ARTILLERY.

Br. Major Bowled Ware ...	3	
Gr. Godden Ct. Menton Bo. Stuart	2	
Mr. England Bowled Ware ...	26	
Gr. Ellis ,, Stuart ...	0	
Capt. Connolly ,, Ware ..	10	
Gr. Smith Ct. Sageman Bo. Stuart	0	
,, Woods Bowled Stuart	3	
,, Mason ,, Stuart	1	
,, Moon Ct. Stuart Bo. Ware	0	
,, Cartlett not out	1	
Sergeant Dolan Bowled Ware	1	
Extras	3	
Total	60	

The following match was played at Barrackpore between letter B. Company the Buffs and

Digitized by Google

7-1 Northern Division R A on the 15th instant, resulting in a win for B Company by 6 wickets and 53 runs

SCORES

7/1 N. Div. R. A.

		1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
Br. Chitton	...	17	10
„ Arundel	...	1	
Gr Conway	...	7	
„ Scoreby	...	4	8
Capt Parker	...	14	14
Gr Jefferson	...	2	
Sergeant Hewett	...	0	
Mr Gorton	...	8	
Gr Brennan	...	6	3
„ Varley	...	13	20
„ Shelton	...	0	
	Extras	3	3
	Total	75	58

B. COMPANY.

Mr. Stuart	...	2	20
Pte. Ware	...	27	26
„ Holland	...	4	11
Corpl. Patten	...	0	14
Cr. Sergeant Patterson	...	3	7
Pte. Champion	...	0	25
„ Russell	...	5	8
„ Sageman	...	2	10
„ Eaton	...	0	6
„ Chapman	...	1	0
„ Benton	...	4	2
	Extras	4	5
	Totals	52	134

Played on the 20th December 1888. and again resulting in a win for the Buffs by an innings and 24 runs, Mr. Stuart making a splendid sixty-six, whilst Pte Holland carefully kept the wicket up for him, Pte Sageman made his runs in four hits, Mr. Stuart and Pte Ware again bowled well, requiring no charge in either innings

B. COMPANY THE BUFFS.

Lieut Stuart bowled England	...	66
Pte. Ware „ Godden	...	5
„ Russell Ct Moon Bo. Smith	...	1
Major Ommanney Bowled Godden	...	1
Corpl Patten „ „	...	2
Pte Holland Ct and Bo England	...	14
C Sergeant Patterson Bowled England	...	0
Pte Benton Ct Blackburn Bo, England	...	7
„ Sageman Bowled England	...	14
„ Phillips Ct Connolly Bo England	...	1
„ Hewer not out	...	0
Extras		13
Total		124

K. 2 R. A.

	1st Innings		2nd Innings.	
Lt England	Bowled Ware	0	Bowled Ware	9
Br. Cole	„ Stuart	4	„ Stuart	0
Dr. Ellis	„ Stuart	3	Run out	0
Capt Connolly	„ Ware	7	Bowled Stuart	3
Gr. Godden	Ct & Bo. Stuart	0	„ Ware	0
Lt. Percival	Run out	2	„ Stuart	0
Gr Charlwood	Ct Phillips Bo Ware	0	Bowled Ware	0
„ Blackburn	Ct Benton Ware	16	Sgt. Patterson Bo. Stuart	4
Br. Moon	Ct Major Ommanney Bo Stuart	2	Run out	9
Dr Manson	Ct & Bo Stuart	1	Bowled Stuart	4
Gr Smith	not out	2	not out	2
	Extras	5		6
	Total	42	Total	40

—o—

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL,

B Company the Buffs—Versus—Left Half Battalion East Lanc. Regiment.

Played at Benares, on the 4th December 1888, and after a very pleasant game, ended in a draw, one goal each; B. Company had the best of the game all through, and had very hard luck in their shooting at goal, being rather stiff after their long ride in the train, and were very plucky in tackling a Half Battallion on their own ground, and who were old hands at the game, but made a little too sure of winning. We were very glad on our arrival to find an old Buff on the Platform to welcome us, Major T. E. Spencer, who was stationed at Benares, with us, during our stay there, as acting Adjutant and Quarter Master, but who now belongs to the Bengal Staff Corps. B. Company's Team (Goal) Attaway (Backs) Wigley, Phillips, (Half Backs) Corpl Patten, Drury, Yeo. (Right Wing) Sageman, Eaton, (Left Wing) Champion, Briggs (centre) Russell.

—o—

REGIMENTAL FOOTBALL CLUB (RUGBY)

—oo—

The Buffs, Versus Bareilly Station

This, the 2nd foreign match of the club, was played on Saturday, 3rd December, and resulted in a win for the Buffs by one goal and 3 tries to nil, the first half of the game, was chiefly conspicuous for the good forward play of the Buffs scrimmage, Lieut Bell in particular, showing up well and the ball was gradually worked down to the station goal, aided by good runs on the part of Pte. Gallagher; here Lieut Bayard getting possession of the ball, made a good run and got in, the place kick was however a failure. Shortly after, Pte. Gallagher making a succession of good runs, ran in, and a good goal was placed by Lieut. Bayard. The Buffs scrimmage, headed by Lieut. Bell and Pte. Williams, again asserted itself, and the ball, assisted by good runs on the part of Pte. Hills, was taken down to the enemy's goal; here, when a try seemed imminent;

Digitized by Google

some bad fumbling; and general bad play on the part of the Buffs 3/4 enabled Lt. Bradford to dribble the ball clear away; but the hall was kept. in the stations 25, by a good return from Corpl. Hildebrand. Some even play ensued, still Pte. Sewell getting the ball, by a dodgy run got in, the place kick was however a failure. Half time being called, the station team showed far better form, and the play throughout was far more even; the ball being principally in the centre of the ground, Lieut. Bayard and Pte. Gallagher made some good runs, and on the station side Surgeon Halloran at one time looked dangerous, but was well "grassed" by Corpl. Hildebrand, after this Lieut Tarte next distinguished himself and being well backed by the scrimmage, dribbled the ball over the line and secured a try; the place kick though good, fell short. Nothing further occurred till call of no side. One bad mistake, as noted above was made by the Buffs; but the scrimmage was particularly good, and we were glad to see that the forwards dribbling powers showed a great improvement on the last match—We were sorry not to see Corpl. Davis and Lieut D'Aeth in their old places; and hope that they will be able to play with renewed vigour in our matches at Calcutta.—Sides as follows:—

BUFFS.

Back—Corpl. Hildebrand.
3/4 „ —Lieut. Bayard, Pte. Gallagher and Pte. Hills
½ „ —Pte. Sewell and Sergeant Underhill
Forwards—Lieut Bell, Tarte, Hulke (Captain) Ptes. Reese-Williams, Davis, Want, Hussey and Sergeant Eaton.

The Football season of the 2nd Battallion, evidently has not begun as auspiciously as that of the 1st Battallion, judging from the account in this last mails "Field," of a match between the 2nd Battallion and the Dover College, the College being victorious by 3 goals and 11 tries to nil.

Our Football for Calcutta will be strengthened by the arrival from leave shortly of Lieut F. G. Annesley, who has been playing this regularly for the 1st XV of the Monkstown club, one of the strongest in Ireland.

A match is arranged, and will take place, on or about the 12th January, between the Buffs, and Lucknow, on the grounds of La Martinere College—Lucknow can put a strong team in the field, they decisively beat La Martinere; and the match ought to be well worth seeing

REGIMENTAL FOOTBALL (Rugby)

NOTICE

The undermentioned man was selected into the 1st XV as 1/4 to back, and has been presented with his guernsey.

Pte. Gallagher,

—o—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I promised before leaving to give you news from Barrackpore, and enclose you the particulars of those Cricket matches. Two of which against K. 2. R. A. we won pretty easily, and one against 7. 1. R. A. a much superior team in every point of the game. However as you will see by the score we made a very respectable game of it (and had the light permitted of our going on, I think I can safely predict that we should have won by about 20 Runs) Barrackpore is, especially at this time of the year (when the weather is delightful,) a charming place, and its surroundings remind us all strongly of Singapore. The long straight dusty road, the thatched houses, the mud villages, and here and there a China man, all lend themselves to the idea that we are back in our old station. The other day I visited Dum Dum and our two officers there, Mr. Brine and Mr. Trollope, are loud in their praises of everything connected with the place. The men's barracks especially are about as good as you could expect to see any where. The great events here, or rather in Calcutta, have of coursebeen the arrival of the new Viceroy, and the festivities and functions attending his advent. The levee was most brilliant and very largely attended (Bengalee Baboos jostled against dainty cavalry officers) (Rajas simply stiff with jewels went in cheek by jowl with black and white clad merchants, to make their bow to the representative of the Queen (Empress) At the first door of all, the crush was terrific and but for the brilliant uniforms one might have imagined that one was fighting ones way into the pit of a London theatre. (However as we passed through barrier after barrier, the crowd gradually thinned down and then suddenly without warning) you handed in your card, heard your name shouted out by some one, and then the next thing you knew was that you were in the open air, with an indistinct recollection of a tall man with a dark moustache standing on a sort of platform in front of a throne. At least that is all I remember of it. The Dramatic Company of Barrackpore gave a performance the other day. The piece chosen was the "Deal Boatman." Mr. Russel as the boatman was extremely good, and Mrs Carter who played the part of the Boatman's sister showed

Digitized by Google

herself to be really a first class amateur actress. The remaining characters were adequately represented.

There is a great attempt to get up polo in the station, K 2 Battery R. A. are starting the game but the great difficulty is down here, the enormous prices asked for anything like a decent class of animal. However the first game is to be played on Monday. But only with 3 a side. (To-day the Viceroys cup is run for in Calcutta, and to-night there is a ball here of which two events I hope to be able to give you an account in my next letter)

I am my dear,
Mr. Editor,
BARRACKPORE.

—o—

Band the Buffs V. Band South Wales Borderers, Match played at Bareilly on December 5th, 1888, and resulted in a win for the former by 53 runs.

BAND THE BUFFS.

1st Innings.			2nd Innings.	
Pte. Gilbert	B. Smith	7	B Elwards	0
„ Laurence	B „	1	Run out	0
„ Howe	B „	0	B Edwards	16
„ Bowden	B Tempest B Smith	12	B Smith	28
„ Hasler	B Edwards	0	Run out	2
„ Greaves	B „	0	B Cairns	1
„ Knight	C Tempest B Edwards	0	B Smith	3
„ Evans	B Edwards	0	Run out	1
Cpl Tozer	B „	0	Not out	17
„ Hodgins	B „	0	C Tempest B Smith	0
Pte Wilson	not out	0	B Edwards	5
Extras		11	Extras	15
Total		31	Total	88

SOUTH WALES BORDERERS.

1st Innings.			2nd Innings	
Pte Clarke	B Gilbert	0	Run out	0
„ Twocock	Run out	1	B Gilbert	0
„ Ruddiford	B Gilbert	6	B „	0
„ Parrott	B Bowden	5	Cairns C Gilbert B Howe	0
„ Smith	C Laurence B Gilbert	0	C Tozer B	0
„ Tempest	B Gilbert	0	B Gilbert	0
„ Edwards	B Howe	9	B Howe	11
„ Sharp	C & B	2	Not out	4
„ Johns	B „	0	C Gilbert B Howe	0
„ Kirby	B Gilbert	2	C Tozer B Gilbert	0
„ Symons	not out	0	B Gilbert	1
Extras		11	Extras	3
Total		36	Total	30

WALTER LOCKE & CO.,
GUNSMITHS & IMPORTERS OF SPORTING REQUISITES.
3 ESPLANADE, CALCUTTA.

Agents for The North Punjab Fishing Club, The Calcutta Cricket Club, The Calcutta Football Club and most of the leading clubs in India.

ALCOCKS' celebrated (Gold medal) Fishing Tackle

Cricket, Football, Tennis Bowls, Golf, Fencing, Boxing and other sporting requisites from all the leading Makers.

Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Swords, Powder, Cartridges, Wads, Shot, Gun Implements and Accoutrements of every description.

Illustrated Price-list sent free on application

TERMS :—Cash or V. P. P.

DOUBLE-BARREL MUZZLE-LOADING GUNS.

No 60—English fine twist barrels, walnut stock ebony rod, &c, fitted in a black canvas case, with the following implements:—

Powder flask, Shot pouch, Bullet mould, Wad punch, Nipple key, Turn screw, cleaning rod and Oil bottle.

12 gauge PRICE COMPLETE RS 60

DOUBLE-BARREL BREECH-LOADING GUNS.

No. 80—D.-B. B. L. C.-F. Guns, 12 gauge, English fine twist barrels, Cylinder bored to take shot and ball, Double grip action with lever under guard, good quality steel rebounding bar-locks, Hammer below line of sight, Walnut stock and fore-end, Snap fore-end fastener &c. Fitted in a brown canvas waterproof case, with the following implements :—

Rammer and Funnel, Turnover, Re-capper, Powler measure, Shot measure, Extractor, Bullet mould, Nipple key, Turn-screw, Wad punch, Cleaning rod, Pocket cleaning apparatus and Oil bottle.

PRICE COMPLETE RS. 88.

Hundreds of these guns have been sold in India, all of which have given universal satisfaction.

Digitized by Google

POGSON! POGSON! POGSON!

THE PEOPLES' PREMIER PATENT PICK-ME-UP.

POGSON *is a wonderful tonic.*

POGSON *is a powerful stimulant.*

POGSON *the favorite teetotal drink.*

POGSON *is the only cure for cholera.*

POGSON *has miraculous laxative properties.*

POGSON *is prescribed by all doctors as an emetic.*

POGSON *is a cure for weak digestions.*

POGSON *kills rats.*

POGSON *is a remedy for corns*

POGSON *restores grey hair to its natural colour.*

POGSON *is a most delicous shaving preparation.*

POGSON revives patent leather shoes.

POGSON cures sprains or bruises like magic

POGSON removes grease from the clothes.

POGSON is good for the complexion.

POGSON prevents sore feet on the march.

POGSON is worth a Guinea a bottle.

The following Testimonials are perfectly unsolicited :—

"I take it myself," The Inventor. "The Pond Lilly Minstrels find it far superior to the ordinary burnt cork" F. I. D. L. "It has given a wonderful impetus to our trade." The London Cheap Burials Co., Ltd. "It has killed all the cock-roaches in the kitchen," A thrifty house wife. "I have given some to my mother-in-law with most pleasing results." A married man.

Ask for POGSON at any respectable chemists and don't leave the shop until you get it.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS. 1898

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 22 DUM-DUM, JANUARY 31st, 1889. [Price 2 Annas.

Domestic Occurrences.

MARRIAGE.

ALLEN—HUDSON.—At the Durbar Hall, Quetta (which acts as a Church), on the 8th instant, Captain A. J. W. Allen, 1st Battn. The Buffs. A.-D.-C., to Miss May Hudson, daughter of Major-General Sir John Hudson, K.C.B., Commanding the Quetta Divison.

DEATH.

KEEN.—At Dum-Dum, on the 20th instant, No. 2102, Pte. Charles Keen, of Enteric Fever.

Notes.

"WHO will be the next?" is now the question, as last month we wished all happiness and good luck to Lieutenant Brine on his marriage, and this month we do the same to Captain Allen and Miss Hudson. If every one is as lucky as these two officers have been, and if this alarming rate, one a month, is kept up, we, the Editor, being a "safe" man (not on account of being "gray and redundant as to figure" as a former Editor was) will be found a solitary and sad figure alone in the Mess, but "time ladies, give us time."

THIS month, our well known "little Buckshee" left us. That everyone regrets him goes without saying, as no more popular Paymaster, we suppose, ever served with any regiment. His cheery face and genial manners will not be easily forgotten, always ready to join in, and identify himself with, the Regiment in every way, it will be long before we see his like again.

A GOOD many Buffs seem to have got their fingers in the Suakim "mud pie," as Major Kekewick, on special service; Captain Lewis, Commanding the Town, and Lieutenants Mitford and Hunter were all there, and we have no doubt doing all they knew for the credit of the old Corps.

THERE seems to be a good deal of writing and talking just now, which is to be hoped will take some practicable form, on the subject of soldier's rations; and as this is a matter of interest to the majority of our readers, we extract the following from an

Digitized by Google

article on Soldier's Rations in the *Nineteenth Century* :—

"On an average, in the soldier's nominal meat ration of 12oz., there is a 25 per cent. of bone, and other uneatable substance, such as gristle and sinew. The loss in cooking averages about another 25 per cent., quite that in baking and roasting, a little less in boiling. There remains 6oz., which may be taken as his actual daily ration of butcher meat on the plate, and that of rather mixed character, since it includes shin, brisket, and other inferior portions. What then of Government rations goes down Tommy Atkins's throat daily is 1lb. bread and 6oz. of meat." With reference to the above extract we invite everyone, especially our budding Colour-Sergeants and "Lawyers", to write an essay on the following subject, to be printed in our next :— "How to improve rations, with the best advantage to the soldier, and the least cost to Government."

During our stay here (Lucknow) our football players, both Rugby and Association, have come well to the front ; as at the Rugby game, a drawn match was played against the Station, and at Association our team beat both the King's and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers fairly easily, we quite expect to see our Association team distinguish itself at Calcutta just as much as our Rugby team.

This month sees us out of Lucknow and the N-W. Provinces. We have not had much of a chance of seeing the enjoyable side of Lucknow, being under canvas, and at a camp-of-exercise ; but Ranikhet and Bareilly, everyone, we are sure, was sorry to leave, and in saying farewell to our friends in these parts, we hope it is only *au revoir* and not a final good-bye.

At the Assault-of-Arms, held in the Gymnasium, Lucknow, on 23rd and 25th January, our representatives showed up well in the various events, Sergeant Eaton as clown, being inimitable. The "show" of the evening was undoubtedly the Musical Clubs ; the squad going through the various exercises in capital style.

Correspondence.

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

The following criticism is inserted as a warning to our poet to mind his P's and his Q's.

Perhaps it is rather hard to snub a rising bard, but yet I cannot help it, for our friend, unless he is told his faults, can ne'er amend. Some lines won't construe others, will not scan. Not Shakespeare's self nor any other man could ever make "Clements" and "delinquents" rhyme, but possibly our poet may improve. I hope I haven't given him pain, and would suggest that he try again, for when he next attempts a flight in verse, he may do better, and he can't do worse.

H. B.

Regimental Items.

Lieutenant A. R. Eustace took over command and payment of letter "F" Company, with effect from the 1st instant.

Second Lieutenant J. Haslar has been posted to letter "E" Company for duty.

The undermentioned Officer has passed an examination in Army Signalling according to the prescribed test, and is qualified as a Regimental Signaller :—

Lieutenant C. K. Greene.

Vide G. O. C. C., dated 21st December 1888, page 556.

Surgeon S. R. Wills has been placed in temporary Medical charge of the Battalion, owing to the departure of Surgeon R. G. Hanley, M. S., to Bareilly.

Captain G. V. Dauglish has relieved Captain G. H. Chippindall as President of the Prison Committee, with effect from the 1st instant.

Lieutenant E. C. M. Parry has been appointed to be a member of the Band Committee from the 1st instant.

Digitized by Google

At an examination, held on the 1st November 1888, the undermentioned Officer qualified in "C" and "A" Section IX., paragrap 39 III., Queen's Regulations, for the rank of Captain :—

Lieutenant A. L. Bell.

Vide G. O. C. C., dated Simla, 2nd January 1889, page 2.

District leave of absence is granted to Lieutenant A. R. Eustace from the 1st to 10th February 1889.

Second Lieutenant L. J. B. Hulke will take over command and payment of Letter "G" Company, as a temporary measure, from Lieutenant R. R. D'Aeth, placed on the Sick List on the 30th instant.

Lieutenant R. H. D'Aeth has been left at Lucknow, on the sick list.

Second Lieutenant C. C. Cobbe has joined the Battalion and is posted to letter "C" Company.

With reference to G. O. C. C., dated Simla, 13th October 1888, page 446, clause 17, Instructions for the payment of British troops serving in India and to Article 743, A. R. I., Vol. I, part I., Major F. F. Parkinson, Army Pay Department, Paymaster, having embarked, on the 12th instant, as Paymaster to the 2nd Battalion Cheshire Regiment, *en route* to England, the undermentioned Officers will form the Committee of Paymastership :—

Major C. E. Reeves.
Captain G. H Chippindall.
" H. Blackburn.

The Committee took over the accounts of the Battalion on the 4th instant, and Captain G. H. Chippindall is appointed the working member of the Committee.

Captain H. Blackburn took over command and payment of letter "C" Company from the 1st instant.

No. 1672, Private C. Flint, has been transferred to the 4th Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps, with effect from the 30th November 1888. Authority : Adjutant-General's in India, No. 6583, dated Simla, 1st December 1888. This man proceeded to Meerut on the 2nd instant.

Colour-Sergeant H. E. Featherstone has been appointed Canteen Superintendent of Issues for the quarter ending 31st March 1889.

The undermentioned men, having embarked for England on the 29th December 1888, are struck off the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly :—

No 508, Private A. H. Bates ... To 1st Class Army Reserve.
" 359 " J. Connell ... Ditto.
" 1754 " J. Higgins ... To discharge.
" 2432 " C. Keys ... To pension.

Territorial numbers have been assigned to the following, as shown opposite their respective names, on transfer from the 2nd Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment :—

Corporal E. R. Goose, No. 2747
Private J. Malkin " 2748
" W. Wilson " 2749

The undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officer reported his arrival at Salonah, Assam, for duty with the Nowgong Mounted Rifles, as 1st Class Instructor, on the 26th November 1888 :—

No. 1826, Sergeant W. Lishman.

The undermentioned proceeded from Lucknow *en route* for Deolali by the 7-25 A.M. train on the 27th instant for embarkation to England for purpose of discharge, having completed the term of 21 years' service in the Army :—

No. 1682 Sergeant, W. White
" 1707 Private C. Fisher
" 1742 " W. Crocket
" 1744 " A. Claydon

The following from Dum-Dum on the same date :—

No. 1735, Sergeant J. Gleeson, wife and child.
" 1701, Private P. Hubbert and wife.

Sergeant T. Hoare has been awarded a certificate of qualification for the appointment of Sergeant Instructor of Musketry to a Regiment or Battalion, *vide* G. O. C. C., dated 14th December 1888, page 542.

In accordance with paragraph 1381, A. R. I., Vol I., part I., the undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officer is appointed Orderly Room

Digitized by Google

Sergeant with the rank of Colour-Sergeant, with effect from the 9th October 1888, *vice* Tressler, absorbed as a Sergeant in the 2nd Battalion, *vide* letter, dated Dover, 21st November 1888, from the Officer Commanding 2nd Battalion, as authorised by Horse Guard's letter No. 30-$\frac{2}{3}$-350, dated 19th June 1888 :—

No. 298, O. R. Clerk, F. Butler.

The undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officers and men proceeded home by the Troopship which sailed on the 19th January 1889, and left Lucknow on the 4th instant, having completed the first seven years of Army service :—

No.	37	Pte.	G. Mills
,,	40	Corpl.	H. Edwards
,,	44	Pte.	J. Haley
,,	47	Lce.-Corpl.	W. Price
,,	48	Pte.	G. Sands
,,	56	,,	J. Beetles
,,	53	,,	G. Geer
,,	55	,,	W. Chalklin
,,	57	,,	S. May
,,	58	,,	A. Targett
,,	61	,,	A. Golder
,,	63	,,	A. Denison
,,	64	Corpl.	J. Benabo
,,	65	Pte.	A. Osman
,,	68	,,	J. Sampson
,,	70	,,	J. Peen
,,	74	,,	H. Smith
,,	75	,,	J. Steele
,,	77	,,	J. Gardiner
,,	82	Corpl.	T. Compton
,,	85	Pte.	A. Goddard
,,	96	,,	C. Olive
,,	97	,,	J. Ginn
,,	119	,,	J. Robinson
,,	121	,,	E. Firth
,,	124	,,	H. Rollins
,,	125	Sergt.	A. Saville
,,	127	Pte.	W. Young
,,	130	,,	J. Welsh
,,	132	,,	D. Thacker
,,	138	,,	W. Bentley
,,	140	,,	R. Edmonds
,,	144	,,	H. Trazer
,,	145	,,	F. Mainwaring
,,	151	,,	H. Blake
,,	153	,,	A. J. Hawker
,,	160	,,	A. Rose
,,	162	,,	A. Noakes
No.	180	Pte.	A. Holland
,,	188	,,	G. Groombridge
,,	210	Lce.-Corpl.	J. Bourne
,,	213	Pte.	F. Hughes
,,	214	Lce.-Corpl.	H. Hodgins
,,	216	Pte.	G. Uzzell
,,	219	,,	C. Puxton
,,	2322	,,	A. E. Davis

Territorial number No. 2711 has been awarded on re-engagement to the undermentioned man:—

No. 1135, Private H. Featherstone.

The undermentioned men have passed an examination in Army Signalling according to the prescribed test, and are qualified as Regimental Signallers :—

Pte. M. Clancy.
,, M. Oudnie.

Vide G. O. C. C., dated Simla, 21st December 1888, page 556.

The undermentioned Officer passed the final examination recently held at the Staff College :—

Captain C. H. Gordon.

The 2nd Battalion, now at Dover, has been ordered to be in readiness to move to Woolwich, to take over the quarters now occupied by the 2nd Rifle Brigade, which is expected to move to the North of England. The 2nd Royal Fusiliers from India will relieve the Buffs at Dover.

The Signallers of the Battalion were inspected on the 9th ultimo by the Inspector of Army Signalling. Present :—

Assistant Instructors.—Sergeant Montgomery, Corporal Carnell.

Regimental Signallers.—Sergeant Murray, Corporal Montgomery, Privates Walker, Latimer, Greenwood, Clancy, Rankin, Motty, Oudnie, Russell, Corporals Cosson, Bryant and Wilson.

Schoolmistress M. E. Brooke is transferred from the Battalion to the 2nd Battalion Royal Lancaster, Regiment with effect from the 31st instant. Authority : Dirtector of Military Education in India, No. 1646, dated Simla, 20th December 1888.

Digitized by Google

THE undermentioned man is placed on the Married Roll of the Battalion (at the Depôt) with effect from the 3rd October 1888, *vice* Griffiths, discharged at the Depôt on that date :—

No. 1739, Pte. R. Johnson.

LIEUTENANT and Adjutant R. Bayard will perform the duties of Station Staff Officer, upon the arrival of the Battalion at Dum-Dum.

MRS. STEELE, wife of Schoolmaster G. A. Steele, has been appointed Acting Schoolmistress to the Battalion, with effect from the 1st proximo, *vice* Schoolmistress Brooke, transferred to the Royal Lancaster Regiment.

THE undermentioned men have been transferred from the 2nd Battalion Royal Fusiliers, at present at Wellington, to serve with this Battalion :—

No. 2597, Pte. W. Hogan.
,, 2459 ,, A Saxon.

GOOD CONDUCT PAY.

THE undermentioned men are entitled to Good Conduct Pay at rates and from dates as specified :—

No.	650	Pte.	A. W.	Bramble	2*d.*	1-12-88
	1855	,,	J. J.	Brown	1*d.*	14-12-88
	2113	,,	W. A.	Girt	1*d.*	27-9-88
	1022	,,	T. C.	Hearn	1*d.*	27-12-88
	1873	,,	G.	Holland	3*d.*	16-12-88
	714	,,	R. J.	Philips	2*d.*	8-12-88
	1504	,,	J.	Hodge	1*d.*	14-12-88
	2140	,,	A. E.	Austin	1*d.*	18-11-88
	2170	,,	T. W.	Brown	1*d.*	24-12-88
	1223	,,	J.	Connor	1*d.*	15-12-88
	740	,,	F.	Goodwin	2*d.*	30-1-89
	2139	,,	H. V.	Hoare	1*d.*	17-11-88
	2188	,,	W.	Skinner	1*d.*	11-1-89
	642	,,	G.	Turner	2*d.*	2-10-88
	1240	,,	A. W	Ambrose	1*d*	10-12-88
	2152	,,	E. M.	Dungey	1*d.*	29-11-88
	1847	,,	L.	Shannon	1*d.*	21-12-88
	1727	,,	W.	Sullivan	1*d.*	27-12-88
	1282	,,	T.	Wise	1*d.*	20-12-88
	1139	,,	W.	Cross	1*d.*	30-10-88
	1024	,,	A.	Leary	1*d.*	28-11 88
	1871	,,	J.	Roach	1*d.*	23-11-83
	1198	,,	C. E.	Spinner	1*d.*	21-12-88
	1253	,,	D.	Barnett	1*d.*	7-12-88
	1923	,,	F. J.	Ford	1*d.*	10-12-88
	736	,,	M.	Page	2*d.*	11-1-89
	1396	,,	D.	Revell	1*d.*	14-12-88
	1351	,,	F. G.	Greenslade	1*d.*	8-12-88
	2304	,,	T.	Meopham	1*d.*	18-1-89

SAVINGS BANK.

THE undermentioned amounts have been deposited in, or withdrawn from, the Regimental Savings Bank during the month of January 1889:—

	Deposits. Rs.	A.	P.	Withdrawals. Rs.	A.	P.
Letter "A" Company	335	0	0	84	11	7½
,, "B" ,,	325	0	0	322	1	1
,, "C" ,,	337	0	0	462	13	10½
,, "D" ,,	471	0	0	133	0	0
,, "E" ,,	239	8	0	88	6	9
,, "F" ,,	120	0	0	361	10	0
,, "G" ,,	268	0	0	70	6	6
,, "H" ,,	230	0	0	96	10	9
Totals ...	2,325	8	0	1,619	12	7

Extracts.

THE following is extracted from the Quetta News of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, dated 15th January 1889 :—

To-day should be marked in the Quetta Calendars with a white mark, after the fashion of the ancient Romans. For was not this day celebrated the first Officer's wedding in Quetta? At 12 noon we all assembled to see the ceremony and criticise everybody's dress except our own. Among the costumes were greens, and blues, and doves, and one of a new shade I think they call "Mixed Biscuits," or something like it. But never mind, we will pass on to the wedding party. First, the bride looking charming as she leant on the arm of her father, Major-General Sir John Hudson, K.C.B., Commanding Quetta Division. Her dress, I regret to say, I cannot describe correctly, and therefore shall refrain.

The two bridesmaids (age 10), the Misses Landale and Duperier, wore white cashmir trimmed with plush, and had each a pretty golden chenar leaf brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. The happy man, Captain Allen (The Buffs), A.-D.-C. to our General, wore the full dress of the Staff, and was attended by Captain G. N. Munro, Worcestershire Regiment, who acted as best man. Two brothers of the bride were also there, one wearing the uniform of the 19th Bengal Lancers, the other that of the 5th Goorkhas.

Two triumphal arches were erected over the drive to the Durbar Hall (which serves us for a Church) and bore appropriate wishes for the occasion. The interior of the building was decorated for the celebration, and with the many gay uniforms looked exceedingly bright. The Revd. R. A. Storrs, Garrison Chaplain, read the marriage service. Mrs. Storrs presided at the harmonium; the choir sang the usual hymns, and were ably seconded by the congregation. On the completion of the service, there was the customary adjournment to the vestry for the purpose of signing the necessary documents, and, then, a further adjournment to the General's house, where the Cake was cut and distributed, and the presents were inspected; and when all glasses were filled, Sir Robert Sandeman arose and proposed the health of Captain and Mrs. Allen. In the course of his speech, he said that he had been in Quetta and known it for more than a dozen years, and this was the first officer's wedding ever celebrated there, and he hoped that all the bachelors would without delay go and do likewise. That in the old times many ladies had wished to join their husbands in Quetta, but that he had not considered it advisable on account of the unsafe state of the country; but now there was no such fear, and the more ladies there were in Quetta the better. Three cheers were given, and one cheer more, and the toast was heartily drunk. Captain Allen then returned thanks in a short speech. The health of the host and hostess was next proposed by Lieutenant-Colonel Ebden, and drunk amid cheers. The General replied. During this time the excellent Band of the Worcester Regiment, under the able leadership of Mr. Bampton, performed a pretty programme, in which, of course, was included the "Wedding March," which was struck up on the arrival of the bride and bridegroom from the Church. At about 2 P.M. the happy pair set off on their honeymoon amidst showers of rice and congratulations, and as they drove away the Band struck up The Buffs' Regimental March.

Digitized by Google

As stated in the *St. James's Gazette*, in the January number of *Longman's Magazine*, Mr. H. J. Barker writes his first instalment of experiences in elementary schools, from which we learn the feminine for "hero" is "shero" and for "Dutchman," "Duchess." The following essay upon the Cat, which Mr. Barker assigns to one of his pupils aged fourteen, is certainly amusing:—

The Cat.—The house cat is a four-legged quadruped, the legs as usuerl being at the corners. It is what is sometimes called a tame animal, though it feeds on mice and other birds of prey. Its colours are striped, tortusshell, black, also black and white, and uthers. When it is happy it does not bark, but breathes through its nose instead of its mouth, but I can't remember the name they call the noise. It is a little word, but I can't think of it, and it is wrong to copy. Cats also mow, which you have all herd. When you stroke this tame quadruped by drawing your hand along its back, it cocks up its tail like a ruler, so as you can't get no further. Never stroke the hairs acrost, as it makes all cats scrat like mad. Its tail is about too foot long, and its legs about one each. Never stroke a cat under the belly, as it is very unhelthy. Don't teeze cats, for, firstly it is wrong so to do, and, second, cats have clawses which is longer than people think! Cats have nine liveses, but which is seldom required in this country because of Christianity. Men cats are allus called Tom, and girl cats, Puss or Tiss; but, queer as you may think, all little cats are called kittens, which is a wrong name which oughter be changed. This tame quadruped can see in the dark, so rats stand no chants, much less mice.

HERE are a few extracts from "An Outline of the Life of Samson" from another gifted pupil:—

"Samson became very sinfull, for he got a courtin' a young woman who was a relation of the wicked Philistins. Men should never court young women from uther countries, except they are good. Never mind about them being nice looking, if they are not good—why this young woman actshully worshipped them ugly little imiges wot you seed misshenairs bring in bags and put in a row on the table. When Samson arskt the Philistins a riddle, the rasty imige women went and told them wot it was. So Samson was affended, and he woodn't be marrid to her no longer.

"You woodn't think this strong man wood have gone and got marrid agen to another imige woman. Behold he did, and the next one was worser than the first. A reeal bad 'un this one was. Her name it was Deliler. Never mind her uther name, coz people never used to have two in those days; that's how it was. Deliler only pertended to love mighty Samson." His second adventure in matrimony was less successful than his first. Deliler brought him into trouble, and the Philistins made merry at his expense. But (the historian remarks) I'll tell yer them old Philistins was punished at last just when they thought as they was safe."

Football.

REGIMENTAL FOOTBALL CLUB.

THE management of the above Club will, for the future, be under a new system, as at a meeting held about the middle of the month it was proposed and carried that task of selecting the XV. should be done by those already in the team. For general information we give the names of the first XV., so far as constituted.

Back.—Lieutenant Bayard.

¾ *Backs.*—Lieutenant D'Aeth, Corporal Davis and Private Gallagher.

½ *Back.*—Private Sewell.

Forwards.—Lieutenants Bell, Taite, Hulke, Privates Adams, Reese, Williams and Want.

The Committee, thus dissolved, were elected in July 1888, to start and work the Club, select teams for matches, and to find out new players from watching the Club games, which we hope and trust will be as largely patronised at Dum-Dum as they were at Ranikhet. That the old Committee did their work, and did it well, everyone we are sure will agree, and the Club so well started will have a chance of showing its metal against the strong teams that are to be found in Calcutta.

THE undermentioned man was elected into the first XV. on 10th January as a forward, and has been presented with his jersey:—

Private Want.

2. LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT BAYARD will in future act as Captain of the Club, and Lieutenant Tarte as Secretary.

L. G. EALES, *Lieutenant*,
Honorary Secretary.

ASSOCIATION.

"H" COMPANY *versus* REGIMENTAL TEAM KING'S LIVERPOOL REGIMENT.

PLAYED at Lucknow, on the 27th December 1888, and, after a very pleasant game, resulted in a draw; Corporal Cork making some very good runs up on the right wing. Some excellent play was also shown by Private A. Harding on the left wing.

"H" Company's Team:—Goal: Private Clinton; backs: Privates Cafferty and Cronin; half-backs: Privates Cork, Harding and Moriarty; right wing: Corporal Cork and Private Leabourne; left wing: Lance-Corporal Crumby and Private Hammond; Centre: Private Evans.

"H" COMPANY *versus* REGIMENTAL TEAM 23RD R. W. FUSILIERS.

PLAYED at Lucknow, on the 3rd January 1889, and, after a hard game, for a short time the ball was passed by Private Harding to Private Evans, who run it up and scored first goal for The Buffs. The next goal was scored by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, after which the game became fast and furious, up to the moment of "time" being called by the referee, and resulting in a draw.

"H" Company's Team:—Goal: Private Clinton; backs: Privates Cronin and Cafferty; half-backs: Privates A. Harding, Cork and Moriarty; right wing: Corporal Cork and Private Simpson; left wing: Lance-Corporal Crumby and Private Tizzard; centre: Private Evans.

At Lucknow on the 24th December 1888 "G" Company of the Kings and "G" Company of the Buff played an Association Football Match, which ended, after a pleasant game, in a victory for "G" Company The Buffs by 3 goals to nothing.

1ST BATTALION THE BUFFS *versus* THE ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.

THIS match, after great excitement, ended in a rather easy victory for the Buffs by 7 goals "to" nothing.

Team:—Goal-keeper: Lance-Corporal Hildebrand, "G" Company; backs: Privates Cafferty, "H" Company, Harding, "H" Company; half-backs: Privates Hartley, "C" Company, Golder, "G" Company, Evans, "H" Company; right wing: Corporal Cork, "H" Company, Private Dyke, "C" Company; centre: Corporal Alexandra, "E" Company; left wing: Corporal Godfrey, "G" Company, Private Scott, "C" Company.

RUGBY.

THE BUFFS *versus* LUCKNOW.

THIS, the 3rd foreign match of the Regimental Club, was played on Saturday, 12th January, in the grounds of La Martinière College. Play began at 4-30 P.M., and Lucknow, having won the toss, kicked off, and following

Digitized by Google

up well, kept the ball in the Buffs' 25, and a series of scrimmages ensued. From the beginning it was evident that Lucknow, outside the scrimmage, were the strongest, the passing of their three-quarter and unselfish play of their half-backs, being especially noticable; here Fisher, by a clever run, got in, and a goal was placed by Burn. The Buffs kicking off, Wynyard, by a good return, caused the ball to be kept in the Buffs' 25, when some good play and passing by the Lucknow three-quarter ended in Burn running round, but having crossed the touch line, the ball was taken back, and after some even play, Gallagher getting the ball, made a good run down the touch line, but was collared in time by Wynyard; soon after half-time was called, with the score at one goal to *nil* in favour of Lucknow. Play being resumed, the Buffs' scrimmage, headed by Lieutenant Bell, Privates Reese and Want, forced the ball down to the Lucknow goal, here Greenway, by a grand dribble, took the ball half way down the ground, but the Buffs' forward, not to be denied, again worked the ball down, and Private Reese, making a short run, and passing at the right moment to Gallagher, the latter, by a good run, got in, and a safe goal was placed by Lieutenant Bayard. After this, both sides playing with renewed vigour, some capital play was shown, and a good combined rush of the Lucknow forwards was well stopped by Gallagher. The ball was gradually worked down by the Buffs' forwards to the Lucknow goal, the latter being forced to touch down in self-defence. A good drop-out by Wynyard was well returned by Corporal Hildebrand—here Burn getting possession made a good run, but was "grassed" in time, and Bayard securing the ball, by a long run, got in, but was ruled back by the umpires, as the ball had been held previously. A series of scrimmages ensued all in favour of the Buffs, until call of no side, leaving the match drawn in favour of the Buffs by one goal and one minor point to one goal. The Buffs' scrimmage, both in weight and pace, were too much for their opponents, but advantages gained in this way were neutralised by the excellent play of Lucknow outside the scrimmage, when the Buffs, with the exception of Private Gallagher, who played in capital style, did not show up so well, one or two of the "cracks" failing to come off. The Buffs' scrimmage, when they learn to dribble and not kick the ball so much, will be a scrimmage hard to beat anywhere. Lucknow, towards the end of the game, were weakened by the absence of Lieutenant Stainforth, who had to retire, hurt, from the field. The Buffs were without the services of Lieutenant D'Aeth, Tarte and Private Davis, and if a return match comes off, all we can say is, "May we be there to see."

SIDES.

Buffs.

Back.—Corpl. Hildebrand.

¾-*Backs.*—Lieut. Bayard, Corpl. Davis and Pte. Gallagher.

½-*Backs.*—Pte. Sewell and Corpl. Behrens.

Forwards.—Lieuts. Bell, Hulke, Ptes. Adams, Reese, Williams, Want, Hoare, Taylor and Corpl. Peach.

Lucknow.

Back.—Lieut. Wynyard (The King's).

¾-*Backs.*—Lieuts. Greenway (The King's), Stainforth (4th B. C.) and Burn (R. E.).

½-*Backs.*—Surgn. Fisher (I. M. S.) and Lieut. Cole (Leicestershire).

Forwards.—Lieuts. Jessell (17th Lancers), Crosthwaite (R. E.), Biddulph (R. H. A.), Cadogan (23rd), Ralph Stuart (The King's), Couper (R. Brigade), Copland (Leicester), Chatterton (M. B. I.).

LETTER "G" Company played La Martinière College at Rugby Football, shortly before the departure of the Regiment from Lucknow; and we were glad to see that the Company won by one goal and two tries to one goal.

"D" COMPANY *versus* LA MARTINIERE COLLEGE.

PLAYED on Saturday, 26th January, and resulted in a win for "D" Company by three tries, and several minor points to one try. "D" Company winning the toss, kicked off, and good play by the forwards forced the ball towards the College goal, where, from a series of tight scrimmages, a try was gained by good play on the part of Privates Reese and Simmonds; the place kick was however a failure. The College kicking off, kept the ball in centre of ground, where a College three-quarter getting the ball, got clear away, but was overtaken, and well "grassed" by Private W. Hills. Some good play by "D" Company forwards, aided by good runs by Privates Curley and H. Hills, ended in a second try for the Company; the place kick, though good, went wide. Half-time was called, the score standing at 2 tries in favour of "D" Company. Play being resumed, the College, backing off well, got the ball near "D" Company's goal, and a good run by one of their three-quarters ended in his getting in; no goal resulted from the place kick. Good runs by Private W. Hills, and forward play by Privates Hoare, Revell and James carried the ball to the College goal, and a third try was gained by Private Hoare; the try at goal, however, did not succeed. Play after this was very even, "D" Company's forwards being, however, too strong for their opponents, and soon after time was called after a most pleasant game.

¾-*Backs.*—(*Captain.*)—Lieut. Eales, Ptes. W. Hills and H. Hills.

½-*Backs.*—Ptes. Gates and Curley.

Back.—Pte. Evans.

Forwards.—Ptes. Reese, Hoare, Vickers, Simmonds, Revell, Taylor, Parker, Court and James.

BARRACKPORE.

THE following match was played at Barrackpore on the 8th January between "B" Company *versus* Band and Drums 2nd Derbyshire Regiment.

The Match was a well contested one, nothing being gained either side up to the call of half-time. On the game being resumed, the ball was quickly taken up to the Derby's goal, and after some good passing, the

Digitized by Google

ball was finally shot through the Derby's goal by Private Champion. There was nothing more gained during the time, and the game ended in a victory for "B" Company by one goal to *nil*.

The play was good right through, especially on the part of Corporal Breman and Corporal Healy, of the Derbys.

"B" Company's teams played well throughout the game, especially on the part of Private Attaway, who kept out some good shots, also Privates Wigley, Yeo, Champion, Russell, Briggs, and Drury. After the match they retired to the Barrack-room to tea, finally winding up by catching the 8-30 P.M. train back to Dum-Dum, amidst the well-wishes of everyone present.

"B" COMPANYS TEAM.

Goal.—Attaway.
Backs.—Wigley, Phillips.
Half Backs.—Briggs, Drury, Yeo.
Right Wing.—Eaton, Patten.
Left Wing.—Cheesman, Champion.
Centre.—Russell.

DUM-DUM.

THE return match was played at Dum-Dum on the 31st of January, the result being a draw; after a very hard contested game, both teams playing well, the ball was played from goal to goal with great energy, but nothing being secured up to the call of time, when both teams retired to partake of rereshments provided by the team of the 2nd Derbyshire Regiment, when a very pleasant evening was spent.

FOOT RACE.

ON the evening of the 24th instant the foot race between Dyke of the Buffs and Morris of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers took place on the road opposite the camp of the former corps, the distance being 120 yards, and resulted in a brilliant win for Dyke, the stakes amounting to the round sum of Rs. 600, although the amount depending on the result of the contest more than doubled those figures.

We believe the race arose out of a slight dispute at a football match, relative to the respective merits of the two men, and resulted in the match under notice. Ever since the terms of the race were agreed on, the greatest interest has been manifested by all ranks as to the result as evidenced by the large amount stated above, which was staked on the result, and also by the enormous gathering of all classes (Civil and Military) which assembled to witness the performance of the men. Dyke was brought to the mark in the pink of condition, thanks to the careful looking after he received from Sergeant Eaton and Private Pearce, the former of whom led him in his preparatory spins. Morris also looked fit to go, but we are of opinion he has not the inches to enable him to get into the same class as a sprint runner as our "Fanny."

The Welsh contingent must have greatly fancied their man, as Colour-Sergeant Butler, The Buffs, who was selected to head the side bets made by the men of his Company, had scarcely time to attend to his ordinary duties by reason of the time taken up with his honorary ones (bags of rupees coming in almost hourly).

A rumour got about on the morning of the race that Morris had done some extraordinary performance and that Dyke would not be "in it." Consequent on this the followers of (the "little 'un") Morris were laying a slight shade of odds on him at the finish; but, as already stated, the result did not justify their expectations. The race may be described in a very few words. On the pistol being fired both men got well away, but they had only gone a few strides when Dyke was seen to forge ahead, and leaving his opponent at every stride, broke the tape an easy winner by over 5 yards, and if the official time given for the winner can be relied on, there are few men in India, if any, who could lower his colours.

The enthusiasm of the winner's partisans was tremendous, so much so that a number of them seized Dyke and would only allow him to return to his tent on their shoulders, cheering and otherwise expressing their delight on the way; in fact, the feeling of rejoicing was so great that the niggers became affected by it and caused them to add their quota to the already turbulent throng. It is only fair to add, however, that nothing was said or done in bad taste, or which could give offence in any way to the losers.

Immediately after the race the stakes were paid over to the winner by A. R. Eustace, Esq., The Buffs, who had kindly consented to act as stakeholder.

The responsible duty of starter was satisfactorily performed by Wynyard, Esq., The King's; the umpires being C. K. Greene, Esq., The Buffs, and Mantell, Esq., R. W. F.

LUCKNOW ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THESE sports, held on 29th and 30th January and 1st February, formed an appropriate wind up to the Camp-of-Exercise. On account of the bad weather, the final day was changed from 31st January to 1st February, and as the Regiment left that day (only competitors being allowed to stay behind), they were unable to see the capital manner in which our representatives performed. It is difficult to say who deserve most praise, our Tug-of-War team, or our Indian Club Squad, but as there were rivals in the field, in the former case, the palm must be awarded to our Tug-of-War team. The Scottish Rifles were the first team that the Buffs drew. Though they made a plucky stand, the S. Rifles were quickly disposed of; the same fate befell the Royal Artillery,

Digitized by Google

our next opponents. Great expectations were formed by the Gunners for their team, but the result scarcely justified their hopes. The final tug was with the 17th Lancers, a team who have made their name in this branch of sport and won tugs-of-war over and over again. Very shortly after the strain was taken, two of the Lancers were seen on the wrong side of the line, and soon after one of their men fell out; cramp was the explanation afterwards given. The rest of the pull only took 30 seconds; and from the cheers that arose on every side, the win must have been a most popular one.

All praise and credit is due to the team who pulled so well and to their trainer, Lieutenant Greene, whose method of training ought to be "put in writing" judging by the result. The Indian Musical Clubs were carried out in style, if anything, exceeding their former displays; this and the 17th Lancers' musical ride were quite the chief shows of The Sports. Corporal Cork, 1st in the Obstacle Race; Private Woodings, 2nd in the mile, and Lance-Corporal Tomlin made up the list of our prize winners, which would have been probably further increased by Sergeant Eaton, who, we are sorry to say, was on the sick list, his exertions as clown in the previous Assault-at-Arms, having brought on a severe chill. The result of these sports shows what splendid material we have got in the Regiment for every class of sport; and the Regiment's departure from the land of the North-West Provinces was signalled, we may say, by a series of successes all along the line.

(Note.—A little "buck" is excusable on these occasions.—Ed.)

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

By G. R. Glasgow.

I was standing on the deck of one of the penny steamers, looking out at the narrow strip of water, glittering in the restless light of a red sunset, that touched also the dirty warehouses on the river bank, and gave to them a grey, mysterious beauty quite apart from any intrinsic grace or dignity that they might have possessed in the full blaze of the sunlight.

It was a bright evening, after a dull, long day, and I was very tired. So I stood a little on one side, watching the groups about me with a lazy interest, as they stood out in vivid relief, against the glittering water, and the fading sky.

"Will I collar a camp stool for yer?" I turned to the voice that came from behind me, and saw a tall, fair lad, with his hands in his pockets, standing staring, not at me, but at the sky beyond, with a pair of large, honest eyes shining in a somewhat thin and wholly dirty face.

"Yes," I said, "I should like a camp stool very much."

He rushed to the other side of the vessel and captured a camp stool, dragging its legs along the boards with a grating noise—separating family parties with a shout, and startling lovers who were clasping hands under cover of the darkness. Then he came and stood beside me, staring in an uncomfortable, dreamy manner, as if I were not a real person at all, but only the outcome of a dream.

"Where have you been to-day?" I said, more to break the silence, than bacause I really cared to know.

"To the hospital?"

"What hospital?"

"I dunno."

"And you are going home now?" I suggested.

"Yes—I suppose so, but it's a bit lonesome without my chum."

"And where is your chum?" I asked.

"He? Oh he's dead!"

There was silence. The boat went merrily on, past the warehouses and the embankment, where there were glimpses of green; the sky faded and paled into a tender lemon colour; the laughter and shouts seemed faint and far away; and I felt a sudden interest in the rough lad, who stood beside me, leaning against the rails, with his uneven profile between me and the river.

"Tell me how he died," I said at last. He moved his whole body with a sort of jerk, till he was facing me again, with a light on his face.

"He was a queer sort of chap, Dick was," he said. "A whiney, poor, miserable little fellow—nobody liked him much. I did—I don't know why. He had no *go* in him, let alone manner; but the whiniest children, and the miserablest dogs always took to me."

It seemed a curious foundation on which to build a friendship, but this did not seem to occur to the lad, he said it in so simple a manner, with just a faint suspicion of a sigh.

"I met him first one night," he said, "by the Victoria Station—it was a rarely cold night. He used to be about there waiting for jobs—such a miserable little chap! I had a trade, you see—shoe black by perfession," touching his inky sleeves with his fingers lightly. But Dick did just whatever came to hand and he never did nothing well. Why! if he went to shut a hansom door, he'd jam someone's fingers, and he got more curses than ha'pence. Sometimes, he went on earnestly, fixing me with his eager eyes. I've seen him go down a whole row of cabs at the theatre door, and not a penny he'd get, but just curses. Seems to me there was a deal of curses for Dick in this world, and he just turned eight years old."

"Poor little Dick" I said softly.

"But then he hadn't no manner," said Dick's chum, drawing up his figure with a curious air of pride. "He

Digitized by Google

hadn't got the ways of folks—its manner goes down, you know, with most; and he was the sickliest, whiniest, little chap you ever see."

"But he liked you."

"Oh, I don't know. May be—may be not! He was like a dog to me; he followed me about; we slep' together and I give him food. Why I've known Dick for weeks together not get 'ere a ha'penny for victuals. No, he hadn't the ways with him."

"Do you remember," he said, turning to me suddenly after a pause. "Do you remember how there was a storm—what day is it? Tuesday? Well, Tuesday last week? We'd been down at the station again, Dick and me—where I seed him first, you know—and I'd got a lot of money, and we was going home, down Buckingham Palace Road. I was first—I always walked first—and Dick was coming up behind, and the wind was howling. It was a dull light, but there were stars, I know there were stars, because I saw one just over St. James's Park—and there was gas in the shop windows, and there was a precious nice smell of sausages coming up some stairs. I stood to smell it a bit. And the wind made an awful noise, and suddenly I was skimmed right out into the road, under the horse's feet, and my hat gone; and I heard someone say, quite sharp like, 'Cut along,' and then. 'Ah Joe, Joe.' That gets into my head, and I can't get quit of it; but I can't make out if it was a real voice or not—you see the wind was howling so, and there were such crowds of people, and it seemed so sad-like, but yet it *did* sound like Dick's voice somehow. Anyhow, I turned to give it hot to the chap as had treated me so, and I seed only a great black heap on the pavement, where the gas was and folks running and bobbies, and a lot of bricks and Dick, all mixed up together. It was a chimney ma'am, that had been blow down; there's always chimneys goes in a gale like that."

"And Dick?" I said.

"Dick? Oh, he was dead. No one couldn't live with a chimney a-top of them, least of all a little scrap of a fellow like him. I don't know that he spoke again—they wouldn't let me nigh him, and I *wanted* to. I wanted to ask him if he did it on purpose, or if the chimney fell, and he hadn't seen it. I can't make it out rightly in my own mind, and I thought he wanted me when he called out 'Joe' like that. Do you think he wanted me? Do you think he was afraid?

"I don't think he had time to be afraid, poor little Dick!"

"Well, I hope not," said Joe shaking himself. "He was always such a timid, skeery little chap, and it was an awful, stormy night; but there were stars—folks might say there wasn't—but I seed 'em, as plain as plain.

"So that was the end?"

"Well, I hung on to the cab behind, and got up to the hospital. I seed 'im as he was carried in; they had his eyes shut, and there was a kind of laugh about him, as if he was glad he'd done it. It was not the sort of thing you'd expect from Dick; but lying there so quiet, he didn't look quite such a miserable little chap as he looked when he was turning wheels down in the mud. When they opened the door, they took him in so gently, and they talked in whispers, and one fellow, a bobby, stroked his hair—Dick had pretty hair—and said, 'Poor little chap.' You might'nt hardly believe it, but he did. It seemed so queer, somehow. I couldn't quite believe it was Dick. I shall never know rightly if he did it on purpose or not, and I would give a lot to know, because, you see," said Joe, bringing his calm eyes back from their speculative stare at the faint, few stars in the grey heavens, "if he did, why, it seemed to me there might be something grand in it."

There was a question struggling through the quiet of his voice, and I answered it—

"Surely he did it on purpose, Joe, because he loved you."

"He hadn't no cause to," said Joe gruffly. "'Twas all as we was made. He never had no manner, hadn't Dick, but he was welcome to share and share. I went to the grave to-day, because I thought maybe he'd seen the chimney, and if he had, why, it didn't seem fair to let him be buried so lonely like."

"'Tdoes seem lonely."

"Yes, I felt when I was there to-day that it was a bit lonesome for a poor, little timid chap like him to be there day out and day in, and it don't seem quite fair to forget him, do it?"

"You will never forget him, Joe, I think."

"Well, no; perhaps not."

The steamer bumped against the wharf and startled me; a bell rang, and the noisy laughter died down into silence, and was merged in the lapping of the sullen water, and in the trampling of heavy feet. I saw Joe elbow his way through the crowd, diving in and out like an eel, meeting curses with curses, laugh with laugh; I saw him spring on shore and skurry away in the semi-darkness before the other folks had begun to tread the gangway—hurry away into that noisy, unknown city where the tired feet of little Dick were still at last; where not one star, but myriads and myriads were lighting up the lonely grave, and guarding the little sleeper, whose narrow, patient, silent life, and sudden death, held, as Joe had said, the possibility of "something grand."

Cricket.

G/1 THE BUFFS *versus* "G" CO. 2ND BATTALION 8TH OF KING'S REGIMENT.

Played at Lucknow on 24th December 1888.

This match was remarkable in a bowling point of view. The hat trick being performed 3 times in succession with 9 successive balls, twice by Corporal God-

Digitized by Google

frey and once by Corporal Hildebrand. This I believe is a record in bowling.

"G" Co. The King's.

	1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Leach, b Godfrey	...	0	b Godfrey ...	0
Hill, b Hildebrand	...	0	c Hussey, b Hildebrand.	0
Shorter, b Hildebrand	...	3	b Godfrey ...	0
Ferrick, b Hildebrand	...	6	b Hildebrand ...	0
Hannon, not out	...	0	b Godfrey ...	5
Stride, b Godfrey	...	0	b Godfrey ...	0
Burns, b Godfrey	...	1	b Godfrey ...	0
Boylan, b Hildebrand	...	9	b Godfrey ...	0
Osbourne, b Godfrey	...	2	not out ...	0
Worrel, b Godfrey	...	2	b Godfrey ...	0
Murth, b Godfrey	...	3	b Hildebrand ...	5
Extras	...	3	Extras ...	0
Total	...	29	Total ...	10

"G" Co. 1st Bn. The Buffs.

Pte. Lunch, b Ferrick	...	2
Capt. Rollins, b Ferrick	...	5
Pte. Lawrence, b Murth	...	5
„ Hicks, run out	...	0
Corpl. Godfrey, b Ferrick	...	20
„ Hildebrand, run out	...	0
Pte. Hussey, b Murth	...	6
„ Else, b Murth	...	0
„ Russell, run out	...	2
„ J. Else, subsitute, c and b Murth	...	1
„ Collins, substitute, not out	...	4
Extras	...	10
Total	...	55

"G" Co. 1st The Buffs *versus* G. Co. S. W. Borderers.

Played at Bareilly on 6th December 1888.

G. Co. S. W. Borderers.

	1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Pte. J. Evans, c Godfrey, Rollins.	...	0	b Godfrey ...	5
Pte. James, b Godfrey	...	7	b Godfrey ...	1
„ F. Evans, run out	...	0	run out ...	0
Corpl. Malone, b Godfrey	...	4	b Godfrey ...	0
Pte. Dodd, b Godfrey	...	0	run out ...	9
„ Oliver, b Godfrey	...	0	c Lynch, b Hildebrand.	2
„ French, b Godfrey	...	10	b Godfrey ...	10
„ Taylor, c and b Rollins	...	1	b Godfrey ...	0
„ Jones, b Rollins	...	1	b Godfrey ...	4
„ Thomas, b Godfrey	...	1	not out ...	0
„ Jeremiah, not out	...	0	b Hildebrand ...	0
Extras	...	9	Extras ...	17
Total	...	33	Total ...	48

"G" Co. The Buffs.

1st Innings.

Corpl. Rollins, b French	...	96
Pte. Lynch, run out	...	24
Corpl. Godfrey, c and b French	...	17
Pte. Hicks, b French	...	7
Corpl. Hildebrand, run out	...	41
Pte. Russel, b Evans	...	10
„ Want, b Evans	...	8
„ McKeating, b French	...	4
„ Christie, not out	...	2
„ Lawrence, absent.		
„ Hussey, absent.		
Extras	...	29
Total	...	238

EXTRACT FROM *THE PIONEER.*

"A cricket match was commenced on Monday afternoon on a somewhat difficult wicket, between the 8th King's and The Buffs; the ground, however, improved as the game proceeded. The King's having won the toss, were batting over two-and-a-half hours for their runs, but, except Wynyard and Nicholson, were unable to do much against Godfrey's admirable bowling, backed up by very smart fielding. On going to field, the King's team began badly, as many as 20 runs coming from the first two overs. The wicket having improved the following day, it was expected The Buffs would make a good score, but with the exception of D'Aeth, whose hitting was brilliant, no one could successfully oppose Davidson's and Elliot's bowling. On going in for the second time, the King's fully sustained their high reputation as a batting team, and fairly collared their opponents' bowling, Wynyard heading the total with a well hit score of 96. Nicholson, again played very correct, and Greenway, Davidson, Elliot, Blois Johnson, Campbell and Colonel Crawley, all assisted in raising the score to the respectable total of 237. The fielding of The Buffs was again of a very high order, and Godfrey's bowling again deserving of the highest praise. Going in with 292 to win, The Buffs lost three wickets for 57, but as the rain soaked the wicket on Wednesday, it did away with any chance they had previously of winning the match. Major Davidson bowled unchanged throughout the match, and his analysis of 12 wickets for 87 runs is a great one, but the fielding of the King's was by no means up to their usual standard, though exception may be made in favour of Campbell, Elliot and Fairclough. D'Aeth hit brilliantly in the second innings, until well caught at the wicket." The following is the score:—

The Buffs.

	1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Lieut. R. Bayard, b Elliot	...	3	b Davidson ...	0
„ R. D'Aeth, c Campbell, b Elliot.		27	c Nicholson, b Davidson	35
Pte. Klucknor, c Nicholson, b Davidson.		1	run out ...	15
Corpl. Godfrey, c Greenway, b Elliot		7	b Fairclough ...	6
Pte. Edwards, b Davidson	...	0	b Ramsden, b Davidson	15
Lieut. Parry, run out	...	1	c Elliot, b Davidson,	2
Pte. Wardle, st Wynyard, b Elliot	...	4	not out ...	0
Capt. Daughish, not out	...	7	c Greenway, b Davidson	0
Pte. Sewell, b Davidson	...	5	c Elliot, b Wynyard ...	8
Lieut. Bell, b Davidson	...	3	c Wynyard, b Davidson	2
Pte. Simmonds, c Elliot, b Davidson		6	c Elliot, b Davidson ...	5
Extras	...	14	Extras ...	10
Total	...	78	Total ...	98

Digitized by Google

THE KING'S.

	1st Innings,		2nd Innings.	
Lieut. Greenway, c Edwards, b Godfrey.	16	b Simmonds	...	18
Major Davidson, b Edwards	... 4	b Godfrey	...	... 15
Lieut. Wynyard, c Dauglish, b Godfrey.	38	c Simmonds, b Parry	...	96
Lieut. Nicholson, b Godfrey	... 27	b Godfrey	...	... 26
Capt. Campbell, b Edwards	... 11	b Godfrey	...	... 13
Lieut. Johnson, c D'Aeth, b Edwards	0	b Parry	...	... 22
Lieut. Elliot, b Edwards	... 0	b Godfrey	...	... 19
Corpl. Ramsden, b Edwards	... 0	c Edwards, b Godfrey		... 0
Pte. Eustace, b Godfrey	... 2	b Godfrey	...	... 2
Col. Crawley, c Simmonds, b Godfrey	12	not out	...	.. 15
Pte. Fairclough, not out	... 8	c Klucknor, b Edwards		...
Extras	... 14	Extras		... 5
Total	...132	Total		..237

DETACHMENT THE BUFFS *versus* K/2 & 7/1 N. D. R. A.

THE above match was played at Barrackpore on the 31st January and resulted in a win for the Buffs by 6 runs.

The bowling on both sides was good, but owing to the steady batting of Private W. Ware and the hard hitting of Private Berry, we managed once more to score a win. The following were the teams:—

DETACHMENT THE BUFFS.		K/2 & 7/1 N. D. R. A.	
Lieut. Stuart, c	... 0	Lieut England, c	.. 3
Pte. W. Ware, run out	21	Sergt. Hewett, c	... 1
Major Ommanney, b	... 1	Gr. Moon, b	... 8
Pte. Benson, c	... 4	Bomd. Parkes, b	... 14
Col.-Sergt. Patterson, b	2	Capt. Conolly, b	... 13
Pte. Hitchell, b	... 9	Gr. Varley, c	... 10
„ Mewett, c	... 2	Lieut. Percival, b	... 0
„ Hewer, run out	... 0	Gr. Cassidy, b	... 5
„ Stokes, c	... 9	„ Smith, b	... 2
„ G. Ware, b	... 2	Dr. Weather, not out	4
„ Berry, not out	... 15	„ Blackburn, b	... 1
Byes	... 4	Leg-byes	... 4
Leg-byes	... 2		
Total	... 71	Total	... 65

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898.

EAST KENT CHRONICLE.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 23. **DUM-DUM, FEBRUARY 23th, 1889.** [Price 2 Annas.

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTHS.

OMMANNEY.—At Barrackpore, on the 15th inst., the wife of Major A. E. Ommanney, 1st Battn. The Buffs, of a son.

COCHRANE.—At Ranikhet, on the 3rd of January, 1889, the wife of Lance-Corpl. A Cochrane of a son.

MARRIAGE.

BRINE—QUAIN.—At St. Pauls Cathedral, Calcutta, on the 6th Dec., 1888, Percival F. Brine, The Buffs, to Annie M. Quain eldest daughter of John Quain, Esq., of Dublin.

DEATHS.

COCHRANE.—At Ranikhet, on the 3rd January, 1889, the son of Lance-Corpl. A. Cochrane.

HUCKS.—At Lucknow on the 2nd inst., No. 1256, Pte. A. Hucks, "Pneumonia."

COSSON.—At Dum-Dum on the 17th inst., Lance-Corpl. F. Cosson, "Enteric Fever."

POOLMAN.—At Dum-Dum on the 22nd inst., No. 1853, Pte. E. Poolman, "Enteric Fever."

NOTES.

The Regiment is now comfortably settled at Dum Dum, our Station for probably the next two or three years, and as far as can be seen, we ought to do ourselves well, what with swimming, shooting, cricket and football, every one will have a chance of coming out in his or *her* own particular line, and distinguishing themselves.

A want that has long been felt, in the shape of practice at cricket, has now been remedied, as the practising nets are up daily, and with bowlers like Corpl. Godfrey, Pte. Simmonds and others, our batsmen ought to make a good account of themselves in the next match.

When we heard, that the well known author Rudyard Kipling, had kindly written a story expressly for *The Dragon*, expectation was at its height, and consequently the reaction was extreme, when, through some blundering, on the part of a blockhead of a Baboo, the manuscript was lost in transmission, and we are sorry to say has not yet been recovered, however, another story may come, and we shall enjoy it all the more, from being obliged to possess our souls in patience.

Where is that letter from the 2nd Battn. ? Their sayings and doings would be a welcome contribution to our columns, we sometimes get a letter from the Depôt, but only through hearsay and scraps and cuttings out of newspapers, does news filter through to us of the other Battn. Is

Digitized by Google

there no one, who will take the trouble to sit down and write out a monthly letter for *The Dragon*? and echo answers——but let us hope not.

Our Association team, will now be able to "Walk round," as jerseys have been provided out of the Regimental Football Club funds, the badges being worked in green to distinguish them from the red badges of the Rugby team. The 1st. XI. have well earned their jerseys, as like our Rugby XV. they have only victories to record.

Captain J. Hughes, who only left us in August last, on transfer to the other Battn., is, we are sorry to hear, so seriously ill, that he is not likely to rejoin the Regiment.

In answer to *The Dragon's* call, several contributions have been received on the subject of "Rations," and further on will be found an essay, on this subject, and also a letter, the former we recommend to our readers, as the author is a well known practical man, and one who has "Handled rations" all his life and we would suggest that a trial of the scheme proposed would not be amiss (this in vulgar "parlance" is a "puff."

As we are trying to get *The Dragon* out by its proper time, *i.e.* in the beginning of the month, several contributions, only just received have been held over and will appear in our next number.

Polo has been vigorously played here every Tuesday, by the Officers Regimental Club, and on Friday the 22nd,. a match was played at Barrackpore, Officers The Buffs, Lieuts. Eales, (Captain,) Parry, Stuart and Tarte, *v.* Officers Royal Artillery, Major Beaver, (Captain,) Capts. Harkness, Conolly and Lieut. England. The Buffs winning by three goals to one.

BARRACKPORE LETTER.

Dear Mr. Editor.

Since my last letter to you, "B" Company is no longer a stranger in a strange land, the rest of the Regiment having come to Dum Dum. However, as you have only just arrived, perhaps a few lines of news from this place may not come amiss.

Cricket has been rather languishing since last I wrote, but the two matches, one against K. 2. R. A., and one against a combined team of K. 2. and 7-1 R. A. (more than half of the latter being away) resulted in wins for "B" Company on both occasions. We have played two Association Football matches against the Depôt of the Derbyshire Regiment, the first resulting in a win for us, and the second in a draw, neither side scoring a single point. As a Station, Barrackpore has played no matches this year at cricket, the most part of cricketers have therefore to amuse themselves at the feeble game of Lawn Tennis. There have been dances, which culminated the other night in a great flare up which was dignified by the name of a Fancy Ball. The dresses were extremely pretty without being gorgeous, and (after all, the chief thing) everybody enjoyed themselves most thoroughly. In the way of duty, we have been inspected by the Commander-in-Chief and by the General Commanding the District. His Excellency the C.-in-C. took the trouble to ask whether "B" Company kept up the Regimental reputation for Rugby football. It is rather gratifying to everyone to find, that, when a Corps takes up manly games and excels at them, the interest taken in their success is not confined to their own immediate Officers, but reaches the Commander-in-Chief himself. I think after H. E's. visit, the most important event in our life here, was the arrival of an earthquake, not a sort of a trembling of the ground, which some swear they felt and say was imagination, but a real, or as they say in this country *Pucca* earthquake. It shook the houses, made the the lamps swing, and frightened the natives out of their lives. A most curious coincidence happened that night, it is not for me to insinuate that it had anything to do with the earthquake, but just about the time it came off, the whole of "B" Company were seized with a sudden and unaccountable desire to go out on to the maidan and see what sort of a night it was. However, none of the houses came down, only the church steeple being cracked. At Kistnagbur however, a Station some way up the line towards Dargeeling, several houses were knocked down into ruins from the violence of the shock. From earthquakes to Calcutta seems rather a distance, yet I must get on or else I shall be encroaching on your valuable space.

The Viceroy's cup day was a very fine show in every way, the racing was first class, and the

Digitized by Google

grand stand was crowded with all the elate of Calcutta and the neighbourhood.

To take ones place in the top of the stand and see the horses come galloping down the straight, to notice the dead silence as the jockeys fight it out for the first place, and then to hear the roar that bursts forth from hundreds of throats when the race is over ; it all reminds one of many a similar scene at home. To enumerate all the gaieties in Calcutta would be a labour of years and would fill up about three "Dragons," but when I tell you that there have been two theatres in full swing besides an amateur company trying their hands pretty successfully, at the ever familiar "Les Cloches de Corneville," that there has been a fancy fair, with an Old English street, in all the world like South Kensington, that there have been periodical fancy dress fêtes at the Rink, with exhibitions of fancy skating, that there have been many balls and dances, you will agree with me that, Calcutta has not been altogether dead this season. Capt. Horace Hayes, who was in the Buffs in days gone by, had a horse jumping competition, followed by the riding of a couple of real Australian buck-jumpers, by Australian rough riders, a most successful thing of its kind.

There was an Assault-at-Arms the other day in front of the race stand, and I can only regret that the Regimental Tug-of-war team was not down in time to give the Leinsters a pull for their money. I am afraid I have already encroached too far on your space, so will now wish you good bye.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "non-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

A DISCLAIMER.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

I have only just received my December number of "The Dragon" and hasten to complete a paragraph therein which, if left unnoticed might be misleading to your readers.

I beg to inform you that I have not taken to drink as the paragraph seems to infer, and enclose the necessary information as to what the three stars stood for, *vide* Domestic occurences.

Thanking you for your kind wishes.

I remain

Dear Sir,

Yours sincerley,

19th. February, 1889. P. F. BRINE.

"'TIS POOR ECONOMY TO STARVE THE STOMACH."

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

About these rations ; the whole discussion is absurd, Government rations, like all Government articles, if taken the right way will be found good enough for anything ; all that is required is a little management on the part of the Color-Sergts. is it not well known, there is great waste at meal hours, especially the dinner hour, and where does the profit that accrues from this waste go to ? why into the pockets of the cooks; whose business is it to see, that the profit from Government rations is applied in the best way ? why the Quarter-Masters Department, and is this done ? No. Do the Color-Sergts. pay any attention to the waste that goes on, take any Company for example, "D" Company, with the senior Col.-Sergt., does this Company fare any better in the matter of rations, or an extra meal, No ; the mens dinners now, are enough and more than enough for one meal ; so make the midday meal smaller ; one o'clock in a hot climate is not the time to make a hearty meal, and from what is saved by the reduction in quantity from the midday meal, make a third regular meal, (call it supper) at 7 p. m., if agreeable, make a charge of two annas per man per month (supper at the Refreshment Room cost at least one anna a day) and make any addition possible to the meat.

That is all I have to say, and if it finds its way into "The Dragon," why well enough I say.

THREE BADGES.

SOLDIERS RATIONS.

Again the mighty "Dragon" call for assistance, and in response, I, one of his myrmidons offer him a few suggestions on the above subject.

Between the hours of dinner one day and breakfast the next (viz. 19), the young soldier of

Digitized by Google

to day whose appetite is so hearty, has nothing whatever provided for him by Government except a basin of tea, and anything he requires after dinner he must obtain at his own expense, which he invariable does (when he can afford it !) and this must form the basis of my proposition, as I am perfectly sure an extra meal could not possible be provided out of the daily Commissariat Ration, without a little assistance, and my first suggestion is therefore, a monthly subscription, the amount to entirely rest with Officers Commanding Companies who would have to make their own arrangements in a manner they deemed most expedient for their own men (or a donation from some Regimental fund would be preferable, and would answer the same purpose) in this way and in this way only an extra meal could be ensured, but not without a great deal of perseverance and tact being exercised, and the soldier would then be as certain of three meals a day as he is now of two, but at present, meal No. three, wholy depends upon the state of his pocket, and is only forthcoming while his funds last, and this irregular mode of living must prove detrimental to his health, and health in this country should be very seriously considered.

2nd. Strict economy would have to be instilled into the mind of the soldier and enforced, as at present, the waste after breakfast and dinner is very considerable, and the amount of good solid food carried away by the Companie's Cooks, Sweepers and *Kuttas* is really double what is actually consumed by the men, particularly the *Kuttas* which muster in such numbers at meal times, that one would almost wonder where they came from, and all these mouths are fed ! If however the said waste could be carefully collected (not swept off the tables and thrown into one basket) meat, potatoes, bread &c. separately, instead of being disposed of as above mentioned, a good foundation for an extra meal could be established, but something of a very savoury description would be necessary in addition to entice the men to leave the fascinations of our splendid new institution " The Buffs Regimental Club and Restaurant " where a good substantial meal " Table d'hôte " can be procured for a very reasonable price, " Khidmitgars," comfort, &c., &c. all for nothing and where Tommy feels he is a very superior sort of chap to the T. A. at home, and as I said before, it would take a great deal to entice him from its cheerful fascinations, to the dull comforts of a lonely barrack room.

3rd. Altogether departing from the subject of an extra meal in the Company's Bungalow, I would suggest that the very best means of providing the men with a supper, which they could rely upon getting every day, would be to allow them to obtain anything they required from the Regimental Institution on payment, and recover the amount through their accounts monthly. This could easily be done by—— but Sergts. Avis and Keeler would be best able to devise the easiest plan with least trouble to themselves, so I will not presume to dictate " how." In this way I am certain very few men would be absent from their evening repast, as long as something tasty was provided, for, in many instances, the only thing which keeps them away from the supper table now, is want of the " ready " ! consequently regular habits would be bye and bye the result, and the health of the troops would be very much improved. The Commander-in-Chiefs' scheme would be also more satisfactorily carried out if this were done.

Now that the ball has been set a rolling I trust some energetic endeavours will be made to carry out one of the above ideas into effect, the latter would be simplest, and in my humble opinion more satisfactory, as the man could then order for himself what he most fancied at the time ; but if a meal was provided in the Company room, there would always be heard the well known, inevitable *grouse*, as the Barrack rooms are infested with grumblers, who have fully made up their minds never to be contented, but they are luckily dying out with the old soldiers. In any case a start of some kind is all that is necessary, but it must be remembered that Refreshment departments in Regiments are not in force at home where the question of soldiers rations originally cropped up, and consequently our link Battalion, are much more in need of the contemplated Barrack room improvement, than the happier ones in India, when such friends as General Sir Frederick S. Roberts, V.C. G.C.B. &c. have spared no pains in studying the health and comforts of the British Soldier.

NOVICE.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

Second Lieut. C. C. Cobbe having arrived at this Station on the 2nd inst., he is posted to Letter " G " Company for duty.

Digitized by Google

Lieut. A. L. Bell has taken over command and payment of Letter "F" Company with effect from the 11th inst.

In accordance with Adjutant Generals letter, No. 1553, dated 7th December, 1888, the undermentioned man, proceeded from this Station to Allahabad on the 9th inst. for the purpose of receiving instructions, in view to his qualifying for the post of Armourer Sergeant.

No. 1774 Pte. H. Melia.

The undermentioned man has been permitted to re-engage to complete a total continuous period of 21 years service.

No. 1456, Pte. M. McCann.

The following Officers and Men proceeded to Calcutta on the 11th inst. from this Station for the purpose of forming a class of instruction in Military Signalling.

Lieut. A. R. Eustace.

Lce.-Corpl. T. Latter, Ptes. Wilson, Bryan and Hobbs.

The undermentioned, proceeded from this Station to Deolali on the 13th inst., for embarkation in the Troopship, sailing on the 2nd March, 1889. Second Lieut. A. G. Trollope taking charge of the party and all details proceeding from this district.

No. 170 Pte. Powell, "A" Company.
„ 1646 „ Peters, "B" „
„ 1873 „ Holland, „ „

The undermentioned are attached to the Battalion for rations &c. and posted to Letter "D" Company.

1st Battn. Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Lance-Corpl. (Acting Sergt.) Edge and family.

1st. Battn. Leinster Regiment.

Pte. Knightly.

Military Signallers.

Ordnance Department.

Mrs. Roberts and Child.

A part of Letter "F" Company and a part of Letter "C" Company, proceeded to Fort William on the 17th inst. (strength 120) to be there stationed for duty and attached to the 1st Battn. Leinster Regiment.

Lance-Corpl. J. Reynolds is appointed to act in the Commissariat Department as Commissariat Sergeant with effect from the 16th February, 1889.

Sergt. R. Summers has been appointed Pay-Sergt. of Letter "E" Company, with effect from the 12th inst. and during the period that Color-Sergeant Chas. Woodward is in Hospital.

Sergt. W. Lishman has been transferred to the unattached list for employment in the Nowgong Mounted Rifles, with effect from the the 26th November, 1888. Authority, Adjutant Generals in India's letter, No. C. 832, dated Simla, 15th February, 1889.

The following have proceeded to Calcutta, to act as temporary clerks at the Presidency District Staff Office.

Ptes. Blackwell and Hobbs.

The undermentioned man is transfered from Letter "E" to Letter "A" Company with effect from the 1st proximo.

No. 2096 Pte. G. Hamilton.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments.

To be Color-Sergeant.

No. 798 Sergt. T. Cheal, vice Bennell to Depôt 8th December, 1888.

To be Sergeant.

No. 259 Lce.-Sergt. G. Brain vice Lishman, transferred to the unattached list, 12th November, 1888.

No. 385 Lce.-Sergt. A. Batty vice Cheal, 8th December, 1888.

To be Lance-Sergeants.

No. 436 Corpl. W. Winstanley, 12th November, 1888.

No. 443 Corpl. J. Greigg, 8th December, 1888.

To be Corporals.

No. 362 Lce.-Corpl. J. Barnes vice Brain, 12th November, 1888.

No. 1419 Lce.-Corpl. W. Cox vice Batty, 8th December, 1888.

To be Lance-Corporals with pay.

No. 1278 Lce.-Corpl. J. Stevens vice Barnes, 12th November, 1888.

No. 155 Lce.-Corpl. E. Bing vice Cox, 8th December, 1888.

Digitized by Google

The undermentioned man proceeded to Calcutta on the 24th inst. to take up the duties of a Prison Warder at the Military Prison at that Station.

No. 1850 Pte. J. Clark.

SAVINGS BANK.

The undermentioned amounts have been deposited in, or withdrawn from the Regimental Savings Bank during the month of January, 1889.

	DEPOSITS. Rs.	A.	P.	WITHDRAWALS. Rs.	A.	P.
Letter "A" Coy.	121	0	0	111	11	9
" "B" "	312	0	0	92	0	0
" "C" "	1214	0	0	193	11	0
" "D" "	140	0	0	95	7	6
" "E" "	190	0	0	60	13	0
" "F" "	147	0	0	101	6	7
" "G" "	141	0	0	346	12	7
" "H" "	95	0	0	20	0	0
Total Rs.	2360	0	0	1921	14	5

GOOD CONDUCT PAY.

The undermentioned N. C. O's. and Men are entitled to Good Conduct Pay, at rates and from dates as specified :—

Pte. Lake,	1*d.*	17-2-89
" Spiller,	1*d.*	5-2-89
" Gibson,	1*d.*	26-2-89
" King,	2*d.*	26-1-89
" Parr,	2*d.*	2-1-89
" Souden,	1*d.*	5-1-89
" Garner,	1*d.*	8-2-89
" Hall,	1*d.*	18-2-89
" Hardwick,	1*d.*	12-2-89
" Pearce,	2*d.*	3-2-89
" Raineer,	1*d.*	19-10-88
" Hills,	1*d.*	18-11-88
" Carthew,	1*d.*	19-1-89
" Hagell,	2*d.*	25-1-89
" Sherrard,	2*d.*	15-2-89
" Webb,	2*d.*	9-2-89
" Bishop,	1*d.*	5-10-88
" Fletcher,	1*d.*	11-1-89
" Matthews, restored	1*d.*	15-1-89
" Thomas,	1*d.*	12-2-89
" Wenman,	1*d.*	16-12-88
" West,	1*d.*	15-1-89
" Brown,	1*d.*	1-1-89
" Carroll,	1*d.*	11-2-89
" Cozens,	1*d.*	3-2-89
" Rigden,	1*d.*	15-2-89
" Stokes,	1*d.*	6-12-88
" West,	1*d.*	11-2-89
" Wright,	1*d.*	22-2-89
" Bennett, restored	1*d.*	11-2-89
" Heath,	2*d.*	15-12-88
" Lindsey,	1*d.*	11-2-89
" Mears,	1*d.*	11-2-89
" Reynolds,	1*d.*	15-2-89

NOTICE.

TO OUR READERS.

It having been brought to our notice that many in the Battalion are desirous of obtaining back numbers of "The Dragon," either to complete sets, or to obtain sets complete, we purpose reprinting previous copies, and request that all those, desirous of same, will register their names in this office, or with the Color-Sergts. of their Companies so that as the numbers are reprinted, they may be distributed.

Intending subscribers will please state the exact progressive number, of the paper they desire. [Editor.]

EXTRACTS.

EAST KENT REGIMENT

The following extract, taken from the 'Annual Register" of 9th Oct., 1798, is sent to us by a correspondent who rightly thinks that it "may interest the members of that gallant old regiment, the 3rd Buffs." 9th Oct., 1789.—H. M. 3rd Regiment of foot, or Old Buffs, having been upon hard duty in the different West India Islands for two years, were assembled together on Brimstone Hill, St. Kitts, the 23rd of last June. The first act of this brave corps on their meeting was to subscribe £500, to be paid into the Bank of England, as the voluntary contribution of the officers and men of the Buffs, cheerfully given by them for the support of Old England. This sum was transfered accordingly to Major Kaye, their C. Officer, and paid into the Bank by the Agent on Saturday last.

Extract from Suakim Despatches by Sir F. Grenfell, K. C. B. and A. D. C. to the Queen.

Major Kekewich, East Kent Regiment, as Brigade-Major at Head Quarters, performed his duty with his usual activity.

WITH THE BUFFS IN THE N. W. PROVINCES.

A RETROSPECT.

As we have left the N. W. P. for probably some time, a short retrospect of our stay in those paats may interest some of our readers. The Regiment arrived in India 24th March, 1887, under command of Lieut.-Col. Halahan, strength 21 Officers, 1022 Rank and File, and having landed at Bombay, was detained ten weary days at Deolali, fever on the line being the cause of

Digitized by Google

the delay. The Regiment travelled up in detachments by the Rajputana line, passing through Neemuch, Nusserabad and Agra, at this last Station, the 96th, were most hospitable, doing everything in their power for us. Every one was glad to get to Bareilly, where a rest of three days enabled us to stretch our legs, here the Regiment was inspected by General Sir John Hudson, the appearance of the men in their blue sea kit, presenting a most novel sight. The march up from Katgodam was at first hard work, but loading camels became easier by its monotony and the Regiment finally arrived at Ranikhet, the last march up the hill being one to be remembered. At Ranikhet, we found a draft of 259 N. C. O's. and men, under Capt. Allen, Lieuts. Bell and Tarte awaiting us, and the Regiment settled down to life in the hills, which now we look back on, we may safely say that every one enjoyed. Football was started and has flourished exceedingly ever since, and what with the football, paper-chases, &c. and the climate, every one became extremely fit, which fact, and especially the climbing powers of the men, came very much to the front in the manœuvres around Majkhali, the skirmishing of the Regiment up and down the khuds being especially remarked by the General. Towards the end of the year, the Regiment marched down to Bareilly, and was under canvas till March, here we came across the Seaforth Highlanders, and rather astonished the 'Jocks' by beating them both at Tug-of-War and Assosiation Football, two games at which they especially prided themselves. Camp life at Bareilly was the same as in most places, and the Regiment started off in March for Ranikhet, via Moradabad, the country at first was flat, but passing Ramnugger the road became very steep, and the scenery most picturesque, necessitating several involuntary halts to admire the latter. Having arrived at Ranikhet, the old life was began again, shooting especially being indulged in by all ranks, chicor shooting in the hill may be strongly recommended for any one with a liver, as it soon works off, In August the Regiment lost its C. O., Colonel Halahan, who went on six months leave pending retirement, the command was then assumed by Major Reeves, who brought the Regiment through its annual inspection by Col. McNaughten, (which took place about this time), with flying colours. Col. Harrison having arrived, and a little excitement was caused by a flying visit from the Commander-in-Chief. One of the shows during his stay was a Rugby Footqall match, Officers *v.* N. C. O's. and Men of The Buffs, the good temper, with which the game was played being especially marked by Sir. F. Roberts. Another show, our Musical Indian Clubs, here started into life, and a life that is likely to last some time, its introduction is entirely due to the energy of Lieut. Lloyd, every where,, at Ranikhet, Bareilly and Lucknow, our Club squad has been extremely appreciated. In October, four Companies under Major Reeves, were sent to Bareilly, consequent on the departure of 78th for the Black Mountain Expedition. A final goodbye was said to Ranikhet and the hills in November, we had almost forgotten to chronicle our famous night march, under the leadership of Col. Hart, starting at 8. 30. p. m., we marched all night, and for three quarters of the way, being obliged to march in Indian file, on account of the dense underwood, finally we arrived 6. 30. a. m. and proceeded to attack the Scottish Rifles in their stronghold of Chaubuttia, arriving back at Ranikhet about 9 a. m. The march from start to finish was nearly twenty miles, including a sham fight, and was productive of a most complimentry letter from Col. Hart, V. C., The Regiment stayed a short time at Bareilly, and meeting the 23th there, we had much pleasure in beating them at Cricket, Football and Tug-of-war. Bareilly was left 7th December, and after a fortnight's march arrived at Lucknow on Dec. 22nd, ready for the Camp of Exercise. B Coy. under Major Ommaney and Lieut. Stuart, went straight from Bareilly a little before the departure of the Regiment, to Barrackpore for duty there, consequently only seven Companies went through the manœuvres. Parade 8. 30. a.m., returning to camp about 2 p. m. was usually the order of the day, and this like everything else, became monotonous by its frequency, and every one was glad to get into the train on the 1st February en route to Dum Dum. The Regiment was brigaded with the 23rd, and 5th Native Infantry, under Lieut.-Col. Hamilton of the 90th. E Coy. under Capt. Dauglish had been sent on previously to Dum Dum, and what with various sick parties &c. sent on before, the Regiment left Lucknow about 650 Rank and File, and 10 Officers. The Camp of Exercise was brought to a close by Athletic Sports, at which the Regiment main-

Digitized by Google

tained its name for sport well, the Tug-of-War and Musical Indian Club Squad especially so. At Tug-of-war, the Regiment has now beaten the Scottish Rifles, the Seaforth Highlanders, the South Wales Borderers, The Royal Artillery, (Lucknow), and the 17th Lancers, a good enough record, but there is more to be done yet in this line. The Regiment arrived at Dum Dum on 4th February, the first impression of the Station, the barracks and general surroundings are certainly very satisfactory, and what with the lakes for swimming and fishing, and the facilities for playing cricket and football, it will be our own fault if we dont get as much enjoyment out of the place as possible.

"HOW DICK CARRIED THE ROPE."

How still you were sleeping, Dick, my Dick,
That night when the storm, with it's sullen roar,
Sprung on the pebble to crouch and lick,
And dealt out death to the barren shore.

How still you were sleeping, but see, at last,
The wild wind broke at your window pane,
Sobbing and moaning and rushing past.
And thundering back on their path again

A startled cry, and a sudden spring!
A silence as if a race was won—
A dazed black sense of an awful thing!
And the sullen crash of a minute gun.

Then storm and tempest and wind again;
And the great, blue sweeps of an awful light,
Straining, it seemed at the window pane,
And dying out in the gusty night.

Only a minute to stand and dress,
With hardly a look at sea or shore,
Losing the sense of his loneliness,
Dick is down at his Father's door.

"Father" he shouts, and through the storm,
His clear young voice has a ringing tone.
"Here it is safe. and still, and warm,
Shall I go to the shore alone?"

"Father" still at the door he stands,
And cries through the night and the storm once more,
"There must be need of our helping hands,
May I go down to the further shore!"

The old man's visions are high and sweet,
But dimly through wind, and storm, and rain,
He hears at his door the eager feet,
He hears the voice through the night again.

"Coming Dick," with a quiet sigh,
He leaves the night that is just begun.
He leaves the dreams that are grand and high,
For Dick is the Minister's only son.

His hair is white, and soft, and long,
Tossed aside with a careless trick!
Tall and stately, and good and strong,
A fine example for little Dick.

Battling on through the wind and rain.
With quick young feet, and a steady stride,
Breathless out in the dark again,
Dick and his father go side by side!

The Minister's eyes are out at sea—
Dick's are roving the rocky shore—
"Father" he pants—"It seems to me,
We want the old life-boat out once more."

Flung on the reef, and grinding there,
With sails that flap like a broken wing,
The brave ship fights in her fierce despair,
Meeting her death like a living thing.

Creaking and straining she lifts her prow,
The winds and the waves have set her free,
And she floats on the cruel breakers now,
To face the strength of the cruel sea.

The Minister stands on the sandy beach,
Watching the wreck in her failing pride,
Dick, for a minute is out of reach,
But still they are standing side by side.

"Down with the life-boat! run her out!
"Wait for the gleam of the beacon light—
"Hurry! what is the talk about?
"Keep your breath for the work to night."

She leaps to the waves like a rearing horse,
And the Fishermen face the foaming sea,
Their's is the honor to guide her course,
Whatever—wherever the end may be!

The fitful moonlight has touched the boat—
With a passing gleam of each stern set face—
Whitens the foam where she lies afloat,
Shows, for a moment, one vacant place.

The Minister's hands on the gunwale rest,
His face is lifted and turned aside,
A lurid flash in the gloomy west,
Touches the white hair floating wide.

"Go out sately, across the wave!
Guard her, God, through the raging sea,
"Make it a pathway, and not a grave,
"Every pathway shall lead to Thee."

Still there is silence! who will go?
Can there be no one who volunteers!
"I had been with you a while ago,
"But now I am deep in the vale of years."

"The blessing of God will shield you so!
"Answer, Fisherman! answer quick!
"Who is the man that will dare to go,
"God shall judge for us! *No—not Dick*,"

Digitized by Google

For Dick is standing against the sky,
Looking out at the raging sea,
The light of courage was in his eye,
"There's nobody fitter to go than me."

"I've never been out to a wreck before,
"Every step of the reef I know,
"God is with us, on sea or shore,
"Father, remember! you told us so!"

The Minister's hand is clenched with pain—
Just for a moment his breath comes quick,
Then in the silence he speaks again,
"God be with you, and go, my Dick."

"Steady Fishermen, let her float,
"Master Dick is a lucky one,"
A laugh rings out from the silent boat,
Then, faintly, the sound of a minute gun.

PART II.

The long black reef off Tapley Head,
Spurns, like a plaything, the shattered wreck,
Laughs at the valiant men who tread,
The slippery length of her shining deck.

Who cling, half frozen to shroud or spar,
Blinded and beaten by wind and rain,
Seeing faintly the lights afar,
And the beacon dividing the night again.

Seeing at last, a shadow rise,
Rise and fall on the speeping wave,
A black prow raised against blacker skies—
A black prow sunk in a blacker grave.

"Steady Fishermen! sure and slow!
"Measure the distance and send it true!
"Hope is a flower that is swift to grow,
"And hope has grown with a trust in you."

The pitiless tempest beats them back,
Up quivers the rocket fierce and quick,
Into the tempest and howling rack,
But beaten downwards a useless stick.

"Silence Fishermen! try it again!
"Surely there echoed an awful cry,
"Drowned in the wind and storm and rain,
"The witness of men who are left to die."

Just for a minute the storm has died,
For a minute the life-boat rides at peace,
"Fling the signal against her side,
"With a cry to God that the storm may cease."

With a roar like a terrible beast of prey,
The storm leaps out of the moment's rest,
And hurries the trembling boat away,
Like a drowning child on its raging breast.

"Once more Fishermen!" still and stern,
Through the voice of the storm a voice is heard,
"Give way there—she is bound to turn"—
"Down to the depths the bay is stirred."

Straight through the air with unerring flight,
Like an iron bird on an iron wing,
That no eye follows with fleetest sight,
They send it forth like a living thing.

Bearing the weight of fierce despair,
Fraught with anguish and winged with hope,
Bridging the space of storming air,
With the slender thread of a straining rope.

Flying straight like a bird with wings,
They feel it quiver. and pause, and fall,
A husky voice through the darkness rings,
"God be good to them! that is all!"

Dick is standing against the sky!
All unquenched his eager hope,
"Leave them Fisherman! no, not I!
"One of us men must take the rope!"

With boyish fingers he sets it free,
Kicks off boots and his cap and coat,
"I am the one who must go" says he,
"You are wanted to manage the boat."

Out of the tempest a voice comes back,
No, sir, no! thou's a bit too quick,
"I'm accustomed to storm and wreck,
And thou's but a gentleman, Master Dick."

A laugh, Dick's laugh, that is always sweet,
A splash in the waves—a Fisherman's cry.
The slow voiced fellow springs to his feet,
"I should have gone—ah, who but I."

He turns to his fellows with flashing eyes,
He turns again to the raging sea,
"There's nought but death in the cruel skies,
"And the Minister trusted the lad to me."

Bruised and beaten, but brave and strong,
Dick so fighting without despair,
The sea is stormy the way is long,
But somebody's hand will guide him there.

Shattered and bruised by the cruel sea,
Clinging breathless to crag and rock,
"Somebody shows me the way" says he,
"What do I care for a scratch or knock."

Struggling on through the blinding foam,
A desolate, drowning, lonely waif,
Dreaming dimly of things at home,
Only feeling the rope is safe,

Digitized by Google

Sucked at last in a yawning grave—
Cast aside by the pitiless sea,
Quite at the mercy of wind and wave,
Breathless, fainting—"but safe" says he.

Hands have dragged him upon the wreck—
Rest at last, now the work is done—
He lies so still on the shining deck,
For Master Dick was a lucky one!

Far in the east a faint, faint light,
Parts the clouds for a minutes space,
"Father" says Dick "they have brought the light,
"Because I wanted to see your face,"

And that is the story! oh, Dick, my Dick,
I love to think of it all again!
You grew up to manhood very quick;
Into the bravest and best of men.

But the Fishermen still will tell the tale,
Of how they followed where Dick had led,
And how they feared he would faint or fail,
When he carried the rope to Tapley Head.

And the Fishermen still will point with pride,
To the carven coil of a solid rope,
With the anchor leaning against its side.
The anchor, you know is a sign of hope.

G, G.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

"H" THE BUFFS *v*, "H" COMPANY THE LEINSTERS.

Played at Dum Dum on 13th inst. and resulted in a draw. The ball being kicked off at 4. 30., shortly after play began, the Leinsters seemed to have the game all to themselves, but after a hard struggle, the Buffs got the ball in front of the Leinsters goal Harding passing well to Simpson who however missed the goal. The game became very furious in front of the Leinsters goal, but no scouring was done on either side when half time was called.

Upon play being resumed, the Buffs kicked off Lce.-Corpl. Crumby made a desperate run up the left wing passed well to Evans who failed to the score, owing to being out of practice, ball being kept well up to the Leinsters goal by the Buffs backs Caffery and Cronin who played very well together by feeding the forwards who had all their work to do to try for goal, but the Leinsters goal keeper being wide awake kept the ball out, Evans having the ball passed to him several times but failed to score, time being called, the game ended in a draw.

Our Association Cup team played rather a confused game, but we hope they will get in form for the return match.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

Played at Barrackpore on the 23rd inst. between "H" Company *v*. "B" Company The Buffs which resulted win for "H" Company The Buffs by two goals one try. The game being finished both teams retired to a small tiffin which was prepared by "B" Company, after ample justice had been done by both sides, "H" Company had to depart to catch the train for Dum-Dum.

"H" Companys' Team.

Goal-keeper :—Pte. Clinton.
Backs :—Ptes. Caffery and Cronin.
Half Backs :—Ptes. Cork, Hammond & Harding
Forwards, right wing :—Sergt. Talbott and Pte. Simpson.
Forwards, left wing :—Lc.-Corpl. Crumby and Pte. Tizzard.
Centre Forward :—Pte. Evans.

CRICKET.

"H" Coy. *v*. "C" Coy. The Buffs.

This match was played at Dum Dum and resulted in a win for "H" Company by an innings and 56 runs. The first five wickets fell for nineteen runs, but owing to Ptes. Wardle and Harding making a good stand together, when the next wicket fell 100 runs had been scored between the two men, Pte. Wardle making a good score of 199 and Harding a hard earned 19. Ptes. Foster and Adams bowled well.

The scores were as follows :—

Digitized by Google

"C" COMPANY.

	1st INNINGS.		2ND INNINGS.	
Pte.	Marshall, c Wardle	8	b Wardle	
„	Gower, b Foster	10	ctmp. Harding ...	3
„	Hall, b Foster	0	b Adams	3
„	Rogers, l.b.w.	0	c Martin ...	28
Sgt.	Brain, c Talbot	4	run out	6
Pte.	Beeden, c Hall	1	b Adams	0
„	Patterson, l.b.w.	7	b Adams	5
Cpl.	Golds, b Adams	39	b Adams	5
Pte.	Cooper, not out	9	c Adams ...	11
„	Orton, c Martin	2	not out	9
„	Midwinter, b Hall ...	0	c Simpson	0
	Extras	6	Extras	0
	Total	86	Total ...	61

"H" COMPANY.

Pte.	Martin, c Marshall	14
„	Hall, c Gower	0
„	Wardle, b Golds	100
„	Adams, c Beeden	0
„	Tizzard, b Brain	0
„	Foster, b Beeden	1
„	Harding b Golds	36
„	Tennant, b Patterson	2
„	Simpson, c Marshall	23
Sgt.	Salbott, run out	12
Pte.	Evans, not out	4
	Extras	14
	Total	205

"H" COMPANY THE BUFFS *v* "H" COMPANY THE LEINSTERS.

Which resulted in a win to The Buffs by an innings and 16 runs. Pte. Wardle making a hard earned 32 and Pte Tennant who is a rising cricketer making 37 and Pte. Greenslade with a bit of steady blocking made 18. The bowling was good all round.

The scores were as follows :—

H COMPANY THE BUFFS:

Sergt.	Talbot, b Kerwin	10
Pte.	Simpson, b Ryan	1
„	Wardle, b Ryan	32
„	Tizzard, c Kerwin	0
„	Foster, c Kerwin	4
„	Harding, b Kerwin	2
„	Hall, c Kerwin	2
„	Adams, b Ryan	1
„	Tennant, b Dumpley	37
„	Greenslade, b Dumpley	18
„	Evans, not out	2
	Extras	7
	Total	116

H COMPANY LEINSTER REGIMENT.

Younger, b Wardle	0	c Wardle	2
Norman, b Talbot	0	b Foster	5
Bradley, b Wardle	9	b Foster	5
Kerwin, l b w	2	l b w	34
Callaghan, b Talbot	6	c Tizzard	2
Kyan, b Wardle	4	b Foster	4
McMahon, c Wardle	6	c Tizzard	5
Dumpley, c Hall	2	b Adams	0
Wilkie, b Talbot	0	b Adams	1
Wade, not out	0	b Talbot	4
Madden, b Talbot	0	not out	6
Extras	1		2
Total	30		70

MUSKETRY.

SHOOTING MATCH.

A shooting match took place at the Rifle Range, Dum-Dum, between Letter "H" Company 1st Battalion Leinster Regiment and Letter "H" Company The Buffs, which resulted in a win for The Buffs by 14 points. It was a very close match, and altogether their was very fair shooting. The firing was at regulation targets 200 and 400 yards, 7 rounds at each distance, and regulation scoring. Scores were as under :—

THE BUFFS.

Col.-Sergt.	J. H. Tomsett	42
Private	J. Crumby	44
„	J. Beilby	42
„	E. Smith	47
„	G. Smith	39
„	Gravett	42
„	Hammond	48
„	Greenslade	47
„	Copeland	43
„	Richards	44

1ST BATTN. LEINSTER REGIMENT.

Sergeant	Barnet	46
„	Gum	39
Private	McNally	44
„	Vickers	48
„	Wade	42
„	Rielly	46
Sergeant	Younger	39
Private	Madin	39
„	Byrne	40
„	Doorly	41

Digitized by Google

WALTER LOCKE & CO.,

GUNSMITHS & IMPORTERS OF SPORTING REQUISITES

3 ESPLANADE, CALCUTTA.

AGENTS for the North Punjab Fishing Club, The Calcutta Football Club, and most of the leading clubs in India

ALCOCKS' CELEBRATED (GOLD MEDAL) FISHING TACKLE.

Cricket, Football, Tennis Bowls, Golf, Fencing, Boxing and other sporting requisites from all the leading Makers. Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Swords, Powder, Cartridges, Wads, Shot, Implements and Accoutrements of every description. Illustrated Price-list sent free on application. TERMS :—Cash or V. P. P.

DOUBLE-BARREL MUZZLE-LOADING GUNS.

No. 60—English fine twist barrels, walnut stock, ebony rod, &c., fitted in a black canvas case, with the following implements ;—Powder flask, Shot pouch, Bullet mould, Wad punch, Nipple key, Turn screw, cleaning rod and Oil bottle.—12-gauge. Price complete Rs. 60.

:o:

DOUBLE-BARREL BREACH-LOADING GUNS.

No. 80.—D.-B. B.-L. Guns, 12-gauge, English fine twist barrels, Cylinder bored to take shot and ball, Double grip action with lever under guard, good quality steel, rebounding bar-locks, Hammer below line of sight, Walnut stock and fore-end, Snap fore-end fastener &c. Fitted in a brown canvas weterproof case, with the following implements :—Rammer and Funnel, Turnover, Re-capper, Powder measure, Shot measure, Extractor, Bullet mould, Nipple key, Wad punch, Cleaning rod, Pocket cleaning apparatus and Oil bottle.——PRICE COMPLETE Rs. 88.

Hundreds of these guns have been sold in India, all of which have given universal satisfaction.

THE BUFFS'

REGIMENTAL PRINTING PRESS IS NOW OPEN.

Every description of miscellaneous Printing will be undertaken, and all orders received will be executed with utmost care & expedience.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1908.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 24. DUM-DUM, MARCH 31st, 1889. Price 2 Annas.

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTHS.

ELLIS.—At Ranikhet on the 19th ult., the wife of Sergeant R. Ellis of twins.

TOMSETT.—At Dum-Dum on the 7th inst., the wife of Col.-Sergt. A. H. Tomsett of a daughter (Ellen Beatrice).

DEATHS,

WOODWARD.—At Dum-Dum on the 2nd inst., No. 1238 Col.-Sergt. C. Woodward of Enteric Fever.

SHANLEY.—At Dum-Dum on the 21st inst., the wife of No. 1720 Pte. J. Shanley of Cholera.

WILSON.—At Dum-Dum on the 23rd inst., No. 122 Paymaster Sergeant F. Wilson of Cholera.

ROBERTS.—At Dum-Dum on the 26th inst., No. 466, Pte. O. Roberts of Cholera.

Notes.

DUM-DUM is not the sort of place one would expect to read an interesting account of, but thanks to Col. Sterndale, our energetic Cantonment Magistrate, we have received a most interesting letter (which will be found further on) descriptive of Dum-Dum, and the Institute, and which, we are glad to say, is to be continued in our next.

WHITE Clothing is now the fashion, Punkas have begun to play, superfluous flesh is beginning to work off, and we are in for the hot weather. According to all accounts, last year's hot weather was abnormally hot, and as it is quite out of the common for one extra hot season to follow another, we may with some show of reason expect now only a moderately, we may say, only a lukewarm hot weather.

SOME little excitement was caused about the middle of the month by a report that two Coys. were to start at once for Sikkim. The "shave" originated in a newspaper paragraph and as long as this Sikkim business goes on so long will these shaves continue. At Sikkim just now we fancy, there is not much honor and glory to be got, but doubtless A & E Coys., the two Coys. who would probably have gone up, are quite as ready to make roads in the snow, as to swelter down here in the heat.

WE are sorry to hear that Lieut. C. P. Lloyd, who left in October last on 12 months' leave, fell, while performing in the gymnasium at Aldershot, and according to the latest account has seriously injured his spine. To a good allround athlete as Lieut. Lloyd was, with any amount of energy, the restraint now

Digitized by Google

necessary, will be doubly irksome, and we hope that his recovery may be as quick, and as complete as possible.

THE Concert, held in the Institute, on the 1st, proved a great success; the crowd on the first night may be judged by the fact, that such well-known habitués and theatre goers as Captain Tylden-Pattenson and Pte. Bellchambers were unable to find seats, but were seen standing in the doorway; next time we advise them to secure their seats early.

A DIRE misfortune was nearly overtaking the Toy Symphony, as just before beginning, the Bandmaster was heard piteously bewailing that "he was stil, one quail short," this terrible calamity was happily averted by the arrival of the missing quail, after which nothing further upset the harmony of the meeting.

IN Col.-Sergt. Chas. Woodward, who died on the 2nd ult., the regiment lost one of its most promising N.-C. Officers, and one who, if he had lived, had assuredly a most successful career before him. Popular with Officers and men, his loss will be deeply felt.

A VERY flattering report anent our late Inspection by Br.-General Auchinleck, is a good wind up to the camps of exercise and manœuvres that the regiment has lately gone through, and we may settle down quietly for the hot weather, conscious that now the drill season is over we shall be left alone by Staff Officers; would that we could say the same of the mosquitos.

WILD pig, as probably our readers are aware, are plentiful within a radius of about eight miles from barracks, but when the regiment was last quartered here, preparatory for the Malay Expedition, they must have swarmed a good deal nearer, as the following will show: While a party of men under Sub-Lieut. Reeves (now our senior Major) was on the Range, Musket Range as it was called in those days, and before they had begun to shoot, a wild boar was seen crossing the Range, how wide the Range was, that boar never lived to say, as a few rounds independent firing (fixed sights we presume) laid him low, after which the usual range firing took place. Episodes, such as the above, we are told, were not uncommon in those days, but doubtless some of our old soldiers will be able to corroborate.

APROPOS of our latest war shave for Sikkim, it is a curious coincidence that Dum-Dum has been the starting point for all the expeditions for active service that this Battn. has seen in the last 30 years *i. e.* in 1859 for China; when the regiment came straight from Corfu by overland route from Alexandria to Suez (one of the few regiments that has travelled that way) and thence to Dum-Dum, in '75 for the Perak Expedition, and now in '89, as we fondly imagine, for Sikkim.

AT the sports held in Calcutta by the Leinster Regiment our runners did well, Pte. Dyke winning the 100 yards with ridiculous ease, Pte. Castleman first in the Obstacle Race, Pt. Russell second in the quarter mile. Our Tug-of-War Team were beaten, not being accustomed to the Leinsters way of only pulling over six feet of the rope; but in the return match we expect our men to show what they can do, as the pull is to be the usual way *i. e.* every man, over the line.

JUST before going to Press, we hear, with great regret of the death of Paymaster-Sergt. Wilson. In his office work a most painstaking and hard-working N.-C. Officer, a most energetic and capable Sub-Editor of this paper, the regiment can ill afford to lose men of his stamp and class.

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom de plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

DARJEELING LETTER.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

As it may interest some of our Head Quarters people to hear how we invalids have got on since our departure fro m the sunny climes of Dum-Dum. I am sitting down now to try and compose an epistle of some kind to tell of our hair-

Digitized by Google

breadth escapes by sea and land during our journey here and of the palatial residences that we have occupied since our arrival.

After losing sight of our gallant Adjutant, whose tears flowed freely at parting from us—(he was so grieved at losing us that he accompanied us to the Station to say good bye)—we proceeded at lightning speed to Calcutta by the Dum-Dum Limited (accommodation) Mail, where there were many tender enquiries on some of our parts for malt liquor of uarious kinds; but the Orficer, who by the way had a very substantial looking tiffin basket for himself, sternly diclined to allow any of us to obtain the coveted bottles, which causd much weeping and gnashing of teeth, especially amongst the Milesian element of our party.

After wasting about an hour at Calcutta, we embarked once more on board the cars and urged on our wild career at an extraordinary rate of speed, sometimes actually doing close on 20 miles in one hour. Passing through Barrackpore we picked up another skrimshanker, like ourselves, a Corporal in the Gunners whose wife accompanied him or who accompanied his wife, I'm not sure which, but one of them was supposed to be a convalscent.

At last we arrived about 9 o'clock on the banks of a vast and mighty torrent, which seemed to the unaccustomed eye, to have no opposite shore, perhaps the fact of its being so pitch dark may have had something to say to it is, as it turned out to be only about half a mile across. It was an awful nuisance having to tramp down to the boat from the train, and the accommodation provided was of the scantiest, as sardines would have had enough room for a football match inside their tin, compared to our state, while the refreshments which were provided for us here by an anxious government were, —well they consisted of a little commissariat tea and a lot of hot water.

Our Skipper evidently wanted to amuse the passengers or make them river-sick, as he kept steaming up and down the river and turning round and round, till when we actually did reach Sara Ghat, the Station on the opposite bank, most of us fancied that we had been obliged to put back into our original port, through stres of the pilot being overcome with alcoholic fumes, or from some equally grave cause. However the perils of the deep being safely put behind us, we ensconced ourselves once more in the train, where some of us contrived to get a few hours of disjointed sleep, and by 9 o'clock or so next morning we reached Siliguri, the Station at the foot of the hills, where some more commissariat tea and rations awaited us. None of us however objected to them this time except the N. C. O's. who preferred the waiting room fare. After a long wait we literally crept into our new train, but here I must pause for a little to describe our new means of locomotion. The engines and carriages are each about half the size of a dolls house, tiny little things that just give six men room to pack into, while no luggage of any sort can be taken in as well. Our carriages were open all round, and as the wheels seemed to be only about six inches high, any of us could have jumped out and in as we were going along, indeed a padre of some sort did so on the way up, only he jumped in and out. The authorities had a special train for us here, as the engines being so small, they can only take up a few carriages at a time. Luckily they sent us off before the mail train so we got there first

To describe our actual journey up, would take six full "Dragons" to tell off, so I must cut my rhapsodies short. The track, which is very narrow, runs on the cart road most of the way, but the various bullock carts &c., that we met, did not seem to mind the train a bit.

The first four miles or so are on level ground and then the ascent begins, round corners,where there is so much of a bend that the engine driver can nearly shake hands with the people in the last carriage, next skating figures of 3, 8, and double loops all over the hills till all idea of North or South gets lost, and you see the line below you that you were on ten seconds before; Then back shunting which is the cutest way of all for getting up. I could never explain all the dodges, but I can only advise you, if you can, to come and see for yourself. Until we got up to about 3,500 feet, we did not notice much difference in the temperature, but then we began grabbing around for our great-coats, as we could distinguish a cold wind that was very insinuating.

We stopped a little above half way, at a place called Kurseong for some more *tay-wather* as the Irishman calls it, but here at last the Orficer relented a little, and we were permitted to obtain a pint each, and some of those pints would have held a gallon I think.

Nature being thus again refreshed, we proceeded onward with "Excelsior" as our motto, and

Digitized by Google

thought everything very lovely and comfortable, till suddenly the rain began, and rain it did with a vengeance, a good old steady downpour that saw us into Ghoom, the Station we got out at, and saw us on again from Ghoom into our quarters.

However Captain Wylly the S. S. Officer was at the Station to meet us, and thanks to his efforts and those of a mixed party of the R. A. and Leinster boys under the O. R. Sergt. we all got safely into Bungalows once more. The only misfortune of any consequence that occurred during the whole move, was that all our sulleetahs and heavy traps, and the Orficers baggage got lost en route, however, as it turned up two days afterwards all right, that didn't matter. I heard the Orficer remark that he hadn't got a shirt to his name, when his boxes went wrong.

I shall now after all have to put off the description of Darjeeling itself to another time, as I have made this so much longer than I had intended, that I am afraid you will not have room for more. We are all getting on first class, Sergt. Turner is out of Hospital and doing Pay-Sergt. to our Section which is No. 3, commanded by Lieut. Greene. Even Corporal Adley, who looked like a ghost coming up, is getting quite fat and rubicund now. Now, till my next letter arrives, I will subscribe myself, yours

"DARJEE."

BARRACKPORE LETTER.

Time flies and the end of a month soon comes when our *Dragon* opens his mouth, and what a large mouth it is to fill, no one but the Editor knows, but we at Barrackpore hope to be able to assist him monthly through his difficulties. The hot season has come, and from now to end of October we are at the mercy of our punkah coolies. This climate is certainly conducive to thirst, and few in England can realize what such a thirst is. Now to get on to Barrackpore news. A Gymkhana was held here on the 2nd of March and under the able management of the Committee went off most successfully, the so called Gymkhana however developed into a small race meeting, however none the worse for that, the entries were numerous and the racing good, and many of the fair sex were attracted even from Calcutta, who one and all did not regret their trip. In the evening as a wind up to the Gymkhana, a dance took place in the Club, we hear that the ladies were not in sufficient grace, and that many men were partnerless, what would be said of this in England, where one often sees the walls of the ball room lined. This is likely to be the last dance for some time, unless some energetic individual will undertake getting one up, rather a thankless task sometimes. Lawn tennis is languishing but Racquets looking up, the court will be open on the 8th April, after the repairs. Cricket, alas, this last month there has been none, this has been a bad year for Cricket here, there is a good ground, which with a little trouble might be made excellent, next year we hope to see a Committee formed, a ground man appointed and all in good working order, besides Military, we here there are many good Civilian Cricketers in the Station.

Since our arrival at Barrackpore, the following changes have taken place in cantonments, Pts. Holland and Peters to England, time expired. Ptes. Kibble and Smith to Convalescent Depot Darjeeling, and Ptes. McGinnell Parr and Palmer have rejoined Coy. from Head Quarters. We only wish Barrack accommodation could be obtained for remainder of Company who, no doubt are, if not, ought to be languishing to rejoin their Company.

When the Battalion was quartered in Fort William in 1874-75 the Wiltshire Regt. (62nd) was in Dum-Dum, and had a detatchments of two Companies at Barrackpore. The Regiment at Dum-Dum has nearly always had two Companies at Barrackpore, but on account of ther-e being an extra Garrison Battery of Artillery in India, it has taken the place of one of our Coys.

So we are under orders to have 200 men in readiness to proceed to Sikkim should their services be required, may they be, but not being one of the Companies, we are envious, but wish them all good luck, and may they bring further glory to the "Old Buffs." Back numbers of *The Dragon* will tell of flying 200, sent from Perak to Malacca in 1875, "D" and "F" Coys. if we remember right, under command of Capt. Kerr, now commanding 2nd Battalion, where they had an unpleasant time and got no fighting.

Why is it that in a country where ground is so easily obtainable for Rifle Ranges, a range should be constructed nearly three miles from Barracks, such is the case here, consequently depriving us of many days recreation in Rifle Shooting during the hot season, not in the rains, if the country is not all swamp, we hope to

Digitized by Google

have some practice. The R. A. have been carrying on some big gun practice, and it was most interesting to watch the firing, and to see the precision with which the guns were laid, and the exactitude of the shells exploding, and we certainly should not have cared to be the defenders of the small fort, erected some 1,200 yards off, which was soon demolished.

Barrackpore, 19th March.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

I will esteem it a great favour if you will kindly insert the following:

As there is so much talk lately about shooting, I would like to settle the question as to who is the best shot between Sergt. Stonebridge and myself, and in order to bring the matter to a climax, I hereby challenge him to fire at the following distances, 200, 500 and 600 yards, Wimbledon Targets and Marking, firing seven rounds and one sighting shot at each of the above distances, for the sum of Rs. 500 or upwards a-side, on any range in Dum-Dum. If he should feel disposed to accept the above challenge, further arrangements will be made, and if it would not be giving you too much trouble I think it would be satisfactory for both of us if you would kindly accept the responsibility of Referee and Stake-holder so as we could both rely upon getting Fair Play.

Your most obedient servant,
Thomas Evans, Corpl.,
"E" Company,
1st Battn., The Buffs.

The following letter speaks for itself.

[ED.

Dear Sir.

I am much obliged to you for permitting Ptes. Belcher and Burt of "C" Company The Buffs to come and attend on me in a case of typhoid fever. I am now sufficiently recovered to dispense with them. They have attended me thoroughly well, and but for their prompt action at a crisis before the Doctor's arrival, I should probably not have survived. Their conduct has been thoroughly steady throughout.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
D. M. Anderson.

Nynee Tal.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

Permit me to say a word or two anent the remarks of your Correspondents in reference to the providing of a third meal for Tommy Atkins out of the present abundance doled out to him by Government, called rations.

At the outset, I would ask if "Three Badges" is really serious in his remark that "Government rations, will be found good enough for anything," I, who am not yet entitled to three badges unhesitatingly declare that the contrary is the fact, and as assertion without proof is scarcely convincing, I would point out that steak, (fit for cosumption at the Officers' Mess) together with eggs, bacon, and butter are almost daily substituted (at Tommy's expense) for the present misnamed article called steak served up from Govt. rations—another proof, and one quoted by your correspondent, that the assertion above referred to is incorrect is the fact that there is so much waste at both meals which is confined generally to meat and potatoes. I would here ask if the articles in question were good for anything would they be rejected and others substituted by the soldier out of his small pittance? Will your correspondents inform me how the meat and potatoes rejected as unpalatable at breakfast and dinner time, can be metamorphised into a savoury meal at evening time. I consider the thing impossible, another great difficulty to the plan suggested, is the great variety in the menu of the mens dinners, Curry, Soup, Stew, Puddings boiled and baked—(God save the mark) together with other kinds of dishes, which native ingenuity can suggest, stimulated by the promise of a few pice, the residue of the aforesaid messes would not to my mind, make a savoury heterogeneous meal for anyone. I have often thought it a pity that there should be so much waste, without any means being adopted to realise a little from the sale of it, but that it should be gathered up and after going through an incomprehensible process, presented to Tommy as a savoury evenings meal, never entered my mind, and I am certain that the British Soldier of the present day, altho' considered very low down the scale of the social ladder by a good many outsiders, would sooner go to bed supperless, than appease the cravings of hunger by partaking of the mess that would be put before them, made from such ingredients.

Both your correspondents make suggestions as to how this eveining meal could be produced,

Digitized by Google

one is by "a little management on the part of the Color-Sergeants," and the other is "that strict economy would have to be instilled into the mind of the Soldier, and enforced" as at present, whatever the latter expression is meant to convey, I am at a loss to know, I fancy your correspondents must have slightly mixed up this extra meal with the new drill, which is the only thing the Soldier at present is getting instilled into his mind.

I am of opinion your correspondents would have been doing themselves and their comrades a service, if they had given the matter a little thought before rushing into print, and dealing in vague and senseless generalities, without offering any feasible plan for carrying out the idea under consideration. Both your correspondents agree that without extra aid from Tommy, the meal could not be produced, and on this point I agree with them, but I am of opinion the Soldier has already sufficient to pay for out of his shilling a day, and that the meal, if given at all, should be paid for by Govt., supplemented by Regimental aid if the former is not sufficient.

Another point on which I do not agree with one of your correspondents in the attempt to throw a very heavy responsibility on a very much worked N. C. O., *viz.*, the Color-Sergeant. I consider he is not the person who should bear the responsibility, as he has such a multifarious number of duties to perform at present, it would be quite unfair to saddle him with another very heavy one, seeing he is not so very liberally paid for what he does at present.

I think that Officers Commanding Companies are the fit persons to formulate some scheme which they consider practicable, and see that it is carried out.

And now Sir for my plan; we pay Rs. 1. 7. 3. per month for messing or Groceries, (which I designate parsimony on Govt's. part,) could not a stronger representation be made on Govt. by those in authority, who really know the Soldiers need, and obtain for us free groceries, the the amount thus saved, could be still charged and applied with whatever else might be obtained for the providing of a third meal.

My reasons for making this suggestion are:—

1st. Soldiers at home have not to provide themselves with Kharki and White Clothing, same as we have here out of the same pay.

2nd. Soldiers at home will undoubtedly ere long, receive either extra pay or rations.

3rd. The great risks (climatic and others) a Soldier runs out here, in comparison with those at home, and if he has the luck to reach home again, how much his health must be impaired by so trying a climate as this, even under the most advantageous circumstances.

4th and lastly. Should not a little extra be paid to the Soldier for the complete severance of all social and home ties, which we've perhaps never to renew, and the almost complete isolation from all things European whilst in this country. Civil and Military servants of the Crown, in high places, received enhanced rates of pay, for their services in this country, and why should not the humblest and most loyal of Her Majesty's servants receive a little more consideration also

ONE BADGE.

Regimental Items.

The undermentioned N. C. Officers have been appointed School Assistants with effect from the dates as specified against their names.

Corpl. J. H. Pay, 18-2-89.
Lc.-Corpl. J. Smith, 8-2-89.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to confirm the appointment of the undermentioned as Lance-Corporals:—

No. 2471, Provisional Lc.-Corporal E. Bailey.
" 134, " " A. Cochrane.
" 1839, " " T. Murray.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments. To be Lc.-Corporals:—Ptes. J. Smith, J. Lebannon, T. Roche, H. Mobley, T Else, J. McKeating. J. Crowson, J. Smith, J. E. Hall, G. Holmes, A. Crayford, O. Kendal, J. Willis.

To be Provisional Lc.-Sergeants;—Corpls. Buckley, C. Cook, J. Patten.

The undermentioned man proceeded from this station on the 1st inst., to Deolali for the purpose of proceeding to England by the Trooship sailing on the 16th March;
No. 103, Pte. J. Kingdon.

The undermentioned man is transferred to the Somerset Light Infantry, Belgaum, with effect from the 28th February, 1889:—
No. 1072, Pte. J. Withers.

Lc.-Corpl. E. Kent has been appointed Regtl. Master Shoemaker.

Digitized by Google

The undermentioned having embarked on board H. M. S. Troopship "Seraphis" enroute to England, on the 1st March, 1889, they are struck off the strength of the Battalion from that date accordingly:—No. 2,606. Sergt. E. Breen, wife and two children; No. 131, Pte. T. Power.

The undermentioned Schoolmistress having been transferred from the 2nd Derbyshire Regt., on the 1st inst., she is attached to the Battn., from that date accordingly, and posted to Letter "C" Company:—

Miss E. McCartney.

The undermentioned proceeded from the following stations, on the 11th inst. en route for Deolali:—

DUM-DUM.—Ptes. G. Townsend, R. Hughes, A. Millen, R. Harvey.

BAREILLY.—Lc.-Sergt. R. Watson, Corpl. H. Neale, Ptes. C. Bailey, J. McKenzie, H. Cogan, G. Young, J. Duffy.

The first party of convalescents proceeded to Darjeeling on the 12th inst., from Sealdah Station, Calcutta, under command of Lieut. C. K. Greene.

Sergeant M. Talbot has been appointed probationary Pay-Sergt. to Letter "E" Company.

Pte. A. W. Pryce was granted a furlough from the 7th to the 25th inst., inclusive, for the purpose of visiting Jubblepore.

Lieut. P. F. Brine took over command and payment of Letter "G" Company, from the 5th February, 1889.

The undermentioned Officers having successfully passed in subjects (*a*) & (*b*), on the 22nd ult., are qualified as noted opposite their names:—

2nd Lieutenant L. J. B. Hulke } To the Rank of
" " A. G. Trollope } Lieutenant.

Lieut. F. D. J. Annesley rejoined from leave of absence, disembarking at Kurrachee on the 2nd instant.

Lieut. F. D. J. Annesley, took over command and payment of Letter "D" Company from Lieut. C. K. Greene, on the 11th inst.

Lc.-Corporal A. H. Baker has taken over the duties of Sub-Editor of this paper, vice P.-M.-Sergt. Wilson, deceased.

EXTRACT.

The following extract from a letter received from the District Staff Office, Presidency District, is published for general information:—

Fort William, 14th March, 1889.

Sir,

With reference to the recent inspection of the Regiment under your Command by the Brigadier-General Commanding, I am desired, by him, to say that he will make a satisfactory report of the Battalion.

He was much pleased with the drill.

He is glad to observe the attention paid to the comfort of the men, and he is pleased to learn that the Officers join them in their games and take such a strong interest in their welfare.

The Musketry shews a great improvement since last year.

Depot Items.

Sergt. Master Cook Jas. Johns has been transferred to the Barrack Section of the Army Service Corps.

Seventy-five recruits left Depôt on the 1st February, for the 2nd Battn.

Sergt. E. Hill has been posted to the Permanent Staff, 2nd Volunteer Battn., The Buffs.

Col.-Sergt. J. Bennell has rejoined from furlough and taken over the duties of Pay-Sergt. of "A," Capt. Porters' Company.

Lc.-Sergt. Williams has been promoted Sergt. vice Hill.

Application has been made for Lieut. Booth to attend the course of instruction which commences at Hythe on the 1st March.

Pte. J. Crouch was on the 18th inst. presented with the Silver Medal for "Long Service and Good Conduct."

Major Harley has been appointed D. A. A. G. for Musketry at Hythe.

Sergeants Gleeson, White, Breen, Saville and the men for transfer to the Army Reserve arrived at Gos port, *ex*-H. M. S. "Malabar," on the 14th February.

Digitized by Google

We insert with pleasure the following letter describing Dum-Dum Church, and its memorials.

DUM-DUM CHURCH.

Our Church St. Stephens, is the sixth oldest in Bengal, having been completed in the year 1822. The Communion Plate bears the Coat-of-Arms of the Honourable East India Company. There are many interesting tablets in the Church, erected chiefly to Officers of the Hon. Regiment of Artillery. We may mention those in memory of Sir Alexander McLeod, K. C. B., Commandant of Artillery, who died at Dum-Dum on the 20th August, 1831, Major-General J. A. Biggs, who died at Cawnpore, 12th July, 1844, Captain E. D'Arcy-Todd, killed in action at Ferozeshuhur, 21st December, 1845, Lieutenant Henry T. Tylden-Pattenson, who died at Loodiana, after a short but brilliant service, on 13th March, 1848, Lieutenant P. C. Lambert, killed in action at Ferozeshuhur, December, 1845.

The first entry in the Register of Baptisms runs thus :

"On this first day of January, 1818, Mary Ann, daughter of George Southwell, Corporal of Artillery, and Elizabeth Southwell, his wife, was baptized

By me Thos. Robertson, Chaplain, At Dum-Dum."

Here is a copy of the first entry in the Marriage Register—"Bernard McCann, Gunner of Artillery, and Mary Ann Briggs, widow, of the same place, were married in my house, at the Station of Dum-Dum, with permission of the Commanding Officer, this Thirteenth day of January, 1818, by me Thos. Robertson, Chaplain.

This marriage was solemnized between us { Bernard McCann, her Mary Ann + Briggs. mark.

Witnesses, { Matthew O'Neil. James Riley."

In the Register of Burials, the following is the first entry :

"On the Third day of January 1818, Daniel Buckley, Matross in the Bengal Artillery, aged twenty-three years was buried by me.

Thos. Robertson, Chaplain, Dum-Dum."

The Column in the Church Compound is to the memory of Thos. Deane-Pearse, Colonel Commandant (the first) of Artillery, erected by the Officers of the Brigade, in token of their respect, and bears the date of 1790. The other Column near the Small Arms Ammunition Factory is to the memory of Captain Thomas Nichol, Lieut. Charles Stewart, Sergeant M. Mulhall, and the N.-C. Officers and Men of the 1st Troop, 1st Brigade Bengal Horse Artillery, who fell in the performance of their duty during the insurrection, at, and retirement from Cabul, Afghanistan, November and December, 1841, and January, 1842. This gallant band formed the oldest troop in the Bengal Artillery.

Thomas Bonodale-Speedy, B. A.

SAVINGS BANK WITHDRAWALS.

		Rs.	A.	P.
A	Company	375	6	4½
B	,,	173	13	3
C	,,	318	6	4½
D	,,	313	0	6
E	,,	223	1	6
F	,,	815	11	0
G	,,	726	0	7½
H	,,	236	9	8
	Total ... Rs.	3,182	1	3½

NOTICES.

If our Correspondents only knew, (but of course they don't) the amount of trouble, we the Editor and Staff are put to, we feel sure that more attention would be paid to our petition to write on one side of the paper on which their contributions are sent in. Very often the whole of the copy has to be re-written, and this is sometimes no joke; So again, **PLEASE write on one side only.**

Correspondents are again informed that the 22nd is the latest date in each month on which contributions can be received for insertion. Anything received after that date will be held over for the next month's issue.

The first instalment of back numbers of *The Dragon, viz.*, No. 1., has been received; anyone requiring the same will please apply to Corporal Baker at the Quarter-Master's Office.

The whole of the back numbers from No. 1 are being reprinted, and will be issued as they are received.

Digitized by Google

Shooting Matches.

A shooting match for Rs. 100 a side, took place at the Rifle range Dum-Dum, on the 13th inst. between Ptes. E. Smith (Smiler) and T. Richards "H" Company, the former being the challenging party lost after a very close match, both men fired well and and the match was very exciting at each distance, the result being left to the last shot. The conditions were as follows.

Five rounds at each distance up the range, Wimbledon scoring and marking.

CORPORALS THE BUFFS

v.

DETACHMENT "LEINSTER REGIMENT."

This match proved another success for the Corporals, this time they defeated their opponents by 86 points, distance 200 and 500 yards, Wimbledon targets, 10 rounds at each distance. Fired at Dum-Dum, March 7th, 1889.

Scores :

Corporals The Buffs.

Corpl. Kent,	83	Corpl. Baker,	83
„ Donnelly,	82	„ Greenland,	82
„ Davis,	79	„ Alexander,	74
„ Crumcy,	73	„ Evans,	70
„ Roach,	69	„ Hickmott,	69
Total ...	764		

Detachment Leinster Regiment.

Pte. Flood,	83	Sergt. Draper,	81
Corpl. Dumphy,	79	Pte. Reilly,	71
Ptc, Flannagan,	70	„ Gillooley,	68
„ Doorly,	64	Sergt. Barnett,	60
Corpl. Parkison,	56	Pte. Flannagan,	46
Total ...	678.		

Swimming.

A small programme of swimming races and header competitions was got up on Wednesday evening the 27th inst., and included a long and short race and running headers. Pte. Hagell of "E" Company, proved too much for the other competitors winning all the events too easily.

Colonel Harrison has very kindly offered to give prizes to be competed for monthly, on the condition that previous winners are handicapped, so we may hope to see some exciting races.

We expect to see the new header board up next time, when we shall see some better headers as the present board is a very awkward one. Some of the headers however were very good.

The following were the prize winners in each event :

Short Race. Pte. Hagell first, Pte. Adams second, Corpl. Alexander third.

Headers. Pte. Hagell first, Pte. Lawson second, Pte. Cronin third.

Long Race. Pte. Hagell first, Corporal Alexander second, Pte. Adams third.

Polo Match.

OFFICERS THE BUFFS

v.

OFFICERS THE LEINSTER REGIMENT.

This match, played at Dum-Dum on Wednesday March 7th, after a most even and exciting game, resulted in a win for The Buffs by one goal to love. In the first quarter, the ball by good play on the part of Lieuts. Parry and Tarte, was taken down towards the Leinster's quarter, and the first and only goal hit in the match was scored.

In the next two quarters, the ball was kept well on the go, the Buffs having the best of the game. In the fourth quarter, The Leinsters, aided by good play on the part of Wilcocks and Semple, carried the ball down, and had one or two shots at goal, which proved unsuccessful, and pulling themselves together The Buffs ran the ball down the ground, and had an unsuccessful shot at goal, soon after which time was called. The Leinsters team was by no means to be dispised, containing as it did Capt. Wilcocks, one of the best players in the Calcutta Club, and strengthened as it was by their Surgeon—Semple, who proved a most invaluable back, and the Officers are to be congratulated on their victory.

Sides as follows :

Officers The Buffs.

Lieuts. Eales, back (Captain) Parry, No. 3., Stuart, No, 2., Tarte, No. 1.

Officers The Leinsters.

Capts. Huddart, No. 3., (Captain), Wilcocks, No. 1., Lieut. Long, No. 2., Surgeon Semple, back.

Digitized by Google

A WAR STORY.

'PRISONERS!' So that was the end of it: the end of all the grand hopes of future glory with which I had left the camp only yesterday.

Common soldiers, ere now, had done great things, which had proved stepping-stones to ultimate success, and—who could tell?—I, Jean Manon, might by some strange stroke of luck have lived to lay at the feet of the little new wife the sword of an officer.

And instead, here were I and my commpanion in the dawn of a grey morning, marching along a dusty road, guarded by four German soldiers—prisoners of war. And prisoners likely to receive but small mercy, as I knew full well, for a spy need expect but a speedy trial and a speedier death. And this is what we were.

For only last evening—was it, indeed, so short a time ago?—Colonel Beaufront had said: 'I must have definite knowlege of the whereabouts of the enemy. Now, who will volunteer to go to-night, and bring me back word in the morning? Some one must go, and it is a service, I warn you, men, of great danger, and, if unsuccessful, means—death. Who volunteers?'

He was always a man of a few words, was Colonel Beaufront.

'I will. Colonel,' I replied, before anyone could speak. 'I know every step, every road about here; my home lies not ten miles away. If there is a living man can tell you what you want to know, I am the man.

'Come to my tent.' said the Colonel, speaking sharply, 'and you shall have your orders.'

He gave them to me in a few words: 'To be back at daybreak with knowledge—definite knowledge— of the enemy's whereabouts.'

It did not seem to me a very difficult task. here in our own country, amongst our own peeople, and everyone ready to lend a helping hand, but still I quite understood the risk.

'You may take a companion' said Colonel Beaufront, as he finished his instructions; 'two are better than one.

I had refused his offer, saying, 'No need to risk two lives where one would suffice, when there had entered this lad who now walks by my side, and had begged of the Colonel to be sent also. 'Do not forbid it,' he pleaded, 'I am no use alone; it isJean who is teaching me to be a soldier, we have never been separated yet; and when I joined, Monsieur, you remember it was only for the sake of being with him!'

'So be it,' said the Colnel, apparently not much interested in the discussion, and then to me: 'As well take him as anyone.'

Thus it came to pass as night fell Louis and I slipped away into the darkness side by side, on our reconnoitring expedition. Merely to find out whether the enemy were in force in the neighbourhood or not, merely that. Surely, to a man as intimate with the country as I, not a difficult task.

And yet here was I trudging along this dusty road, handcuffed to the boy who had come with me, with a pretty strong feeling at my heart that by to-morrow I, at any rate should have solved the great mystery of life and death.

Well, if so, I was a man. and could face it. And if not a great ending, it was a soldier's, and I was doing my duty—at least, had attempted to do it; and if I had failed, it was from no lack of will.

That was not what was troubling me; it was the boy who had thrust himself into this danger for the love of me; the boy whose hand I could feel against mine, and whose tired feet I could hear dragging one after the other as he strove to keep pace with my steady steps. Looking at him in this dim, uncertain light, I could note how thin and white were his cheeks, how large and hollow his brown eyes, and how the little dark rings of hair curled about his forehead, where he had pushed back his cap, and all this made my heart ache, for though in the eyes of these four silent soldiers he was but a young spy being taken to well-merited punishment, in mine he was something far different, something very like a martyr. They did not know how one day, the day I was first called from the care of the old farm to serve my country, the day of my wedding too, if that mattered aught, and I was sitting alone and heavy-hearted amongst the careless, good-natured fellows with whom I was to serve through a sad compaign; how suddenly that very first evening I heard my name called. 'Private Manon!'

I answered mechanically, and rose to see what the sergeant wanted.

'A new recruit—a volunteer,' said Sergeant Latour, 'and looking for you.'

'A friend it must be,' I thought, and went eagerly forth to where the sergeant was standing, this boy by his side.

'He comes from your home,' said the sergeant, who was of a talkative disposition. 'and has joined the army so as to be near you. Says you

Digitized by Google

have been friends a long time.'

I recognised him at once as soon as ever the light from the sergeant's lantern fell upon him, and Heaven knows in that lonely moment how thankful I was to see a face I knew.

'I am not much of a soldier, or even of a man,' said he. stepping to my side, 'but life at home is hard, and you have never said to me a rough word in your life, so, for the sake of being near you, I have joined the army.'

Thus it was that Louis became a soldier, and that he and I, from that day forward were inseparable. Together we talked of home, and of all the happiness that was to come when this terrible war was over, and that in itself gave us a subject of which we never tired. The others left us pretty much alone, laughed at us at first, then ceased to mock, and finally even to think much about us. We were uninteresting except to each other.

You will understand now how it was that at the sight of the boy's wan face my heart ached—ached more bitterly than it would have done at the mere fact of being outnumbered and captured so soon.

'Are you very tired ?' I said under my breath.

'Very tired,' he replied with an attempt at a smile. 'I never was very brave, you know, but I think I should be braver if my feet did not ache so.'

I contrived then that he should lean a little of his slight weight against my strong right arm, and to let him feel the contact of my hand, hoping that its touch would give him courage.

'You must not despair, Louis,' I said gently for I felt a tear fall on the hand that rested against his. 'You will get away alright.'

'Oh, no, no !' and he sobbed outright. 'Promise that I share your fate, whatever it may be.'

At the sound of his slightly raised voice the soldiers closed in a little nearer, and warned thus that they were listening, I tried to soothe him. 'Do not cry, Louis,' I said. 'If there is a chance for life, one must always take it.'

'There must be *two* chances in our case,' he said gravely, 'one for you and one for me, if it is to be of any good.'

'Not so. If by any words of mine your life can be saved, rest assured those words will be spoken. You are far too young to die—and such a death !'

'What do you take me for?' he asked.

'Not for a coward,' I replied; 'I know you too well.'

'But I *am* a coward' he pleaded; 'I could not live alone. What did I join the army for, but because I was an orphan, and ill-treated, and you were the only person who ever had a kind word for me? I had grown used to hardness and unkindness before, but since I have known you well, since these last few weeks, I could not go back to it. Do not fear for me, I can be courageous—and I will. I am not afraid of death, only of loneliness.'

'But' I said, speaking as clamly as I could, 'life is a good gift, to be always guarded if possible, and you are very young. In future years you will be happy, and will look back to this youth, of which you speak so bitterly, as a troubled dream, all over and done with.'

'Let me first see what you are offering me,' he said quietly (the tears had all disappeared now), 'always considering that the chance of life was given to me and not to you.'

'There are others listening,' I said by way of warning.

(To be continued).

DUM-DUM & THE OUTRAM INSTITUTE

To those who are curious as to the history and origin of the places in which their lot is cast, it is somewhat disappointing to find that there is no accessable record which gives any detailed information on the subject, and when. so little recorded history exists in regard to Calcutta itself, the English capital of India, it is not to be wondered at if so little is known respecting a comparatively unimportant and obscure station like Dum-Dum. And yet Dum-Dum has a history, and one not without interest, especially to the soldier, for not only was it one of the most important negociations between the then Mahomedan Ruler of Bengal and the Representative of the small, but steadily risin,g British power in this country. But it was, I may say, the cradle of the Bengal Artillery that magnificent arm of the service, now merged in the Royal Regiment of Artillery whose deeds of valour during the century following are matters of history, and the place of residence for various periods, of most of the most celebrated soldiers of the Bengal Army. So long as Dum-Dum remains a Military Sta-

Digitized by Google

tion, the names of Clive, Pearse, Horsford, Duff, Ochterlony, Pollock, Sale, Outram, Chamberlain, Mansfield, Napier of Magdala and a long roll of other distinguished Officers down to our present gallant Chief will ever be remembered in connection with it.

The first mention of Dum-Dum is by Orme the Military Historian, who mentions the fact of Clive with his small force crossing the Dum-Dum Road in his attack upon the Nawab Suraja-Dowlah's Camp, at Sealdah, upon the 5th Feb., 1757, during his operation for the relief of Calcutta, which had been taken by storm by the Nawab's force, sacked and almost destroyed in the month of June 1756.

The road spoken of by Orme led to Dum-Dum where was a large building situated upon a mound, (Dum-Dumah in the Persian) from which the locality no doubt took its name. This building still exists, though probably in a different form to what it was in 1757, one hundred and thirty years ago, being "Dum-Dum House" the present residence of the Cantonment Magistrate. The origin of this building is enveloped in mystery. Orme says, "The mound on which it, a large two storied house with heavy buttresses all round stands, is said to have been raised by a spirit in the course of a single night, and to this day visions and ghosts haunt the grounds." These old traditions have not yet died out, the natives firmly believe in the existence of the spirit of a Jogee or religious mendicant who haunts the shades of the old banian-tree immediately in rear of the house, and until occupied by the present tenant, the house had lain empty and untenanted save by bats, owls and Fakirs for over twenty years, so evil was its reputation. At Dum-Dum, and there is every reason to believe, in this very building on the 9th February 1757, the Nabob of Bengal awed by the dashing way in which Colonel Robert Clive had beaten up his camp at Sealdah a few days previously, signed the treaty ratifying all the privileges previously enjoyed by the English, made restitution of Calcutta, Cassim Bazaar and Dacca, permitted Calcutta to be fortified, granted freedom of trade, and liberty to establish a mint.

Clive subsequently converted this building into his country house, built an upper story to it and improved it in various ways, and laid out his surrounding grounds with ornamental walks shrubberies, and gardens, which remained in full beauty down to within thirty or forty years ago. No traces of them except the metalled foundations of the roads and paths now remain.

About the year 1775, the country about Dum-Dum was forest, used as a practice ground for Artillery, and in 1783 the cantonment was laid out by Colonel Duff of the Bengal Artillery, and Dum-Dum became the head-quarters of the Regiment.

The first Commandant was Colonel Pearse, a monument in the form of a Corinthian pillar, to whose memory stands in the north-east corner of the church-yard close to the entrance to Outram Institute. Colonel Pearse died and was buried in Calcutta on the 15th June, 1789. He was originally an Officer in the Royal Artillery, and was present at the seiges of Guadaloupe, the Havannah and Bellisle, when the Honorable East India Company raised their Regiment of Artillery, he came out with the rank of Major and succeeded to the Command in 1769. He retained the Command until his death. Colonel Pearse was an intimate friend of Warren Hastings and was his second in his honorable duel with Phillip Francis in which the latter was wounded. He served under Sir Eyre Coote throughout the war in the Carnatic.

Another Officer of the Bengal Artillery whose name is intimately connected with Dum-Dum, was Sir John Horsford, K.C.B., who lived in the house now known as "Ashgrove." He was a wild young fellow, who ran off from home and finding his way to India enlisted in the Bengal Artillery as *John Rambler* he rose to the rank of Sergt., and being a smart, intelligent and well educated young fellow attracted the notice of Col. Pearse who often employed him in copying M.SS. About this time Horsford's friends at home had instituted enquiries through the Company's Officers concerning him, and something in Sergt. Rambler's demeanour having set the Colonel thinking, he one day, as Rambler was leaving the room called out sharply "Horsford!!" when the departing soldier instinctively swung round on his heel and came to attention. His proper name being thus revealed, interest was made for him and he was granted a Commission, and the *Ci-devant* Private Rambler ended his career as Major-General Sir John Horsford, K.C.B., Commandant of the Bengal Artillery.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

Concert.

We must congratulate the management on the success of the concert given on the 1st inst., in the Lecture Room of the Outram Institute. *Place aux Dames.* Mrs. Reeves selected "Sylvia" for her pianoforte solo, and played it, as in our opinion very few amateurs could do. When to exceptionally brilliant execution is added peculiar grace and expression, the result is almost perfection.

Miss Prestage sang Pinsuti's pretty song "'Tis I" with taste and feeling, and received a well-deserved encore, but her best song was "Children of the City," as she lost the slight nervousness which was noticeable at first, and became wrapt in the expression of the pathetic story of the city children, her voice fairly *rang* through the room and for a moment or two after its conclusion there was a silence which was more eloquent than any speech, and then this young lady received the applause she most richly meritted.

Was there ever a prettier or more touching song written than "The Irish Emigrant." We are inclined to think not. Certainly, as rendered by Mr. Greene, it appealed to the hearts of all who heard it and was greeted with enthusiasm. The same gentleman gave us "Philadelphia," a capital song and full of go. He led us to understand that he was "taken with a notion to cross the briny ocean" and was starting "with his bundle on his shoulder" which was scarcely fair, as we *know* that he only went to Darjeeling, and we *believe* his "bundle" (asbab) went on a ticca ghari.

Mr. Hulke gave us with much expression Molloys' sweet song "Rose Marie" and afterwards convulsed the house with his graphic description of the trials of a "Lieutenant's Life" proving most conclusively that it was "not a happy one."

We were under the impression that Sergt. Dray had all his wits about him, but we must have been mistaken. We should advise his joining M. Loisette's memory classes at once. His constant cry was "I Forget." He forgot to pay his bills, he forgot to marry his "young woman;" in fact he forget everything that it was not convenient to remember.

Pte. Hills sang "I Could'nt," and sang it right well.

There was some excellent step-dancing by Ptes. Hewer, Terry and Hawkins.

The Toy Symphony was well rendered by the Band, and a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close with the well-known and favorite glee "The Chafers."

We must not omit to thank Corpl. Roach for his very nice clarionet solo "Caprice."

Dance.

On Friday, the 15th ult., the N.-C. Officers gave one of their cheerful little dances, the Institute being engaged for the occasion. The rooms reflect great credit to those who decorated them, the trophies, conspicuous among them being the Cricket Challenge Shield, won by the Sergts. in '85, making a great show. A programme of twenty-one dances speaks for itself as to the energy with which the dancing was carried on, and we should not be surprised from what we saw and heard, if some of our eligible Col.-Sgts. (five unmarried—oh what a plum!) do not find that a dual existence is preferable to a single one. Col.-Sergt. Patterson and others well represented Barrackpore, and the energetic M.C., Col.-Sgt. Featherstone is to be congratulated on the success of his efforts, and at the capital manner in which the dance went off.

Association Football.

BAND THE BUFFS *v.* BAND THE LEINSTER REGT.

A drawn match neither side scoring. The Buffs had the best of the game, the ball being nearly all the time in the Leinsters' half of the ground, but owing to bad shooting The Buffs were unable to score.

THE BUFFS *v.* DETACHMENT LEINSTER REGT.

Played at Dum-Dum on Saturday, 23rd inst., and resulted in favor of The Buffs by one goal to love. Play having begun, Pte. Scott, by a good pass from Pte. Harding, made a splendid run of the left wing and passing at the right moment to Corpl. Alexander, the latter scored a clever goal, this was the first and last goal scored in the match; the goal keeping on both sides being good, especially that of the Leinsters, as the ball was for greater part of the time in their half, and close to their goal. Half-time being called and play resumed Corpl. Alexander made some good runs down the centre of ground, and on the wings Ptes. Evans and Dyke were conspicuous by their play, but being a scratch team, and not working well together, several opportunities and shots at goal were missed by The Buffs; individuals showed up well, but individual play in a team is useless without combination; soon after no side was called; the score being as above.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1903.

East Kent

Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 25. **DUM-DUM, April 30th, 1889.** [Price 2 Annas

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTHS.

STEVENS.—At Dum-Dum on the 4th ult., the wife of Lc.-Corpl. J. Stevens of a son (William Patrick).

BIRKHEAD.—At Dum-Dum on the 8th inst., (prematurely), the wife of Band-Master C. S. Birkhead of a daughter.

DEATHS.

ELLIS.—At Ranikhet on the 10th inst., Margaret, infant daughter (twin) of Sergt R. Ellis.

BIRKHEAD.—At Dum-Dum on the 8th inst., Frances Elizabeth, infant daughter of Band-Master C. S. Birkhead.

GOLDING.—At Dum-Dum, on the 24th inst., No. 1426, Pte. C. Golding of Heat Apoplexy.

COLLINS.—At Dum-Dum, on the 25th inst., No. 1474, Pioneer G. Collins of Heat Apoplexy.

NOTES.

Whether it is from the natural beauties of Dum-Dum, or from its climatic influence, we know not, but this month, we have received numerous poetic effusions, good, bad, and atrocious, and to encourage this talent (so cruelly neglected by past Editors) we propose giving a monthly prize of a laurel crown (with ~~Rs~~ 10 thrown in) for the best set of rhymes on a given subject. For next month the subject will be "Sikkim."

We wonder how many fish have been caught this month, as the tanks all round have been lined with patient fishers the whole day. When the Regiment was quartered in the Fort at Calcutta, our present worthy Quartermaster is reported to have caught a fish so big that a whole Company dined off it that day. Any more fish caught, of this size, will effectually choke off any idea of an extra meal for Tommy, as even if provided, he will probably have no room left to stow it away.

* * *

The cross country meeting advertised for March 28th, had to be unavoidably posponed. The Point to Point Race would have been well worth seeing if only for the falls; but the meeting will probably come off at the beginning of the cold weather. As a set off to this disappointment, a sporting match was made between Col.-Sergt. Andrews and Corpl. Baker, to run their respective ponies a match, ½ a mile, owners up, and in spite of the former's good riding, Corpl. Baker won somewhat comfortably by 4 or 5 lengths.

* * *

We recommend to our readers the following extract from the *Atlantic Monthly* which, in our opinion completely pulverises the sickly senti-

Digitized by Google

mentalists, who object to Football, as being a dangerous game, and one that causes the worst passions to arise. "To the ordinary well conditioned young man, football has some eminent advantages. It teaches him to keep a cool head in moments of great activity. In it he learns to take considerable risk of bodily pain without hesitation, and to combine his action with that of his mates,"

***

The result of our first football match, with the Dalhousie, one of the strongest of the Calcutta Clubs, is decidedly encouraging, three goals to nil is not so bad, and we hear that the Dalhousieites, intend doing all they know, when the return match comes off.

***

Regimental Orders are now being printed daily in the Printing Office at a small cost of four annas a month so as to enable all ranks to obtain a copy. This will also be found very handy for our detachments at Barrackpore and Darjeeling also those away from the Battalion who now have an opportunity of keeping themselves acquainted with all orders at Head-Quarters.

***

EXTRACT FROM *The Dragon.*

"Lieutenant L. G. Eales of The Buffs, who has just started on privilege leave, well deserves his holiday. During his stay at Lucknow, Dum-Dum and elsewhere, he was employed on many varied and arduous shows, football, polo, signalling, and *The Dragon*; and on his return he may possibly be entrusted with a few more shows to run. He will stay away probably two months."

EXTRACT FROM THE *Daily Telegraph*
22nd MARCH, 1889.

"Major Newnham-Davis of The Buffs has just arrived from India for a well earned holiday. He has been employed on many delicate negociations during his stay in the East, notably the Nepaul Boundary question. On his return it is very likely he will be entrusted with a still more important office. He will stay for some six or seven months in England."

Really, if one didn't know better, we should have thought that the *Daily Telegraph* had copied us line for line, so alike are the two extracts.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "non-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

SOLDIERS RATIONS.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

I am extremely sorry that owing to press of work, I was unable to reply to the pertinent remarks of "Three Badges" ere now, however, "better late than never," and with your kind permission, I will answer him (or them) on what I consider the pith of his letter viz., "The sufficiency or otherwise of the Commissariat Rations," and "What steps ought to be taken to provide a third substantial meal"

1st. When the cooking competition by Company cooks was held at Ranikhet, the following was the bill of fare in Letter "D" Company. A steak was prepared for breakfast, after which our cooks were at a loss what to do with the balance other than stew it, or boil the meat and make soup, in the latter case, the potatoes being served cooked by themselves. The cooks were given one anna per man in mess, to provide flour, suet &c. to add to the stew, and peas or barley to the soup. The dinners were greatly appreciated by the men, but there was not enough of it although the whole of the Company's rations was used to the best advantage. The men of the Company were unanimous that the native cook was the best, because he could cook a greater variety of dinners and could provide more extras at a smaller cost than our Company cooks. I am not writing an article on the merits of Company Cooks *v.* Natives, but I wish to point out that from actual experience I have found the Commissariat Ration is not sufficient to provide a third meal, and I ask "Three Badges" how much waste would there be if the native cook, with his hundred and one mysteries were not procurable?

2nd. I am very anxious and willing to do anything for the comfort of the men of my Company, but I am convinced that the majority would

Digitized by Google

much rather be left alone in the matter of providing their bill of fare, if I can judge from what I can see in my Company mess-rooms any day I care to pass through between the hours of nine and ten a. m., when the different lads who mess together are busy preparing their dish for the *bawachi*.

Having rushed into print, I take it for granted I am expected to offer some suggestion towards increasing the present rations for those who require it, and I do not think I can better the 3rd suggestion of "Novice" in your February issue, with the addition of that put forth by "One Badge" regarding the charge of 1/9 per diem for groceries being abolished. If this small item (1/9 per diem) were spared the private soldier, and granted he could procure a supper at the Regimental Refreshment Rooms when he felt inclined, whether he had the "ready" or not (vide suggestion of "Novice") I am of an opinion that this is about as much as ever will be granted, or that the Private Soldier can reasonably look for.

In conclusion, I would like to add that if the credits of the different Regimental Institutions were applied as a means of supplying the "Rank and File" with an occasional suit of White or Khaki Clothing, it would be a great boon, and add to the monthly clearance, as owing to dhobies in general, and the requirements of Guards and Duties, these articles are the greatest expense the men have to contend with.

Trusting I have not intruded too much on your valuable space, I beg to remain,

Yours obediently,
H. E. Eatherstone, Col.-Sergt.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

Colonel Sterndale's interesting article on Dum-Dum, reminds me of a classical event that took place here in 1804, as recorded in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," Chap. III.

"'I recollect Sir there was a girl at Dum-Dum, a daughter of Cutler of the Artillery, and afterwards married to Lance the Surgeon, who made a dead set at me and Mulligatawney whom I mentioned to you before dinner—a devilish good fellow Mulligatawney—he's a magistrate at Budge Budge, and sure to be in council in five years. Well Sir, the Artillery gave a ball, and Quinton of the Kings' 14th, said to me, "Sedley" said he "I bet you 13 to 10 that Sophy Cutler hooks either you or Mulligatawney before the rains," "Done" says I; and egad Sir, this claret's very good, Adamsons or Carbonells? * * A slight snore was the only reply, and so the rest of Josephs' story was lost."

From which it would appear that human nature in India was much the same 85 years ago as now.

Yours faithfully,
Jos. Sedley.

SHOOTING MATCH.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

I hope you will have space enough in *The Dragon* to insert the following.

On the afternoon of the 3rd inst., the range was used to decide a bet between No. 253 Pte. G. Pearce, and No. 917 Pte. R. Richards, both of "C" Company, The Buffs.

The bet was as follows:

Pte. Pearce was to fire 50 rounds, 10 rounds consecutively, at distances ranging from 320 to 100 yards, forfeiting ~~Rs~~ 10 for each 10 rounds that were not put on the figure of the target, the position was to be lying down, (there was to be no signalling of hits,*) and the sights were to be fixed at 200 yards.

The bet naturally from the first was in favour of Pte. Richards, who was not the firing party. The firing was good, although disastrous to the man who was shelling out.

The hits were as follows:

1st 10 rounds, eight hits, 2nd do. nine hits, 3rd do. 10 hits, 4th do. 8 hits, 5th do. 9 hits. Pte, Pearce thus lost ~~Rs~~ 30.

Col.-Sergt. Butler *(The old un)* was stakeholder and referee.

It looks well for the pluck of "C" Company to make such fancy bets, hope to be able to send another trial of a similar kind.—What is the next one?

* The target was checked after each 10 rounds were fired.

Four Badges.

To The Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

Kindly inform me how you read para 42 section IX Queen's Regulations as amended by G. O. 63 of 1887.

Digitized by Google

Is it necessary for a Warrant or N.-C. Officer to be in possession of a 1st class certificate of education, to obtain a Commission as Quarter-Master? Yours etc.,

ANXIOUS.

Thus:—

"A Warrant or N.-C. Officer before being recommended for a Commission must also be in possession of a 1st class certificate of education, including English History and General Geography, unless at some previous time he shall have qualified for a direct Commission in the Army,

By open competition.

„ University qualifications.

As an Officer of Militia.

By having passed the preliminary examination for the R. M. A. or R. M. C.; or any examination which may be recognised from time to time by the Regulations for admission to these institutions as a ground for exemption from such preliminary examination.

[From this we infer that a Warrant or N.-C. Officer must be in possession of a 1st class certificate of education before obtaining a Commission as Quarter-Master.—EDITOR.]

THREE BIG MEN OF THE BUFFS.

The Old Regiment was always noted for the splendid physique of its men. In June 1834, there were some Peninsular veterans still serving and it was often told by them, that during the bayonet charges in Spain, it was always the custom of one of the Grenadier Company "Grenadier McCullum" after bayoneting a Frenchman, to throw him over his shoulder, as a farm laborer might a sheaf of wheat. McCullum was reported to have been six feet six inches in height, and a second Samson in strength.

McCullum had his counterpart "although 20 years later" in the commissioned ranks in the person of Captain Barr. On one occasion whilst inspecting some transfers from another regiment, Capt. Barr was greatly displeased on finding some men about five feet six inches in height amongst them, turning round to his Col.-Sergt. he exclaimed, Stratford see what sort of men they are sending us now, at the same time picking up one of the five feet six inch men by the back of the collar and holding him out at arms length, greatly to the amusement of the on-lookers. Captain Barr's great ambition was to Command the Grenadier Company, and on the Captaincy of that Company falling vacant, he was appointed to it, but he did not live long to enjoy his command, as he died very suddenly shortly afterwards whilst on leave, but in was currently reported in the regiment, he was killed in a duel.

Whilst the regiment was quartered in Greece at the commencement of the Crimean War, one of the finest made men serving in its ranks, was "Private John Liston." One evening Jack was passing a wine shop, when the proprietor's daughter rushed out in wild alarm, and on hearing a great noise he entered to see what was the matter, he found the tumult was caused by some seven or eight French Linesmen, who after drinking as much as they could comfortably carry, refused to pay their bill. On Jack remonstrating with them, they attempted to draw their bayonets, but without more ado, he took them up one by one by the back of the collar and seat of their trousers, and pitched them through an open window into the middle of the road. The whole party then hurriedly made off, not one of them caring to encounter the English Giant a second time. Handsome "Jack Liston" unfortunately a few months later was killed in the trenches before Sebastopol. ——— A. E. COLLEY.

A WAR STORY.

(Continued).

'I do not care,' he cried, throwing back his head, 'I have nothing to say that I am ashamed of!' and then more calmly: 'Listen. I am full grown, am I not? and so small—feel' —and I was aware of a curley head for an instant pressed against my arm.

'Why, I do not reach up to your shoulder! And my hands, ah! I am afraid I should not be able to lift them with these irons if you did not help me.'

I looked down as he spoke in that low, eager voice, and sighed.

'Ah, me, it was a very small hand to expect to fight the world with.'

'Now you see for yourself, dear Jean, I am not worth much; my uncle is right.'

And here the steady voice shook a little. 'I am an orphan, and there is no one in the whole world who cares whether I live or die, excepting only you. Then, what good would this gift of life be to me without you?'

Yes, perhaps he was right—but I hesitated.

'You see,' he went on, noting my hesitation, and creeping a step nearer as he spoke. 'should

Digitized by Google

they kill only one of us.' here his voice quivered for a moment, 'the other would be left far from home and friends, a prisoner perhaps for years; and supposing, ah! just supposing *I* were that one, what would become of me!'

'Better than that, far better, that we died together.'

'Yes, yes. I should fear that far more than death,' he said softly; 'so, as we are agreed, you will swear to me now that we will just take our chance as we have done so many times, and stand or fall together.'

I nodded my head; a little lump in my throat; when I looked at the pretty curly head and tired, anxious eyes, prevented me from speaking.

'Then that is all right,' he said cheerily, and, as the soldiers bid us halt—'See, we are at our journey's end. Do you know, Jean, I don't think you can be as glad as I am, for you are too big,' looking up at me, 'to feel tired, and I——' the white face and black-rimmed eyes told the rest.

'Poor child! I said pitifully, but he smiled.

'No, not to be pitied now that you have promised. Swear it, will you,' in sudden, anxious tones, even at the very moment that we were entering into the presence of the Officer who held between his hands the question of life or death.

For one little second I paused, for I do not think I ever broke an oath; and then I saw a vision of this delicate, fragile youth, alone, amongst hard strangers and cruel foes, frightened, and I who had always protected him not here to defend him, and 'I swear it,' I said, under my breath, at the same moment that our captor said: 'Spies, Captain.'

At the sound of his voice my thoughts came back to earth, and for the first time Louis' eyes quitted my face, the sight of which seemed to inspire him with courage, and he looked towards the Captain.

He was a young man, not more than thirty, with a fair, kind face—at least, one would have said so had this not been war time, and he not our enemy.

He asked us nothing, but questioned the men where they had found us, what we were doing, &c., ; and then in French to me; 'You know your fate,' he said; 'we have no mercy on *spies*.' He threw such scorn into the word, that I felt the boy at my side shiver as he spoke, that I raised my head, and said: 'Spies, so be it. The name matters little. A soldier has but to obey.'

He did not answer, but turned to the soldiers, and spoke again in German. Then in French: 'To be shot at eight o'clock; at least, those were the only words that reached me, for I was trying to instil courage into my tired, drooping companion by the aid of a pair of steady eyes.

But it was not needed.

'I am not afraid,' he whispered, 'but Monsieur,' to the Officer, speaking very faintly, 'I am very tired—a glass of water,' and then showed such signs of losing consciousness, that the Captain, a half-compassionate look creeping into his eyes, gave another order, and the chain that bound us was loosed.

'He is very young, Monsieur,' I said, 'and had walked many miles for one so delicate before we were captured.'

'Very unfitted for a soldier,' murmured the Captain, looking over papers whilst he spoke, as I knelt on the ground by the boy's side, now and again moistening his lips with water.

'Most unfit,' I said, remembering the reason of his presence here. 'Ah! you are better now,' as with a long sigh he opened his eyes.

'Yes, much better.' And he sat up. 'Monsieur,' to the Captain, his white lips still trembling as he attempted to speak, 'do not think it is fear. I am not the least afraid of death; but I am tired, very tired.'

The officer said nothing, perhaps did not know what to say; but he half turned away, as if he could not quite face the expression of those brown eyes.

'They can sit down outside,' he said. 'Disarm them and guard them, but you need not put on the handcuffs again.' So we sat down, the four soldiers marching up and down, and watched the day break which was to be our last on earth. But even then we were happy; we talked in low whispers of all we had done, all we had intended doing, in the days when we believed a soldier's career was the road to glory. And now—— Well, it was soon over, and we were still together.

'Ah!' he murmured once, 'supposing you had been alone now, and I had had to imagine all this by and by, when I just heard that you were dead.'

'Would you have cared so much?' I asked, just for the sake of seeing the eyes raised to mine, of hearing the voice say: 'It would have killed me, just as surely as will that soldier's

Digitized by Google

bullet; so this is better—I am with you!'

Then out came the Captain, gave an order, and one of the men present departed, and returned with a satisfactory answer apparently, and the officer spoke to me. 'You were sent doubtless to find out what we were doing here. If you had succeeded in your mission you would have done no good, only set your commander's mind at rest, for there,' pointing to a cloud of dust in the distance, 'is the army that occupied this position—they have already left it—on their way to Paris.'

To Paris! My head seemed to swim round at the words. Then, we were defeated, and our regiment that was to have brought the tidings to the main body, had failed in its intent. Perhaps, if I had returned safely, who knows; But here the next sentence I caught in that foreign accent changed the current of my thoughts,

'The boy first.'

Louis lifted himself up at the words, and I rose also. Such a little slight, dusty figure he looked!

'Good-bye; dear Jean,' he said quite firmly, and half lifting his arms. 'Will you embrace me! Permit me,' turning to the soldiers, 'it is for good-bye.' He threw his thin arms round my neck as he spoke and kissed me on either cheek. 'Good-bye, kindest, dearest friend—the separation is not for long.'

I pressed him close to my heart, and then slowly relaxed my hold.

'Farewell,' he said once more, both his hands in mine; and then turning half back as he marched away, 'Do not look Jean.'

But I did: I could not help it. My eyes seemed facinated towards that dark, curly head. Another few moments, and—ah! I cannot bear it! Anything else! I would die twice over rather than this, and there still remained a chance!

Before the two soldiers left with me had time to guess my intention and prevent me, I was by the Captain's side even before he had entered the tent. 'Stop them, stop them!' I cried in breathless, unnatural tones; 'it is my wife!'

At my words the officer paused, looked at me, and then raised his voice and called, and the three figures began retracing their steps.

Some quick questions and answers passed among our captors, but we did not heed them. I was noting the reproachful look in the dark eyes fixed on mine, listening to the low voice saying:

'Ah, Jean, and you promised!'

'I tried, Louis, indeed I tried,' answering the reproachful eyes and pleading voice, 'but it was too hard.'

But at this Louis threw herself on the ground at the feet of this man who held our lives in his hands, and prayed of him with all her strength not to save her.

'I am an orphan and homeless,' she cried, 'I have no one but him. Oh, of your pity, do not send me out into the world alone, I am so young? Ah, Jean, Jean!' pausing in her prayers, 'why did you break your word to me? It is the first time ever since I knew you.'

'She pleads for life?' asked one of the soldiers in his German-French of me.

But before I could reply, 'No, for death,' the Captain made answer. And as he spoke he essayed to move away, but she, still clinging about his feet, prevented him.

'Not yet, not yet,' she cried. 'Ah, what can I say to move you to mercy! It is so little I ask for. We fear nothing, he and I, excepting separation!'

'You shall not be separated,' he said quietly.

'You are good,' she replied, and rose from her knees without another word.

Then we found ourselves seated on the ground outside the tent where we had waited before, the Sergeant standing a little distance off. 'Do not attempt to move,' he said raising a pistol significantly as he spoke.

But we scarce heeded his words; in a few seconds had forgotten his presence, forgotten everything, saving these few moments snatched from death; moments when disguise was no longer needed, when I could put my arm round the slender figure at my side, and draw it closer to me, and hold the small thin hands tightly clasped in mine, whispering the while all the courageous, loving words I could think of.

'He will be sure to keep his word you think, Jean? He looks trustworthy, does he not?' she said once.

'Yes,' I agreed, 'I thought so.' And then we quitted the subject, and talked of ourselves and our love, and of these last sad weeks, and so were unaware of everything else until, looking up suddenly, I saw that the tent had disappeared, and that where the Sergeant had lately been, stood the Captain, holding a horse by the rein. I could see the soldiers moving quickly in the

Digitized by Google

direction where the clouds of dust had discovered the marching feet of their comrades.

As I gazed thus bewildered, the Captain beckoned to us to approach him, beckoned with a hand that held a pistol, and we did so, I with those small hands still clasped in mine.

'Halt!' he said, when we stood within a couple of feet of him. 'I promised you that you should not be separated, and thus I keep my word. The strong can afford to be merciful—you are pardoned.'

And without another word he sprang into the saddle, and rode swiftly away in the brilliant early sunlight, leaving my wife and me standing hand in hand amongst the singing birds, and all the glories of daybreak, with the gift of life to remember him by for evermore.

(Concluded.)

THE OLD BUFFS.

The following is an extract of a letter that appeared in *The Standard* some years ago:—

Sir,

"I read on Saturday some interesting remarks in your paper on the history of the Old Buffs. Allow me to observe that the badge of the Dragon was granted for valour in 1707, and not in 1797 as stated. It was known as the Holland Regiment in 1663. It left Holland in 1666, when it was placed on the English Establishment. It obtained rank as the fourth in 1665, and third in 1689. It was called Prince George of Denmark's Regiment from 1689 till 1708. It was first known as the third Regiment in 1751, which numeral was unfortunately abolished in 1881 together with the changing of the famous buff facings to white. Your passage is somewhat remarkable about The Buffs having been reduced after Waterloo and raised in 1857. The Buffs have never been reduced; their history extends without a break from 1572 to 1886.

"In 1756 a second Battalion was added to The Buffs, in 1758 in became a separate Corps—the 61st Foot—now Second Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment. A second Battalion was raised in 1803 and reduced in 1815. The present Second Battalion, which has just been presented with new colours, was raised in 1857. In conclusion, let me state that the Regiment of Buffs is the most famous Regiment we have, and this is due to the fact of its being the oldest, seeing that it dates back as far as 1572. Amongst the most famous Regiments of the world it ranked as third, and now ranks as second, the famous 'Guards of Pontius Pilate' (Royal Scots) ranking first, and the 'Bulwark of Holland,' (Old 94th), unfortunately reduced in 1818, ranking second."

"I am Sir, Your Obedient Servant,
"August 9th, 1886 "OLD CLIFTONIAN."

ON THE WANDER.

THE FAR EAST REVISITED.

Calcutta left behind; the waveless Indian Ocean crossed; Penang quivering in its summer heat, the advanced post of the Straits, passed; and once again Singapore, with its golden strips of sand, its broad belts of palms, its jungle, and those hillocks—which the inhabitants dignify with the name of hills, but which look such pitiful dust-heaps to an eye used to the great Himalayan fastnesses—rises out of the sea.

Not much changed there since the morning dews rotted the soles off our boots in the long grass of the barrack compound; the same black imps in dug-outs diving for coppers at the landing stage; the same rickety hack-gharry, with the table of fares carefully torn off at the important part; and the same repentant Tommy being marched up the Orchard Road, after a night spent in the Fort Guard-room, by a Lc.-Corpl. and a perspiring escort. The barracks are just as we left them, with the exception of a new billiard-room built over the porch of the Officers' Mess. I noticed the N.-C. O. fishing for sticklebats, in the stream by the big bath-house, who used always to be there in our days, and I also recognised the Reveillé going at 4.30 in the morning—for the inspection was going on and the General was giving the Regiment some little field days in the jungle, like unto those we all remember so well. I was asked if I should not like to get up early and see the march-past and also view those startling novelties the Manual Exercise and the Bayonet Exercise, but I felt that it would remind me too keenly of lost delights left behind in India and so with heroic resolution I remained in bed instead.

The new library, which was building when we left, is now finished and looks bare in its fresh stucco and paint; all the rickety old wooden bridges over the canal have given place to smart iron ones, with the palm tree and lion blazoned

Digitized by Google

on the railings; the new pavilion, a two storied iron building with a huge bar—which however is not a bit too big for the most thirsty colony in the World—and with all the conveniencies in the way of reading-room and bath-rooms, has been built nearer to the sea than the old one; and the reclamation scheme, which is to extend the "plain" another 200 yards into the sea, is in full progress.

What harm Sir Stamford Raffles ever did to Singapore, that would justify the revenge they have taken in caricaturing him after his death, I don't know, but it must have been very deadly. Any way, they have set him up to public ridicule, now, in the midst of the plain, in bronze, with pipe-stem legs six feet in length, and a frown on him that would break a looking-glass.

Those who have energy still bat at the nets, the pallid clerks in many coloured blazers play lawn-tennis, and the mashers still go from carriage step to carriage step and speak soft words to their neighbours' wives; it is still fashionable for the cats to wear a kink in their tails, and it still takes a Caboon and a nurse to take the smallest baby out for a walk; but the place has socially grown bigger and so less friendly and familiar. *On reviend toujours a les premieres amours*; but both in love and in stations it is not always an unqualified success.

Hong-Kong is an old quarter of the 2nd Battn. and I reached it just at the pleasantest time of the Chinese year, the Christmas week. To write of Christmas at Hong-Kong would simply be to chronicle a series of lunches which ran on into dinner-time and of dinners whose end came dangerously near breakfast time. I am afraid it would not interest my readers if I were to tell the many adventures that befel me on Xmas night; how a large dinner party headed by an improvised band marched down and took by sudden assault the house where a rival dinner party was being given; how the combined forces headed by the combined bands gave the neighbours a fine idea of barbaric festivities in the early ages; how in the small hours of the morning the survivors of the band went——but, as I said before, this would not interest the general public.

The 91st Highlanders arrived, in relief, at Hong-Kong just before Xmas Day and were received with much joy by the large Scottish Colony and with great wonderment by the Chinese. "Hi Yah," said all the Chinawomen as the strapping Highlanders, in the kilts, went along the streets. But they didn't please everybody. Hong-Kong has always had a certain number of people who saw harm in everything.

A well intentioned but foolish bishop once thundered from his pulpit against private theatricals; and now some of the ladies have discovered that the kilt should be qualified by trews—or something of the kind—and petitioned the Governor to that offect; but with what result the deponent knoweth not.

The tramway up the peak has the advantage of giving an entirely new sensation. The carriages run on an endless wire rope which is worked by a steam engine at the top of the steep hill and the line, with but one turn, goes right up the hill. Sitting in the carriage as one is whisked up heavenwards, at a surprising acute angle, all the new big houses which are being built high up on the mountain side, seem so out of the perpendicular as to be almost falling, and trees, bridges, everything seem to be leaning back onto the hill for support. The Tytam Reservoir, to which in search of exercise I tramped over the mountain, is considered a wonder amongst waterworks. The engineers have built a dam across the narrow entrance to a gorge and have formed a lake, the water of which is brought through a mountain—the tunneling of which in itself was an engineering feat—is led along the hill side above the city in a many-arched aqueduct, and is stored in reservoirs built half way up the peak. What, however, will always make Tytam Took one of the wonders of the East is the gigantic wall of granite which keeps the deep, dark-blue lake held in the rocky gorge. It is the highest dam in the World, and standing below it in the bed of the dried up torrent, and looking up, the towering mass of grey stone looks, in itself, like a mountain. By a merciful dispensation of providence, Christmas and its festivities cannot last for ever, and even Scotchmen, the most persevering of mortals, cannot make out that New Year's Day extends over more than a week, and so after a fortnights stay, from which I carried away nothing but the pleasantest memories of old friends whose friendship had not cooled with years and the gratification of having made some new and most pleasant acquaintances, I got me once more aboard ship and we ploughed through the Eastern sea, lashed to a grey and white fury by the strong N.W. monsoon, on to the Land of the Rising Sun.

N. N. D.

Digitized by Google

THE CORPORALS.

On the 8th inst. the Corporals had a miniature gymkhana on their own account, the occasion being the celebration of the opening of their new mess-room. The events were Shooting, Corporals *v* Lc.-Corporals, [the full Corporals won by 14 points.] Tug-of-War, Lc.-Corporals *v.* Corporals, [Lc.-Corporals won easily.] The 3rd event came off inside their room and was left drawn, it consisted of singing, smoking, drinking and talking very loud all together.

On the 9th inst., the inauguration meeting of the Corporals under the chairmanship of Sergt.-Major J. W. Cook. The proceedings of the evening opened with the election of officers for the ensuing quarter, followed by propositions for their future comfort &c. &c., after which the health of the Sergt.-Major wife and family was drank with honors, to which the Sergt.-Major rose, thanked the meeting for their kind wishes, and made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion. He then vacated the chair to the newly appointed President, Corpl. Peach for a sing-song, in the midst of which a terrific sand-storm burst, extinguishing the lamps, and filling the rooms and glasses with dust, and during its raging a messenger came in and informed the Sergt.-Major that half of his bungalow had gone in the storm, through which he was compelled to leave. Col.-Sergt. Featherstone soon after joined us, and on being asked to sing, said he was very sorry he could not oblige, but would say a few words instead. He was glad to see so many happy faces together &c., pleased that the Corporals had started in such a satisfactory manner &c., and as the hour was advancing said he would be very pleased if he might be permitted to stand a round (which we need scarcely say was refused) and as his onerous duties suddenly called his presence to the bar, we were left to drink his health without him. The proceedings terminated in the usually jolly manner, and rehearsals for the next are taking place *eveningly*.

XXX.

CAPTAIN HAYES.

On Saturday March 30th, the Regiment was indebted to Capt. Hayes, and his "troupe" for a most enjoyable evening at the Institute. Capt. Hayes whose rising was the signal for general cheering, proceeded to exhibit his magic lantern, the various slides, as well as the lecturers remarks were extremely appreciated—"Ormonde" coming in for great applause—rations were well represented by the English cow and the Indian buffalo' these photos affording many "openings" to the wags at the back of the theatre, amid cries of "walk up the Khansama" and others. An English bull-dog caused great interest, and the large naval element in the Regiment was gratified by some well executed photos of Yacht Racing. At the conclusion the lecturer was most deservedly applauded. The recitation of "Mary Queen of Scots," accompanied with appropriate photographic slides was given with much expression and feeling by Mrs. Hayes, after which the stage was cleared, and the singing began. Mr. Barnes on his banjo, showed what really could be done with that instrument, his playing causing quite a "furore." Mrs. Hayes song "wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket," was sang with much grace; Sergt. Dray sang in his usual inimitable manner; Mrs. Hayes gave us another recitation which was listened to with rapt attention, and Pte. Hills earned a well deserved encore for his song "His Lordship winked at the Council." "Ballyhooly" by Mrs. Hayes, and a banjo duet by Mrs. Hayes and Mr. Barnes brought a most successful evening to a close, and our best thanks are due to Capt. Hayes and his troupe for relieving the monotony of our quarantine life out here at Dum-Dum.

PRIVATE HICKEY.

Yet another lost Regimental legend. Who IS Pte. Hickey of The Buffs ? or what was he rather? Our great contemporary "AllySloper," publishes a letter from a Gunner in the Isle of Wight, in which mention is made of his name in connection with the battle of Waterloo, but then we were'nt at Waterloo ! We all know how lately at Bareilly the gallant 24th shook with laughter at the mention of his name. Can no one enlighten us ?

[Information solicited. Ed.]

Digitized by Google

A LETTER FROM HOME.

I read your appeal for a monthly letter from anybody in the 2nd Battn. and trust ere this that it has been answered by some one in the Corps as surely there must be one amongst such a number who could devote a half hour or two once a month to let you have a little news, but you know Mr. Editor, postage is a serious item, and perhaps he is waiting until it is reduced, or probably the new Infantry drill, particularly the "Fizziekal" part of it is taking up the would be correspondents precious time. You also say that you *sometimes* get a letter from the depot, well now, Mr. Editor this is hardly fair to our energetic Orderly room clerk, who I am positive sends you all sorts of news regularly once a month but still that might go astray between this and India, so to make further sure that you get a few scraps of news I will, with your permission (in addition to the usual from the O. R. C.) send you a few lines every month.

There are several military topics that seem in everyones mouth just now, such as Infantry drill 1889, Thomas' Rations, new bayonet drill, new Royal Warrant, changes on Military Staff, and a dozen or two other trivial matters too numerous to detail.

Now a word or two as regards the Army Reserve, let me advise all of your readers in India who are thinking of coming home this year to join the Reserve, not to do so unless they are *certain* of good employment, there are thousands of people looking for work and cannot get it. I have seen some of the men that came home this season, the first time I saw them, nicely dressed, and quite the swell, next time a marked difference clothes commencing to get seedy, deferred pay all gone, probably had got a wife (plenty to be got here) and not any work, praying for the 1st April to come so that they could get the quarter's reserve pay. Well now I don't pity this man, he could have prolonged his service with the colors no doubt and would have been sure of comfortable quarters &c. for the next four or five years, but no, it is the deferred pay that is the attraction, but why not "take on" and add a little more to it, by monthly instalments in the No. 2 form. One of your smartest men came here the other day and asked for a pass to sell fish round the barracks, the C.O. asked him "why he did not prolong his service," he replied that "he came home to better himself," I fail to see how or in what way he was bettering himself by throwing up his badges, pay as a Private, rations, house, clothing &c., for the off chance of selling a few pence-worth of fish a day. Let your would-be-reserve-men of the coming season think it over during the summer months and take the advice of one who daily sees dozens of very hard-up reserve men.

I notice in one of your recent issues, "Sergt. Butler to be O.R.C. vice Tressler absorbed as a Sergeant," and no doubt a great many of your readers think he has been reverted to Sergeant but no such thing, he is still a full blown Q.M.S. (O.R.C.) and draws his 4s. a day. Col.-Sergt. Judd, an old 1st Battalion man, leaves to-morrow to take up the appointment of Sergeant Instructor to the Sittingbourne (E) Company of the 1st Volunteer Battalion The Buffs. There is a very fair sprinkling of Buff Instructors on the Volunteers in Kent now. Col.-Sergt. Sweet at Rolvenden. Col.-Sergt. Marshall at Ashford, Col.-Sergt. Robinson at Dover, Sergt. Hill at Horsemonden, Col.-Sergt. W. Smith at Cranbrook Col.-Sergt. Woodcraft at New Romney and Pensioner Q.M.S. Flawn at Staplehurst, the Adjutants of the two Battalions are also Buffs.

Yours Faithfully,

OLD BUFF.

Thanks, and only just in time. Please send earlier in future. We have not enough space for the lot, but will insert next 'mahina.'—[EDITOR.

NOTES AND NEWSPAPER CUTTINGS ON SIKKIM AND TIBET.

An expedition into Sikkim, under Colonel Gawler, in January, 1861, met with but little resistance, and terminated in a treaty, dictated by the Viceroy of India and signed by the Rajah of Sikkim on the 16th April of that year. The route then taken was from Darjeeling down the Lebong spur, crossing the Rungeet at 800 feet sea level on a bamboo bridge constructed in full view of the enemy; then via Mikh, coming in contact with the enemy at Namchi; Thence following the course of the Teesta to the Chola pass 14550 feet high, where, not wishing to offend the Tibetans by crossing their frontier, the expedition stopped, no tents were taken on this occasion and the health of the men was excellent. Gawler writes, 'I am informed that the Chola pass is practicable almost all the year round, when the rains begin it will be quite clear of snow, and will remain so for five or six months. The country on the other side of the pass is not sub-

Digitized by Google

ject to the heavy summer or hot weather rains. It is described as undulating like that at the foot of the hills, covered with long grass, and almost devoid of timber. Chambi is described as a large city, with bazaars, it is in the Tibet territory on the Rido Chu river no great distance from the Chola and Jalepla passes. The roads are described as very good, a carriage can be driven from Chambi to Shapa, and you can ride by either route from Darjeeling over these passes to Chambi.

The Rajah of Sikkim was always under Lama influence and used to live at Chambi, although it was out of his territory, so the 22nd para of the above quoted treaty bound him to live nine months in his own territory instead of in Thibet.

Our probable route is as follows:—

By train and steam ferry to Siligoree, then by route march.

The following itinerary has been made by enquiring from an intelligent native and consulting an ordinance map of a certain age, since when, there has been much change. and I should not be the least surprised to find a march had been omitted, or the halts made it more convenient places.

Huts here I believe—Lubook 12 miles.

Through forest of oak and magnolia often covered with moss and dripping with moisture round the base of Tiger and Senchall hills to Rung. Place and river, 11 miles.

Sometimes along the mountain ridge parallel with the river and then down to the Teesta bridge 710 feet now a suspension, instead of a cane arrangement, then up to 3930 feet to Bungalow and Bazaar at Kalimpon 12 miles.

32nd Native Infantry at Pedang an elevation of 4760 feet 13 miles.

Cross Rushett Chu river on wooden bridge at 2030 feet and rise to about 5260 at ridge. Four guns mountain B. 9-1 R.A. and two Companies Goorkhas, Rhenok 7 miles.

Cross Rougli Chu river on wooden bridge at 2590 feet to 5770 Lingtam, 11 miles.

Very stiff to 9060 feet, Jeluk, 8 miles.

Passing Lingtu fort to Gnathong, 6 miles.

Chambi 15 miles. Lhassa 15 marches.

Of the flora of Sikkim a recent article in the *Englishman* mentions twelve species of bamboos, these afford fodder for the mules and ponies, the sal, magnolia, toon, seven sorts of oaks, four chesnuts, several fir trees, twenty-four rhododendrons, five cinnamons, alders, walnuts, screw-pines, citrons, limes, wormwood, seven species of cane, including the common cane familiar to youth, fourteen kinds of raspberries, ferns innumerable, including the tree-fern, orchids, shrubs, and most European fruits and cereals. The scenery will therefore vary greatly according to elevation.

The rivers have plenty of mahseer in them. In Hume and Marshall and Kinlocks' works, and those of other India shikarees you will find accounts of the fauna of Sikkim and Tibet, and it may be taken for granted that you will meet with chikor and pheasants and musk-deer, but in a hostile country one can seldom leave camp for sporting purposes. Of domestic animals we shall see the noble yak and the Tibet dog an animal of great fierceness and strength.

The elevation of Gnathong is 12030 feet. At about 12700 feet trees and vegetation disappear on these high elevations. Looking at our map we see a great number of small lakes or ponds on the Sikkim side of the boundary just beyond the limit of fuel, resting on a sort of terrace after crossing which the final effort to reach the passes is made.

There seems to be four passes, all rather close to each other, the Chola pass, by itself, and paths to the other three, leading from Gnathong. Huts for Officers and men have been built at Gnathong by the Derbyshire, and also a pond made for skating. The garrison of Gnathong consists of four Coys. of the 88th Regt., two Companies of the Goorkhas, two guns 9-1 R.A. besides the detachments mentioned elsewhere, there are two Companies of the 13th Native Infantry at Pithian, and at Gantong copper mines two Companies of the 13th Native Infantry, but I cannot find these two last mentioned places on my map.

We may expect a long stay at Gnathong during the rains which are far heavier in Sikkim than in any other Indian hill district, and the violence of the thunder storms is something phenominal, as soon as the rains cease the keen

Digitized by Google

cold winds begin, and we shall require the Balaclava caps to keep the skin on our faces and Cardigan jackets and mitteens to keep out the cold.

My experience of high elevations is that you put on all you have to go to bed and even then cannot sleep at night on account of the cold

Wilson in his "Abode of Snow" describes the Tibetans and their filthy customs, amongst others polyandry, they evidently consider that water is meant for drinking and not for washing, they are governed by Lamas, who are priests and monks, the country is covered with monasteries and nunneries, they delight in praying machines which are often worked by wind-mills, or water-mills, or by the hand, the universal prayer is "Oh the Jewel of the Lotus!" the meaning of which has always been a matter of speculation.

The common people of Tibet are I believe in favour of our opening up the country, but the Lamas fearing to lose their revinues and their hold upon the pockets and minds of the people, will not allow any strangers in Tibet, it is the Chinese policy over again, and China behind Tibet, trying to keep the trade routes closed.

How bigotted and ignorant must be the governing body, who think they can resist the power of India for an hour.

In 1861 they built "Booby traps" as they were called, for the benefit of the British expedition, platforms of bamboos, upon which rested enormous pieces of rock suspended by ropes over precipitous paths. Tibetans with heavy knives stood ready to cut the ropes at a favourable opportunity, which never came, as the advanced guards always detected the booby traps, and the watchers in time. The Tibetans will I fancy allow us few opportunities of improving our acquaintance. An eminent military man said, the well armed, well shod, well fed and disciplinad British soldier is a match for a savage anywhere. In bush fighting as in all other, the considerations are moral and physical.

A savage prefers the bush because he would rather not meet his foe in the open. To induce him to fight it is a *sine quâ non* that he should have large odds of some description on his side, and this he generally tries to effect by being in concealment himself, while his foe is exposed, his fondest wishes are therefore thoroughly gratified by on Officer who when attacked keeps his men outside the bush, but if the Officer turns the discipline of his men to account, and dashes with them into the bush, the necessary fighting odds of the savage are at once reduced and the soldier is every moment on more even terms with him. There is a proverb "Two men can't stop in the same bush" *i. e.* if one persists in coming in, the other had better go out, it may require a moral effort for men in the open or on a path to dash at a concealed enemy. but consideration and practice will prove its soundness and efficacy.

Even superior numbers of savages will run for they lack the dependence on one another which discipline bestows.

As to the physical considerations, it is a mistake to suppose that a savage can run like a rabbit through miles of underwood as thick as a quickset edge, he will hide himself in such from a pursuit, or he will, if the chance be given him, waylay you with great sense and judgment from behind a narrow strip of almost impenetrable thicket, but he has crept there from some neighbouring path, and a general dash at it soon reveals some practicable holes, as well as where it terminates and the savages run by the clearest route to avoid being caught in their own trap.

The savage dislikes having his clothes or skin torn quite as much as the European.

Wolseley's pocket book, page 300 to 302 contains much the same advice.

The intellectual part of bush tactics is only the exercise of the animal instincts and intellegence which the uneducated savage possesses, and with a little practice, where should be found men more apt for border raid, or hunting craft by lake and wood than the countrymen of Robin Hood or bold Rob Roy.

DUM-DUM & THE OUTRAM INSTITUTE,

Colonel Duff of the Bengal Artillery who laid out the Cantonment, was popularly known as Tiger Duff; this sobriquet originated in a story (for the truth of which the writer cannot vouch) that Duff coming out from the Mess Bungalow late one night, was met on the verandah by a tiger on the prowl, the beast sprung upon him, but Duff seizing it by the jaws, by main force, tore its jaws asunder.—Well all we can say is that the muscular development of the Bengal tiger of

Digitized by Google

those days was inferior to what it usually is now—or that Duff was a second SAMSON, and rather more ! for the original Samson's feat was mild as compared to this, in his case he met a *young* lion on his way to Timnah, "and he rent him as he would have rent a kid." Samson was an awkward customer to quarrel with, and so I should think was Duff, a veritable lion he must have been, *peace to his manes.*

Dum-Dum was given up as an Artillery Station in 1856, the head quarters of the Artillery Regiment having removed to Meerut, and in 1860, the fine Mess-house of the Regiment was purchased by Government from the Officers, and was converted into an Institute and Reading room for the Officers and soldiers of the garrison and the residents of the Station, and called the "Outram Institute," as a memorial of the gallant Sir James Outram, the Bayard of India *Sans peur et sans reproche.* The establishment of the institute was largely due to Sir James Outram's iufluence, for in him the British soldier had a true friend. "He was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again." When thirty-one years ago the writer first landed in India, it was his privelege to make the acquaintance of this fine old soldier with all his blushing honor thick upon him, for though British supremacy had been re-established, and Delhi, Lucknow and Cawnpore had been avenged, the muttering thunder of the Mutiny was still reverberating along the forest covered hills, and rocky fastnesses of Central India and Bundelcund, and many a hard fought engagement had still to be gone through, many a long weary march and night attack to be carried out before the country was safe and tranquil. Six years after. it was his melancholy lot to stand amongst the vast and sorrowing crowd who watched the hero's coffin lowered to its last resting place in the hallowed shades of Westminster Abbey.

"The Good Knight is dust, his sword is rust,
And his soul is with the Saints we trust."

Fifty-six years ago when Dum-Dum was the head-quarters of the Bengal Artillery, and Barrackpore was a much more important Military station than now, and the province of Bengal had been at peace since the battle of Plassey, a little war arose within a few hours ride of Calcutta, and a mahomedan fanatic raised the standard of rebellion within sound of the Artillery practice ground at Dum-Dum. One Teetoo Meer (or Titu Miyan), a mahomedan of this district, returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina where he met with *Syud Ahmud*, the founder of the Indian sect of mahomedan puritans termed Wahábis, after Abdul Waháb, the first teacher of this doctrine. Teetoo on his return preached the new doctrine, and as a symbol ordered all the mahomedans who adhered to it to wear beards of a certain length and pattern. The Hindu zemindars whose ryots the men were thereupon imposed a tax on beards ! at the rate of one rupee and four annas per head.

The mahomedan ryots resisted this impost and Teetoo Meer, at the head of a large body of armed peasantry, commenced a tour of *loot* and reprisals on all the hindu zemindars. One of first to suffer was Kishto Persad Ray Zemindar of Poorah, and this was followed up by a series of outrages on person and property. Flushed with success, Teetoo Meer defied the Civil authorities of the District whose barkandauzes, police and revenue peons were powerless : erected a mud fort and stockade at Narcoolberiah, about 20 miles north-east from Dum-Dum and proclaimed his intention of driving the British out of Bengal. The authorities finding the matter serious, called in the aid of the Military and on the 14th November 1831, a detachment of tha Calcutta Militia was sent out against the rebels.

In the meantime the rebellion had been gaining strength, and the whole of the country north and east of Calcutta lay at the mercy of the rebels Those villages that refused to acknowledge Teetoo's divine mission to extinguish the English rule and re-establish the Mahomedan power, were sacked and burnt, Hindu priests were murdered, cows slaughtered and the temples defiled with their blood. Even those of their co-religionists who refused to join their sect were severely dealt with—being killed and plundered and their daughters transferred to the harems of the leaders of the rebels.

When the detachment of Calcutta Militia appeared before their stockade, the rebels refused all parley, and poured out from their fort to the attack. The officer in command of the troops, believing that they would be easily frightened,

Digitized by Google

and desirous to save bloodshed, foolishly ordered his men to load with blank cartridge, and received the advancing rebels with a harmless volley—the result being that his force was immediately cut to pieces.—The day following, some re-inforcements being received, the Magistrate made another attempt with the aid of a number of Europeans mounted on elephants. Teetoo, however met them at the head of about a thousand men. charged them, and utterly routed them, driving them back to their boats, and cutting down all those who did not retreat fast enough.

It was now found necessary to have recourse to a strong force of regular troops, and a Regiment of Native Infantry from Barrackpore, two field guns of the Bengal Artillery with a troop of Horse Artillery from Dum-Dum, and a detachment of the Governor-General's Body Guard from Calcutta, advanced against the rebels. Teetoo and his men disdaining the cover of their entrenchment met the English force, in the open plain, carrying as a standard, suspended from a pole, the mangled corpse of one of the Europeans killed in the previous day's engagement.

A blank cartridge was fired from one of the field guns which had the effect of stimulating their courage, for Teetoo informed his followers that he had *swallowed the shot.* A stubborn engagement ensued, the rebels were driven back into their entrenchment, the position was carried by storm, Teetoo Meer, and most of the leaders being slain; only thre hundred and fifty survived.

It is related that the village barbers had a fine harvest, for all those who escaped the slaughter and got away had their beards shaved off at once to avoid detection, the wily Hindu shavers charging three and four rupees for the operation.

Thus ended the last local Mahomedan outbreak in Lower Bengal until the dark days of the Mutiny of 1857.

R. C. S.

A GROUNDLESS SCARE.

Complaint from the Refreshment Room Wallah.

Oh what shall I do for fresh eggs, cheese and butter,
The Bosses wont let me go into Calcutta,
The Tommies are grousing and swearing they're starving
For want of the suppers I sell for a farthing,
I cannot go myself, nor yet send a follower, for
Fear of importing the seeds of the cholera.
Chorus. Seeds of the cholera,
Tol de roll ollera,
For fear of importing the seeds of the cholera.

Complaint from the Buckshee.

If it weren't so annoying it would be too funny
To think of the straits we are put to for money,
I can't go in, in my gharry so leisurely
To bring out the requisite oof from the treasury,
I really can't go in to fetch out a dollar
For fear I should carry the seeds of the cholera.
Chorus. Seeds of the cholera &c.

Complaint from the Musketry Camp.

Oh this sort of amusement is getting monotonous.
To live out in tents with the sun shining hot on us,
We're roasted and boiled, till we go near to bursting
For blood and for pegs we're alternately thirsting,
For the blood of the idiots who make life intolera-
Ble, all because they're afraid of the cholera &c.

Chorus. Seeds of the cholera.

ODE.

She sat upon her dhobi
To watch the evening star,
And all the punkahs as they passed
Cried "My how fair you are."

Beside her bower with quivering leave,
The tall khansamahs grew
And khitmitgars in wild festoons
Hung down from chokis blue.

Beneath her home, the river ran
With soft melodious sound,
Where golden-finned chupprassis swam,
In myriads circling ronnd,

Now when on loftiest branches near
The ayah perched alone,
The mussuck warbled all night long
With melancholy tone.

And where the purple nullahs threw
Their shadow far and wide,
The silvery gharry-wallahs flew
In silence o'er the tide.

Digitized by Google

The little bhisti's twittering cry
Rose on the fragrant air,
And oft' the angry jampan howled
Deep in his hateful lair.

She sat upon her dhobi,
She heard the nimuck hum,
Till suddenly the cry arose,
"The cumerbund has come."

In vain she fled—with open jaws,
The fatal monster followed,
And so before assistance came,
That lady fair was swallowed.

TEMPERANCE.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.

Some few weeks back, it was stated that in 12 months Total Abstinence would disappear entirely from the Regiment. This we look upon as absurd, for we feel that the Total Abstinence cause never had brighter prospects in this Regiment, when we see our gallant Colonel, Major Reeves, our popular Adjutant, and other Officers taking such a kindly interest in our welfare. Besides, there are men in the 1st Battn. The Buffs, who, while they have life, will never allow Total Abstinence to entirely disappear.

We have sent the names of our officers for next quarter, also our "Good of the Order" programme.

A. W. Marlow,
"Hope and Perseverance" Lodge, I. O. G. T.

OFFICERS FOR QUARTER.

Bro. A. W. Marlow, Chief Templar
„ J. Broom, Vice Templar
„ T. Ward, Superintendent Juvenile Temple
„ J. Smith, Secretary
„ F. Palmer, Treasurer
„ S. Underhill, Financial Secretary
„ J. Henniker, Marshal
„ A. Rose, Chaplain
„ J. Williams, Guard
„ Spickett, Sentinel
„ Dungey, Assistant Secretary
„ Alderson, Deputy Marshal
„ Parfitt, Past Chief Templar
„ F. Hunt, Deputy Grand Chief Templar.

"GOOD OF THE ORDER" PROGRAMME.

May 1st. Installation of officers, and reports of retiring officers.
„ 3rd. Who shall be Chief Templar.
„ 8th. Lodge Drill and Ode Practice, Chief Templar responsible.
„ 15th. Bros. Alderson, Henniker and Staples responsible.
„ 17th. Lodge officered by young members.
„ 22nd. Bro. Underhill responsible.
„ 24th. Question Box.
„ 29th. Pound night.
„ 31st. Experience night, why I became a Good Templar.
June 5th Bro. Marlow responsible.
„ 7th. Our Obligation, what it says, and what it means.
„ 12th. Bros. Williams, Broom and Sayers responsible.
„ 19th. Bros. T. Ward and F. Hunt responsible.
„ 21st. Surprise night.
„ 26th. Bros. Parfitt, Alderson and Henniker responsible.
„ 28th. Temperance Tit-Bits, each member to contribute.
July 3rd. Pound night and social evening.
„ 5th. Impromptu speeches.
„ 10th. Bros. Spickett and Parfitt responsible
„ 17th. Bros. Broom and Williams responsible
„ 19th. Lottery question box.
„ 24th. Officers to entertain.
„ 26th. Letters from far and near,
„ 31st. Election of new cabinet.

MOTTO FOR QUARTER.
"NIL DESPERANDUM."

CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, THE BUFFS' BRANCH.

A meeting of the members of the above Society took place on Thursday evening the 18th inst. in the Garrison Prayer Room, Dum-Dum, for the purpose of electing Officers and transacting business connected with the Society, and the following members were elected to the respective offices:

President, Lce.-Corpl. E. Kent,
Vice President, Lce.-Sergt. S. J. Underhill,
Secretary. Pte. E. A. Beilby,
Treasurer. Pte. W. H. Eli,

Digitized by Google

This Society has been sadly neglected, on account of the move of the Regiment from Ranikhet to Bareilly and Lucknow and thence to Dum-Dum. But now we are settled down once more, it is to be hoped that it will increase and improve in every way, and there is every reason to expect it will.

On the occasion of the meeting for election of Officers, it was resolved that an entertainment be given on Tuesday evening the 23rd inst. at 9. p. m., after the business of the Society was finished, and it turned out a perfect success, nearly all the members being present.

Our much respected Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. H. D. Harrison, honored the Society with his presence at the entertainment, also the Rev. T. B. Speedy, Mrs. Speedy and two other ladies. Lieut.-Col. Harrison addressed the meeting, and in the course of his remarks said that repeated invitations to these temperance gatherings would result in his being "CAUGHT" and almost compelled to join the Temperance cause.

If however, Col. Harrison was one of its oldest members, he could not possibly take a warmer interest in the well being and comfort of the Total Abstinence portion of the Regiment he Commands than he does now.

The Rev. T. B. Speedy then presented the honours to those entitled to them, and afterwards addressed the meeting. Thanks are due to Sergt. Underhill for the way the room was prepared, which was all that could be desired. At present the room is very small, but the building is being repaired and two rooms are converted into one.

Refreshments were provided by the Society, and songs were given by members according to the following programme:—

Song..... Hail Victoria ...Lc.-Sergt. Underhill
,, ... The Midshipmite .....Pte. Woodhatch
,, Tell me Mother where is Minnie ...Pte. [Worthington
,, ... Jack's Yarn..... Pte. E. A. Beilby
,, ... Rather ..... ,, H. Ford
,, ... Gathering primroses in the dell ...Pte. [Fletcher.

Each of the above members also sang an *encore* song, and the meeting terminated at 11 p.m. after a very pleasant evening's enjoyment.

REGIMENTAL BRANCH OF THE A. T. A.

This branch of the Association, under the patronage of Lieut.-Colonel H. D. Harrison, and able management of its President, Pte. W. Littlemore, continues to add to its numerical strength, and is one of the strongest branches of the Association.

The monthly meeting was held on the 8th instant. After the usual business was gone through, Lieut.-Colonel H. D. Harrison presented the Honors to the members, giving a few words of encouragement to each man as he came forward.

Association Medal—Pte. G. A. Piper,

Committee Men Stars—Lce.-Corpl. J. Smith, Pte. H. Lovesay, Corpl. T. Ward.

Three years Star—Pte. H. Bush.

Two Years Bar—Lce.-Sergt. J. Underhill.

One Years Medal—Sergt. Laing, Ptes. Clarke, Gilbert, Moore, Taylor, Gray, Raines, Kingsford, and Blockley.

Six months' Card of Honor—Dr. Cullen, Ptes. Keefe, Beck, Ovenden, King, Dartnell, Spinner, Caffery, Carlton, Burt, Towers, Palmer, Hunt and Lce.-Corpl. Moon.

After the distribution of Honors, Lieut.-Col. H. D. Harrison addressed the members, saying how pleased he was to see the Society progressing so well, he said he was not a Total Abstainer himself, yet he hoped the members would regard him as a friend of the Society, as he would do anything he could to help them in the work.

On Friday the 12th inst., the half-yearly election of Officers took place, when the following were elected to serve for the ensuing half year.

President—Corpl. T. Ward, Elected.
Secretary—Pte. G. Lipscombe, Re-elected.
Treasurer— ,, F. G. Greenslade, Re-elected,
Librarian— ,, E. O. Lake, Elected.

COFFEE BAR COMMITTEE.

Lce.-Corpl. J. G. Smith, Ptes. W. Leek, and W. Littlemore.

Digitized by Google

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Ptes. F. Hunt, E. A. Beilby, W. H. Eli, J. Foster, T. Tennant.

SICK COMMITTEE.

Ptes. Spickett, A. Keable, J. Henniker.

Strength of Association at the end of the half year :

"A"	Company.	36	Members.
"B"	,,	35	,,
"C"	,,	44	,,
"D"	,,	32	,,
"E"	,,	42	,,
"F"	,,	30	,,
"G"	,,	44	,,
"H"	,,	44	,,
Band and Drums		13	,,
Total	...	320	

OPENING OF THE NEW TEMPERANCE ROOM.

A very pleasant evening was spent by the members of the Army Temperance Society on Monday, 8th inst. The occasion was the opening of the new Temperance-room, which had formerly been the Canteen, and we Temperance members were very pleased to see that it was fuller that night than it had ever been when it was the Canteen. The room was very nicely got up; the recitations were very appropriate and well rendered, the songs well sung, everyone joined heartily in the choruses, and when it was all over we felt we had enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

The programme, which was drawn out owing to the number of encore songs, began with an overture by the band, and then Pte. Hills gave us two capital songs which he sang very well. The recitation "A Temperance Meeting" showed us how the reformed drunkard brought happiness to himself and his family, formerly made wretched by his intemperate ways; Pte. Castleman gave us a step dance with his usual skill, Pte. Fletcher followed with a good song in "The Diplomatic Band," and Pte. Worthington sang a pretty song called "A Lonely Christmas Night," and then Pte. A. W. Pryce gave an amusing recitation in which an intemperate lover was cut out by a sober rival and the first part was brought to a conclusion by two comic songs well rendered by Pte. Stevens.

During the fifteen minutes interval Col. H. D. Harrison presented Honours to those members who had earned them, and then said a few words about his own experience of the bad effect of drink. Told us that every "peg" drunk was a peg in our coffins. The Rev. Borrodale Speedy and Major Reeves were also called upon for speeches.

The second part of the programme consisted entirely of songs. Pte. Harding led off with "The Butcher Boy" for which he received an encore, Pte. Worthington sang well "The Stowaway" and "The Two Orphans," and Pte. Hills gave two more good songs in "His Lordship Winked at The Counsel" and Michael Schnider's Party," Pte. Littlemore brought the programme to an end with two songs and after "God Save The Queen Empress" had been played we despersed just at midnight having spent a most enjoyable evening.

DEPOT NEWS.

On the 23rd February, 1889, at Annerville, Clonmel, the Hon. Mrs. Parnell, of a daughter.

Col.-Sergt. B. Judd has been selected to fill a vacancy for a Sergeant Instructor, shortly to occur in the Sittingbourne Company, 1st Volunteer Battalion.

54 Recruits are to be sent from Depôt on the 1st April to join the 2nd Battn. at Dover.

Lieut. W. H. Booth joined the School of Musketry at Hythe on 1st March, for a course of instruction.

Pensions have been awarded to the undermentioned N.-C.-O's and men recently discharged :

Sergt.	J. Gleeson,	2/3 per day.
,,	W. White,	1/10½ ,,
Pte.	P. Hubbert,	1/1 ,,
,,	A. Claydon,	1/1 ,,
,,	W. Crocket,	1/1 ,,
,,	C. Fisher,	1/1 ,,

The 2nd Battn. The Buffs are under orders to proceed to Woolwich there to be stationed, and the move will shortly take place.

Digitized by Google

MUSKETRY.

The following proposed scheme of distribution of money prizes for the Musketry Season 1889-90 of the Battalion has been sanctioned by the Brigadier-General Commanding Presidency District:

1000 Men at 2/6 each, £125. 0. 0.

	£	s.	d.
A. To 10 per cent of best shots of each Company, Band or Party of 50 or more casuals including attached men, 100 at 10s each,	50	0	0
B. To best shot of each Company or party of 50 or more casuals including Band, in addition to 10s received in *A.* 9 at £2	18	0	0
C. To best shot of Battalion in addition to £2. 10. 0. already received	1	10	0
D. To next best shot of Company or party of casuals (as in *b*) to which best shot of Battalion belonged, in addition to 10s already received	2	0	0
E. To best shot of full Sergts. of each Company or party of casuals (as in *b*) provided his score is not less than the lowest included in 10 per cent. 9 at £1	9	0	0
F. To best section of each Company or party of casuals (as in *b*) in *e* & *f* Field Practices combined, say 16 in each section at 3s each £2 8 0 Section Commander 10s 9 sections at £2. 18. 0.	26	2	0
G. To best section of Battalion in (*l*) rapid volleys, say 16 in each section at 5s each £4 Section commander 10s	4	10	0
H. To best section of Battalion in (*f*) volley firing, say 16 in each section at 5s each, £4 Section commander 10s.	4	10	0
I. To best shot of each Company or party of casuals (as in *b*) in (*c*) moving target 9 at 10s each	4	10	0
L. To best shot of each Company or party of casuals (as in *b*) in (*g*) vanishing target 9 as 10s each	4	10	0
	124	12	0
To meet contingencies ...		8	0
	£125	0	0

SHOOTING MATCH. 'C' *v.* 'G.'

The above match took place on the 13th inst., teams of 10 N. C. O's. and men.

The shooting on the whole was very fair, some good individual scores being made on both sides, the match was keenly contested by both teams.

C Company at first had the advantage, and led at 500 yards by 13 points, but G Companies' superiority came to the front at 600 yards, and they eventually won by 19 points, but I think that had the rules of the match been a little less rigorous, C Company would in all probability have won. Below are the scores:

'G' COMPANY.		'C' COMPANY.	
Col.-Sergt. Watts,	81	Pte. Marshall,	82
Pte. Boyles,	81	,, Richards,	76
Corpl. Ward,	80	,, Pierce,	73
Sergt-Major Cook,	74	,, Walker,	72
Pte. Moon,	74	,, Wilson,	70
,, Newing,	67	,, Patterson,	67
Lc.-Cpl. McKeating,	64	Col.-Sergt. Butler,	64
Sergt. Laing,	60	Pte. Hartley,	62
,, Jesshope,	55	Sergt. Dray,	56
Q.-M.-S. Nicholas,	47	Pte. Towers,	42
Total	683	Total	664

A shooting match took place on the Rifle Range on the 25th March between Pte. E. Smith *(Smiler)* and Pte. Thomas Boyles *(Paddy)* for ~~Rs~~ 5 a side—Smiler was the challenging party, and won by 3 points.

The conditions were 10 rounds at 200 yards, Smiler to receive 6 points—Smith made 39, and Boyles 42.

CHALLENGES.

Pte. T. Boyles 'G' Company The Buffs, hereby challenges anyone of the Battalion (except those who were in the Regimental team on the 25th March,) to fire at 200 and 800 yards, for 50 to 100 ~~Rs~~ a side. Seven rounds to be fired at each distance, with one sighting shot at each range. Wimbledon targets to be used, and a pull-off between 6 and 8 lbs.

Hearing so much of the Tennis playing abilities of M. Tlabot of Woolwich, a gentleman is willing to back G. Eaton of Whitechapel, for ~~Rs~~ 200, or as much money as Talbot can find.

Man and money ready to be seen at the office of this paper.

N. B.—Talbot is requested to answer this challenge before his departure for Sikkim.

Digitized by Google

REGIMENTAL ITMS.

Lieut. A. R. Eustace took over Command and payment of Letter "F" Company from the 12th inst.

Lieut. A. L. Bell took over Command and payment of Letter "D" Company from the 15th inst.

Lieut. F. D. J. Annesley and Sergt. A. Jesshope proceeded to Pachmari on the 19th inst., to join a class of Musketry Instruction.

The undermentioned Officers successfully passed, on the 22nd February, 1889, for promotion to the rank of Major:—

Capt. H. Blackburn.
,, G. V. Dauglish.

2nd Lieut. J. J. Haslar has been granted general leave of absence to Darjeeling on medical certificate.

Privilege leave of absence on private affairs to Belgaum was granted to Lieut. L. G. N. Eales from 15-4-89, to 13th June 1889.

The following appointments and promotions have been made.—

Col.-Sergt. A. H. Tomsett, Paymaster-Sergt. on probation.
Sergt. T, Hoar, probationary Col.-Sergeant to Letter "H" Company.
Sergt. M. Talbot, Col.-Sergt. E Company, 3-3-89.
Lc.-Sergt. C. Martin, Sergeant, 21st Feb., 1889.
,, E. Keeler, Sergeant, 3rd March, 1889.
,, J. Laing, ,, 6th March, 1889.
,, W. Hunt ,, ,, ,, ,,
,, A. Stonebridge, paid Lc.-Sergt., 21st Feb., '89.
,, S. Underhill ,, ,, 2nd March, 1889.
,, W. Winstanley ,, ,, 6th ,, ,,
Corpl. C. Peters ,,
,, C. Carnell ,,
Lc.-Corpl. T. Greenland Corporal 21st Feb., 1889.
,, W. A. Donnelly ,, 2nd March, 1889.
,, W. Tozer ,, 6th ,, ,,
,, T. Higgins ,, ,, ,,
,, J. Mansfield Paid Lc.-Corpl. 21st Feb., 1889
,, G. Moon ,, 3rd March, ,,
,, A. H. Baker ,, 6th ,, ,,
,, J. Davis ,, ,, ,, ,,
Pioneer R. Hannaford appointed Lc.-Corpl., 18-4-89.

The undermentioned men embarked for England on 30th March, 1889 for transfer to the Army Reserve:—

246, Pte. W. Pardy
103, ,, J. Kingdon.

No, 983, Pte. A. W. Pryce changed his name on the 15th inst. to Albert William Marlow.

2nd class Armourer Sergeant Peter Rowles was promoted 1st class Armourer Sergeant in the Corps of Armourers with effect from 13th February, 1889.

Lance-Corporal G. H. T. Sale joined the Battalion on transfer from 2nd Dragoon Guards, with effect from 31-3-89, and has been permitted to retain his stripe.

The undermentioned men embarked for England on the 16th ult., and are struck off the strength of the Battalion,—

1873, Pte. G. Hollland (Ducthy)
1646, ,, H. Peters.
170, ,, W. Powell
38, ,, C. Nash.

Cooking prizes for the year have been awarded as under:

Letter	A	Company,	Pte.	Sewell 1st
			,,	Cozens 2nd
,,	B	,,	,,	Mansfield 1st
			,,	Ryan 2nd
,,	C	,,	,,	Dyke 1st
			,,	Haines 2nd
,,	D	,,	,,	Ball 1st
			,,	Connolly 2nd
,,	E	,,	,,	Taylor 1st
			,,	Webb 2nd
,,	F	,,	,,	Slattery 1st.
			,,	Smith 2nd
,,	G	,,	,,	McGirr 1st
			,,	Heath 2nd
,,	H	,,	,,	Evans 1st
			,,	Copeland 2nd

The Station of Dum-Dum was placed out of bounds from the 24th March, 1889 to the 13th April, 1889, owing to a slight outbreak of cholera; in consequence of which the Musketry Detachment of the Leinster Regiment (Band and Casuals) was prevented from returning to Fort William for several days, after having completed their annual course.

Lieut. E. C. M. Parry was appointed Station Staff Officer at Dum-Dum on the 28th ult.

Col.-Sergt. H. E. Featherstone has been appointed permanent Superintendent of Issues.

Captain H. Blackburn performed the duties of Regimental Paymaster from 26th ult. until 13th inst., while Captain G. H. Chippindall was on the sick list and on leave.

Digitized by Google

The undermentioned men are entitled to Good Conduct Pay, at rates and from dates as specified :—

2232	Pte.	J. Beills,	1*d*	2-3-89
1547	,,	C. A. Burton.	1*d*	26-3-89
2237	,,	R. C. Clegg,	1*d*	8-3-89
2246	,,	W. G. Hanger,	1*d*	18-3-89
2250	,,	J. Jones,	1*d*	28-3-89
1989	,,	G. Lipscombe,	4*d*	19-3-89
634	,,	J. Whale,	1*d* rest.	20-3-89
234	Lce.-Cpl.	A. H. Baker,	2*d*	29-3-89
182	Pte.	A. Croxson,	2*d*	13-1-89
2034	Lce.-Cpl.	O. Kendal,	1*d*	21-1-89
462	Pte.	R. Blaber,	1*d* rest.	8-3-89
2428	,,	G. Kent,	2*d*	24-2-89
1558	,,	S. Barrett,	1*d*	22-2-89
730	,,	A. C. Cheeseman,	2*d*	4-1-89
756	,,	W. Clifton,	2*d*	3-3-89
771	Lce.-Cpl.	P. Edwards,	2*d*	30-3-89
1637	Pte.	F. Kingsford,	1*d*	11-3-89
1688	,,	T. Muldoon,	2*d* rest.	8-3-89
470	,,	A. Parfitt,	1*d*	7-3-89
1298	,,	J. Fletcher,	1*d*	11-1-89
1372	,,	T. Hammond,	1*d*	15-3-89
1691	,,	J. Lynch,	3*d*	19-11-88
1269	,,	R. Coughlin,	1*d*	1-3-89
1696	,,	G. Manser,	1*d*	12-2-89
1839	,,	T. Murry,	4*d*	23-12-88
764	Lce.-Cpl.	W. King,	2*d*	4-4-89
2272	Pte.	T. Knight,	1*d*	15-4-89
777	,,	J. Attaway,	2*d*	25-4-89
1044	,,	W. Smith,	1*d*	24-12-88
776	,,	H. Suckling,	2*d*	18-4.89
2234	,,	A. F. Avery,	1*d*	4-3-89
624	,,	J. Jackson,	1*d*	8-4-89
840	,,	F. Siggings,	1d rest.	29-3-89
468	,,	W. Evenden,	2*d*	6-4-89
769	,,	J. Paine,	2*d*	17-4-89
783	Dr.	W. J. Wittering,	2*d*	19-4-89
1072	Pte.	J. Morris,	1*d* rest.	21-2-89
1589	,,	G. Curry,	2*d* ,,	9-4-89
1753	,,	S. W. Dean,	1*d* ,,	14-3-89
967	,,	A. H. Fullford,	1*d* ,,	16-4-89
441	,,	C. F. Rivers,	2*d* ,,	9-4-89
1698	,,	C. M. Bailey,	1*d* ,,	24-11-88

No. 948, Pte. A. Wilcock has been appointed Lance-Corporal,

Football.

EXTRACT FROM THE *Calcutta Daily News*.

FOOTBALL AT BARRACKPORE.

ARMENIAN COLLEGE *v.* BUFFS.—DETACHMENT "B" COY.

"Last Friday the football team of the Armenian College proceeded to Barrackpore, in company with a large number of the pupils of the College to play a friendly game at football (Rugby) with The Buffs. Play started at 5.15 p.m., the Armenians setting the ball in motion. Before half time was called the scores—Buffs one touch down; Armenians one goal. The Buffs had superior weights, but the passing and activity of the College lads more than made up for their inferiority in that respect. When time was called each side had contributed one touch down, thus leaving the Armenians victorious.

"From the football ground the boys were escorted by the Company to their library, and treated to a liberal spread. This, over their principal, Mr. Stark thanked Sergt. Hunt and his team for the courteous hospitable reception they had given the boys. His lads had played many matches with Regulars, but nowhere had they met with so much kindness and gentlemanly treatment. The boys then moved off to the station amidst cheers."

ASSOCIATION.

CORPORALS *v.* PRIVATES.

Played Thursday, April 4th, resulting in a win for the Privates by 4 goals to 2. After kick off, some even play followed, varied by good runs down the field by Corpl. Godfrey and Pte. Evans for their respective sides, soon after which a corner kick fell to the Privates; the kick, a good attempt, was well saved by Corpl. Behrens, about this time a good run was made down the ground by Corpls. Alexander and Godfrey, close to the Private's goal, which, however was well saved by Pte. Wenman, then a corner kick, the first goal was shortly after scored by the Privates, and encouraged by this, some good play was shown by the Privates, who soon scored their second goal. The Corporals, pulling themselves together, ran the ball down the ground, and gaining a corner, a good kick by Corpl. Godfrey gave the ball to Corpl. Behrens, who scored first goal for the Corporals. The Privates, not to be denied, took the ball down and scored a third goal, score at half-time standing at three goals to one. The play in the second half-time was not so interesting; the game not being contested with as much vigour as in the first half, Corpl. Davis and Pte. Scott showing up respectively. A fourth goal was neatly put in by Pte. Scott, and a second goal for the Corporals, leaving the score four to two. Corpls. Mansfield and McKeating for the Corporals; Ptes. Hindmarsh and Lawson for the Privates played well.

Digitized by Google

ASSOCIATION MATCH.

The Buffs *v.* The Dalhousie Club.

Played, Saturday, 20th March, and resulted in a win for The Buffs by three goals to love. Play began at 4.45 p.m., and the ball was kept vigorously on the move; and chiefly in the Dalhousie half, after some good play on the part of Corpl. Godfrey and Pte. Evans, the ball was passed to Corpl. Alexander who scored first goal amid great cheering. Pte. Scott next distinguished himself by a clever run down the left wing and passing at the right moment, the ball was shot through the goal posts, the goal however being disallowed on the claim of off-side. Dalhousie pulling themselves together made a good rush down the ground, but The Buff's backs proved equal to the occasion; soon after this, a free kick was given The Buffs, and after some desultory play, a 2nd goal was scored by Corpl Alexander, the score at half-time standing at 2 goals to nil in favor of The Buffs. The 2nd half of the game, owing to the light getting bad, was not so interesting, but was chiefly remarkable for some really first class play on the part of Pte. Evans, who by a splendid dribble and run scored a 3rd goal for The Buffs. Pte. Dyke next showed up with a good run down the wings, and The Buffs were within an ace of scoring a 4th goal, the ball being for nearly a minute a few feet in front of the Dalhousie goal; players on both sides forming more or less of a Rugby scrimmage, this danger was saved by the Dalhousie backs soon after which time was called, some brilliant runs were shown by the Dalhousie men, but as a team they lacked combination, and were beaten at all points of the game. For The Buffs besides those mentioned, Pte. Caffery at back was invaluable, Pte. Hardinge at ½ back also showed up well.

"G" Company *v.* "F" Company.

A friendly match of Association Football was played at Dum-Dum, on the 16th inst. After a very pleasant game it ended in a victory for "G" Company by one goal to nil.

RUGBY.

2nd xv The Buffs *v.* Armenian Club.

This match was played on Saturday, 13th April, resulted in a somewhat easy win for the 2nd xv. by three tries (two disputed) to nil. Nearly the whole time the game was in the Armenian 25 and the ball on or about their goal line, some plucky attempts were made at relieving his side by a particularly small Armenian, so small that on one occasion, when he had been allowed to run too far he was picked up, ball and all, and carried about 10 yards by an energetic Buff. The game can scarcely be called a friendly one, as no sooner were tries obtained by the 2nd xv., than objections were promptly made, some of the most elementary rules of the game being apparently unknown to the Armenians. Towards the end some really smart passing and running by Ptes. Castleman, W. Hills and Corpl. Behrens, ended in the latter getting in, the try at goal however failed, and the game ended in favor of the 2nd xv. by three tries to nil.

CRICKET.

"F" Company The Buffs *v.* "F" Company The Leinster Regiment.

This match was played at Fort William, Calcutta, on the 28th February, 1889, aud resulted in a win for "F" Coy. The Buffs by 5 wickets and 6 runs.

The scores were as follows:—

"F" Company Leinster Regiment.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Pte.	Cronogue, b Marshall	21	b Bates	10
,,	Kinirons, b Read	0	b Cherry	9
,,	Kennedy, b Read	3	b Bates	5
,,	Tomlinson, b Marshall	3	b Cherry	1
,,	M. Kennedy, b Marshall	0	b Bates	0
,,	Devery, b Beeden	19	Do.	0
,,	Hobson, b Cherry	8	Do.	10
,,	Reddon, not out	20	Do.	8
,,	Hogan, b Cherry	2	b Cherry	2
,,	Fitzgerald, b Cherry	2	Do.	0
,,	Kenny, run out	0	not out	0
	Extras	6	Extras	1
	Total	84	Total	56

"F" Company The Buffs.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Lc-Cpl.	Read, run out	8	b Kennedy	7
Pte.	Cherry, b Hobson	6		
,,	Gower, c Reddon b Hobson	1		
,,	Wenman, b Hobson	17	not out	44
,,	Marshall, b Hobson	2		
Lc-Cpl.	Mansfield, b Kennedy	9	not out	9
Pte.	Hillman, c & b P. Kennedy	0	c Kinirons b Kennedy	0
,,	Bates, c & b Kennedy	4	b Kennedy	1
Cpl.	Peach, b Hobson	0		
Pte.	Beeden, b Hobson	2	c Reddon b Hobson	2
Sergt.	Brain, not out	0	run out	5
	Extras	3	Extras	6
	Total	52	Total	74

8-1 Northern Division R.A. *v.* "F" Company The Buffs.

This match was played at Calcutta, on the 5th March, 1889, and resulted in a win for "F" Company by 10 wickets.

Scores were as follows:—

"F" Company.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Pte.	Bates, b Watson	36		
,,	Marshall, b Charlton	31		
,,	Wenman, c Watson b Charlton	1	not out	
,,	Beeden, b Watson	13		
,,	Hillman, b Greene	19	not out	
Lc-Cpl.	Read, b Watson	6		
Pte.	Cherry, c Haley b Greene	2		
,,	Clutton, c Haley b Greene	4		
Cpl.	Peach, c Brench b Watson	0		
Pte.	Gower, b Watson	0		
Drmr.	Watson, not out	6		
	Extras	18		
	Total	133	Total	6

8-1 Royal Artillery.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Gnr.	Charlton, b Read	4	stumped Wenman	2
,,	Quinn, b Read	8	b Read	0
,,	Watson, b Read	0	b Beeden	4
,,	Barrett, c Watson b Bates	1	Do.	23
,,	Greene, c Clutton b Read	14	c Bates b Beeden	1
,,	Hendy, b Read	2	b Bates	12
,,	Healy, b Read	0	c & b Bates	2
,,	Brench, b Read	7	not out	1
,,	Brown, run out	3	Chapman, Sub., b Read	17
,,	Atkinson, c & b Hillman	4	b Read	17
,,	Wilson, not out	1	stumped Beeden	0
	Extras	4	Extras	9
	Total	48	Total	88

Digitized by Google

WALTER LOCKE & CO.,

GUNSMITHS & IMPORTERS OF SPORTING REQUISITES

3 ESPLANADE, CALCUTTA.

AGENTS for the North Punjab Fishing Club, The Calcutta Football Club, and most of the leading clubs in India

ALCOCKS' CELEBRATED (GOLD MEDAL) FISHING TACKLE.

Cricket, Football, Tennis Bowls, Golf, Fencing, Boxing and other sporting requisites from all the leading Makers. Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Swords, Powder, Cartridges, Wads, Shot, Implements and Accoutrements of every description. Illustrated Price-list sent free on application. TERMS :—Cash or V. P. P.

DOUBLE-BARREL MUZZLE-LOADING GUNS.

No. 60—English fine twist barrels, walnut stock, ebony rod, &c., fitted in a black canvas case, with the following implements ;—Powder flask, Shot pouch, Bullet mould, Wad punch, Nipple key, Turn screw, cleaning rod and Oil bottle.—12-gauge. Price complete Rs. 60.

:o:

DOUBLE-BARREL BREACH-LOADING GUNS.

No. 80.—D.-B. B.-L. Guns, 12-gauge, English fine twist barrels, Cylinder bored to take shot and ball, Double grip action with lever under guard, good quality steel, rebounding bar-locks, Hammer below line of sight, Walnut stock aud fore-end, Snap fore-end fastener &c. Fitted in a brown canvas weterproof case, with the following implements :—Rammer and Funnel, Turnover, Re-capper, Powder measure, Shot measure, Extractor, Bullet mould, Nipple key, Wad punch, Cleaning rod, Pocket cleaning apparatus and Oil bottle.——PRICE COMPLETE Rs. 88.

Hundreds of these guns have been sold in India, all of which have given universal satisfaction.

THE BUFFS'

REGIMENTAL PRINTING PRESS IS NOW OPEN.

Every description of miscellaneous Printing will be undertaken, and all orders received will be executed with utmost care & expedience.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

East Kent Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1888.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 26. **DUM-DUM, May 31st, 1889.** [Price 2 Annas

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTH.

SMITH—At Kearsney, on the 17th April, 1889. the wife of Captain F. Smith, The Buffs, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

TURNER—MOLLOY—At Darjeeling on the 22nd instant, Catherine, daughter of Corpl. Molloy, 1st Battn. East Lancashire Regiment, to Sergt. Edwin Turner. 1st Battn. The Buffs.

DEATHS.

ELLIS—At Ranikhet on the 14th and 15th insts., John and Richard William, infant sons of Sergt R, Ellis, The Buffs, of "Fabies Mesenterica."

HARRIS—At Folkstone on the 11th April, 1889, Sergeant Harris, Permanent Staff 3rd Battn. The Buffs, of Aneurism of the Heart.

NOTES.

Dum-Dum and its surroundings evidently agree with *The Dragon*, as lately its growth has been at a most satisfactory rate. The April number is the largest as yet issued, 24 pages for a Regimental Newspaper being quite a record, and our best thanks are due to our numerous correspondents for contributing to this happy result.

* * *

"All comes to him who waits," and long and patiently has *The Dragon* waited for a correspondent from our other Battalion, but "all's well that ends well," and everyone we are sure was glad to see in our last number, the first letter from "Old Buff" which we hope will be a series of regular monthly letters. Polo, Cricket, Football matches &c. of The Buffs in England, just as much as those of The Buffs in India will always find a space in *The Dragon*. In our case, 1st and 2nd Battns. are merely names, we all belong to the same old Regiment—The Buffs; *The Dragon* is a paper for the men of The Buffs, and the more that Regimental and not Battalion ideas are kept in view, the better we are sure will it be for all concerned.

* * *

We have lately received the first number of the "Third Gurkha Piper," and most heartily d-

Digitized by Google

we congratulate the Editorial Staff on its appearance. It is we believe the first newspaper that has ever been started by a Native Infantry Regiment, and its pluck in showing the way to other Regiments of our Native Army, deserves every success.—Long may it prosper!

* * *

We hope soon to hear that the number of our foreign correspondents has been increased by one or more from Egypt. There are several Officers of The Buffs at Cairo, Suakim and elsewhere, and as there is generally something going on at those places, matters generally being in a pretty lively state. news from that part of the world will, we are sure prove of great interest to our readers.

* * *

We regret we are unable to award either Rs10 or the Laurel Crown to the authors of the Sikkim Poems—they are neither of them up to form, a'tho' one production is undoubtedly superior to the other—the mere fact of having printed such matter, proves that we do not stick at trifles.

* * *

"Prickly heat"—that most agravating of all tropical nuisances—will be the subject for next months competition *in rhyme or prose*, and if climatic influence inspires aspirants for the laurel crown, we may expect something good.

* * *

Last month's Dragon should have been headed "New Year's Number" (Military New Year we mean of course) on account of its numerous volume. Correspondence kept crowding in up to the last minute and as we did not like to disappoint our *Specials*, who had been working so hard during the terrific heat, we resolved to enlarge our paper so as to include everything.

* * *

It is easily understood why the Printing Press conceitedly chortled "A twenty-four page Dragon!!!', If the Tommies only imbibe one a month, we'll smash the Church of England Temperance Society, the Independent Order of Good (?) Templars, the A. T. A., not to mention the Mineral Waters and the Canteen, remarked the devil—*the Printers' Devil this time*—We shall all understand for the future what **D** in red ink stands for.

* * *

Two celestials innocently presented themselves at the O. R. the other day for —— well! we don't quite understand what for —— but as some wag, quite equal to the occasion remarked:

"No! No! not for Joe!
Not for Joseph!
Not if he knows it!"

And they were not.

* * *

And so the Outram Institute has been opened again and for the second time since our arrival at Dum-Dum, and we were told on this occasion that in all probability H. E. the C. in C. would open it a third time at his annual inspection.

Surely with only ~~Rs~~ 1020 in cash to start on and with the additional ~~Rs~~ 70 from Government (*cf.* Brigadier-General Auchinleck on the last auspicious occasion) the Working Committee cannot be justified in incurring the expense of a Chokidar.

* * *

We have announced in another column that Sergt. Turner is about to decide for himself the much argued question "Is marriage a failure?" We wish him good luck, and hope that *all his future troubles may be little ones.*

* * *

Extract from Indian Daily News of the 16th inst.

* * * The team which is to stand against the hitherto invincible "Buffs" is a purely scratch one. The Buffs we hear, play the Association game remarkably well * * * * *

The above must be very gratifying to all concerned, and we must again congratulate our Association Team, who, under the able Captaincy of Corpl. Godfrey, succeeded in fully sustaining their "hitherto invincible" reputation in the match against the "scratch" team which Mr. Cowie, of the Calcutta Football Club brought to oppose them.

* * *

We have inserted the remainder of "Old

Digitized by Google

Buffs" letter in another column, as promised last month. Those intending to avail themselves of the "next trooper," should *read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest*, that portion of his letter which we published last month affecting them before they take the leap across the briny. We would certainly recommend intending going-homeists to think again, and see if they could not add a little more to their deferred pay, by means of No. 2 form before leaving the service.

* * *

The following astounding paragraph which appeared, in several English newspapers, including the *Daily News*, *Homeward Mail* and *Army and Navy Gazette* has been the subject of much comment, not only in the Battalion, but also in the outside world. "Major Newnham Davis of The Buffs, has just arrived from India, for a well earned holiday. He has been employed in many delicate negotiations during his stay in the East, notably the Nepaul Boundary question. On his return, it is very likely that he will be entrusted with a still more important office. He will stay for some six or seven months in England." (Simla papers please copy.)

While all are unanimous that the Major's 12 months repose in England has been most deservedly earned, we think it a little hard to have been kept in the dark so long as to the fact that whilst among us he was carrying on such delicate negotiations on behalf of the Indian Government.

We are all aware of the pleasant little excursion made by two Officers under Government orders last spring from Ranikhet, in the direction of the snows, and also of their being suddenly recalled, owing to want of Government funds. They had no sport and brought back only a few sheepskin rugs, an old Goorkha knife and a crib from the Ordnance Map, which when painted up and made to look pretty, evoked showers of praise from the Intelligence Department at Simla.

About the same time, two other Officers started on a similar (not "Simla" this time) mission from Shahanpur; and these also were re-called for the same reason, though not before they were able to produce two tigers and several deer—a praiseworthy result of their labours at Government expense—they were unable to make any survey, as their ordnance map had been unfortunately lost in the jungle.

However, we hope before long to hear from our late Editor's lips, which doubtless were inevitably sealed at the time, a full account of all his doings; in the meantime we will congratulate him on the great reputation he has gained in the East, and most sincerely hope that on his return "he will be entrusted with" the discharge of "still more important" duties for which his great genious and diplomatic power so thoroughly fit him.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "non-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

A LETTER FROM HOME

(Continued.)

Rations appear to be the order of the day. They want to feed the strapping recruits of 5-4 long and 33 thick, so as to make them fill out the very *large* size (20) clothing of which, I hear, they have a great quantity in store at Pimlico. The recruits are "all very fine and large" and they have to be filled out "without any extra charge" to the state, and everybody, from the General down to the Orderly Corporals are at their wits ends how to do it. Colonels, Majors, Officers Commanding Companies, Quarter Masters, Quarter Master Sergeants and Color-Sergeants are all flying round the town trying to discover the cheapest mart for Bullocks' heads, Sheeps' jimmys, Kippers, Jams and various other commodities; one of these officials probably finds that he can purchase 27½ Kippers for a shilling which is 3½ more than he can purchase in the

Digitized by Google

Canteen for his "bob," and that if he gives each Thomas ⅓ of ⅔ of ½ a pound of tea bread in place of a whole ½ pound, he will just manage to save $1\frac{5}{16}$ of a penny on the evening meal, and this multiplied by 30 or 31 (days in a month) will save the sum of— – but there, I give it up, I cannot work it out, not having my first class certificate yet. Tommy wonders what is in the wind, and is really becoming a great epicure, he gets jam, butter or bacon for breakfast, extra duffs, cabbage &c., for dinner, jam, butter or kippers for tea, and some good *stock* soup for supper, besides I often see him stuffing down tarts, apples and other hardware between meals. By the way, "Stock" is the name of our Sergt.-Master Cook, and he has succeeded so well in pleasing all the recruits, that I hear they are getting up a petition to ask that the said Sergt. Stock may be made a K.P. (Knight of the Pot). Thomas enjoys the whole business thoroughly and grins all over his face when he is asked if he gets enough to eat? or could he eat more? and is getting about as lazy as they make them, as on the 2 o'clock p.m. parade he cannot budge, the waist belts at the 11 o'clock drill are generally too slack, but you should see them after dinner, well, suffice it to say they are never checked for a slack belt.

To avoid all this worry why not give a free grocery ration *a la Singapore*, why deceive the recruit on enlistment, he reads on the big posters which are everywhere that if he enlists he will get "free rations" and "Privates pay (Infantry) 1/- a day," now that is incorrect and somebody should be prosecuted for obtaining recruits under false pretences, as when Thomas receives his pay, he finds himself short of sundry 3½ pennies.

The following little scraps of news might interest some of your readers:—Major Lyster retires shortly, Lieut. Virtue is the coming Adjutant of the 2nd Battn. Sergt. Breen has joined the home Battn. from India, and is to be promoted Col.-Sergt. of "D" Company Depôt *vice* Judd. No. 148, Pte. F. Beale discharged for misconduct, No. 1026, Corpl. Smith transferred to the Depôt for duty, these N.-C.O's. and men have passed through the 1st Battn.

I am sorry to say that Mr. Lloyd met with a sad accident a short time ago, in the Gymnasium at Aldershot, he is suffering from "concussion of the spine" and is slowly recovering. Captain Hughes is still "seedy" and is on sick leave.

Capt. W. S. Stewart-Saville (according to *The Army and Navy Gazette*) is to be A. D. C. to Lord Onslow, the new Governor of New Zealand.

No doubt you have heard ere this of the coming marriage of Capt. Porter, it will probably come off in the Autumn. and I am sure his old Company will wish him and his bride many very happy years together.

But the question is—who is the next?

"Old Buff."

SOLDIERS RATIONS.

To The Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

Now that four correspondents have had their say on the above subject, may I, in a pure spirit of criticism, be allowed to make a few remarks on what has been written.

To begin with One Badge, this letter has some good points; but on the other hand he is (1) abusive, (2) vague, and (3) illogical.

(1) Philosophers justly remark, that where two men are arguing, the one who gets angry first, is sure to be getting the worst of the argument: now the greater part of One Badge's letter is devoted to abuse of the other correspondents, such a paragraph as—"before rushing into print, without offering any feasible plan," —in rather a sweeping assertion. After a bit though, he relents and says—"on this point I agree with him"—Three Badges will, I am sure be glad to hear of it.

(2) He is vague where he says—"and whatever else might be obtained for providing a third meal"—as this is exactly what suggestions are being made for.

(3) He is illogical where he argues that waste at meals is due to Government rations not being palatable enough—does he mean that if the rations were palatable there would be no waste? I expect in both cases, the floor after a meal would be strewn with the remains of bones and scraps, thrown there to the dogs by Tommy, whose affection for dogs of every description is proverbial.

Why should potatoes that are left over at breakfast, be of necessity unpalatable? the chances are that the native cooks, who get all the leavings, boil more potatoes than are actually required for one meal; so as to obtain a larger quantity of leavings than would otherwise have been the

Digitized by Google

case.

Three Badges laboured under the disadvantage of being the first to write on the subject, and when after-correspondents were at a loss how to proceed, they fell foul of the unfortunate Three Badges. He gets one from Novice, who remarks that "growsers are luckily dying out with the old soldiers" (in this I do not agree). Col.-Sergt. Featherstone demolishes him, figuratively speaking, and One Badge has not a good word to say for him; so now, probably, he is sorry he ever entered in the argument. The only point in his letter, is his idea of having only a light meal in the middle of the day, and the real dinner later on in the day; otherwise for all that his ideas and suggestions are worth, his letter might not as well have been written.

In Col,-Sergt. Featherstone's letter is shown how the waste from meals was carefully collected, and made up in a savoury dish, the only fault being the quantity and not the quality. Compare this with One Badge's letter. In the paragraph—"when the different lads who mess together"—now here is Three Badge's idea, only on a smaller scale, by clubbing together, they must naturally subscribe a certain amount to the "pot" and hence the more subscribers here are, the greater would be the variety of the bill of fare.

Novice's letter to my mind, is the best of the lot, though in some places he is not quite consistent, for instance—"an extra meal could not possibly be provided out of the daily Government rations"—but a little further on he says—"the amount of *good solid food* carried away by the cooks" &c. Surely if what food remains over is good and solid, it would go a long way to providing a third meal. One Badge says "what is left is unpalatable." Novice says "it is good solid food," the truth, most probably, being in a happy medium between the two.

"Critic."

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

It affords me much pleasure in being in a position to inform your readers of a very generous gift on the part of the gallant Officer who holds the position of 2nd in Command of this Battalion of ours—to the Officer who was in Command of Letter "C" Company, Lieut. Eustace, on the occasion of its achieving for the 3rd year in succession the top score in the Annual Course of Musketry.

The gift consists of a solid silver cup or bowl on a slender stem with a suitable inscription at the foot, and is a really beautiful production of the Silversmith's art.

As everyone knows, Major Reeves has at all times evinced the strongest desire to promote or forward any movement having for its object the welfare of the Battalion, and this gift was no doubt the tangible expression of the very pleasurable and laudable feelings experienced by him at seeing the Battalion make such rapid strides to the front in its shooting during the last three years under such altered and more difficult conditions than existed hitherto.

Lieut. Eustace being only in temporary Command, (and let me here parenthetically record how much he was liked in that position) expressed the pleasure with which he received the Cup on behalf of the Company, but with a diffidence regarding his claim to retain the gift, (in which I do not concur) he transferred the Cup to Col.-Sergt. J. J. Butler, who, he considered by his energy and tact to have in a very great degree contributed towards the success of the Company.

I have no doubt the Cup will take a prominent position in the family heirlooms of the famous house of Butler for generations to come.

I have no doubt the well known modesty of the principals in this matter, would deprecate such a prominence being given to the matter, but I consider the act well worthy of emulation, and for this reason I trust you will find space for insertion in your widely read paper, and by that means give such publicity as the subject really deserves.

Yours sincerely,

F. G.

To the Eiditor of The Dragon.

Sir.

Having read the Letter in your Last issue in our most valuable paper from "Old Buff," I beg to pass a few remarks on the subject of his Letter, regarding reserve men obtaining employment when they Leave the Colors.

"Old Buff" remarks that there are thousands of men Looking for work at this present time and cannot get it; This I expect as been the case since the world began and I suppose it will remain so until the end for a certain class of men; who go and Look for work and at the same

Digitized by Google

time pray they may never find it, and, who, if they had employment offered them would not do it; all they want is enough to Keep body and Soul together and they are satisfied to a certain degree. But as we Know from experience that, with few exceptions there is always some opening for Sober and Industrious men.

In his remarks he says that one of our smartest men tried to obtain a pass to sell fish in Barracks; does he think that that man degraded hisself in the Least, by selling fish for an Honest Living; if so I fail to see how, I Know from experience that a man in this Line of Business could earn as much if not more than an Ordinary mechanic providing he puts his mind to the Business;

Perchance "Old Buff" has not experienced the "Joys of India" If not I would strongly recommend him to try a few years and then see if he is of the same opinion; As at present there is an abundant supply of "Mosquities," "Prickly Heat" and those very pleasant things called "Boils". But perhaps "Old Buff" is on the recruiting Staff But if he is not I would Strongly advise him to Leave the recruiting to the small Staff at "Westminster Bridge" who have carried it out so ably for the past fifty years.

Trusting I have not intruded too much on your valuable space I beg to remain

Yours Obediently

"Young Buff."

CRITICISMS INVITED—[EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ATTIC—Your name please?

LINCOLNSHIRE FROG—Your letter has not been published as you have not complied with our rules *cf.* page 3.

YOUNG BUFF—Your MS. has been printed as written; We hope to get other ideas on the subject, for insertion next month. [ED.

HOME NEWS.

Since writing my last letter we have all heard with feelings of regret of the death of your worthy Sub-Editor (Paymaster-Sergt. Wilson) from that most terrible of all diseases, cholera. It is to be hoped the disease has entirely disappeared long ere this. Death has also been at work amongst us, Sergt. Harris of the Permanent Staff of the 3rd Battn., who was recruiting at Folkstone was walking along the "Lees" on the 11th inst. when he was taken ill and fell down, he was placed on one of the benches there, and when medical assistance arrived was pronounced dead. The Coroners' Jury returned a verdict of death through 'aneurism of the heart.' He was buried at Folkstone on the 16th inst. by the Lincoln Regiment, parties of Sergeants from 3rd Bn. and the Depôt attended the funeral, and although the deceased was an old Sergt. of the 2nd Battn. The Buffs, who are still at Dover, the Sergeants of that Corps were conspicuous by their absence, the excuse being a field day, but surely the G. O C. the S.-E. District would have given the necessary leave for some of them to attend, *if* they had asked for it.

Sergt. Braham is about to join the Depôt from 2nd Battn. *vice* Sergt. Hemsworth transferred to Permanent Staff of 3rd Battn. to fill up the late Sergt. Harris' vacancy.

Pte. Whitby (late of "A" Coy., 1st Battn.) has been transferred to the Depôt for duty *vice* Farraday to reserve.

We had a very lively time of it for a few days at Easter, the 13th Middlesex Volunteers (Queens' Westminster) have come and gone, they are a fine looking body of men numbering about 640 all ranks. They went in for a lot of hard work on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, the last day they were inspected by Col. Hobson, and afterwards had a field day under the same Officer. I might mention that the Volunteers had some Mounted Infantry and Cyclists. Major Lynch, formerly of The Buffs, belongs to this Corps; their Sergt.-Major and one of the Instructors are also old acquaintances of some of your Sergeants, the Sergt.-Major is Adam Richardson, and the Instructor a Col.-Sergt. Phillips both of whom belonged to the Scots Guards.

Your late champion walking man (Olive "D" Coy.) now on the reserve, has put his *foot* into it, by getting married last week, I do not know the name of the bride so cannot send you the para. for your domestic column.

Your old Editor (Major Newnham-Davis) has been staying here for the last few days, he looks remarkably well, and has taken part in some theatricals got up for the benefit of the Soldier's Institute. The piece selected was "Masks and Faces" and was a decided success. Major Davis was, as usual, perfection, Lieut. Buttanshaw also played very well indeed.

Lieut. Booth has returned from Hythe with flying colors. "Old Buff."

Digitized by Google

GAZETTE.

Lieut. R. H. D'Aeth arrived at Portsmouth by the Troopship "Crocodile" on the 25th April last.

Major C. B. Lyster, 2nd Battn., has proceeded on leave of absence for one month pending his retirement from the service.

Capt. J. Hughes has received an extension of leave, on medical certificate, to the 16th September next.

Lieut. F. K. Essell is seconded for service with the Army Service Corps; Hon. Queen's Cadet R. F. Pearson, from the Royal Military College, to be second lieutenant in succession to Lieut, F. K. Essell.

Lieut. H. F. Sparrow has joined the Veterinary Class for a course of instruction.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

There are now in the 2nd Battn. 1 Sergeant, 1 Drummer. 28 rank and file, and 1 Shoeing Smith—total 31 men who are in possession of certificates qualifying, them to serve as Mounted Infantry in case of necessity.

The undermentioned man has changed his religion from Roman Catholic to Wesleyan:—

No. 1501, Pte. M. Collins.

2nd Lieut. L. J. B. Hulke has taken over, from Capt. A. Tylden-Pattenson, command and payment of Letter "A" Company.

The undermentioned man embarked for England, time expired, on the S. S. Vesta, on the 22nd ult.:—

No. 1691, Pte. G. Townsend.

Capt. A. Tylden-Pattenson proceeded to Darjeeling on the 5th inst., to take over command of the convalescent detachment of the Battn. there.

The Commanding-Officer has been pleased to make the following appointment and promotion:—

To be Paymaster-Sergt., with rank of Quartermaster-Sergt., No. 24 Col.-Sergt. A. H. Tomsett.

To be Col.-Sergt., No. 1776, Sergt. T. Hoar.

The undermentioned man has re-engaged to complete a total of 21 years service with the colors:—No. 1537, Pte. A. White.

Lc.-Corpl. W. King changed his name on the 22nd April last, to Herbert Arthur Gaunt.

Pte. P. Kane changed his name on the 13th inst., to Patrick Connell.

Lieut. R. H. D'Aeth embarked for England on board Troopship "Crocodile," on the 30th March 1889, for six months sick leave.

Pioneer-Sergt. Green proceeded to Allahabad to join the Ordnance Dept. there, on the 24th ult.

No. 1485, Pte. E. Harvey embarked at Calcutta, on the 6th ult., for Australia on discharge.

The undermentioned men have been appointed Drummers:—

No. 912, Pte. J. Cullen *vice* Mepham 5-11-88.
„ 1262, „ E. Letchford „ Curry 19-1-89.
„ 1325, „ P. Sullivan „ Stevens 12-11-88.

The undermentioned men have been appointed Bandsmen:—

788. Pte. R. Noble.
1663, „ H. Shepherd.
1012, „ H. Mudd.

The undermentioned men were struck off the strength of the Battalion, on the 6th ult., having embarked for England invalided, on the Troopship Malabar:

1621, Lc.-Sergt. R. Watson.
1857, Corpl. H. Neale.
1698, Pte. C. Bailey.
867, „ H. Cogan.
2665, „ J. Harvey.
808, „ R. Hughes.
1367, „ J. McKenzie.
2043, „ C. Millen.
1335, „ G. Young.
958, Pioneer J. Duffy.

MUSKETRY.

The undermentioned is the result of the annual Course of Musketry for 1888-9:—

Digitized by Google

	Range Individual.	Field Practices
"C" Company	159.55	59.07.
"B" "	145.19	59.50.
"F" "	143.59	57.51.
"A" "	143.12	57.05.
"G" "	141.00	56.02.
"D" "	141.49	52.72.
"E" "	139.01	55.27.
"H" "	136.84	48.43.
The Battalion	143.59	55.68.

Marksmen.	1st Class Shots.	2nd Class,	3rd Class.
293.	251.	342.	103.

Gold Guns and Crowns have been awarded to Sergeants of Letter "C" Company, best shooting Company of the Battalion, to be worn on the right arm.

Gold Guns and Crown, as best shot of Battn., has been awarded to No. 606, Lc.-Sergt. A. Stonebridge.

Those marksmen who did not receive a prize with their Companies, will receive Re.1 each.

REMARKABLE RIFLE SCORES.—On the 2nd of May it was announced by the North London Rifle Club in the previous day's shooting at the Tottenham range, Corporal Leghorn, of the London Scottish Volunteers, had made the unprecedented score of 90 points out of a possible 100 in 20 shots with the Martini rifle at 800 and 900 yards—48 at the first distance and 42 at the second. On the same day, shooting at 200, 500, and 600 yards, Captain Cowan, of the Royal Engineers, made the unusual score of 100 out of a posible 105, this being the first time that total has been reached this year.

OUTRAM REGIMENTAL INSTITUTE.

This fine building was formally opened on Thursday April 25th, by Br.-Gen. W. L. Auchinleck.

A highly interesting programme had been drawn up for the General's edification, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Hulke, to whom our warmest thanks are due.

Although (be it said to the great mortification of the Press, who had the whole business in print 24 hours before it commenced and consequently had to reset all their type, owing to this oversight) the General quite forgot to propose a vote of thanks to that zealous Officer—true he may yet include him in the Sikkim Gazette—but we are diverging.

The programme consisted of a Grand Concert, including some excellent dancing by Bombardier Beresford, R. H. A., and a Comedy entitled "Diamond cut Diamond."

Towards the end of the concert, we noticed the gallant General wending his way behind the scenes—a proceeding that naturally gave rise to some comment—but presently the curtain slowly rose, and then—no wonder that the scene which presented itself elicited long and heartfelt applause from the sons of Britain! (that's good)—In the background stood Epping Forest—under the shadow of the oak trees sat Brigadier-General Auchinleck supported on his right hand by Lieut.-Colonel Harrison, whilst Col. Sterndale Commanding the Depôt Reserve Auxiliary Volunteer Force, completed the scene; but it was not a "Tableau Vivant" after all, for almost immediately, the General proceeded to business, and this is what he said:—

"I have asked Colonel Harrison to allow me to address a few words to his Battalion, The Buffs, on this the formal opening of the Outram Regimental Institute Dum Dum. Most of you are well aware of the meaning of a regimental institute, but to those who are not I would explain briefly that the scheme now fairly started here is only to supply the British soldier with a comfortable place of recreation where he can read, write his letters, play billiards and other games, have his supper and beer, or other refreshments *i.e.*, tea and coffee, and meet all his comrades; in short, a club, belonging during your stay here to The Buffs, where men can congregate with comfortable surroundings, instead of being obliged to go to the Canteen and get their beer or other drinks.

This institute was originally started some 30 years ago by General Sir James Outram, whose name it still bears for the benefit of the Garrison of Dum Dum, and was intended to break the monotony of the soldiers weary life in the plains from year to year, and all the year round, as, mind you, hill station were an unknown luxury in those days. The scheme answered here and at Fort William to a certain extent, but I do not think any other institutes were established and I do not think even these were much liked or cared for by the soldier. Canteen and coffee shops have, of late years, improved, but it needed some stirring influence to make us all move along, and this has been supplied by Sir James Outram's

Digitized by Google

successor after many years, namely, His Excellency, our energetic Commander-in-Chief. The result is that the seed sown in 1860, the plans then drawn out, have been matured and brought to perfection by Sir Frederick Roberts, to whom our best thanks are due for his untiring zeal. It rests with The Buffs to make of this Institute a complete success. You and the Leinster Regiment (Canadians) are exceptionally lucky. You have magnificent buildings handed over for your use, furnished to a great extent *free*, as a gift from Government for a regimental soldiers' institute. Not only that, but with it you have got Rs.1,020 in cash wherewith to make the place as comfortable as you can; and that is not all, for Government have further sanctioned the grant of a monthly subsidy of Rs 70 to help in keeping up a complete and good establishment. You have a very pretty garden in very fair order, and you will no doubt hand over to your successors one of the best, if not the very best, institute in India. You have billiard tables, reading rooms, every paper you can possibly desire and supper rooms. The management is in your own hands, and you can improve it as much as you please. I do not compare, the comfort of having your drink here, whether it be beer or coffee, to that in old times, crowding and standing round the canteen, there is no comparison. And from what I see to-night, and from the excellent way in which you have already started this Institute I can confidently predict the complete success of the building at any rate.

I hope we may have as good a one at Fort William and I have no doubt we shall, although we have not got ahead quite as fast as you have in Dum Dum. I am also glad to see the comfortable well-furnished and very neat warrant officers' room which is in a flourishing condition and well supported by the warrant officers of this station.

I will conclude with assuring you that nobody is more anxious for the welfare of soldiers than the Commander-in-chief, and no one takes more interest in the starting of this Institute than Sir Frederick, and in congratulating you, The Buffs, in obtaining such a magnanimous concession from Government I sincerely hope by next cold weather when His Excellency again comes round to see the building he may be duly impressed by the excellent way you have carried out his wishes and set going the Outrain Regimental Institute of Dum Dum."

The following letter by a well known M. F. H. will we are sure, be not only interesting to our sporting M. H., Lieut. Annesley and his energetic whippers in, Ptes. Haselden, Williams and Wilson, but also to the whole Regiment, from our sporting Colonel *(vide Hayes' News)* down to the last joined Drummer boy.

WITH THE COTSWOLD HOUNDS.

"Who will o'er the Downs so free," and ride with us (in imagination) for one of the last days of one of the best seasons known for years in the Cotswold? The days are long now, so the meet is not till twelve, we have only seven miles to go this morning, to Colesbourne Park. A little over an hour suffices to get there, trotting to the foot of Leckhampton Hill; leisurely climbing its side to gain the mossy ground whence, besides exquisite peeps of hills and dales, the hard riders can be watched 'ammering their 'acks along the 'ard, 'igh road. Hilcot downs soon fly beneath the horses feet, in the distance a scurrying of scarlet coats converging to a point proclaim the meet, and the hour is close at hand. The old Squire is mounted, and ready to welcome the Hunt. Then comes a consultation as to which cover will be the successful find, bump, bump, trot, trot, jabber, jabber, on they go, till just as the cover is reached a "hollo" in the opposite direction, away over the brook, from the other hill side, causes Travers to turn the pack, a glorious gallop over the park, brings us down to the brook, and up to the gorse-covered hill side, whence the "hollo" came. Not a sound disturbs the stillness, as we pause to listen, the waggoners on the road below have stopped their vans, the noisy ploughmen lean vacantly on their sticks, the shepherd boys desert their bleating flocks, all is life and joy and liberty, liberty, equality and foxhuntity! Just then, a light low squeak of a whimper is heard in the thickest part of the gorse, the veterans of the hunt come steadily to the front, Watson draws the fox's tooth attached to his hat string through a button hole, Willis and Chichester tighten their girths, Bob Chapman rolls the thong of his whip round the stick, the few lady riders creep quietly on to get a good start, as an outburst of melody sends one electric shock through horses and men. M. F. H.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

IN LOVING MEMORY.

Oh! it is sweet to think
Of those that are departed,
While murmured Aves sink—
To silence tender-hearted;
While tears that have no pain—
Are tranquilly distilling,
And the dead lives again
In hearts that love is filling.

Yet not as in the days—
Of earthly ties we love them;
For they are touched with rays—
From light that is above them;
Another sweetness shines—
Around their well-known features;
God with His glory signs
His dearly-ransomed creatures.

Ah! they are more our own,
Since they are now God's only;
And each one that has gone,
Has left our hearts less lonely.
He mourns not, seasons fled,
Who now in him possesses—
Treasures of many dead,
In their dear Lord's caresses.

Dear dead! they have become—
Like guardian Angels to us;
And distant heaven like home,
Through them begins to woo us.
Love that has earthly wings,
Its flight to holier places,
The dead are sacred things,
That multiply our graces,

They whom we loved on earth,
Attract us now to heaven;
Who shared our grief and mirth,
Back to us now are given.
They move with noiseless foot
Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.

Oh dearest dead! to heaven
With grudging sighs men gave you,
To him be doubts forgiven!
Who took you there to save you:—
Now get us grace to love
Your memories yet more kindly,
Pine for our homes above,
And trust God, more blindly.

BARRACKPORE NOTES.

Our Barrackpore letter was missing from your last issue, really we must confess from dearth of news, of any interest, to send you. Your last number was a full and particularly interesting one, and we beg to offer our congratulations to the new staff of *The Dragon* on its success.

The extract from the *Daily Telegraph* of 22nd March with reference to a gallant Major of the Battalion, certainly startled us, but doubtless that paper receives its information from well authenticated sources; we look forward, almost with alarm, to the "delicate negotiations of a more important character" which that Officer is to be entrusted with on his return to India. But this is not Barrackpore news, what can we write about, stagnation is the order of the day here, the usual parades, the range is too far off to do any firing, or to have any sporting matches, and we should much like to have some matches with the Head-quarter Companies, even for a small stake. It is almost too hot for football but both our Rugby and Association players are to be seen on most evenings vigorously practising, evidently keeping themselves in training for the football season, which in these parts takes place in the rains, and we look forward to many pleasant matches; we can in all candour say, football in "B" Company is looking up.

A party of 24 N.-C. O's. and men are going through a course of big gun drill under the instructors of 7-1 N.D., R.A., and we hear two more parties follow. There is a garrison class of signalling instructed by Sergt. Murray who has been sent from head-quarters for that purpose, and some men are to be instructed in Mounted Infantry drill &c., by the instructors of the Field Battery K-2 R.A., we imagine that riding on 16 hands draught horses will not be pleasant or conducive to making serge trousers wear well, but no doubt compensation will be given.

There are rumours of private theatricals but the energetic manager has a difficulty in obtaining ladies, and at present it hangs fire. By the way, is there no theatrical club at head-quarters? When the Battalion was in India before, there was plenty of talent, and some capital performances were given; also many good songs at the concerts, we remember one, sung, we believe by Pte. Muldoon, "A" Company, when the Battalion was in Cawnpore, entitled "What have you got in your bag old man," no doubt apropos of an Officer then serving, all those with the Battalion now must well remember that brown leather bag and the pocket-books it contained, however no one was more pleased with that song than the owner of the bag.

We wish our worthy Quarter-master was here to show us how to fish, we see them rise, and such wappers, but patiently fish day after day without success, cannot he give us a straight tip! The Band of the 9th Bengal Infantry discourses some sweet music to us twice a week at the Point in the Park, and really enjoyable it is, a beautiful breeze off the river (almost too strong sometimes) really makes one forget it has been 90° or more all day in the shade; we wonder why more of the men do not patronize it, some 20 or 30 men of the R.A. and The Buffs are to be seen there on Band days, but what are they amongst so many; it is really enjoyable, and a pleasant change from the Barracks and their surroundings; not a mile's walk, and even that

Digitized by Google

through the beautiful gardens of Government House; it is seldom, if ever, in India that a soldier has the advantage of being able to take so many pleasant walks, and how few take advantage of them. No further news as to the Sikkim expedition, it will be a disappointment if our two companies do not go after all, but if the expedition does not take place this year, the probabilities are that it will next; a trip to Lassa would certainly be pleasant, and it may be our good fortune to get there yet. It is with great pleasure we read in the *Englishman* the account of the association football match in which we came off victorious, and hope that this victory may be followed by many others.

"DETACHMENT."

HYPOCRITICAL INGENUITY.

A quick presence of mind, often relieves a person from awkward and embarrassing situations into which, he may have fallen, and sometimes turns a very untoward accident to his advantage, which, otherwise would probably have been exceedingly injurious to him; an instance of this occured to a preacher in Paris, known by the name of Le Petit Pere Andre.

He was one day engaged to preach in the church of his convent, and, that he might not be idle during prayers, he sat down to play a game of cards with a friend in his apartment; he was thus employed when the bell rang for him to ascend the pulpit. As they were at that moment engaged in a warm dispute about some part of the game, he slipped the cards up the sleeve of his gown, that they might discuss the matter more at leisure, after the sermon.

The subject of his discourse, turned upon the immorality of the times, and the too great indulgence of the passions, particularly that of gaming, the dangerous and insinuating power of which, when given way to, he inveighed against with all the eloquence in his power, unfortunately however in the midst of his declamation, in raising up his hands to heaven, down from his sleeve which had accidentaly been loosened, fell the cards, showering, to the no small amusement of ths audience.

Many a one after so unexpected a circumstance would have been much at a loss how to have acted, but not so the doctor; seeing a child not far from the pulpit, he desired it to gather up the cards and bring them to him—having done so, he asked it the name of each card, which the child told correctly, he then questioned it about the Catechism, of which it was entirely ignorant, he then dismissed the child, and looking round the audience with an air of indignation he cried:

"Ye wicked parents, is not this a scandalous and most flagrant proof of what I have advanced, that in this impious age nothing is thought of but gaming, here is a child that knows every card in the pack, is thoroughly learned in the devil's book, and yet is entirely ignorant of the book of his salvation, what early sacrifices you do make of the young hearts of your children to the prince of darkness, ye more than parricide parents! ye betrayers of their souls to a miserable eternity!" he kindled so fast, and became so vehement in his reproaches, that the people departed, fully convinced that, what was in itself an unlucky accident, had been a premeditated scheme of the preacher, more effectually to rebuke their dissoluteness by example so obvious, and familiar to them all.

ARCHIE BELVUE.

SIKKIM.

High up 'midst Himalayan snows,
There dwells a stubborn little nation,
Who, being neither friends nor foes,
Have quite demoralised this Station,
Because of the procrastination,
With which our envoys they deceive,
We watch in silent consternation,
Our lessening chance of getting leave.

For weeks, report upon report,
Rumour on rumour, came and went;
At last from William's fortified fort,
An order came that "The East Kent"
(By which quaint phrase The Buffs were meant)
Should send two-hundred men to Sikkim,
* The pick of all the regiment;
And so we set to work to pick 'em.

And having picked the sort and waited,
Two months have passed, we're waiting yet,
It seems the regiment is not fated—
To send a party to Thibet.
We sigh for leave we cannot get,
And hanker for some cool retreat,
Far from mosquitoes, flies and sweat,
Brain fever birds, and prickly heat.

Paul and Elias, much I fear,
Will never settle with this nation;
Were Major D——s only here,
Some "delicate negotiation"
Might quickly change the situation,
And put an end to all our ills,
And let us scuttle to the station,
And take the next train to the hills.

MORAL.

He who by diplomatic tact,
† Has calmed the frontiers of Nepaul,
Ought to be here just now, infact,
He shouldn't go on leave at all.

MORAL No. 2, (based on latest intelligence).

Yet they, Elias, Hart and Paul,
Without his aid have set things right;
There won't be any row at all,
For why? the sikkimites wont fight.

* This was not the case, but rhyme is of more importance than truth.
† See *Daily Telegraph*, 22nd March, 1889.

Digitized by Google

SIKKIM SENTIMENTS.

Tourist's
I saw the old Llama, I'd so like to kick him,
And paid my first call in this beautiful Sikkim,
But did not stay long, for the reason you know—
Was that holy man's smell, too high—not too low.

Political's
Here Amban I say! confound it you know,
Will you or wont you, get on with this show;
My hopes for a C.B. will all be defeated,
If this business is not in a fortnight completed.

Soldier's [at the front
You bloated Thibetans—if you really mean fighting,
Have done with your bark, and come on with the biting;
There's troops in reserve our Generals aren't muffs,
And I don't think you like a set-to with The Buffs.

Soldier's [in reserve
To hold oneself ready, to start off in a minute
Is exciting enough, Why football aint in it!
But here we remain, and likely to be
Some few months or so, for all I can see

The Amban's
There's Hart and there's Paul, two clever politicals
How clever they are! but their plans all are skittles,
I talk, and I promise, and am so unassuming,
While Graham and Co. are foaming and fuming.

The Rajah's
There's Hart, and the Amban, the Llamas, and Graham,
Oh! put the whole crowd in a basket and flay'em,
Not a day, nor an hour, will they let me alone,
They seem to forget that this is "*my*" home.

"L.E.'

ENIGMA.

From rosy gates we issue forth,
From east to west from south to north,
Unseen, unfelt by night, by day
Abroad we take our airy way,
We foster love, we kindle strife,
The bitter and the sweet of life:
Piercing and sharp, we wound like steel,
Now smooth as oil those wounds we heal

No string of pearls are valued more
Nor gems encased in golden ore,
Yet thousands of us every day
Worthless and vile, are cast away.
Ye wise, secure with bars of brass
The double gates through which we pass
For, once escaped, back to our cell
Nor art nor man can us compel.

Answers will be published next month.

CRICKET.

DETACHMENT THE BUFFS *v.* DETACHMENT 1ST LEINSTER REGIMENT.

This match was played at Darjeeling on the 11th April, 1889, and resulted in a win for The Buffs by ten wickets.

The scores were as follows:—

DETACHMENT THE BUFFS.

	1st INNINGS.		2nd INNINGS.
Corpl. Knight, c Lovett b Hogan	0	b Vanderzee,	0
Lieut. Hasler, b Vanderzee	0	not out	7
Pte. Clarke, c Armstrong b McMahon	0	not out	5
Dr. Dillon, l. b. w. b Taylor	11		
Sergt. Sheppard, b Taylor	0		
Pte. Bowden, b Taylor	33		
„ Maynard, st. Hogan b Taylor	0		
„ Greaves, b McMahon	11		
„ Martin, b McMahon	3		
„ Mepham, b McMahon	2		
„ Ward, not out	2		
Extras	9		
Total	71	Total	12

DETACHMENT 1st LEINSTER REGIMENT.

	1st INNINGS.		2nd INNINGS.
Lieut. Vanderzee, run out	5	run out	14
Corpl. Taylor, st. Bowden b Knight	6	b Hasler	17
Pte. Byrne, c Martin b Haslet	4	b Hasler	0
„ McMahon, b Knight	10	b Hasler	1
„ Gillchrist, l. b. w. b Knight	1	not out	8
„ Hogan, c Bowden b Hasler	0	b Bowden	1
„ Carroll, c. & b Knight	0	c & b Bowden	0
„ Allen, c Hasler b Knight	1	b Hasler	1
Corpl. Lovett, b Hasler	0	b Bowden	1
Pte. Armstrong, b Knight	4	c Bowden b Hasler	0
„ Murray, not out	0	c & b Bowden	0
Extras	7	Extras	2
Total	38	Total	45

DETACHMENT THE BUFFS *v* THE DEPOT BAND.

This match was played at Jalapahar on the 15th April, 1889, and resulted in a win for The Buffs by 10 runs.

The scores were as follows:

DETACHMENT THE BUFFS.

Pte. Hollingdale, b Bowden	2
„ Maynard, c Knight b Bowden	0
Dr. Dillon, b Bowden	6
Pte. Richards, b Knight	5
Sergt. Brain, b Greaves	41
Pte. Mepham, b Knight	0
Sergt. Sheppard, c Green b Bowden	11
Pte Grey, b Bowden	9
„ Swift, b Greaves	1
„ Bailey, run out	1
„ Luxford, not out	0
Extras	3
Total	79

DEPOT BAND.

Pte. McMahon, b Brain	0
Sergt.-Dr. Hackney, st. Richards b Brain	7
Pte. Green, b Brain	6
Corpl. Knight, c Maynard b Brain	5
Pte. Bowden, c Luxford b Brain	0
„ Greaves, b Brain	10
„ Curtis, b Brain	0
„ Elliott, b Mepham	0
„ Carroll, b Dillon	23
„ Bambury, b Brain	5
„ Lackery, not out	2
Extras	11
Total	69

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

"B" COMPANY *v.* "F" COMPANY.

The return match was played at Dum-Dum on 15th May, 1889, between "B" Company from Barrackpore and "F" Company at Head-quarters.

Digitized by Google

After a very friendly game, it ended in the same old thing, a draw, this being the fourth draw in succession. The ball was kicked off at 5.30 p.m., "B" Company having the wind in their favour. During the first half-time the ball was kept in the opponents' 25, but owing to the splendid play of "F" Company's goal-keeper, Pte. Wenman, "B" Company failed to score. Up to the call of half-time nothing was gained on either side. On the game being resumed the ball was kicked off by Lc.-Corpl. Mansfield, and was quickly taken up the right wing by Ptes. Taylor and Veal, "B" Company's goal-keeper had some warm work for a few minutes, but owing to the fine play of "B" Coy's. backs, Ptes. Wigley and McGinnell, the ball was quickly taken out of danger and kicked to the centre of the field, after which nothing particular happened of any note, at the call of time the game ended as mentioned above. The following men played especially well for their respective teams:—Ptes. Wigley, Attaway, and Eaton for "B" Company, and for "F" Company, Ptes. Reed, Morris, Taylor, Davis and Lc.-Corpl. Mansfield. After the game both teams retired to Letter "F" Company's Bungalow, where a splendid spread was provided for the visitors who did ample justice to it, after which both teams spent a most enjoyable evening in the usual manner until 9.30 p.m.

The following are the teams:—

"B" Company.

Goal Keeper—Pte. Attaway.
Backs—Ptes, Wigley and McGinnell.
Half Backs Ptes. Phillips, Drury and Yeo.
Right Wing—Ptes. Eaton and Sageman.
Left Wing—Ptes. Champion and Briggs.
Centre Forward—Pte. Russell, (Captain).

"F" Company.

Goal Keeper—Pte. Wenman.
Backs—Ptes. Morris and Matthews.
Half Backs—Ptes. Oudnie. Davis and Mitchell.
Right Wing—Ptes. Veal and Taylor.
Left Wing—Ptes. Read and Cherry.
Centre Forward—Lc.-Corpl. Mansfield, (Captain).

BARRACKPORE.

2nd XI. "B" Company *v.* 1st XI. 7-1 R. A.

Two Association Matches were played between 2nd Eleven "B" Company and 1st Eleven 7-1 Northen Division R. A. The first match was played on Wednesday May 8th and resulted in a win for the R. A. by one goal to nil. The return match was played on Saturday May 11th and ended in a draw, but owing to the wind blowing so heavily on the second half, "B" Company's team had the advantage throughout the game. Some good shots were made by Ptes. Watson and Buckwell, but without sucsess.

"H" COMPANY THE BUFFS *v.* 8-1. R. A.

Played at Dum-Dum on the 3rd inst. The ball was kicked off by the Battery at 5. 30 p. m. and was kept on The Buffs' ground for some time until Pte. Evans took possession of it, and dribbled it up to the R. A. goal, but failed to gain a point. Some sharp play then followed, the ball being passed across and across the front of the R. A. goal until a sharp shoot by Pte. Tizzard, scored to the Company, first honors. The game after this was very rough, it was all "take the man." Corpl. Cork made some good runs up the right wing, but having a very heavy Back to contend against, found it very hard work to get near his opponents goal, and passed the ball to Centre who however failed to score. Half-time was soon after called, and refreshments were supplied on the field. Upon play being resumed, the game began to get fast and furious, and the ball was kept on the R. A. ground. Some good play by the backs and goal keeper (who well defended his goal) then ensued, but without success. The ball then travelled to The Buffs' ground when Pte. Caffery kicking it up amongst the forwards, Pte. Evans seized the chance, and ran it up on the right wing, and passing it to the backs, a second goal was scored.

From this point, the game was very rough and exciting until time was called, proving that the R. A. are no mean opponents, thus leaving "H" Company the victors by two goals to nil.

Both teams then adjourned to the Company's bungalow, and the days amusement wound up with a small free and easy. Songs were sung with great gusto, and concluded with the usual "He's a jolly good fellow" and other songs considered appropriate to these occasions. As the R. A. had to return to Fort William, they prepared to depart, but said how sorry they all were to leave such a social party, and hoped they would live to enjoy many others of a similar description, in company with the "good old Buffs."

Digitized by Google

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

The Buffs *v.* A Calcutta Scratch Team.

This match was played on the evening of the 16th inst., on the Calcutta football ground, in presence of a great number of spectators, its result being a victory for The Buffs by five goals to one.

We are indebted to the *Englishman* of the 17th inst. for the following account of the game, and cannot do better than quote their own words:—

"The military appeared to be very familiar with the Association game while on the other hand the Scratch team (which was almost wholly composed of the Calcutta), were, as was to be expected, not so. The Buffs, who are well-built men should prove a dangerous team in the Rugby game also, with sufficient practice and experience, as their mode of play is by no means to be despised in the Rugby game. The Scratch team kicked off from opposite the river side goal, and the ball was well returned by the military who scored a goal in a few minutes. The ball was kept principally on the ground of the scratch team, who, though they played well in the last first half of the game, were no match for the military who carried the game before them without any difficulty. Before half time was called the military had added another goal to their score. After half time the sides were changed. The military appeared to show still better form, and played with remarkable ease, scoring three more goals in quick succession while their antagonists, who played with desperation, could keep absolutely no pace with them."

Corpls. Godfrey and Behrens, Ptes. Scot and Dyke showed up in good style for The Buffs, but every man played well and did all he knew. For Mr. Cowie's team—Watson, Kidston, Peterson and Coates were conspicuous for their good all round play. Subjoined is the list of players:—

The Buffs.

Goal Keeper.—Corpl. Hilderbrand.
Backs.—Ptes. Caffery and Lawson.
Half Backs—Ptes. Truscott, McGinnell and Harding.
Right Wing.—Ptes. Dyke and Evans
Centre.—Corpl. Behrens.
Left Wing.—Corpl. Godfrey (Captain), and Pte. Scot.

Scratch Team.

Goal Keeper.—Pte. Hobson.
Backs.—W. C. Scott and Dr. Cummins.
½ Backs.—J. M. Coates, E. Markquick & J. A. Longmuir
Left Wing.—E. A. Watson (Captain), C. H. Peterson.
Centre.—J. Kidston.
Right Wing.—J. C. Perkins, Ernest Cowie.

SWIMMING.

Swimming and Diving Competition for April.

The above took place too late for insertion in last month's *Dragon*. The events were as follows:—

Diving.

Pte. Foster,	"H" Company	1st
" Saxon,	"A" "	2nd
" Brown,	"G" "	3rd

Short Race.

Pte. Davis,	"F" Company	1st
" Foster,	"H" "	2nd.

Long Race.

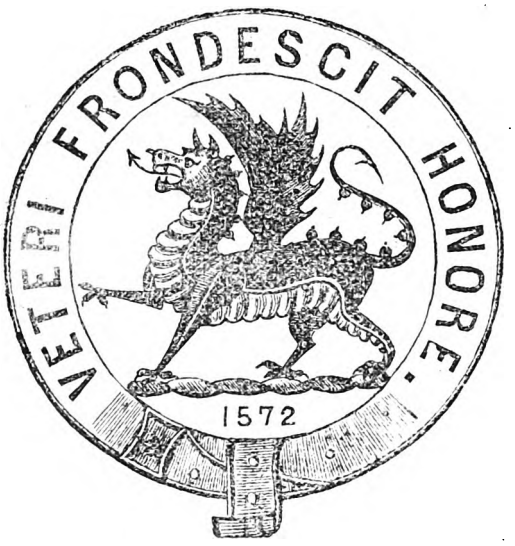
Pte. Foster,	"H" Company	1st
" Shannon.	"E" "	2nd.

The diving was very fair all round, but none came up to Foster's. The short race was almost a walk over for Davis, he was lucky in getting a clear field while the others were trying to extricate themselves from the mass who fondly imagine they may get a place, but only succeed in stopping others. The long race gave the most amusement, the contest being left to Ptes. Shannon and Foster, "Charley" taking his stroke nice and easily while our well known figure "Porpoise" did his level best to imitate the rolling of that fish, diving and rolling with commendable regularity, 'twas no use though, the steady stroke and head above water gave "H" Company's "Charley" a victory by about four yards.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

East Kent Chronicle.



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 27. **DUM-DUM, JUNE 30th, 1889.** [Price 2 Annas.

Domestic Occurences.

MARRIAGE.

HALL—EVISON—On the 16th inst., at the Old (or Mission) Church, Fort William, Calcutta, by the Rev, A. H. Bowman, M. A., Lance-Corporal A. J. Hall, The Buffs, to Jessie Isabella, daughter of James Evison, Law writer.

NOTES.

Several mysterious parcels addressed to the Editor have been discovered under the door of the Printing Office lately. One especially was so ponderous, and bore such a striking resemblance to what we have read about containing an infernal machine, that we, the Staff of *The Dragon*, being a very timid people, did not like the idea of opening it, so we sent it to the Factory to be opened by more experienced and courageous hands. There in the centre of a group of stalwart Ordnance Artificers of different grades and nationality, our mysterious parcel was undergoing a very severe criticism, some one suggested that it should be sunk in one of the tanks for a few days, until all danger from it was likely to be over, and the crowd was beginning to disperse at the bare thought of a *cholera germ*, when one more gallant than the remainder came forward and offered to open it, whereupon the crowd separated in all directions, and great was the suspense as wrapper after wrapper was tenderly and mistrustfully removed from the outside—At last to the intense satisfaction of everyone, the kernel was arrived at, and behold, this daring son of Mars, with his right hand held high above his head, and in it——A contribution for *The Dragon* ! ! ! The smallest contributions are always thankfully received by the Editor, but when sending them in, why all this secrecy ? and why not conform to our rule regarding the sender's name as a gurantee ?

* * *

No longer is Prickly Heat to be despised ! Read the Prize Poem that has resulted therefrom ! We only regret that our funds will not allow us to treble the value of the prize, nor even permit

Digitized by Google

us to offer another one. No doubt this paragraph in itself is more than sufficient reward to the Poet—for is it not *grand* to be thus quoted in *The Dragon* ? The day that brings this before the public gaze, will be a " Red Letter " in the calendar of " Boggley Wallah." We only hope whilst congratulating B. W. on his accession to the Rs 10 and Laurel Crown, that the circumstance will not insert yet one more " Red Letter" in B. W's. Calendar.

* * *

Cheer up Paddy ! yours too is excellent, but you evidently are not such a keen sufferer as B. W., wherefore our sympathies incline towards him.

* * *

The *Englishman* is a poor sort of paper, the Editor of which is inclined to write gratuitous nonsense.

The *Pioneer* is infinitely worse.

We have not been paid for the above insertion it is merely that we feel bound to show our gratitude to these *Dailies*, since the former so very kindly stated for the information of all India not long ago, that " *The Dragon* is well got up for a Regimental Paper "—and as regards the latter——well——*prevention is better than cure.*

* * *

Printers have a lot to answer for ;

A correspondent wants to know why "Sikkim" was printed in such small type in last month's number—We dont like to be *always blaming our Printers*, we have therefore answered as the Printer himself would probably have replied if he had been asked the question.

* * *

" A sufferer's " experiences of prickly heat has not found space in our columns, (for which we are sorry, they were very feelingly displayed, but were not in our opinion quite up to prize competition form.

We would recommend the author to try again.

* * *

With reference to " Enquirers " letter, we were rather surprised to learn that there was any question as to the Association Cup, presented by Major Newnham-Davis, being a Challenge Cup. Did not Major Newnham-Davis in presenting the cup to " H " Company express a hope that they would win it for many years to come? and did not Capt. Tylden-Pattenson, replying on behalf of " A " Company, express a hope, tha this " A " Company, might wrest the cup from " H " Comany next year, or words to that effect ? No question was raised at the time, and we therefore conclude with " Enquirer " that the cup is a Challenge Cup, and we cannot believe that " H' Company with all their sporting propensities would wish otherwise.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any " nom-de-plume " can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

To The Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

I would like to suggest an improvement with reference to the music (?) that is provided during the *entre actes* in our merry little theatre

When Ferrells' Company was here the other day, we in the "pit" were doomed to listen to strains which emanated from, as far as I can remember, the combined efforts of one Piccolo, one Oboe, three Clarionets (1st, 2nd, and 3rd), one Bass, one Alto Horn, and one Saxe Horn. Now, far be it from me to criticise the musicians, except that we know them to be the pick of our Band, and very excellent performers individually, but—did it not strike others of the audience besides me that there was something wrong somewhere? was the harmony complete, soft, unpronounced, smooth, regular and above all, was it suited to the building? Personally it struck on my unsophisticated ear, as too loud by far, too jumpy, and out of place.

Jumpy—By this I mean as follows :—
Every individual instrument made itself heard distinctively, and there was no appreciable blending of tone, such as is the case with a full band at a proper distance. If this explanation is vague, take for example a tune like the "Turkish Patrol" —first you hear the more powerful instruments, gradually the weaker ones—which to my mind

Digitized by Google

are the most beautiful—work in, till at the final you have the all-powerful brass, toned down by overpowering numbers of reeds, thus the tone is harmonised and blended, and it is this contrast that makes the "Turkish Patrol," apart from its fine composition, a success. Now in our theatre orchestra, that bass is too powerful—it can't help itself poor thing, it's built that way—that piccolo! oh! that piccolo! I don't often swear—but that made me—partly from shock to the nervous system, partly from a violent twinge of prickly heat. I believe the piccolo is very bad for prickly heat. Without wishing to be more inquisitive than absolutely necessary, may I ask why the ever-beautiful double-bass was conspicuous by its absence on this occasion? was it that Miss Nan. Ferrell's appearance was too much for such a sensitive thing? (or was it them Green Tights?) any way, the double-bass wasn't there—and, "tho' I says it as shouldn't," it ought to have been.

Out of place. Well! that's more easily defined, because any orchestra that deafens its audience and prevents conversation being carried on in a normal tone, must be out of place.

You will ask "what can be done," well! first of all would it not be more pleasing to those of us who are blessed with sensitive ears, if the full Band were substituted for nine performers? Then again, might not some suitable place be found for the orchestra so that their audience might not be deafened?

In conclusion, I am desperately fond of music and I would far rather "go to a play" to hear a good orchestra, than look at all the Nan. Ferrells and Green Tights in creation, and now having got myself disliked by the Band President, Band Master, Misses Nan. Ferrell and Green Tights (both of whom I dearly love, *really*). I shall end this epistle, sincerely trusting that steps will be taken in the future to study the feelings of

"A Musical Enthusiast."

P.S.—If Lc.-Corpl. Borland asks for my name and address, for God's sake don't give it him.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

In Barrackpore Notes for the month of May, some information is asked for on "Tank fishing," which I am only too pleased to give as far as my experience allows me.

Well—the first thing required is to get a straight bamboo rod not longer than ten feet, with a longer one you cannot strike or hook the fish that are to be caught in tanks.

2. The next thing is to get a good strong line and rod, and hooks of medium size, care taken always to fish with a pair of hooks. All these can be procured in the Bazaars, Calcutta, at a very small cost.

3. The best float to use is a piece of the quill of a pea-fowl, (six can be bought in the Bazaar for one pice). The reason these are the best description of floats to use is that they are light and sensitive and the slightest bite can be detected. I forgot to mention, you require about one dozen stand up rings tied on the rod. These can also be obtained in any of the Bazaars.

The principle and best fish caught in the tanks are Roe, Mirga and Kutla, the former decidedly the best to eat, and, in my opinion they give the best play.

Now, having got your rod, reel and line together, the next thing is to select a place to fish from. I always select a place from which I can fish over some weeds, water-lilly leaves &c., as all big fish lay up in these places. The next thing is to get a coolie to go into the water and clear the ground, say about two yards square, of all weeds &c. Now having selected the ground, you want to draw the fish to this particular place. Well, for two pice you can buy as much of the husks of rice as will last you a week, and for one week before commencing to fish, mix up some of the husks of rice with a little earth, into balls a little larger than a cricket ball, then throw four of them into the water about the place you intend to fish from daily.

Now as to which is the best bait to use. I always use attah, a coarse native flour, two pice-worth, first made up into a thick paste with cold water (the harder the better), then boil this for twenty minutes, take out, allow to get quite cool and mix up two pice-worth of English cheese and let it be well worked up in the hands. The cost of this bait is only one anna which will last for two days fishing.

Now, one of the great points in fishing is to plumb the depth of the place you intend fishing from, (which should always be attended to before you commence) the depth of water varies, and you should just have your hook about half an inch from the ground, as it is from that position the Roe fish generally feed from.

The last and most difficult thing to be attended to, is to know when you are getting a bite from a Roe fish. Well, I have always been successful

Digitized by Google

since I commenced, and I always observe the following:—First the float becomes perpendicular and nearly motionless; the next thing is to watch the float making about four quivers or tremors or very suddenly moving up and down. This is the exact moment to strike your fish, then if you find your fish is hooked, immediately raise the point of your rod (and allow the reel to run freely), and keep it in that position while playing your fish if it is a good sized one. Never for one moment allow your line to become slack, always keep a steady strain on it and never be in too great hurry to land your fish, as the greatest sport is in the science used in playing the fish.

Always after fishing you should dry your line. keep your hooks stuck in a piece of cork to prevent them getting blunt and rusty. One more and thing I forgot to mention is that you should never fish further out than the point of your rod. The object of this is to enable you to strike the hooks well home into your fish. This is one of the most important things to be attended to in tank fishing. This is also necessary as the Roe fish, being a specie of the Carp breed, have very tough mouths.

The length of line to fish with, from the point of rod to float should never be more than one yard.

I will be very pleased to give any further information or answer any question on this subject to any men of the Regiment, through the medium of this paper.

Now Mr. Editor, I find I must apologize for taking up so much of your valuable space, and conclude by wishing our Barrackpore fishermen as successful sport as we are having at Dum-Dum.

Fish, weighing on an average, from six to eight pounds, sometimes larger, are continually caught in the tanks here and afford very good sport to the Angler. Yours sincerely,

MACHCHHI MARA.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

In response to your invitation for criticisms on the letter of "Young Buff" published in last month's *Dragon*, I beg to remark as follows:

I agree with the pith of his statement, viz., that there are, and always have been, thousands of men looking for employment or pretending to do so, and that probably such will always be the case, and I cannot help thinking that, in the letter from "Old Buff" the case is overdrawn, when he says "it is the deferred pay that is the attraction." Surely a man is not going to risk the possibility (real or imaginary) of a perpetual state of beggary for the sake of spending a paltry £21.

I should say that other and more powerful reasons than that would induce a man to go home, and the man himself should be the judge as to the best course for him to pursue.

I have heard of three or four men who went home last season, and they are all doing well and my opinion is that if a man is only persevering and determined to get work, he can get it. Canterbury though, and its neighbourhood. would be the last place I should recommend anyone to go to.

If however, a man has no home ties nor prospects and thinks he will do better by taking on for the other 5 or 9 years as the case may be, well and good. The best thing he can do then is to make up his mind thoroughly about the matter, and not give way to after regrets. To avoid too frequent recourse to the canteen, & even as "Old Buff" says, add a little more to his deferred pay by monthly instalments in the No. 2 form.

I also agree with "Young Buff" that there is no degradation in selling fish, even around a soldier's barracks, and I think it is just possible that he might earn more than "a few pence" at the business.

With reference however to the remark of "Young Buff," that "perchance "Old Buff" has not experienced the joys of India," I think the *nom de plume* of the latter is sufficient to convince him (Young Buff) on that point, and spring him to attention, as, if "Old Buff" is really what he signs himself, I think it is very probable that he experienced the joys of India before "Young Buff" ever had the least idea of 'listing. The letter from "Old Buff" is written no doubt in all sincerity, and with the best intentions, and the concluding remarks of "Young Buff" about the recruiting Staff, are I think, unnecessary and meaningless.

Yours sincerely

Territorial.

To the Editor of The Dragon,

Sir

In your May number there appears a letter signed "Critic" upon the subject of Soldiers Rations I should very much like to know

Digitized by Google

the public opinion about "Critic's" letter.

It struck me as quaint that a person signing himself or herself "Critic" should compose anything so very funny—"Critic" must have a fairly good opinion of his own powers of discrimination, also an unbounded confidence in his own literary talent.

He begins :

"*This letter has some good points.*"

Practice what you preach "Critic" ! how about the *SWEEPING ASSERTION* you condemn !

I have no hesitation in stating, and without fear of contradiction, that if you compare the following two sentences:—

(*a*) "*This letter has some good points.*"

(*b*) "*Before rushing into print without offering etc.*"

(*a*) Is "a sweeping assertion."

(*b*) Is not an "assertion" at all.

Where is "Critics" logic ! or shall we say where is "*illogical* Critic" ?

One might easily write pages on "Critic's" abusive, vague and illogical attempt, but we'll let him down easy this time, therefore in conclusion, I don't think from the tone of his letter that "Critic" has yet thoroughly studied the Ration question, wherefore it was scarcely wise for him or her to venture upon a criticism on the subject—Again, "Critic" may have sound ideas, but if so, he does not know how to put them into intelligible English—in fact the tone, drift and orthography of "Critic's" attempt, are to my mind distinctly feeble ; neither am I alone in my opinion.

Hoping that for "Critic's" sake you will allow this to appear in your next issue.

I remain

"Experientia docet."

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

I forward copy of a letter I received the other day. As most of us are in the same hat as the writer, it would be joyful news if his argument could be proved sound.

Yours sincerely

H. Blackburn.

To The Mr. Captain Blackburn Esqrs.

Dum-Dum.

Sir

I beg your parden Saheb I want more pay because I am very poor man I will be thank you before Rs-6 monthly every Mali ; then please give me Rs-6 monthly I will be thank.

Your obidient

Surgan Mali.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir

Referring you to pages 11 and 12 in last month's *Dragon*, may I ask was it intentional that "Sikkim Sentiments" was printed in large type, whilst "Sikkim," which seems to be unaminously pronounced the better composition of the two as regards rhyme, scansion and sense, was printed in type which almost required a magnifying glass to read it with ? I may state that the authors of both poems are quite unknown to me, and that I only ask this question to satisfy my own curiosity—for in my humble opinion "Sikkim Sentiments" fell somewhat *flat* coming immediately after "Sikkim" which was rather *tasty*. "Curioso."

[Want of space prevented "Sikkim" from being printed in larger type last month, but we will try and not offend again. Ed.]

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

I shall be much obliged if you can inform me through your columns, the conditions under which Major Newnham-Davis presented the Association Cup to the Battalion for competition last year. If I mistake not, a great number of those interested in the matter were of opinion that it was to be considered in the same light as the Rugby one, viz:—A challenge Cup which could not be won outright.

I am given to understand that the holders of the Cup consider it their absolute property, and that no conditions of any kind were laid down regarding its being again put up for competition. This being so, the Battalion is without a cup for competition by Association teams, and I suggest to the lovers of this game, that a movement be set on foot without delay to obtain subscriptions to purchase a suitable trophy for competition during the coming and succeeding football seasons.

Yours faithfully

"Enquirer."

[We are of opinion that the Association Cup *is* a Challenge Cup and on precisely the same footing as the Rugby Challenge Cup, but in

Digitized by Google

as her name would lead one to suppose, was not to be despised, and in the meantime had been moving in magnificent style, but she was too heavily handicapped (she also had to turn for breaking) and was unable to gain on her formidable opponent. "Lightning" who won easily by about 400 yards, thanks in no small degree to his conductor. The ponies were driven: "Lightning" by Sergt. Bovenzer and "Standstill" by her owner Col.-Sergt. Andrews, both of whom deserve great praise for the expert manner in which they handled their 'ribbons.'

We should like to witness a match between these two ponies, to be ridden over the same course, starting on equal terms.

THE COTSWOLD HOUNDS.—(CONTINUED).

Tally ho—forrard shrieks the first whip, as the fox whisking his white tipped brush in the air is seen stealing away over the greasy hill beyond. But one cannot describe the next ten minutes; no description will convey it you; if you have ridden to hounds in a grass country with only timber to try your nerves. Here the Cotswolds stretch away with dips now and again, and a stone wall here and there that your horse clears with a bound! on, on go the hounds, they have run 4 miles in ten minutes, pretty good going, however there they are still pressing on, though with considerably less music than before. After rounding Rundcombe, they diverge from the B line they have been running on, a "pensioner" has crossed their course, a three legged fox who has been caught in a trap, so they soon run into him, but are not allowed to eat him, as he is mangy. Travers soon lifts his pack back to where they were on the old scent, and away again at once, every hound throwing his tongue and filling the air with joyful melody, away they sweep like a hurricane—forrard is again the cry, till in the far distance Withington Woods give poor Reynard a hope of safety. Just at the moment the last fence is reached, the pack break from scent to view, and roll the fox up like a hedge-hog amongst them. Time 1 hour 15 minutes from find to finish.

M.F.H.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The Regimental amateurs gave a negro entertainment two evenings last month, in the Regimental theatre, but as we received no account of it from our Dramatic Critic it escaped comment in our last issue.

FERRELL'S DRAMATIC COMPANY.

This Company (late Crofton and Ferrell's) visited us in the early part of the month, and divided the few days they had to spare, before going on their up country tour, between Dum-Dum and Calcutta. The four nights they occupied our little theatre they performed "Nan the Good-for-nothing," twice to crowded houses, Nan, (Miss A. Ferrell) being awfully good, followed by the Burlesque "Ill used Il-trovatore,' the songs and chorusses of which have been whistled and warbled around the Cantonments ever since. "Pygmalion and Galatea" assisted by Mrs. Hayes (wife of Capt. Horace Hayes late of The Buffs) proved a tremendous success, and on the 7th inst., for their last performance this season, they gave us a comic Irish farce entitled "Barney the Baron" (Mr. D. C. Smith causing shouts of laughter) followed by "Brown and the Brahmins" a Burlesque.

Everybody appeared thoroughly satisfied with their visit, and we hope that we shall have the pleasure of their Company when they come this way again. Mr. J. B. Ferrell took a character in each piece, and as his appearance on the stage was always a signal for general applause shewed he was a great favorite amongst the men of the Regiment. He is to be congratulated upon his energetic management, and the company he brought with him this time, is, we think, the best we have seen since our arrival in this country.

While we are on the theatre subject, a word of advise to the scenic artists might not be out of place. Don't put the paint pots on the seats that the audience have to sit upon, the colors may be very nice and pretty, but they don't improve the appearance of the white clothing, which is sometimes required for parade next morning.

COUNTER IRRITATION.
OR
PRICKLY HEAT A BLESSING.

"Sermons in stones and good in everything."—Shakspeare.

It was my first summer on the steaming plains of Lower Bengal; three months of persistent, ever-increasing heat had done much towards the destruction of youthful and enthusiastic oriental impressions derived from highly coloured descriptions of eastern life, character, and scenery abounding in certain mouldy volumes in the family library, ancient long-forgotten records of palmy days of the English settler in India.

My miseries rose with the temperature and almost reached a climax when the Prickly Heat claiming me for its own, well nigh drove me to distraction.

I had suffered for a week from this most irritating of visitations, my whole skin smarting with pain and covered with small red spots, no relief could be obtained, sleep was denied me.

One evening I fell in with old T——, an Anglo-Indian of forty years standing with an exhaustive store of antiquarian and miscellaneous information on all subjects under the sun; a bit

Digitized by Google

As regards the training, the system at present adopted by regulation, is a very good one. A recruit offers himself for the line, he is ½ an inch under chest measurement, but big enough for the Militia, joins, and six weeks afterwards finds he has puffed out his chest to the standard, and there and then joins the line. Now this man would be lost to the service if it had not been for the Militia. A correspondent to a paper, wrote a short time ago to the effect "that the Militia recruits were used in all the Regtl. Depôts for nothing else but fatigues," this well-informed gentleman is a long way out, let him come to Canterbury by one of the cheap excursions now running, and he would find the aforesaid recruit putting in his four hours on the square (*roz-roz*) exclusive of *all* fatigues.

Lovely weather here now, lots of cricket and tennis, it makes one feel as if one were watching the 1st Battn. at cricket when one sees such well known faces as Col. Hobson, Major Hickson, Capt. Porter, Capt. Colley, Lieut. Booth, Sergt.-Major Aherne, Corpl. Bailey, your late Qr.-Mr.-Sergt., and lastly Col.-Sergt. Bennell hard at it. A team from the 2nd Battn. journeyed this way last Wednesday and played and beat the Cavalry depôt, but mind you, they had to indent on their much abused depôt for no less than three players. The aforesaid depôt has played (up to date) four matches, winning three of them.

We also had a visit form a party of Sergeants from the 2nd Battn. all mounted on bicycles and all dressed in 'mufty.' They looked very smart, but how is it done on 2/4 a day? must be a gold mine somewhere about the Grand Shaft.

The 2nd Battn. leaves Dover on the 27th inst., for Woolwich, and much to everyone's delight goes by rail, it was expected they would have to march, as the Rifle Brigade who are relieving The Buffs, have to foot it, and there is one very decent march viz., Chatham to Canterbury, 25 miles, quite a splendid stroll with a valise.

Pte. Holland (Dutchy) has been discharged, he realized 11d. per diem pension for life. Now what about the "mortified pension" as Tommy persists in calling it. Pte. Cogan has been found fit for further service and transferred to the home Battn. for duty. The other men that came home with him are all for discharge on the 11th of this month, among them are Sergeant Watson, Corpl. Neill, Pte. Duffy and others, all "unfit for further service." No doubt you have seen in the Kentish Papers that Major A. C. Jackson is about to take unto himself a partner for life, but if you have not, the fortunate lady is Miss L. Boothby second daughter of Mrs. Boothby, of Barton Fields, Canterbury.

Col.-Sergt. Carden (2nd Battn.) gets the vacant Company of the Volunteers at Canterbury. Capt. R. E. Philips was here last week looking well. Capt. Hughes is still very seedy at Margate but this fine weather, it is hoped, will square him up. Yours as usual,

Canterbury, 7-6-89. OLD BUFF.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A great sporting match comes off to-morrow the 1st prox., between two of our athletic Col.-Sergts. Featherstone, who before he became a benedict, used to run very well, and Talbot (of Woolwich), and we are only sorry that it did not take place a little sooner so that we could have recorded the result this month, as it would have been very acceptable to a great many of our readers who we fear have considerably more than their month's pay to stake. If we came under the category of a sporting journal we would feel justified in giving the straight tip, but as we are not, we will leave the result to time, which proves all things. The race (100 yards flat for Rs. 100 aside) is to be run, we believe, outside the Sergt's. Mess, and will cause a great deal of excitement as both men are looking very fit, and have undergone a very severe and strict months training under Corpl. Davis and Sergt. Eaton respectively. In parenthesis and *sotto voce*, although we don't usually do this sort of thing, we have laid a pony on the Woolwich man ourselves, but we are not giving a *tip* bear in mind. We have to back our Col-Sergeants.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

Lieut. Annesley is going through a course of equitation at Barrackpore.

Capt. H. Blackburn took over the duties of acting Paymaster on the 14th inst.

2nd Lieut. A. G Trollope took over command and payment of Letter 'C' Company from Capt. H. Blackburn on the 14th inst.

Lce.-Corpl. E. Bing was on the 1st inst. appointed Hospital Librarian.

No. 1480 Pte. E. Appleton appointed Bandsman. Dated 6th March, 1889.

The undermentioned N.-C. O's. and men have extended their services with the Colors:

497 Col.-Sergt. W. Watts, 1230 Lce.-Corpl. A. J. Hall, 324 Pte. J. Newton, and 1717 Pte. J. Cassidy.

The undermentioned women have been taken on the strength of the married establishment of the Battalion: Catherine Turner, 22-5-89. Jessie Isabella Hall, 16-6-89.

Q. M. S. (P. M. S) A. H. Tomsett has been appointed Savings Bank Clerk, 24-3-89.

The undermentioned have passed the necessary examination qualifying them for Regimental Instructors in Army Signalling: Lce.-Corpl. T. Latter, Pte. G. Bryan, and Pte. J. Hobbs.

Digitized by Google

FOOTBALL.

Almost every evening during the past month two matches have been played. On one side of the parade-ground Rugby, and Association on the other, and as a detail or even a record of each would take up too much of our *valuable* space, we have only selected the principal for insertion (these being the only ones, bye the bye, for which accounts have been received). We have taken a lot of trouble to induce Captains of teams to send in details of matches won, but why are they so backward? Can anyone enlighten us? The Sergeants and Band started playing during the early part of the month in such brilliant form and with such determination that the Regimental teams were entirely forgotten. The Corporals appear to be the only team that has not caught the infection, for they have not even started playing yet. Last year there was considerable competition for the two cups, and great was the excitement at each contest among the spectators, (who were numerous,) but this year if the different teams don't tire in their training something more animating may be expected. At present there are some very calamitous opinions as to which Company will be at the top of the great football tree this year, and we hope that this sort of spirit may continue among the teams, for by this means tip top matches in the finals are sure to result.

'D' Coy. *v.* 'G' Coy.

Played on the 30th ult., the whistle blew at 5.55 p.m. D Coy. kicked off and the ball was kept in G's 25 for some time, both teams playing very fast, some good passing now took place with G Coy's. team by Pte. Castleman (½ back) and Corpl. Behrens and Pte. Russell ¾, which took the ball to the centre. G Coy's. forwards now took charge and forced the ball to D Coy's 25. At this stage of the game, some very good play on both sides took place. Corpl. Davis and Pte. Gallagher especially working hard and relieving their team by some very good runs. They were unfortunately collared by the combined efforts of the ¾, and the flying man that G took out of the forwards. The shrill whistle of the Referee now sounded and both teams were thankful for a short rest. Ball was again set rolling, this time by G, and the look of determination on the faces of both teams as they followed the leather, showed that each man would do his level best to gain an advantage for his side and thus enable the best team to win. A smart bit of play by Adams of G, led up to a try for his side, which was turned to good account by Lawson, who landed the ball beautifully over the centre bar. D now kicked off and worked so awfully well that at one time, everyone felt convinced they would retrieve their lost ground and put themselves on even terms with their opponents, but G's. forwards were always well to the front, and Pte. Want's running was really good for the sight. The leather was now gradually worked back to D's 25, and Pte. Castleman, by a bit of smart practice, obtained the second try for G. An appeal was here made, but the Referee promptly decided in favour of G. The place kick however was unsuccessful, the ball just passing under the bar. A few minutes more play and time was called. G Coy. thus won a really good match by 1 goal and 1 try to nil.

There is every probability of a return match shortly coming off between these teams, and the result will be the subject for much discusion amongst the two Companies, who have both great confidence in the merit of their respective teams.

"B" Coy. *v.* "A" Coy.

The return match was played at Dum-Dum on the 12th June, 1889, between B Coy. from Barrackpore and A Coy. at head-quarters. The ball was kicked off by B Coy. at 5.30 p.m., but owing to the ground being so wet and slippery nothing was scored the first half time. On the game being resumed both teams played much better, and owing to the good passing of B Coy's. forwards the first goal was scored. After the goal being scored A Coy. played with more energy but without success, and just before the call of time B Company scored their second goal. This making B the victors by 2 goals to love.

Both teams then adjourned to the Companys' bungalow, where A Company had a fine spread awaiting the visitors, who did ample justice to it. The evening wound up with a free and easy, both teams thoroughly enjoying themselves.

The following men played well for their respective teams:—Ptes. Sewell, Brewer, Johnson, Colvin and Barnes for A Coy. For B Coy.—Ptes. Eaton, Wigley, Champion, Sageman and Yeo.

Digitized by Google

'Yes I know well, here comes little Mary Smith. Ask her what she thinks? I prophecy she always liked soldiers too.'

A little village girl was coming towards them swiftly and gracefully down the summer lane. The wild roses swept down, and were falling in pink showers upon the narrow path. Her cheeks were as pink as the petals as Esther Ross stood confronting her with a smile.

'We have just been to Mrs. Harris' she said 'Then Miss, you've heard the news of Tummas.'

'Yes Mary I hope you are not going to cry as Mrs. Harris did.'

''Deed no Miss,' said Mary lifting her head, Tummas has a mind of his own.'

'That's right' said Esther eagerly, 'you stick up for him and so will I. Why, it's a grand thing to be a soldier.'

Mary stood calmly in front of her. 'I have great confidence in Tummas' she said.

'So have I,' said Esther still eagerly, 'there, father, you see all his *best* friends have confidence in Thomas.' 'I hope Thomas will deserve the confidence' said the Minister drily.

As far as Thomas went, it seemed as if the confidence was not misplaced. He wrote from Portsmouth to Mr. Ross, an open manly letter, saying how distasteful the village life had grown to be to him, and how he wanted to see the world before he settled down, and he hoped the Minister would keep an eye to his mother and not let her grieve after him, he wasn't worth it, and he sent his duty to Miss Esther. For Mary Smith there was no message, because Mary Smith had a letter of her own.

The next news that came of Thomas, did not come by letter. It came in the form of a short paragraph in the daily papers that Miss Ross took proudly down to the little village and read aloud. Mrs. Harris sat drooping in the wooden armchair with a cup of tea at her elbow, whilst pretty Mary stood in the sunlight by the open door, with her arms clasped above her head.

'Listen, I have a story to read you' said Esther trembling with excitement. 'It is really a very grand story, Mrs. Harris, and it is in the papers: it must be true.'

'Thank you kindly Miss,' said Mrs. Harris speaking in the subdued voice she had used since Thomas went away. 'A lone widow whose only hope is in Providence, cannot repay you—but I bears my trials patiently, Miss, which is more than most.'

'I really can't see you have any trials, Mrs. Harris,' said Esther trying to speak quietly, 'You ought to be proud of Thomas—now listen—don't cry, please, I did not mean to speak crossly.'

'A poor widow forgives you, Miss,' said Mrs. Harris solemnly, 'which knows that life is full of trials.'

(To be continued).

TROTTING MATCH.

On the 22nd of June, our little world was startled with enormous, glaring posters, conspicuously announcing that a trotting Match, for a small wager, had been arranged to take place on the 24th inst., between the ponies of Paymaster Sergeant (with the rank of Quarter-Master Sergt.) Tomsett and Color-Sergeant Andrews, jocosely nicknamed (the ponies we mean) "Lightning" and "Standstill" respectively; course, from Dum-Dum Junction to the Outram Institute. distance about two and half miles; The terms of the match were that "Standstill" allowed "Lightning" 300 yards start. Our valuable services had been sought for to see fair play on behalf of "Lightning," and Q.-M. S. Nicholas to watch "Standstill" (not a very difficult undertaking judging from the name, but somewhat monotonous.) In spite of the rain, a start was effected from Dum-Dum Junction about 5. 30 p.m. "Standstill" showing temper and trying to demolish the Railway arch (or it may have been that she wished to go by train, but we had no time to enquire, she soon got to work, and we had to gallop hard to keep her in sight) but to continue, *both* ponies *started* this time, with umpires and a body-guard of mounted Officers in attendance. "Lightning" (with his 300 yards start) as tho' charged with atmospheric electricity, went away at a spanking pace, which he kept up without once breaking, until he arrived at the Outram Institute, where a tremendous crowd (the sporting public) was assembled to witness the finish. "Standstill," insignificant

Digitized by Google

order to satisfy every one's curiosity, we have referred the matter to the donor, Major Newnham-Davis, who will no doubt reply through the columns of this paper. Ed.]

To The Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

Beign a constant reader of *The Dragon* I read amongst others, the "Old Buffs" letter, then again "Young Buffs," on which criticisms were invited.

I am now about to hazard a few remarks; firstly on the elder Buff, and if space will permit to venture a few on his younger brother in arms.

I perused with feelings of consternation that very mournful letter from "Old Buff" which appeared in your issue of April last anent employment, or rather the want of it of Reserve men.

The Old Buffs' heart must indeed bleed at the affecting aspect of dozens ot Reservists hard up; or rather at the sight of a Reserve man (perhaps a late acquaintance) selling fish. I at once registered a vow to remain for ever beneath the burning rays of an Indian sun, rather than accept the wretched alternative of the common lot of poverty and misery, the fate of the Reserve man; but ere my vow had been recorded a month, behold, my feelings underwent a sudden change on the appearance in your issue of May, of that re-assuring young Buff who cannot associate poverty with the vending of fish and who ventures, respectfully of course, to suggest that there are other means of employment still open to the sober, industrious man; on second thoughts to. I agree with "Young Buff" and am one with him in considering that the prospects of the Reserve man's employment are by no means so hopeless, be it selling fish, or otherwise, as this facetious "Old Buff." In drawing my somewhat lengthy epistle to a close, I am happy to assure "Young Buff" that when the time arrives, I shall be glad to accompany him, perhaps to vend fish, but in that case I should be most particular to keep away from "Old Buff" for fear I should share the uncalled for pity of "One of our smartest men."

"Rebuff"

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

In response to your appeal for ideas on this *vexata questio* (please excuse my school boy latin), I should say that by the tone of "Young Buffs" letter he was a precocious youth, with too little experience to vent ideas on the subject as to whether it were better to go home with seven years completed service or to remain with the colors abroad. If work is as plentiful at home as he implies, why didnt he stick to it instead of enlisting? I am sure "Old Buff" when he wrote, didnt mean that there was any disgrace in earning an honest penny! he simply pointed out, how much better (for those who havn't an opportunity of seeing for themselves,) it would be to extend their services, and be certain of a livelihood, than to go home, and eke out a precarious living in the manner he mentioned, and I am sure that the majority of the men of the 1st Battn. The Buffs are very much obliged to him for his kind advice. The latter part of "Young Buff's" letter is really to ridiculous too comment upon. If "Young Buff" had only thought for one moment before "rushing to print" the natural conclusion would have occured to him, that the simple fact of "Old Buff" being an *old Buff*, proved that he was also an old Indian warrior, and had probably spent a good many years on the scorching plains, when the luxuries of the present day (even fish) where unheard of, and no doubt knows all about the ills that flesh is heir to in this country. I can't understand why, when a man writes criticising a letter he has seen in a paper, he allows himself to fall into an abusive strain. If it were possible to give vent to ones feelings with more decorum, I fancy it would be the much better plan, especially if they didn't know who the correspondent was that they were abusing, and we must all remember that 'civility costs nothing.'

Yours sincerely,

Novice.

HOME NEWS.

Since my last, the training of the 3rd Battn. has become a thing of the past, nearly 700 bold militiamen assembled here and were sent to Shorncliffe the same day. They assembled and went away in a very orderly manner. Colonel Hobson, Commanding the 3rd Regtl. District, made his inspection of them on the 30th ult. There seems to be great agitation going on about the present system of obtaining and training recruits for the Militia. If the public want more recruits for the Militia they should give "bringing money," they would get them then in "galores."

Digitized by Google

of a doctor, sportsman, ex-soldier, in fact an everythingarian of the first water.

To him I unburdened my mind, bitterly anathematizing the whole country, its manners, customs, and above all, climate.

What? got the Prickly Heat? old T—— remarked "congratulate you, congratulate you a splendid thing Prickly Heat, saved my life once, would you like to hear it? it's not very long."

Thirty years ago I was a slim young Lieut. of Dragoons! Aha, you smile but I was not always the abdominous scanty haired elder you now behold.

Eight and twenty, with a more than average share of of good looks I flatter myself, and in love with the charmingest, sweetest ——— at least such was my opinion at that period, life seemed one continuous round of perfect unadulterated bliss.

The course of true love ran smoothly on for months, I was indeed a happy man and confidently looked forward to the crowning bliss of all, a speedy union with the girl of my heart.

But this was not to last, a disturbing element appeared upon the scene in the person of an enormously rich old Collector. I need not enlarge upon my misery, suffice it to say that a long purse inflamed the mercenary parents of my angel, I was thrown over in favor of Crœsus, and my divinity yielding to domestic coercion, became Mrs. C——.

I thought I would never outlive it, all love of life departed, I sought distraction after distraction but in vain, my heart was broken or nearly so.

So utterly miserable did I become that one evening I seriously entertained thoughts of self-destruction.

Yes I would end my miserable career, I sought my couch that night undecided what form of suicide to employ, but strongly in favor of a watery grave.

After a feverish night I rose at dawn to find myself a victim to the Prickly Heat, and that, I think was a turning point of my life, for what man can entertain thoughts of love, what man can yearn with a skin resembling a boiled lobster, smarting, itching and tingling day and night?

Man is proverbially a selfish animal, my physical distress balanced my mental affliction, I thought only of myself, how to get rid of this tropical scourge.

It took two months to restore my skin to its usual healthy condition, with a new skin I was surprised to find that on analysing the inmost recesses of my soul that I was once again heart-whole and fancy free. "Will o' the Wisp."

The subject for next month's Prize Competition will be FISHING in prose or verse.

PRIZE POEM!

(Value Rs 10 and a Laurel Wreath now on view at this office).

THE PRICKLY HEAT.

A Heaterogeneous Medley.

To sing in epic numbers grand,
Anent one's epi(c) dermis,
Ah pooh, the theme's bathotic and—
"Bizarre" the Gallic term is.
With skin I wish I'd ne'er been born,
Inflamed from head to feet,
Though scratched observe by case forlorn,
I run a prickly heat.
My torments cruel friends deride
Their taunts who *could* endure?
If I could only cure my hide,
I'd never hide my cure.
No rest, no sleep from morn till night,
All other thoughts extraneous,
Save how to put this fiend to flight.
This malady cutaneous.
Ten dibs award! at one and nine,
The price is scarce too dear,
To him the prize who can divine—
A Sovereign panacea. "Boggley Wallah."

PRICKLY HEAT.

To the tune of "Father O'Flynn."

There are troubles and worries of every variety,
Causing us anger and pain and anxiety,
Making our language abound in impiety
While we are dwelling in Lower Bengal.
There's cholera, fever, and bad smelling drains,
Orderly Officers work in the rains,
New drill books to vex ye and heat appoplexy,
But prickly heat is the worst of them all.

Chorus.

Oh then bad luck to the prickly heat,
Tickling us up from the head to the feet,
Flies and "mosquities"* an absolute treat is
Compared to the tortures of prickly heat.
This prickly heat is a loathsome disease, sir,
It tickles your skin like an army of fleas, sir,
And makes you give vent to unnumbered big D's, sir,
And language which here I decline to repeat,
It worries and frets you at night, noon and morn,
Making you swear what were better unsworn,
Oaths that are curious, language that's furious,
Such are the symptoms of prickly heat.
Now of all the stiff subjects I e'er tried to rhyme upon,
Wasting my brains and my temper and time upon,
Since I first ventured Parnassus to climb upon,
This is the hardest of all if you please.
Scribbling my hardest to collar the prize,
Bothered meanwhile by mosquitoes and flies,
Now Mr. Editor, sure I'm your creditor,
Just hand me over the crown and rupees.

Answer to Enigma.—"Words."

---

* "Dragon, 31st May. 1889—page 6.

Digitized by Google

The undermentioned recruit enlisted on the 20th inst. was taken on strength of the Battn. :
Frank Howden.

GAZETTE.

Major Ommanney has been elected a member of United Service Club in Pall Mall.

Supernumerary Major Robert Albert Hickson to be Major, vice C. B. Lyster, retired : 15th May.

The following Officers were presented to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, at the Levee held at St. James' Palace on the 7th May last, by Lieutenant-General J. A. R. Raines, C. B. :
Lieut. H. C. M. Hill, 2nd Lieut. F. Bradley-Dyne, and 2nd Lieut. A. D. Geddes.

Major C. B. Lyster retires from the service, receiving a gratuity.

The Kedive inspected the Egyptian Regiment under command of Coles Bey at Cairo on their return from service at Wada Halfa, and expressed himself as "highly pleased at the smart appearance of the Corps, and the good service it had done up the Nile," during their absence from the Capital.

We have been favored by an occasional correspondent with the following List of General Officers, now living, who have been Gazetted to The Buffs :
Sir Jas. Talbot-Airey K.C.B., Col.-in-Chief of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.
J. Blaksley,
Sir F. F. Maude, G.C.B., V.C.
W. C. E. Napier, Col.-in-Chief 25th K. O. B.
Clifford Parsons.
Sir C. K. Pearson, C.B., K.C.M.G., Commanding at Barbadoes,
J. A. R. Raines, C.B., Col.-in-Chief The Buffs.
J. N. Sargent, C.B.
Chas. Sawyer, Col. 7th Dragoon Guards.
Mark Walker, V.C., C.B.
We have been further promised the names of the Colonels and Majors now living, who have served in the Regiment, by "ONE WHO KNOWS."

Mrs. HARRIS' TRIAL.

'Aye, Sir, it do be a trial,' said Mrs. Harris wiping her eyes on her apron, and smoothing her disordered hair with the other hand 'Such a smart lad was Tummas, and my only one—and him to go for a soldier—enough it is to make his father rise from his grave, let alone turn in it.'

'It is disappointing' said the Minister gently, but sons are only given us, I believe, as disappointments.'

Miss Ross who was standing beside her father, poking the dust with her umbrella, broke in impatiently.

'Oh Mrs Harris, I don't believe you ever saw a soldier in your life, you could not *cry* about it if you had.'

'Cry!' said Mrs. Harris raising her apron towards Heaven with dramatic fervour, cry is not the word, Miss, *wept*, I have since the cruel news come this time yesterday, of which Mrs. Smith can bear me witness.'

'Aye, good soul, that I can,' said Mrs. Smith, bustling to the front thus appealed to—'not a bit nor drop has passed her mouth, saving a cup of tea, since Tummas took the shilling—and a bad day for the Harris' was yesterday.'

'Well, it can't be helped,' said the Minister cheerfully—'Thomas is a good lad, and will do well anywhere, I think—you must try and keep calm, Mrs. Harris, and make the best of it. Come Esther, it is time we were at home."

Esther bent her head and swept out of the cottage without a word. When they were outside she stood suddenly still and faced her father.

'Father how *could* you?' she said—'why didn't you stop her speaking of the Army like that, and of Thomas as if he were disgraced. Rise out of his grave indeed! and I know no one who would be sorrier if he did, than Mrs. Harris! I haven't patience with her! I should like to have shaken her.'

'And me too, I dare say' said her father smiling.' Well, we must look at it from Mrs. Harris' point of view, Thomas was brought up to his father's trade.'

'A baker!' said Esther scornfully.

'Well my dear, we can all be soldiers, but we can't all be bakers.'

Esther shook her head. 'Oh, father you are as bad as Mrs. Harris, and do bakers wear uniforms, and get Victoria Crosses?'

'No—nor do soldiers as a rule—I mean about the crosses—never mind, Esther, I didn't mean it all, I was bowing before the storm—Mrs. Harris frightens me—she used to frighten poor Harris, you know.' 'I can't get over it' said Esther.

'Then you are like Mrs. Harris now—well, my dear, we are not all going to marry into the Army—uniforms and Victoria Crosses into the bargain.'

'Father, you are too bad. That doesn't influence me *in the least*. I always liked soldiers.'

Digitized by Google

DALHOUSIE CLUB *v.* 'G' COY., THE BUFFS.

At Dum-Dum, on the 22nd inst., the above match was played. Great interest was taken in the game, and it was witnessed by some hundreds of spectators, civilians and soldiers. The teams played two 25 minutes. In the first half-time 'G' Coy. showed up in fine form, every man did his very best, and they managed to get the only goal scored. In the second half the Dalhousieites seemed to improve, they played a very hard and fast game, and by some really grand play obtained a disputed goal, which was decided against them. But for Corpl. Hilderbrand, goal keeper, (who deserves all sorts of commendation), 'G' Coy. would have had a severe beating. No less than six times in quick succession was the leather shot with wonderful rapidity by the Dalhousie team, and Corpl Hilderbrand with extraordinary dexterity with his head, fists and feet each time kept it out, amidst great excitement and cheers. We hope he may be equally successful when the big match comes off for the Trades Challenge Cup, next month at Calcutta.

'B' COY. *v.* THE ARMENIAN COLLEGE.

The return match between the above teams was played on the 8th inst., on the College ground, Calcutta. A very heavy downpour of rain was the signal to start. In a very few minutes the *maidan* was a regular pond, and a more amusing game could not be imagined. Football was altogether out of the question, the ball was floating about like an apple in a bath, and it was almost impossible to pick it up, and to have run with it ten yards would have been a miracle. The great feature of the play was trying to duck one another in the largest pools that could be found. Nothing was scored on either side although there was some very hard fighting, and when time was called the teams adjourned to the College where great preparations had been made for a splendid supper, to which all did ample justice, after which the table was cleared and the evening's amusement concluded with singing and speech-making. About 9.30 gharries were waiting at the door to take the team to Sealdah Station, and the men went back to Barrackpore, not one of them sorry that the rain had interfered to prevent the match being played strictly according to Rugby Rules.

"G" COMPANY *v.* LIEUT. BAYARD'S XV.

This match was played on the 14th June, and resulted, after a well contested game, in a win for Lieut. Bayard's side by one goal and two tries to one goal. The scratch team kicked off, and for some time, the game was exceedingly even, some good forward play being shown by both sides. The ball was however gradually worked down towards 'G' Company's goal, and at length Pte. Court by an excellent piece of dribbling got the ball over the goal line and secured a try for the Scratch team; the try at goal, which was a very difficult one, failed. After this, the ball was kept in 'G' Company's twenty-five, but when half-time was called nothing further had been scored by either side. On the ball being restored. 'G' Company's forwards, headed by Pte. Adams made a most determined rush, and carrying all before them, brought the ball to within a foot of the Scratch Team's goal line, where a scrimmage was formed the result of which was that a try was scored for 'G' Company. Pte. Lawson took the place, and kicked a safe goal. After the kick off, the play was somewhat uneventful until at length Corpl. Davis getting the ball, by a splendid run almost the length of the ground got in. From the try, Lieut. Annesley kicked a very good goal. 'G' Company now played up with great determination, but their efforts were unavailing as the Scratch team s forwards rushed the ball down the ground, and after some smart play by Ptes. Davis and Reese, a try was obtained by Pte. Revel. The kick at goal though a very good one, unfortunately fell short of the crossbar. Nothing further was scored, and the game ended as stated above,

For the Scratch team, Pte. Sewell as half back played exceedingly well, and judging from Cpl. Smith's form we think we have at last found the long looked for and much needed Regimental half back; among the three quarters Lieut. Bayard (altho' he was not given enough to do) and Cpl. Davis were most conspicuous, we are glad to see that the latter now runs with more confidence in himself, and does not always look over his shoulder for someone to pass the ball to. Among the forwards of the Scratch team besides those mentioned above, Lieut. Annesley and Pte. Davis shewed to the greatest advantage. For 'G' Company, Ptes. Russell and Castleman, behind and Ptes. Williams, Want, and Adams, forward, played best. It is only fair to say that 'G' Company were greatly handicapped by the absence of Pte. Hussey and one or two others of their best forwards.

Digitized by Google

RUGBY FOOTBALL NOTES.

The following matches have been arranged:—
July 11th—*versus* Calcutta F.C.
,, 27th—*versus* Leinster Regt.
We hope also to be able to arrange another match with Calcutta about the 15th of August and also one with the Dalhousie F.C. later on.

The following are the results of some of the most important matches played during the month (exclusive of those already reported):—
June 18th—Officers and N.-C.O's. *v.* The Men
SCORES.
Officers and N.-C-O's. 1 disputed goal and 2 tries.
Men 1 goal.
June 22nd—1st XV. *v.* Next XX.
SCORES.
1st XV. 1 goal and 5 tries.
Next XX. nil

Corpl. Smith received his 1st XV. jersey after the match, Officers and N.-C. O's. *v.* Men. We are greatly in favour of keeping the places in in the XV. open as long as possible, so that there can be no doubt that the best men are chosen to represent the Regiment, but it would clearly be unfair not to give Corpl. Smith his colours after the very excellent form shewn by him lately.

Corpl. Hilderbrand and Ptes. Davis, Taylor, and Court have also received their colours. We are sure everyone will agree that they have fairly won them.

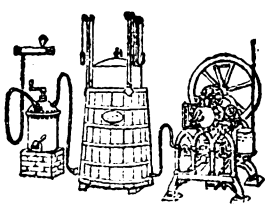
We would call attention of all Rugby players to rule 39 in the new Rugby Rules. Everyone will remember that by the old rules when a try was obtained the ball could not be brought out between the posts. Rule 39 cancels the former one and states that when a try has been obtained 'one of the players shall bring it up to the goal line in a straight parallel to the touch line.'

It has been decided that the colours for the 1st XV. shall be white jersey with a red Dragon, khaki knickerbockers and brown stockings.

It has also been agreed that the 1st XV. colours be given to the XV. best players among the N.-C.Os. and men, and that the Officers who play in the XV. shall be only honorary members of the team, that is to say that at the present time there are four places in the team still to be filled up.

We feel the loss of our energetic Hon. Sec., Lieut. Eales very much. We are exceedingly sorry to hear that he has been so unwell at Belgaum that the doctors have ordered him home on sick leave. We hope, however, to see him back among us well and strong.

1st BATTALION THE BUFFS'

AERATED  WATER

FACTORY.

Aerated Waters of every description can be supplied at the following rates viz :—

TEN ANNAS per DOZEN. SIX ANNAS WILL BE CHARGED FOR EACH BOTTLE BROKEN OR NOT RETURNED. THREE PIE WILL BE CHARGED FOR EACH INDIA-RUBBER RING DEFICIENT.

All *a/c.* to be settled by the 5th of the following month.

THE FACTORY IS CLOSED ON SUNDAYS.

Orders should be sent to the Factory before 4 p. m. each day.
ORDER BOOKS SUPPLIED ON APPLICATION.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

East Kent Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 28. **DUM-DUM, JULY 31st, 1889.** [Price 2 Annas.

Domestic Occurences.

DEATH.

LEARY.—At Dum-Dum, on the 28th ult., Emily Louisa, infant daughter of Sergt. D. Leary, The Buffs.

NOTES.

This has been a damp month and a warm one too—the thermometer in our office has averaged over 90° and we are informed by some of our fresh arrivals from Darjeeling that we look rather pasty—never mind! two months more will soon have passed and then we may hope for better times.

* * *

The warmth does not appear to have affected our Football teams very materially, it must have been something new to the Calcutta Rugby Team to find themselves *matched* after such a long unbroken record.

Whilst on this subject we would recommend our Rugby Football team to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest Sportman's letter which appears on another page. We are bound to agree with Sportman's ideas, which appear to be sound, even if not altogether practicable.

* * *

Poor 'Musical Enthusiast!' we are sorry for you! what have you done? is this all the encouragement you are to get for contributing to *The Dragon*! we think it only fair for your sake 'M. E.' to append the following:—

* * *

Last month 'Musical Enthusiast' wrote a most polite epistle, stating that he and others of his friends would like to hear the full Band discourse during the *Entre Actes* at our Theatre Royal, Dum-Dum. We are in a position to affirm that poor 'M. E.' never dreamt of disparaging the Orchestra as hitherto existing, and that he really would never have thought about a change, only that one night the full Band did play, and he, among several others, remarked that it was an

Digitized by Google

improvement. M. E. we are more than grateful to you for your contribution. At a time when we were specially hard up for correspondence you have been the means (indirectly) of supplying us with three letters for *The Dragon*, please write again.

* * *

Our Printers are about to prepare 'The Buffs' Calendar for 1890' in which they propose to record, events and items of interest which have occurred in the Regiment since 1572. As this is rather a large undertaking, contributions likely to prove useful, would be thankfully received by the Editor of this paper, from Officers, N.-C. O's. and men who may have any information or records of an interesting nature. If sufficient news can be collected the work will be commenced without delay.

* * *

We beg to thank the Editors of *The Goorkha Piper* and *I'm Ninety-Five* for copies of their last issues.

* * *

We saw in a Kentish paper the other day that Sergt.-Major Cumber and his son performed a feat in bowling. Between them they managed to take the whole of the wickets in a cricket match at Canterbury, and the match was won by an innings and 11 runs. The number of years our late Q.M.S. spent under the scorching Bengal sun, we are glad to see has not done him much harm. Is there any truth in the rumour that they have been selected for the county team next year?

* * *

Dum-Dum, during the latter part of the monsoon weather, is evidently a sight worth seeing, for at present the tanks are filling up in a very rapid manner, and as the whole of the surrounding country is very low we can look forward to a perfect flood bye and bye. Just outside the cantonments, on the road to Calcutta, the natives are now to be seen travelling about in the drains and over the inundated ground in rudely made canoes. These canoes however appear to answer the purpose admirably for they merely consist of trunks of trees scooped out to the bark, and are propelled by long poles pushed into the ground, or small sculls used in the ordinary manner, and are just large enough to get through arched drains under the roads. With a small sail they should travel quickly. They will probably be found very handy in barracks *when* the tanks overflow, and if rumour speaks truly, miles and miles of submerged country can be traversed in this way. If so, shooting excursions in boats will be a novelty, and next month there will be plenty of Ducks hovering about the place waiting to be shot at.

* * *

A correspondent informs us that the 'Flag' 'Boxer' at Barrackpore appears to have been *smitten*, and that an union is likely to result. We wonder what all this means. Who is 'Boxer?' and who is —— ?

* * *

'Boggley Wallah' is again hitting up for the ten chips, will no one else make an attempt to wrest the honors from him?

* * *

The Sergeants' Mess was the scene of much mirth and jollity on the 19th inst., when they held their first Smoking Concert. The Mess-room was nicely decorated, and fitted up in a most comfortable manner, and everyone of their guests, as well as the members themselves, appeared to be thoroughly happy. This, once started so successfully should not be allowed to drop, and we hope to see one a month at least in future.

* * *

The subject for next month's competition will be 'Football,' but unless we have more competitors for the prize in future, we really don't think it worth our while to continue to offer one. Where is all our talent? why don't 'Wayghtes' or 'Mushichino' turn their attention to this sort thing?

A few weeks ago during the late terrible steaminess and general discomfort of this charming climate of ours at a time when everybody's spirits were more or less drooping, and even the Dum-Dum fishes began to suspect their local Sir Isaac of the basest ingratitude (not to be altogether wondered at either! for was not that

Digitized by Google

patient absent from the water side for several—— but to return), a stir was made in the right direction and we were more than unusually overjoyed to observe 'Posters' notifying that a real fine entertainment was about to take place at the Theatre Royal—it was to have been produced on three successive nights, and probably would have been an unparalleled success only there was a very slight misunderstanding—just the very sweetest little misunderstanding that one could possibly have imagined! but in consequence of this—(and in addition we are bound to hint at just the mere possibility of the fact that one fair Lady had permitted a most trifling little sentence to escape her world-famed memory—we are unable to put it any more politely for want of space!) the piece did not have quite such a long run as had been anticipated—much nay! terribly to the disappointment of Dum-Dum in general—for it isn't every day that world-renowned Artistes such as Mrs. Baker (of 'Come back to Ehrin' repute) and Mrs. Briggs (not of 'Come back to Ehrin' repute) promise to give us a treat; so that when they do so promise, we naturally look forward to something altogether superior—but *Polla metaxu pelei kulichos kai cheileos akrou* (here let us apologize for having no Greek type in our Press)—and that's how it all happened. We only regret that "Our Special Correspondent" was elsewhere engaged that evening, and that consequently we have to rely on hearsay for our information.

TANTENA ANIMIS CŒLESTIBUS IRÆ.

Two Ladies, (each the wonder of their age!)
Consented once to grace the Dum-Dum stage;
Through some neglect, I cannot understand,
They found they had to play without the band;
"Oh my they cried "who ever heard the like!
What! play without the band!! No, No, we'll strike!!
Whenever WE upon the stage be seen,
The Band has always played God save the QUEEN!"
Now one of these fair dames—(I tell you true)
Upon that night was making her *debut*,
The other, *once* before had trod the stage,
No wonder then that they were in a rage!

A dhaindeoin co theireadh e.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

I should like to state, in your valuable columns, for the information of those specially concerned, my experience of the Football match against Calcutta—being one of the vast crowd of onlookers it was my misfortune to hear many and unbiased remarks about the play on both sides—one remark was very frequent and annoyed me much—it was "what an awful row that big chap makes!" this was mild compared with what followed, which however I shall omit, in spite of its truth, out of consideration for "that big chap." But I wish to know, Mr. Editor, if it is the custom of the game at home or elsewhere to object to something every other minute—if so, then Rugby Football is no longer the real sportsman's game. It was only too evident that the match against Calcutta lost interest among spectators and participators alike through the *very unusual* amount of objection raised—personally I felt sorry for the Calcutta Team inasmuch as they were trying to play a good honest quiet game to begin with, but naturally they became corrupted, for we all know how contagious objection is. Now one point was only too evident viz:—that as long as an Umpire has to wait to be appealed to, there is bound to be any amount of objection—if Umpires were allowed to regulate the game, as they used to, there could be little if any objection whatever. I wont ask you to print what the "crowd" gave vent to, when a certain individual began to dispute the Umpires and Referee. I only trust that either a stop will be put to such unsportsmanlike proceedings for the future or that we play no more foreign matches.

Yours &c.,

SPORTSMAN.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir

If space will allow, will you kindly insert the following, with respect to a letter which appeared in your last issue, referring to the musicians and music in general supplied to a performance given by Ferrell's Dramatic Company:—

To our "Musical Enthusiast,"

Sir,

The criticism on a subject of which you know nothing, seems the climax of those fantastic freaks of ambitious superficiality, which is described by no finer term than quackery, and it seems it was left for you to stultify yourself by

Digitized by Google

observations offered upon a subject of which you not only knew nothing, but upon which you had not even the tact to conceal your ignorance.

MUSICHINO.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

With reference to the letter from "A Musical Enthusiast" in your last number, I think that it does not say much for the common sense of "A M.E." in shewing his ignorance on all musical matters, as plainly as he did. For instance, he not only misnames some of the most prominent instruments, but he actually wants the harmony soft and *unpronounced*; well the best thing he could do to get that effect would be to hire a dummy Band at once. Also his description of the "Turkish Patrol" was high-flown, and at the same time very defective; in fact it was wrong in every detail. I shall leave Lc.-Corpl. Borland to answer him about the piccolo, which I am sure he is well able to do. I fail to comprehend his meaning, when he asks if Green Tights was too much for such a sensitive thing as a Contra Bass. Now, by what powerful stretch of imagination, he saw Green Tights in the play "Pygmalion and Galatea," I do not know, as I am positive there were none worn on the occasion. In his reformation scheme he suggests that the full Band should attend, perhaps he is not aware of the fact that Mr. Ferrell had to pay the musicians in attendance, and I am sure it would make a considerable hole in his profits, it he were to engage the whole Band. I now bring my letter to a close, hoping I have not hurt the sensitive feelings of "A Musical Enthusiast."

WAYGHTES.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

With reference to the letter of "A Musical Enthusiast" in your last issue, I beg to state that his remarks are certainly presumptuous. He may be an enthusiast but he is no musician, his letter impresses the musical reader with the idea that he knows nothing whatever about that which he presumes to criticise. It is easily perceived that he is beyond his element in his vain attempt to describe the "Turkish Patrol." The disparaging remarks about the piccolo may have been more due to the prickly heat, than the shrill tone of the piccolo on his sensitive ear. Let him ask the question fairly. Was it the piccolo or prickly heat that made him swear? I am inclined to think the latter. Though I have been a performer on the piccolo for about nine years, I am still open for improvement, and would gladly profit from "A M.E's." superior ability, if he would condescend to give me further instruction. I would advise "A M.E.," if a reformer, to turn his attention to the reformation of things he is better acquainted with; and leave criticising music and musicians to those who, from study and experience, are more capable of doing it. If, as I have heard it remarked, the criticism was only meant to be humorous, then "A M.E." shows a strange lack of discretion as a critic, for his remarks can be taken in an entirely different light.

H. BORLAND.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

Having once been in The Buffs, and having *The Dragon* sent to me monthly by a friend in the Regt., I read the letter of "Old Buff" in April 30th issue with great interest, and seeing in your issue of May 31st that you invite criticisms on it, I would like to say a word myself. I do not wish it to be thought, from the following remarks, that I advise all who are in the Army to leave it on the completion of their first period of service, as some of them are much better off where they are, and if a man is contented, the best thing he can do is to remain where he is. But I think that "Old Buff" has made things look a little blacker over here than what they really are. Of course we all know that the country round about the Depôt is purely agricultural, and I have no doubt that a great many Reserve men find a difficulty in getting work suitable for them, as I do not suppose there are many who would like to settle down to farm work, as it is rather a quiet life to what they have been used to. But in the large towns (such as this one) there is plenty of work to be found if it is only looked after. A great many men leaving the Army think like this: "I shall get so much Deferred Pay and will have a good spree with that, and then get some work."

Let me just give a few words of advice on this point.

Any of you that are coming home, have a day or two to yourself and then look for work before your money is all gone, as you will find work much easier to get when you are not hard up than you will when you really want it. As for wives, everyone knows there are plenty to be got

Digitized by Google

such as they are, and that is another thing that I would just like to mention. When a man comes home from abroad he thinks all the English girls angels, and will marry the first one that will have him. Don't do that, but if you must get married, wait awhile and pick a girl that is suitable for you, and one you know something about. Trusting you will be able to find room for this in your valuable paper,

I remain yours sincerely

BIRMINGHAM.

HOME NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I am afraid I have raised the ire of a "Young Buff" at present serving in the Battalion, but think that he has been a little hasty, the weather. no doubt, affects him, or the boils are troublesome, but if he had read my letter carefully he would have seen that I said "he had come home to *better* himself" not *disgrace* himself and I still keep to my former views, viz.: that I fail to see how on earth he is in a better position now than when he was with his Regiment. The youngster must have got awfully angry before he had finished his epistle as will be seen by his remarking that "I had better leave recruiting alone" or "had never seen a Mosquito &c., &c.," well, now Mr. Editor I *have* seen a few mosquitoes in my time; some in Perak *(at Bukit Gangtang)* these cannot be beaten anywhere I believe, then again an odd one or two in Singapore, Penang, Dum-Dum, Meerut, Seetapore, Benares and Calcutta. If he prolongs his service (which he had better do, there being too many clerks at home for him to get employment as one) so as to complete 12 years with the colors and stops in India all the time, he will then not have as much "Prickly heat" service as myself by years.

Another little incident has just happened which I leave to your readers to judge for themselves as to whether I am right or wrong about coming home to go on the Reserve. Corpl. Compton late of "G" Coy., has written here asking if he could return to complete his service with the Colors, he regretted very much he had *lost* his deferred pay so could not pay that back, then again Pte. Pardy, "G" Coy., has written requesting to be re-transferred to the Colors, but he has very sensibly kept his deferred pay and is willing to pay it back. Pardy will probably be *allowed* to rejoin, but Compton cannot until he stumps up. Now these are both, as most of your readers must admit, thorough good men and not likely to be "looking for work and praying not to get it," the fact is the labor mart is overstocked, and the men who are in good employment take very good care to stick to it.

No. 686, W. Perry, 1680, J. Lackey, 228, G. Bevan and 2187, J. Coppard might deprive themselves of a quart of Featherstone and Leary's best, and instead, invest in a monthly number of *The Dragon* and send it home, it would save their friends trouble in writing and enquiring their whereabouts. Relations of all these men have been making anxious enquiries here for them. Write home there's good fellows or invest as advised.

Your late Editor (Major N. Newnham-Davis) promised last year to send you a full account of the Regimental Dinner which has just taken place, but in case he forgets it, the following were the Officers present and the toasts given:—

GENERALS.

J. A. R, Raines, C.B., (Colonel-in-Chief.)
C. Sawyer, (Col. 7th Dragoon Guards.)

COLONELS.

Graves, Lewes, Halahan, Lynch.

MAJORS.

Birmingham, Jackson, Davis, Jones, Worthington, Hickson, Spens, Gelston, Lyster, Harley, Moody, Daubeny, Kekewich

CAPTAINS.

Connellan, McLachlan, Franks, Porter, Gordan, Stewart-Saville, Jones, Philips.

LIEUTENANTS

Bainbridge, Essell, Booth, Vicherman, Fowler.

Surgeon W. H. Day.

TOASTS.

"The Queen" "Past Officers The Buffs" "Present Officers The Buffs" "Col. Harrison and Officers of the 1st Bn." "Col. Kerr and Officers 2nd Bn."

Telegram sent to 1st Battn. at Dum-Dum. Dinner was at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, on 21st June.

Pensions have been awarded as under:—

2665, Pte. A. Harvey 6d. a day for 12 months (conditional).

958, Pte. J. Duffy 6d. a day for 12 months (final).

2043, Pte. A. Millen 6d. a day for 9 months (conditional).

1691, Pte. G. Townsend 1s. a day for life.

No pensions were granted to:—No. 808, Pte. R. Hughes and 1335, Pte G. Young.

No. 1428, Pte. W. Mason discharged from Depôt on the 18th inst., with 1/1½ a day for life.

Capt. Philips has paid a flying visit here and looks fairly well. Mr. D'Aeth has also been here but not looking very bright. Qr.-Mr. Pepper, your late Sergt.-Major, turned up last week looking as smart as ever. An old Bandsman *(Morris of "A" Company)* is at present playing

Digitized by Google

with the Militia Band who have an engagement at Herne Bay for the summer.

I also saw another old Bandsman last month looking as if he was at very low water, he was out of work, a number of your readers no doubt will remember him. Ruggy Burke. The present Armorer-Sergeant of the 2nd Battn. Royal Fusiliers passed through the 1st Battn., his name is Beaumont and he left, I think, in Cawnpore. He looks remarkably well, is stationed at Dover and has only just returned from India.

Col.-Sergt. Carden from 2nd Battn., has been appointed Sergeant Instructor of the Canterbury Company of Volunteers *vice* Smith (5th Fusiliers) discharged to pension.

The move of the 2nd Battn., has again been converted into a march, and will take place about the 10th July. It was postponed owing to the visit of the Shah. They relieve the 2nd Battn. Rifle Brigade, both Battns. marching *via* Chatham and Canterbury. The 2nd Battn. The Buffs finds a Detachment at Purfleet.

A cricket match will probably be played twixt Battn. and Depôt on their arrival at Canterbury. I hope to give you an account of this in my next, and also, if I can possibly manage it, an account of their march. Talking of cricket reminds me that Capt. Porter is playing very well again this year, he nearly always makes a double figure, and last week succeeded in getting into 3 figures by scoring 108 against a strong team at Dover.

Yours faithfully

OLD BUFF.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

The undermentioned men are entitled to G.C. Pay at rates and from dates as specified:—

886,	Pte,	W. H. Gamble	at 2d	30-7-89.
859,	,,	G. Terry	,, 2d	6-7-89.
865,	,,	G. Watson	,, 2d	11-7-89.
889,	,,	A. Beedon	,, 2d	31-7-89.
884,	,,	C. W. Blackwell	,, 2d	30-7-89.
2121,	,,	A. Comley	,, 1d	25-7-89.
2294,	,,	A. Midwinter	,, 1d	23-7-89.
907,	,,	W. Sheen	,, 1d	20-7-89.
994.	,,	W. H. James	,, 1d	22-6-89.
854,	,,	F. James	,, 2d	21-6-89.
874,	Lc-Cpl.	T. Latter	,, 2d	20-7-89.
2282,	Pte.	J. Page	,, 1d	9-6-89.
860,	Lc-Cpl	J. A. Price	,, 2d	5-7-89.
674,	Pte,	G. Raven	,, 2d	19-6-89.
1019,	,,	W. Davis	,, 1d	8-6-89.
2163,	,,	A. H. Davis	,, 1d	16-7-89.
908,	,,	C. Hicks	,, 2d	30-7-89.
858,	,,	F. J. Palmer	,, 2d	4-7-89.
2292,	,,	T. Webb	,, 1d	13-7-89.
351.	,,	T. Hobbs	,, 2d	2-7-89.
2296,	,,	E. Street	,, 1d	30-7-89.
2424	Pte.	W. Barnes	2d.	8-5.89.
1251	,,	E. Foster	1d.	2-5-89.
341	,,	R. Freakes	2d.	18-5-89.
788	,,	R. Noble	2d.	15-5-89.
787	,,	J. Chadwick	2d.	19-5-89.
2253	,,	A. Care	1d.	12-4-89.
782	,,	G. Newing	2d.	11-5-89.
791	,,	J. Partridge	2d.	10-5-89.
806	,,	R. Bowden	2d.	19-5-89.
794	,,	W. Lock	2d.	10-5-89.
1965	,,	J. Garvy	1d.	27-2-89.
211	,,	A. S. Hallett	1d.	26-2-89.
793	,,	J. Hardes	2d.	10-5-89.
770	,,	H. Raines	2d.	17-4-89.
575	,,	W. Wagstaff	1d.	3-5-89.
1346	,,	H. Nugent	1d.	2-4-89.
825	,,	H. Bush	2d.	14-6-89.
2423	,,	C. North	1d.	26-6-89.
839	,,	C. Owens	2d.	23-6-89.
1858	,,	E. Thresher	1d.	22-6-89.
847	Lc.Corpl.	W. Carter	2d.	29-6-89.
805	Pte.	T. Kibble	2d.	29-5-89.
829	,,	A. Larkins	2d.	18-6-89.
810	,,	J. Parker	2d.	5-6-89.
846	,,	J. Ramsay	2d.	26-6-89.
697	,,	S. Staples	1d.	24-6-89.
836	,,	J. Stenning	2d.	21-6-89.
2429	,,	J. L. Adams	2d	12-6-89.
1489	,,	G. Emery	1d.	26-6-89
835	,,	A. E. B. Page	2d.	19-6-89.
1000	,,	W. G. Varney	1d.	15-6-89.
819	,,	F. Wood	2d.	11-6-89.
2178	,,	R. Gray	1d.	9-12-88.
812	,,	A. Horseroft	2d.	5-6-89.
813	,,	W. Pennells	2d.	5-6-89.
2286	,,	F. Cox	1d.	14-6-89.
817	,,	A. H. Dillon	2d.	7-6-89.
1004	,,	A. Davis	1d.	25-6-89.
1482	,,	P. Slattery	1d.	3-6-89.
824	,,	W. Wooding	2d.	16-6-89.
2072	,,	W. Clarke	1d.	27-6-89.
2308	Boy	P. Devan	1d.	22-6-89.
820	Pte.	E. A. Beilby	2d.	9-6-89.

The following N.-C. O's. and man have been permitted to re-engage:—

1411, Corpl. W. A. Donnelly 1-7-89.
1717, Pte. J. Cassidy 25-6-89.
1278, Corpl. J. Stevens 17-7-89.

The C. O. has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments.

To be Lc.-Sergt. with pay:—
No. 443, Lc.-Sergt. J. Greig.

To be Lc.-Corpl. with pay:—
No. 230, Lc.-Corpl. E. Kent.

To be Sergeants:—
435, Lc.-Sergt. W. Winstanley 24-3-89.
443, ,, J. Greig 30-3-89.

Digitized by Google

To be Lc.-Sergts. with pay:—
814, Lc.-Sergt. F. Cook 24-3-89.
875, „ J. Patten 30-3-89.
To be Lc.-Sergts.:—
743, Corpl. J. Greene.
786, „ J. H. Pay.
To be Corpls.
1304, Lc.-Corpl. J. Tomlin 24-3-89.
76, „ J. Reynolds 30-3-89.
2032, „ J. Fisher 1-5-89.
1278, „ J. Stevens 1-5-89.
To be Lc.-Corpls. with pay:—
771, Lc.-Corpl. P. Edwards 24-3-89.
1233, „ A. Parsons 30-3-89.
1276, „ W. Rogers 1-5-89.
1084, „ J. Harlow 1-5-89.

The appointment of Gunner W. McDowell as Sergeant Master Tailor to the Battalion has been confirmed.

No. 1376, Pte. C. Curley embarked from Calcutta for England on the 8th inst.

The undermentioned N.-C.O. and man have obtained their 1st Class Certificates of Education:—

522, Sergt. C. Gray.
488, Pte. O. Taylor.

The undermentioned Officer has been granted 6 months leave of absence to England on medical certificate:—

Lieut. C. K. Greene.

The undermentioned N.-C.O's. and men are entitled to prizes of Rs 10 each for efficiency in signalling at the last inspection:—

194, Sergt. R. Murray,
1390, Lc.-Corpl. J. Montgomery.
1367, Pte. J. J. Greenwood.
374, „ J. Walker.
1134, „ M. Clancy.
1113, „ G. Lattimer.

GAZETTE.

Col. W. Carr Mackinnon retired on the 28th instant, under the Age Clause of the Royal Warrant. Col. Mackinnon is an H.P. late of The Buffs, he is an ensign of 1852 and a Colonel of March 1889. He served in the 87th Fusiliers from 1853 to 1867, and was for several years its Adjutant and M.I.; he has served in The Buffs from 1867 to 1879, and was on the Staff in India. He has received the medals for the Indian Mutiny and Jowaki Campaign.

Lieut. A. D, Geddes, 2nd Battn., has received leave of absence to the 20th Oct., to enable him to study the Russian language.

Capt. J. Hughes has retired from the service receiving a gratuity.

The following is a list of Past Officers. now Colonels who have served in The Buffs, and who are now alive:—

E. J. Cox	T. G. Gardiner
F. Eteson	S. Graves
J. E Forster	C. A. Cobbe
W. F. Gore	E. R. Bailey
H. T. Halahan	J. Foott
C. J. Hamilton	H. M. Moorsom
F. J. Hobson	W. C. McKinnon
F. Morley	H. J. King
Hon. H. Parnell, C.B.	J. Lewes
D. G. C. Elwes	R. W. Woods.

OUR TEETOTALERS.

HOPE AND PERSEVERANCE LODGE, No. 106.

A meeting of the above Lodge was held at Dum-Dum, 17th July, 1889, at 7 p.m. by Bro. T. Ward, C. T. Two members were initiated, which makes the third week we have had two friends for initiation. We had several visitors from "Brotherly Love" Lodge, No. 79, which is the first time we have been visited by people of color, but for all that, our members associated with, and treated them with great respect, and we were only sorry that they had not come to pay us a visit on deputation. After the usual business was gone through, we came to the "Good of the Order," which consisted of songs, recitations, etc., all of which were extremely well rendered, and called forth well merited applause. During the interval, Bro. Silver, D.G. C. T. of "Brotherly Love" Lodge, spoke a few words, thanking the Lodge for the reception and entertainment that had been given them and gave us a few words of encouragement to go on in the good work, his remarks being responded to by a Brother in the Lodge, and a pleasant evening was brought to a close at 11 p.m. by singing our closing ode.

Digitized by Google

I should like to say in conclusion that our Lodge is beginning to look up again, and now that we have got such a good lot of Officers and Chief Templar in Corpl. Ward and others, we cannot wonder, and all I can say is—keep them.

F. Hunt, D. G. C. T.
" Hope and Perseverance " Lodge.

RE-OPENING OF " WE WILL TRY " LODGE, No. 99, I. O. G. T., JALAPAHAR.

The above Lodge was re-opened on the 3rd inst., by Bro. Horscroft officiating as Lodge Deputy, when Officers were installed for the ensuing quarter.

After the Officers had been installed, we had our opening ceremony, and initiated several new members, and also re-obligated several old members, and we can assure our brother members at Dum-Dum that we are having a gay time, and we hope to see some of our brother members on their arrival here to give them a hearty welcome to our new lodge. C. Burrows, C. T.

Mrs. HARRIS' TRIAL.

(Continued.)

Esther unfolded the paper impatiently, and glanced at Mary. The paragraph ran thus:—

'An instance of British pluck which we hope will gain a substantial reward, occurred during the gale of the 6th, in the Bay of Bengal. The Troopship 'Alligator' had got into the tail end of a cyclone, and the gale was frightful. By some accident an able bodied seaman named George Wright was swept off the yard-arm into the foaming sea. No sooner was the cry 'man overboard' heard, than one of the Privates of the 98th Fusiliers, who were working on deck, leaped overboard and actually saved his man. He is a strong fellow and a splendid swimmer, but it was his promptitude which did the work, and we prophecy that Thomas Harris will be heard of again. He supported the sailor's insensible form for 9½ minutes, until they were drawn on board by means of a rope, for no boat could live in such a sea.'

One curious detail of the occurrence must not be omitted. One of the men down below was aroused by the cry, and his first impulse was to rush on deck. In a moment, however, he reflected that he could give no help and would only add to the confusion, so he did the only thing he could. He seized the lantern that hung in the cabin, and held it up close to his locked porthole, cast a ring of faint light about the sea, and it was by means of this light that the whereabouts of Thomas Harris and his companion was discovered.'

'That's Tummas' said Mary Smith from the doorway.

'Which it may be Tummas, or it may not' said Mrs. Harris tearfully, 'but a reckless lad he was always, and reckless he will be till he's laid to rest in his grave—yes, Miss Esther, its well enough for you as have no cares and no trials saving your Ma's death, which was God's will and 19 years ago—but a mother's 'eart is a different matter. Sunstroke, and fever and cholery, I had prepared myself for, by the help of Mrs. Smith here—but a watery grave was what I did not contemplate, and begging your pardon, Miss, I cannot feel resigned.'

'Why, Mrs. Harris' said Esther, with wide open eyes. 'Thomas is alright—he has done a grand thing, don't you understand, and you must be proud of him.'

'I'm not denying he was a good lad' said Mrs. Harris.

'As good a lad as ever stepped' put in Mrs. Smith.

'Which makes it more of a trial, Miss, that he should have gone to a land where snakes is the principal inhabitants, and now by way of a watery grave.'

Miss Ross looked across at Mary in despair.

But Mary nodded her head calmly ' 'tis her way'—she said—'leave her be, Miss Esther—and let her bide.'

... ...

It was nearly a year afterwards that Esther Ross sitting in the shadow of the elm-tree on the Rectory Lawn, was leaning forward and speaking with great earnestness to a young man who was lying in a long chair beside her. In Esther's eyes the young man had all the attributes of a hero, and though it was rather a surprise to him to find he was expected to lie all day in the shadow of the elm, and be waited on by a divinely handsome girl, still it was s ucha surprise that he acquiesced as gratefully and pleasantly as possible. As for Esther she hardly ever looked at him without tears rising to her eyes, and a lump to her throat—she altered his bandages reverently, and was fully alive to the privilege of tying his sling. It seemed to Captain Egerton that it was worth being wounded—worth all the pain—worth even the anguish of that intolerable month of heat and flies and miserable discomfort before it was

Digitized by Google

considered safe to move him—to see the gray eyes anticipating his very thoughts—the slim white hands binding up his wound so tenderly—to feel the softness of her dress as she leant over him, and to hear the sweet tones of her voice.

Summer, and sunshine and a first love—truly a pleasant combination.

'And to-day'—said Esther, laying down a new sling she was devising out of her inner consciousness for the wounded arm—'I must go down to Mrs. Harris' the first thing.'

'Harris' mother? yes—of course—she shall hear the whole story first hand.'

Oh no—not you! you must rest—*please* don't run any risk.'

'My dear child, I don't walk on my hands.'

'No, but you said yourself any exertion induced fever.'

'In India—not here! and the wound is nearly healed.'

'Of course—it would be nicer.'

'Then I shall go, if it gives you a moment's pleasure.'

'No, you are going to give Mrs Harris pleasure' not me—only, unfortunately nothing ever does give Mrs. Harris any pleasure.'

'She could hardly make a grievance of this.'

'I don't know, Tummas has always been a trial and a dispensation to her, I can't stand it—I have always liked Thomas—but father has to. You see he is a clergyman—sometimes it puts him in very painful positions.'

'I can quite believe it! a woman who looks upon the Army as a dispensation, and Thomas as a trial, would put anyone in a painful position. I hope poor Thomas has some alleviations.'

'He has Mary Smith,' said Esther thoughtfully.

'Oh, that sounds nice and humane, any way—let us go now.'

'I think we need not take Mr. Ross,' he added a moment later, with anxious courtesy. 'He is sure to be busy and it is really rather warm.'

'Oh no, I am sure he would rather not be troubled,' said Esther 'he is writing a sermon.'

So they set off together.

As on that other summer's day, a year ago, Mrs. Harris was sitting in her kitchen, with a little table and a cup of tea beside her. When Esther's bright face arrived in the doorway she lifted her apron to her eyes.

'I'm glad to see you, Miss, I'm sure, and I heard the Captain was back but badly wounded, if I may make so bold.'

'It's nothing but a scratch,' said the Captain cheerfully 'and all but well.'

'But I've been told as wounds will open of theirselves years afterwards,' said Mrs. Harris with a sort if sob, 'when least expected.' I knew one young man in the Army—and I never knew but one—saving my son Tummas, who has brought down my gray hairs with sorrow—and he was wounded, as it might be you, sir! and on his weddin' day it opened afresh, and it bled extraordinary, and he died, sir, in his prime of life, and she a widder, as you might say, before she was a wife.'

Esther gave an impatient sigh. 'Captain Egerton has some very good news to tell you, Mrs. Harris,' she said.

''Twill be a far journey before good news can find me,' she said, with her apron to her eyes.

'You certainly don't go half way to meet it,' said Captain Egerton laughing, 'but I am sure you will be glad to hear that I owe my life to your son.'

Mrs. Harris dropped her apron and rose to her feet.

'And is he *dead*,' she said tragically.

'Oh dear no—as right as a trivet.'

The momentary fear that had lent dignity to the pale face sank away and left it only fretful.

'He was always a terrible lad for danger,' she said.

(To be continued.)

THE CORPORALS "AT HOME."

The Dalhousie Football Team demonstrated their superiority on the 20th inst., defeating the Corporals on their own heather by two goals to one, but as this was the first time the Corporals have offended in this manner this season, they are entitled to a chance. A decided lack of combination however was noticeable amongst them too, rendered the more apparent from the remarkable cohesion of their adversaries, but this will no doubt be overcome in the future with a little more coaching. At the conclusion of the contest, the visitors repaired to that comfortable little snuggery the Corporals' Mess, where creature comforts, both liquid and solid, in great profusion charmed the eye and tempted the palate. The sacred interests of truth and justice compel me to omit in this instance, the inevitable, "after a hearty repast, to which all did ample justice etc.," for the visitors graced the festive board, for a very brief season indeed, de-

Digitized by Google

parting to catch an early train (which by-the-bye was also the last to Calcutta) their anxiety for reaching home, no doubt nipping in the bud a most powerful speech from the oratorical Truefitt, who however was fain to content himself with a few remarks of characteristic bluntness, the type of the true Englishman, "I havn't time to respond at any length to your kind wishes, &c., &c., but this I must say, The Buffs are a *blessed* fine lot of chaps ! we've had a *blessed* fine game with the Corporals today ! ! and we are all *blessed* sorry to leave you ! ! ! Good night."

The traditions of coviviality appertaining to long nights, or more properly speaking *lung* nights, were however well kept up, with "whips to go" the motto for the evening. The choicest brands from the Commissariat Godown flowed like water, gallon after gallon of powerful "perkin" flitting to that alcoholic bourne where "strap" is neither given or expected.

And the singing ! descriptive, sentimental, topical, comic, every variety of ditty found a worthy interpreter. Space will not allow us to enlarge on the personal efforts of our harmonious brethren. May we meet again on the same terms, and that at an early date is the hearty wish of The Moucher.

SMOKING CONCERT.

The Sergeants gave a Smoking Concert on Friday 19th inst. in their Mess Room, which proved a great success, and all present wished that there would be a great many more, and often. The mess room which was very tastefully arranged under the able management of the President, Col.-Sergt. (O.R.C.) Butler, reminded one of the large Saloons and Hotels in Malta and Straits Settlements.

The songs were of the latest pattern, also the singers, the musicians deserve great praise for their accompaniments, a great deal of trouble must have been taken in rehearsing the songs.

Several Officers of the Regiment patronized the concert, and Capt. Dauglish responded to the toast of Col. Harrison and Officers with a neat and appropriate speech.

There was a sprinkling of civilian friends from Calcutta, and Mr. Hunter's rendering of "Oui Oui," and "Clara Nolan's Ball," literally brought down the house.

The evenings programme went off without a single hitch. The Sergeants deserve great praise for this their first smoking concert; and it is to be hoped it will not be the last. Sergt-Major J. W. Cook presided in the chair in his usual jovial and brilliant style.

Punkah Puller.

PEDESTRIANISM.

The 100 yards flat race between Color-Sergts. Featherstone and Talbot, duly came off on the 1st instant, Talbot started hot favorite, and won a very fair race by about two yards. The record was not however beaten.

The above led up to another match being made for the following Monday evening for a small stake.

On the 2nd inst, Paymaster-Sergt. Tomsett (24 stone) of "Lightning" renown and Col.-Sergeant Hoar (38 stone) started a *severe* week's training, in the vain endeavour of decreasing their weights, but as *Anti Fat* could not be procured, they did not succeed very well. However, at 5.15 p. m. on the 8th inst., a tremendous crowd turned out to witness the *procession*, and the betting was rife on the course. Col.-Sergt. Hoar lost the start, but covering the 100 yards in a succession of mighty bounds which literally shook the ground, passed his opponent and won in a common canter as he liked, amidst deafening applause, he was unable to stop until he reached his bungalow.

The competitors have now decided to rest, as prickly heat, boils etc., is not compatible with violent exercise.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. R. Hufton.—Send us news of your progress monthly, and we will be only too pleased to publish it for you. This month our columns are full.

Youth.—Is your production original? If so, we will preserve it for future publication.

Boggley Wallah.—Unless you can stir up your friends to *compet*, we shall, in future, deny you the reward, which is for competition. In plainer language, to help fill our pages! See to it B.W., teach them how!!!

Digitized by Google

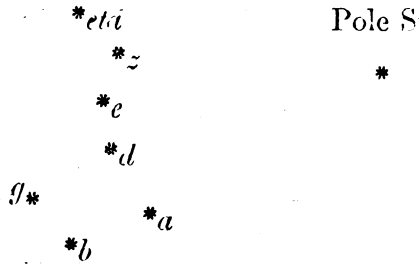
STAR GAZING.

Rules for finding the names and positions of most of the principal stars, and a few of the terms and definations in Astronomy, from a well known book on the subject, may be useful as well as interesting to Star gazers. There are only twenty one, of what are called stars of the first magnitude, and all of these can be seen at Dum Dum, but to find these, it is necessary to know some of the constellations containing smaller stars, and these are easily distinguishable.

The Stars are divided into classes according to their apparent magnitude, and by the term magnitude we are to understand, refers only to their degree of brightness. The degree of brightness of a star is expressed by saying it is one of the first, second, third, etc. magnitude. The nearest star from the earth is more than sixty million miles. For the purpose of identifying the stars, they have been formed from the earliest antiquity into groups, each groupe being called a "constellation." The form of a constellation was imagined to represent some animal or other image. There is rarely even the least resemblance between these animals and the configuration formed by the stars. The constellations exceed one hundred. Proper names have been given to the most conspicuous of the stars; besides which each principal star in a constellation is distinguished by a *Greek letter. The first letter of the Greek Alphabet (alpha) is usually given to the brightest in the constellation, the second letter (beta) to the next brightest, and so on to (omega) the last letter.

If a spectator looks towards the north, high up in the heavens now, he will see the constellation of the "Great Bear" represented in the figure below, and consisting of seven principal stars. *a* (Dubhe) is a star nearly of the first magnitude.

The Great Bear.



The Pole Star is the most important star in the northern hemisphere, and is so called because it is near the North Pole of the heavens. It thus appears to be the immovable point about which the centre of the circles described by all the stars turn.

To find the Pole Star, draw a line from *b* to *a* of the Great Bear, (see figure above) and produce it about the length of the whole constellation of the Great Bear, this line will terminate near the Pole Star. As it is one of the most conspicuous in this part of the heavens, it will be easily found in this manner. The stars *a* and *b* of the Great Bear used for finding the Pole Star, are for this reason called pointers. The Pole Star is called Rucchabah, and is a star of the second magnitude.

If you now look towards the South close to the horizon you will see about 8 o'clock p. m. the fine constellations of the Centaur and the Cross (commonly called the Southern Cross), they contain six principal stars, and they can easily be distinguished without any formal rule. These stars are nearly all of the first or second magnitude, they have no proper names. See figures below.—

The Centaur. The Cross.

This constellation cannot be seen in England.

(*To be continued.*)

* In this Article, English letters instead of Greek, will be used.

FOOTBALL.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

CALCUTTA *v.* THE BUFFS.

Nearly the whole of the Regiment went on pass to Calcutta on the 11th inst., to witness the contest between the above teams, which event had for some time past been the daily topic. It proved to be the most interesting match of the season, judged from the number of spectators assembled to see it. Special arrangements had been made to provide for the comfort of our team, and opposite the centre of the field an enclosure was set apart for the fair sex who were very strongly represented. Owing to a heavy downpour of rain during the day, the ground was very sloppy, and every spill caused considerable laughter among the spectators.

Play commenced punctually at 5.30, and was as warm as could be imagined, our men had to work, as they seldom, if ever, had occasion to work before, nevertheless during the first half time they were compelled to touch down twice in self defence, but nothing was scored. During the second half time, both teams again worked tremendously, some desperate play followed, and our team was again forced to touch down. The game ended in a draw, and the *Englishman* says the verdict of the spectators was "a splendid game, splendidly played by both sides."

Lieuts. Bell, Bayard and Annesley played

Digitized by Google

conspicuously well, as also did Ptes. Williams, Sewell and Corpl. Hilderbrand. Both teams were photographed on the ground before play commenced, by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, this result being highly successful.

The teams were :—

THE BUFFS.

Full back—Lieut. and Adjt. Bayard.

¾ Backs—Lce.-Corpl. Davis, Ptes. Hills and Gallagher.

½ Backs—Pte. Sewell and Corpl. Smith.

Forwards—Lieuts. Bell and Annesley, Lce.-Corpl. Hilderbrand, Ptes. Taylor, Williams, Reese, Want, Adams, and Davis.

THE CALCUTTA.

Full back—Edward Cowie,

¾ Backs—Peterson, Scott and Coates.

½ Backs—Kidston and MacMullen.

Forwards—Walker, Watson, Dr. Cummins, E. H. Cowie, Dunlop, Tozer, Henderson, Steel and Cousins.

Betting in Calcutta before the match was 5 to 1 on the Calcutta Team.

RUGBY FOOTBALL NOTES.

The much talked of Calcutta Match is over. Our team as we all expected, played up grandly, we think they must have fairly astonished the people of Calcutta, who are not accustomed to seeing the Calcutta Club so hardly pressed. It was an excellent performance, and the Regimental team are to be warmly congratulated on it. A full account of the game will be found in another column. As every one knows the match was technically a draw, but we should like to draw the attention of all to the report of the game in the *Asian* of July 23rd, in which the following paragraph will be found.

"Altho' the game ended in a draw, we think the Military had the best of it, and had play lasted a few minutes longer, The Buffs would have undoubtedly got over their opponents line, as they were playing in splendid form at the finish, whereas the Calcutta men were much distressed."

We play the Calcutta Club again on August the 5th, when we rely on the team to score a decisive victory.

There are one or two points in connection with the game we wish to notice before leaving the subject of the Calcutta match. In the first place there was at times a good deal of hard kicking amongst the forwards. It should be borne in mind that unless a foward can keep the ball with him, it is of no use his taking it out of a scrimmage. To kick the ball hard out of a scrimmage merely gives it to the ¾ or ½ backs of the opposite sides, which is fatal at all times, and never more than when playing against a team like Calcutta, in which the behinds kick so well. This brings us to our second point, which is the kicking of our own behinds. Altho' the latter ran and tackled splendidly, they were not up to the mark in kicking. It would be well to remember the words of a famous Rugby player on this subject, he said "*Every one* before being allowed to play behind the scrimmage, should be able to either drop or punt without hesitation when required." To be able to "drop or punt without hesitation" at a critical moment a man must practice constantly. As we see the XV. out every night, practicing kicking, we hope to see a marked improvement in this respect on August 5th.

Dum-Dum *v.* Barrackpore. This match was played at Dum-Dum, on the 6th inst., and won by the former, by one goal to nil, dropped by Pte. W. Hills.

The following result of first drawing of ties for the Rugby Challenge Cup :

"A" *v.* "E" "B" *v.* "H" "C" *v.* "G" "D" *v.* "F" Second drawings to take place on Monday August 5th.

In match of the 18th, in which an Officers team defeated the Calcutta Club, all our Officers, Capt. Dauglish, Lieut. Cobbe, Lieut. Tarte, and Lieut. Bayard were in great form. Lieut. Bayard unfortunately received an injury to his leg, which necessitated his retirement from the field very soon after half time.

We wish to remind all Rugby players that there are two places in the XV. yet to be filled up. One will be filled up by a forward, and the other by someone who plays behind the scrimmage.

SNOBS & SNIPS *v.* DEVILS & CHIPS.

On the 6th inst. a football match under very amusing circumstances took place, the competitors appearing in costume, marched on to the field escorted by the Drummers, who played a lively march. Each man did his best to amuse

Digitized by Google

the spectators during the game, but the Rugby game Barrackpore *v.* Dum-Dum, took a great many of the onlookers away, as this match was being played at the same time. The competitors were designated Snobs and Snips *v.* Devils and Chips, meaning:—Printers and Carpenters *v.* Tailors, Shoemakers, and Aerated Water makers. They started *strictly* under Association rules, but as the game advanced and the men got slightly excited, Rugby and Association were amusingly intermixed & they finished up with an imitation Donnybrook (but no bones were broken). The goals were protected, one by a five barred gate, and the other by a dummy guard. The return match is eagerly looked forward to, for with a little rehearsal, these *British Workmen* would put the Clown Cricketers to the blush.

TRADES CHALLENGE CUP.—First Ties. 2nd The Buffs *v.* La Martiniere.

The first tie between the above teams was played at Calcutta on the 8th inst., and resulted in a win for the Regiment by three goals to nil, after a thoroughly well contested game.

The following is extracted from the *Indian Daily News*. "The Buffs played throughout a splendid game, characterised by the total absence of all rough play, which somehow or another has come to be regarded as an inseparable adjunct of a soldier, when playing football. Their dribbling and passing were really excellent, and an accomplishment they have brought to a pitch of perfection, rarely witnessed, is "heading" the ball in any required direction, no matter how fast it may be travelling through the air."

Goal—Wenman. Full Backs—Evans 'D' Coy. and Marshall. Half Backs—Colvin, McKeating and Hussey. Centre Forward—Wickins. Right Wing—Hills and Barnes. Left Wing—Read and Hindmarsh.

REGIMENTAL TEAM *v.* BARRACKPORE.

Played at Barrackpore on the 16th inst. The length of the ground rather bothered our Team at first, it being 195 yards long, and wide in proportion, however, after the ball being kept about five minutes in front of the Buffs' goal line, it was passed to Dyke who ran it up to the Barrackpore half, where for the remainder of the game it can be said to have stayed, thanks to the energy of the Buffs' half and full backs, who contributed largely towards the winning of the game, none of the forwards playing as well as usual. For the other (Barrackpore) side, Corpl. Parker (centre) and his left and right wing men assisted by Wigley (full back), were the most conspicious, but all played well, and if practiced together should make a really good team.

The result was a win for The Buffs two goals to nil, shot by Scott and Dyke respectively.

FISHING.

A GLANCE AT BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

SONG OF THE SUCCESSFUL ANGLER.

Oh sing not of cricket, or football or rowing,
Of pleasures of hunting, or shooting divine,
For to brighten the eye and to set the heart glowing,
There's nought like the joys of the rod and the line.
Up up with the lark, let us hie to yon river,
Upon its green banks we'll contentedly rest,
Our spoil, a ten pounder, with struggle and quiver
Is landed, of pastimes sure fishing's the best,
How fast speed the hours, the night shades impending,
Forsake we reluctant the scene of the fray,
Neath baskets nigh bursting with victims we're bending,
Returning in triumph, a joyful array!
Then help me ye muses, the praises of fishing
To sing in fit tune, Oh assist me ye nine,
To be but one hour a poet I'm wishing,
Some tribute to render to rod and to line.

SONG OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL ANGLER.

"Piscator nascitur non fit,"
A dictum very true and trite,
Beside this peaceful tank I sit,
And never even get a bite.

This game is hardly in my line,
It seems somehow I'm out of pla(i)ce,
I've whacked this stream since half past nine,
Sans fish, my comrades dare not face.

The clock proclaims the hour of five,
Ah me, this is a t(h)ankless job,
I'll never leave this spot alive,
If from the deep *one* fish dont rob.

Oh Isaac Walton, tempter base!
Why ever did I read your tome?
Your craft has plunged me in disgrace,
I think it's time for going home.

If would-be anglers here there be,
A bargain snap, I shall not hackle,
Come hurry up, apply to me,
For Sale, a rod and Fishing Tackle!!!

Boggley Wallah.

Digitized by Google

FISHING.

I went out in the rains
A fishing for roe,
I had no more brains
Than go out in the rains
A fool for my pains
For the game was no go,
When I went in the rains
A fishing for roe.

I sat on the bank
And angled for fishes,
I went to the tank
And sat on the bank
But yet I drew blank
In spite of my wishes,
When I sat on the bank
And angled for fishes.

Then I chucked down my rod
And a deep oath I swore:
Though you may think it odd
I chucked down my rod
And said "S'elp me God
I'll go fishing no more,"
I chucked down my rod
And a deep oath I swore.

I could rhyme in this way
For a fortnight together,
If I thought it would pay
I could rhyme in this way
All night and all day
In all kinds of weather,
I could rhyme in this way
For a fortnight together.

ODE FROM THE DIVAN OF HALF-AND-HAFIZ.

Translated expressly for "The Dragon."

I do not know as much as I could wish
About the noble art of catching fish,
But yet I'll try to write about the way
To get them from the water to the dish.

First choose the place wherein you mean to angle,
Cut down the weeds which might your hook entangle:
Then fetch your tackle—rod and reel and line—
Drop in your baited hook and let it dangle.

Provide yourself with store of proper bait,
See that your tackle's sound, and trust to fate
And some day you may chance to get a bite,
For everything will come to those who wait.

ODE TO MY PUNKAH COOLIE.

Coolie who serenely sleepest
Just outside my open door,
Wakening the midnight echoes
With thine unmelodious snore.

Coolie, Coolie slumbering softly,
Reck'st thou aught of him who lies
Tossing on his red hot pillow
While to sleep he vainly tries.

Reck'st thou of his wrath and vengance
As he sees thee slumbering well,
When he suddenly awakens,
Wakens from a dream of hell!

Wont he rise up swiftly, softly,
Give the rope a sudden haul!
While with fiendish glee he chuckles
On the floor to see thee sprawl.

And while there thou prostrate liest
He'll be ready with a jug,
And he'll dash the unwonted water,
In thy black unwashened mug.

THE ART OF SWEARING.

(An unpublished fragment of Martinus Scriblerus.)

Have patience with me, reader, while I try
To sing the praise of high class blasphemy,
The ladies of a former generation
Thought it an ornament to conversation.
But now the art has fallen into disuse
And swearing nowadays is coarse abuse,
"The Soldier," so says the immortal bard,
"Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,"
And yet in spite of Shakspeare I declare
That British Soldiers dont know how to swear,
Contented with one poor expression "Blooming"
They do not make variety their study *
And this no doubt the poet understood,
In speaking of "black pudding, fitting food
To feed the Soldier who delights in blood."
Now what on earth is more monotonous
Than 'tis to hear a Soldier talking thus.
"I took my *blooming* hat and out I went
And as I stepped outside the *blooming* tent,
A *blooming* tent rope caught my *blooming* toes,
And down I fell and broke my *blooming* nose."
Not thus the London cabby. and not thus
The driver of the city omnibus,
These do not limit their vituperations
To such like damnable reiterations,
No! *they* express themselves in terms diverse
The playful gibe relieves the bitter curse.—
Thus; driving in a hansom cab one day,
A crowd of carts and 'busses blocked the way,
A bobby came, and to my cabby said,
"Now then, move on, why dont you go ahead?"
The cabby answered "Blow me tight old bloke
Ain't it a blymy pity that you spoke,
If you'd 'a shut your 'ead and let things pass,
Why nobody'd 'a knowed you was a Hass"

* This rhyme seems imperfect, and the next three lines appear irrelevant.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 29. **DUM-DUM, AUGUST 31st, 1889.** [Price 2 Annas.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.

STEWART-SAVILLE—On 8th July 1889 at Bryanston Square, London, wife of Captain Stewart-Saville, The Buffs, of a daughter.

HOLME—On 22nd June 1889 at Alexandria, wife of Captain B. F. Holme, The Buffs, of a daughter.

AHERNE—On 23rd June 1889, at Dover, wife of Sergeant Major Aherne of a son.

KENNETT—On the 14th July 1889, at Canterbury, wife of Sergeant Kennett of a son.

DUFFIN—On 20th July 1889, at Canterbury, wife of O. R. Sergeant Duffin, 3rd Battn., of a son.

DEATHS.

MARSHALL—On 26th June 1889, at Ashford, Sidney James, infant son of Sergeant Instructor J. Marshall, 1st Volunteer Battalion The Buffs.

HAY-MACNAGHTEN—On 1st July 1889, at Gotherstone, Bedfordshire, Colonel W. Hay Macnaghten. C. B., B. S. Corps.

HAMMOND—On 23rd August 1889, at Dum-Dum, Catherine, infant daughter of Pte. T. Hammond, of "Remittent Fever."

GOWER.—On the 28th August, 1889, at Dum-Dum, No. 444, Pte. R, Gower.

NOTES.

We heartily congratulate our Rugby Team on their glorious victory over Calcutta. It was a rattling good game to watch, and it is satisfactory to hear that the win was a most popular one.

* * *

Again we are doomed to disappointment as regards the Gymkhana—last time it was the cholera scare, foolish and uncalled for, this time it is the rain, a very necessary evil no doubt, tho' we don't altogether "see it." By the time the Course *is* sufficiently dry for galloping, the steeds should be in tip top condition, tho' judging from personal experience, there may not be much of the Jockey left.

* * *

We observe that a new tune has been started to close all Regimental entertainments, in lieu of the time honored "God save the Queen"! it is called "God save the Queen, Empress"! ! (v. "*Bill of Fare*" Amateur Variety Coy.) We have not heard it played yet, and shall be glad if the Band President will send the score to this office, for criticism by our "Musical Enthusiast."

* * *

Will any kind friend inform us in the next edition, if it is positively true that it *rains fish*

Digitized by Google

here ? Niggers are to be seen netting the ditches after every heavy shower, and they certainly do catch diminutive fish—yet it is odd that these fish should always choose to fall exactly into the ditches, for to the eye of the ordinary observer they would appear almost too young to be able to judge for themselves. If they do fall from the clouds, why not spread nets horizontally across the country ? It would break the poor little fishes fall and save the nigger a great deal of hard work.

* * *

It has been hinted that the Adjutantcy of the 1st Volunteer Battalion is not to fall to the lot of Capt. Porter, if such is the case we may expect to see that Officer out here this winter.

* * *

And now let us condole with our 2nd Battn. They are going to Aldershot, to add to the brilliancy of the Pageant which the Emperor of Germany is to witness. It is just possible that they will stay there instead of proceeding to Woolwich. These are good times at Aldershot ! Sham Fighting by day and by night ! If only our Generals *could* and *would* realise the amount of *sham* there is in those little games they carry out for the *instruction* of Officers and men !

* * *

Does everyone appreciate our new Tenor Drum ?

* * *

Last month we asked for contributions for "The Buffs' Calendar for 1890" which is being prepared in the Regimental Printing Office. Is there *no* N.-C. O. or Man in the Regiment who can think of any interesting event worth recording ? Up to the present we have been compelled to search through Regimental Records, as our appeal has received so little attention, and as we would like to compile the Almanac for the men of The Buffs, we again solicit contributions, which will be received by the Editor of this paper up to the 10th inst.

* * *

We have succeeded in dragging out one or two more competitors for our monthly prize, but would feel much happier if one or two hundred more would compete. Come on now ! put on your considering caps, and concoct some effusion in rhyme or prose on the following subject for next months' prize :

A Soldiers Life in India.

We were very much surprised considering the amount of interest that was taken in the Football match, The Buffs *v.* Calcutta that the *Englishman* was the only paper that *forgot* to give an account of it. How was it ? we have nearly turned grey wondering, was it that the Editor lost a *pot* on the result, and drowned his sorrows in the convivial bowl and was late for press next morning ?

* * *

It has been no easy matter to decide who is the winner of this month's prize competition, but after a most careful comparison and weighing of each word separately, we unanimously pronounce "Wings" contribution as decidedly superior. We accordingly invite "Wing" to attend at this office with a coolie and a big sack to receive his award.

BARRACKPORE NOTES.

A cessation in the middle of the rains is not pleasant, we have had here in the middle of this month, about as unpleasant ten days as it is possible to have. Football and Fishing are now in full swing, and thanks to the courtesy of the Quarter-Master in giving us some straight tips as to how the wiley Bengal fish is to be caught, some of our energetic anglers have been most successful and some good fish secured.

Football, both Rugby and Association has been vigorously played on most nights. The following are some of the matches. On the 29th June Barrackpore *v.* Dum-Dum, played in a downpour of rain, and resulting in the victory of Dum-Dum by one try to nil. The return match was played at Dum-Dum on the 6th July, when Dum-Dum beat the visitors by one goal to nil. "B" Company *v.* "H" Company, played at Dum-Dum on the 20th July, when "H" Coy. scored a victory by one try, each Company obtained one goal; we are sorry not to be able to mention any names for good play, but our special reporter was not present ; these matches were played under Rugby Rules.

"The Buffs' Amateur Variety Troupe" paid us a visit on the 18th July, and gave an excellent entertainment in the Royal Artillery Theatre. Considering we have so few entertainments here, the front seats might have been better filled, but the night was a very hot one, which no doubt kept many away. The opening chorus "Sweet Heather Bell" was extremely well rendered and Ptes. Hills and Eldridge in their songs, "Airey

Digitized by Google

Ann" and "Morning and Afternoon" were most amusing. In the second part "The Wager," both Ptes. Hills and Eldridge displayed the greatest energy, and gave us a lesson in the art of singing. We understood Pte. Hawkins to say, that he had forgotten his clogs, so was unable to dance, but had found a substitute in Pte. Terry, who, after a slight contention with the Band, performed an excellent "break-down" which well merited the applause he received, and Pte. Hills gave us another excellent song "I couldnt." The entertainment concluded with the laughable sketch entitled "The Doctors Nephew," which kept the audience in roars of laughter, the gouty gentlemen, the old lady and policeman had a rare bad time of it. We hope that before the end of the hot weather, the Troupe will give us another performance, as it enlivens us, and a change of any kind is good for all.

Rumour says that this Detachment returns to Head-Quarters about the end of October, but we do not know who the lucky Company is to relieve us. One of the great drawbacks to Barrackpore is the distance of Rifle Ranges, which quite prevents any match or practice firing, but a range is being made behind the Railway Station for Cossipore Artillery Volunteers. In years gone by, when we were in Calcutta, the Presidency Volunteers kindly allowed us to use their range at Bailghurriah during the rains, we hope we shall be allowed the use of the range here occasionally. A site has been selected for a Company garden close to the barracks, and by the cold season we hope to have it made and fenced in, it is near to a tank, so water when needed, can easily be obtained, and no doubt the garden will be a source of great amusement, and of profit also, to those interested in gardening and we strongly advise those men who intend to take upa plot, to set to work at once and find out all they can from books and other sources, as to the cultivation of vegetables and flowers in India. Our nice drive in the park is shut up for repairs and seems likely to remain so for some time, if you want to see some real energy, come over and watch the coolie of Bengal road making, it is truly a wonderful sight.

"DETACHMENT."

HOME NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

You have heard no doubt ere this that under the new system of the payment of Regiments, all Pay-Master Sergeants are to be abolished, this order comes into effect at home on the 1st Aug., 1889. The duties are to be performed in the Orderly Room by the Adjutant and his assistants, the Adjutant I believe to receive extra allowances. All Pay-Master Sergeants junior to the Orderly Room Clerk, will be employed in the Orderly Room, the others going to the Army Pay Department or reverting to Regimental duty if they prefer it. These arrangements refer to home at present, but I suppose will reach India in due course.

From the 1st January 1890, all pensions of The Buffs will be paid from here instead of from the Staff Officer of Pensioners as at present. This affects all Regimental Districts who from the above date will pay all pensioners belonging to their own Regiments. The latest idea is that an order is about to be issued to the effect that Warrant Officers are not eligible to have any money in the Regimental Savings Bank.

The 2nd Battn. will be held in readiness to proceed by rail on Tuesday the 6th August from Dover to Aldershot, there to be encamped for the review by the Emperor of Germany, and afterwards to remain stationed at Aldershot. The families will follow the Battalion at a later date.

Major-General Montgomery-Moore inspected the Depôt last week, and was very pleased with all he saw, a day or two after his inspection, H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief made his annual inspection of the troops at Canterbury, and was well satisfied with the show.

To-morrow we are to have a Tournament here, for the benefit of the Soldiers and Sailors Institute at this Station. For the small charge of a shilling, the British public will be able to see Physical drill with and without arms, new Bayonet Exercise, Musical Rides, &c., &c.

Major Kekewich was at home from Egypt on leave, but has been re-called, owing to the fresh troubles in that country. He is in the "Gazette" to-day as having been awarded the 4th class of Medjideh by the Khedive of Egypt for "Active and distinguished services before the enemy during the recent operations at Suakin."

Major Hind is to be posted to the 1st Battn., *vice* Capt. Allen who will be seconded for service on the Staff.

Your late Master-Cook (Sergt. Johns) is a park keeper in St. James Park, London. Color-

Digitized by Google

Sergeants Flaherty and Crawley permanent staff 3rd Battn. are about to take their discharge after 30 years service. Sergt. Stanley will get one Company and the other is still in abeyance.

Corpl. Ellis who was S. I. M. of the 1st Battn. at Buttevant, has been discharged to pension. Sergt. Sharpe (once Q.-M.-S. here) has been promoted Color-Sergeant *vice* Howard reverted to Sergeant by H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief. No. 774 Pte. S. P. King, formerly of 1st Battn. has been discharged with ignominy. Corpl. Neal has been discharged and awarded 10 pence a day pension for 12 months (conditional). Pte. McKenzie discharged with 7 pence a day for 18 months (final).

You will no doubt receive scores of a cricket match Depôt *v.* Battalion, played yesterday at the St. Lawrence ground, the rain sadly interfered with the game. Capt. Porter batted splendidly, making 105 runs.

Cricket week next week, two good matches to be played viz. Gloucestershire *v.* Kent, and Middlesex *v.* Kent. Will tell you result next letter.

Canterbury, 25th July, 1889. Yours faithfully, "OLD BUFF."

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

Lieut. P. F. Brine has been granted privilege leave from the 1st August to 29th September.

The undermentioned Officer has been granted leave to England for six months on Medical Certificate.

Lieut. L. G. N. Eales.

Privilege leave from the 15-8-89 to 13-10-89. has been granted to Lieut. A. L. Bell.

Lieut. A. J. Stuart having rejoined from the Garrison Class, Kurpi Tal, has taken over command and payment of Letter "D" Company.

Lieut. B. R. K. Tarte has joined the School of Musketry, Pachmari, for a course of instruction.

The undermentioned Officer rejoined from leave of absence on the 20th inst., and proceeded to Darjeeling to take over command of the Detachment of the Battn. there.

Captain R. E. Philips.

The undermentioned N.-C. Officers and men have been permitted to extend their Army Service to complete 12 years :—

244	Color-Sergeant F. Andrews,	5-8-89.
332	„ „ M. Talbot,	„
680	„ „ W. N. Patterson,	23-8-89
522	Sergeant C. Gray,	20-8-89
727	„ W. Webster,	„
226.	„ E. Turner,	9-8-89
723	„ J. H. Dray,	24-8-89
234	Lance-Corporal A. H. Baker,	20-8-89.
342	„ „ R. Golds,	„
298	Private G. Fuller,	„
484	„ A. Goodings,	9-8-89
441	„ C. Rivers,	12-8-89
290	„ T. Arthur,	16-8-89
558	„ C. Osborne,	26-3-89
634	„ J. Whale,	27-8-89

To complete 21 years.

1572	Lance-Corporal T. Roach,	19-8-89
1730	Private Thomas Copeland,	5-8-89
1766	„ Arthur Raward,	20-8-89

The undermentioned N.-C. Officers are transferred to Companies as under, with effect from 1st September 1889 :

Sergt. Greig,	from	'G' to 'A'
„ Winstanley,	„	'H' to 'A'
„ Batty,	„	'H' to 'F'
Corpl- Donnelly,	„	'A' to 'F'
„ Greenland,	„	'A' to 'B'
Lce.-Sergt. Cook,	„	'D' to 'C'
Corpl. Tomlin,	„	'E' to 'C'
„ Reynolds,	„	'E' to 'C'
„ Higgins,	„	'E' to 'B'
Lce.-Sergt. Green,	„	'F' to 'E'
Corpl. Adley,	„	'E' to 'F'

The undermentioned N.-C. O. has been appointed Drill Instructor to the Battalion vice Hoar promoted Col.-Sergt. 24-3.89. 194 Sergt. R. Murray.

The undermentioned N.-C. O. has been granted a furlo from 19-8-89 to 19-10-89 for the purpose of taking up an appointment as Warder in the Military Prison, Calcutta. 220 Corpl. J. Hyatt.

The undermentioned men have become entitled to G. C. pay at rates and from dates specified:—

1817	Pte. J. Adams	1d.	22-8-89
951	Lc.Cpl. H. Borland	2d.	4-8-89
972	Pte. T. Brewer	2d.	22-8-89
1355	„ W. Fidler	1d.	22-8-89
976	„ H. E. Staples	2d.	25-8-89

Digitized by Google

959	Pte. F. Lee	2d.	23-8-89
903	„ G. Ware	2d.	1-8-89
904	„ W. H. Ware	2d.	1-8-89
943	„ W. J. Beezley	2d.	16-8-89
947	„ R. Byford	2d.	16-8-89
922	„ J. Fitzgerald	2d.	4-8-89
1237	„ J. Goldsborough	1d.	18-8-89
970	„ W. Gower	2d.	30-8-89
956	„ H. Knight	2d.	20-8-89
935	Lc.Cpl. G. Moon	2d.	11-8-89
1077	Pte. W. Tusler	1d.	2-8-89
948	„ A. Wilcock	2d.	16-8-89
924	„ J. Beck	2d.	8-8-89
965	„ H. J. Blackwell	2d.	25-8-89
915	Lc.Cpl. J. Davies	2d.	2-8-89
977	Pte. C. Page	2d.	28-8-89
2278	„ F. Reed	1d.	24-5-89
914	„ E. Wilson	2d.	2-8-89
353	„ W. Clist	1d.	30-8-89
2260	„ J. Palmer	3d.	26-7-89
960	„ W. A. Sawyer	2d.	22-8-89
949	„ S. Milgate	2d.	18-8-89
302	„ W. Folwell	1d.	31-7-89
909	„ J. Wilson	2d.	1-8-89
1430	„ A. Bloomfield	1d.	15-8-89
1333	„ W. Brooks	1d.	23-7-89
969	„ W. G. Brown	2d.	28-8-89
1980	„ B. Cork	1d.	8-8-89
916	„ R. C. North	2d.	2-8-89
2314	„ W. J. Paramor	1d.	31-8-89

NOTICE.

A great many *Dragons* are returned to us monthly through the Post.

TWO NINE PIES STAMPS ARE NECESSARY AND PREPAYMENT IS COMPULSORY ON PAPERS TO ENGLAND.

Dragons addressed to the following, are now in the Office of this paper :—

Mr. W. Firman, Manchester, Miss J. Breach, Brighton, Mrs. Reynolds, Hawkhurst, Pte. W. Frazer, 2nd Battn. The Buffs, Mrs. Ansell, Ashford.

One half-anna stamp is sufficient postage for papers in India.

MRS. HARRIS' TRIAL.

(*Concluded.*)

'Well—it was a great thing for me. We were in the middle of a sharp skirmish, and the enemy were two to one, more perhaps! so we were fighting for our lives you see, against fearful odds. I was down twice and up again all right, but the third time I gave it all up, for I was down under another man; and a great hulking brute, half blind with rage, was lunging at me with a most ungodly weapon.'

'Oh, don't,' came from Esther with a gasp.

'Well, I wont tell you any more, I only wanted to make the event more bright by contrast. I was just at the end of my wits, and I felt it was all up with me, when a man hurled himself on the top of my own especial enemy, and sent a bullet through his heart —a neat job, with a wounded man beneath him— and then I can't for the life of me remember anything more till I felt myself being dragged and jolted, and shaken over some very uneven ground, it was the pain, I fancy roused me.'

'Poor Jack,' murmured Esther in a broken voice. 'How cruel.'

'It was a brave action' he said with a flush of pride, 'and the man who did it, is a brave man. I'm proud to say he is a friend of mine.'

Mrs. Harris stopped weeping, and was nervously smoothing her hair with hands that shook a little.

'And who might he be sir, if I might make so bold,' she said.

'The Color-Sergeant of my Company' said Captain Egerton.

'*It's Tummas*,' said a voice in the doorway.

They looked up at the sound, and Esther rose with a smile.

'Yes, it's Thomas' she said.

'Not *Tummas*,' said Mrs. Harris, with a sudden catch in her breath.

'Didn't you know?' said Mary scornfully, 'I did, from the first word the Captain spoke, who else should it be? and you, his mother.

Captain Egerton caught Esther's smile and smiled too. 'Is that the *alleviation* ?' his eyes telegraphed, and she nodded.

'Well, that is the first chapter of the story.' he said, 'but there are others to follow. He has got his promotion and is well up the ladder, and he is to be recommended for a Victoria Cross'.

'Father always said Thomas would do well wherever he might be' said Esther flushing. 'Didn't he Mary?' 'Aye Miss, the Minister was always a good judge'

'And Mrs. Harris'—said the Captain—'it has been a great pleasure to me to bring you such good news of your son. I heard you were disappointed when he first took to a soldier's life, but you cannot be disappointed now.'

'If he's done well in his line of life, which is a bloodthirsty line,—and I'm not denying that he has—what would he have been as a baker, sir.'

Digitized by Google

'Probably he would have done well as a baker too, but we can't all be bakers.'

'Just what father said' said Esther eagerly.

'Well, I trust I am reconciled to the unknown ways of providence' said Mrs. Harris meekly, 'but 'tis a trial sir, all the same.'

Which, as Esther said afterwards, was a last straw sufficient to break any camel's back.

G. R. GLASGOW.

OUR TEETOTALERS.

HOPE AND PERSEVERANCE LODGE NO. 106.

The members of the above lodge held their usual weekly meeting on Wednesday the 14th instant, when the Officers for the ensuing quarter were installed by Bro. F. Hunt, D. G. C. T, and afterwards a most enjoyable smoking concert was given by the newly installed Officers. During the evening, Bro. T. Ward presented to Bro. F. Hunt, the P. C. T's. Silver Star, and in a few well chosen words, congratulated the Lodge on the way they had worked during the past quarter.

Our numbers are still increasing, and we may look forward shortly to being the strongest Temperance organization in the Regiment.

"TEMPLAR."

A. T. A. JALAPAHAR.

The usual monthly meeting took place in the above lodge on August 4th, at 7.30 p.m., when the treasurers accounts were read and accepted. The profit on the refreshment bar for the month of July was Rs 53, making a total of Rs 128 for the months of June and July. It was proposed and carried unanimously that we have a tea and entertainment, to take place on the 22nd of Aug. tea at 5 p.m., members to pay 4 Annas, non-members 12 Annas. It was also proposed and carried that we give the members when on guard a pint of tea and a bun, which no doubt will prove a great boon to the men. After the usual business had been gone through, the meeting was closed by the President.

A. R. H.

MOONLIGHT CONCERT.

In spite of the Monsoons, Mr. Birkhead made arrangements for a Moonlight Promenade Concert in the grounds facing the Regimental Institute on the 9th inst., and very luckily the rain kept off, and the moon shone brightly. The night was not too warm, and the entire Regiment, as well as a great many residents attended. This is the first open air concert attempted, and its result, an unparalled success, our energetic Bandmaster is to be sincerely congratulated upon, and it is to be hoped they may be continued often.

Every song must have been carefully rehearsed, and the programme, rather a long one, was completed without a single hitch. The Band started with 'Silver Trumpets' and Pte. Hills sang 'Always the same,' Sergt. Keeler in costume recited 'Shemus O'Brien' which was listened to with great interest, but it is too long. Sergeant Short sang 'Golden locks are Silver now' very nicely, he has a good tenor voice, the Band in their usual brilliant style rendered the part song 'Ye Shepherds tell me' admirably, Sergt. Avis in an Irish Comic song 'Donegal' was all that could be desired, and was heartily encored, with a little more practice he should make a good step-dancer. The Band quite surpassed itself in the Grand National Fantasia entitled 'Episodes in a Soldiers life' in which are introduced Rumours of war; the Troops assemble; the Embarkation; on Board; Disembarkation; Camp at night with bugle sounding 'Last post'; the enemy attempts a surprise but is foiled; Fire, Advance, 'British Grenadiers,' Charge, The Battle, Cease firing! Victory!! Hurrah!!! concluding with 'See the conquering hero comes,' 'Rule Britannia,' and 'God save the Queen.'

After this Sergt. Dray sang in his usual happy style 'Up comes Jones,' Pte. Hawkins gave a step-dance, the Band played another descriptive Fantasia entitled 'Alpine Echoes,' Mr. A. J. Hume of 'Qui hai' renown sang 'Jimbo Jumbo' in nigger costume, and on being encored, repeated the last verse, Lieut. and Adjt. Bayard sang 'River of years' very feelingly, the last song on the programme 'White Wings,' was sang by Lieut. Hulke with his usual taste.

SMOKING CONCERT.

The Sergeants gave their second smoking concert on Saturday last the 24th inst., and like the first was a decided success. A great many of our Dalhousie friends patronized the concert, and contributed not a little to the enjoyment of the latter part of the evening. Mr. Brown seemed

Digitized by Google

quite at home as pianist for his friends, Messrs Mylne, James, Farquharson, Turner, Baker and others, who sang some very popular songs. Our Officers again turned up in force, accompanied by Lieut. Cole, 3rd Goorkhas, who sang a most laughable song about his bearer, Gunga Dene, and more than once our worthy Chairman the Sergeant-Major sprang to his feet and announced with a smiling countenance, that Lieut. so and so or Captain so and so would be very pleased to draw the attention of the Company towards himself for a short ditty; the usual toasts were proposed, and Captain Blackburn responded for Colonel Harrison and Officers in his original, pleasant manner. Mr. Stokes of Calcutta, in taking up the cudgels for the guests, said, that they had heard great accounts of The Buffs before they arrived at Dum-Dum, but that since their arrival they have even surpassed themselves in the estimation of Calcutta generally and that his own private opinion was "The Buffs were the Cream of the Military."

I have just received a note from the Editor to inform me that there is only a small space left in *The Dragon*, so I am compelled against my wish to cut this short. The programme was nicely arranged by Color-Sergeant Featherstone and his rendering of the flute solo "Les folies" was all that could be desired. I should like to say more about the programme, but there, we all know what our Sergeants can do if they like. If I am not discharged before the next one comes off, I will do my best to give a more detailed account.

"Punkah Puller."

THEATRICALS.

The Regimental Amateur Variety Company, indefatigable in their desire to give satisfaction and amusement to the Troops, gave an entertainment on the 22nd and 23rd insts. but they received very little patronage or encouragement, and although on the first night the room was fairly well filled, the second night was very poorly attended. The sketch with which the programme concluded is one which was put on the boards by the "Mohawks" with undoubted success, but although Pte. Eldridge worked terribly hard and did his utmost to cause amusement, the piece fell flat and did not appear to be appreciated at all.

The songs were feelingly rendered. Corporal Ward (as Johnson) Privates Eldridge, and Hills (as corner men) and Lance-Corporal Jubb deserving special mention. The entertainment no doubt, as far as the programme (which is appended) was concerned, was a decided success, and we were very sorry to see that so little interest was taken in this most deserving troupe. We must not forget to mention Pte. Terry, who was "all there" in his clogs, and Pte. Eldridge in his stump speech "The Temperance Question" was inimitable. The following is the programme:

Overture, The Band, Opening Chorus, 'Maggie Darrows' Welcome, Troupe; Song, sentimental, 'Mothers' last letter to me,' C. Stinchcombe: Song, comic, 'Gib me dat water million,' H. E. Hills; Song, sentimental, 'Are we forgotten when we're gone,' F. Greenslade; Song, comic, 'Down in the south,' J. Eldridge; Song, sentimental, 'Must we leave the old home, Mother,' G. H. Jubb; Song, sentimental, 'Some day I'll wander back again' A. J. Quillinan; Closing Song, 'I'm going home to see my darling Clo.'

Stump speech, 'The Temperance Question,' J. Eldridge; Song, 'Oh yes you do, you know you do,' A. J. Quillinan; Dance, J. Terry; Song, 'The boy can say papa,' H. E. Hills; Song, 'Why is Paddy always poor,' C. Stinchcombe. The whole concluded with a laughable sketch entitled 'Deaf in a horn.' Plato Whitewash, A. J. Quillinan; Orfeens Skewer, J. Eldridge.

STAR GAZING.

(Continued.)

Astronomers conceive all the heavenly bodies to be contained within a hollow sphere of great but indefinite magnitude, the interior surface of which is called the "Celestial Concave," its centre coinciding with the centre of the earth.

"The axis of the earth" is the diameter about which it revolves; the poles of the earth are the extremities of the axis. "The axis of the heavens" is the axis of the earth, produced both ways to the celestial concave, the poles of the heavens are the extremities of this axis, the heavens appear to revolve about this axis. Although the stars have the appearance of going round the axis of the heavens, this is not really the case, the appearance is caused by the world turning round on its own axis from West to East, once in 24 hours. The sun and stars therefore appear to us to rise in the East and go round the world to the West in great circles, as it were, at right angles to the axis of the heavens. If the poles of the heavens were luminous points, an observer would

Digitized by Google

see all the heavenly bodies revolving in circles round these points, their apparent motion being slower, the nearer they are to the poles, and each describing a circle in the same time, namely the time (24 hours) which the earth takes to make one complete revolution about its own axis. We all know the earth's annual motion in its own orbit, in other words, the path the world takes round the sun once a year, but the fact of the stars being such an enormous distance from this orbit, their continual motion and change of place of the earth has apparently hardly any effect upon altering the places of the stars, therefore in making observations, the earth is always considered to be in one place, viz., the centre of the celestial concave.

I suppose the readers of this now know the shape of the Great Bear.

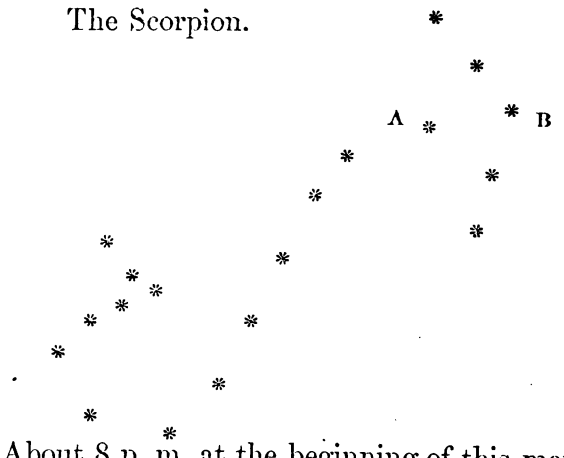
To find "Arctarus," continue the curved tail of the great bear about twice the length of the constellation and it will terminate near the fine star "Arctarus."

To find "Cor Caroli," draw a line from Dubhe (*a* in the great bear) to Mejeez (*g* in the great bear) and produce it twice the distance, and it will terminate at "Cor Caroli. Be careful to note the position of this star, although it is only a star of the second magnitude, in this article the position of many other stars are found from it.

To find "Spica," a line from "Alioth" (*e* in the great bear) through Cor Caroli and produced about the same distance, will terminate near this fine star, which will be seen close to the horizon and to the west at 8 p.m. this month. The constellation of Cassiopeia consists of six principal stars. This constellation is always on the opposite side of the pole star, to that of the great bear, so it is useful to know. It is placed about the same distance from the pole as the great bear, and can easily be recognised from its resembling a chair or the letter W. The stars in it are of the third and fourth magnitude.

If we look towards the south, high up in the heavens, about 8 p. m., this month, we shall see the fine constellation of the Scorpion, containing two principal stars. The head of the Scorpion is represented by an arc of four or five small stars among which is placed (B) of the second magnitude. Antares (A) is in the body and is a star of the first magnitude. The curved tail of the Scorpion is composed of stars of the third and fourth magnitude. See figure below and remember the position of Antares.

The Scorpion.



About 8 p. m. at the beginning of this month, if the observer will look up straight above his head, he will observe the fine star "Vega" further instructions will be given later on how to find this star.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW I WAS TAUGHT PHYSICAL TRAINING.

In order that Thomas, his chest may expand
Develop his muscles and makes him look grand,
Here's number one exercise when he's not ailing
Section five called Physical Training.
The squad having dressed as in section three,
From the right, number, quick as can be,
Then in two lines the squad must be got,
Now Thomas begins to feel it quite hot,
The Physical Training has fairly begun,
And Tommy gets warm with exercise one.

My instructor most able, witty and quick,
A capital drill, his name sure was Mick,
Said swinging the arms, that's but a caution,
So hold the same ready to get into motion,
In this you dont sing. not a word of a song,
Begin the first motion on the last sound of one,
Swing your arms freely round to the rear,
And to the front six times and dont fear,
But on the sixth time both the hands smack,
Without any hurry behind your back,
On the word three bring the arms to the sides,
Get perfectly steady, not a twitch in your hides.
Mind what you're at, or else you shall rue,
Get yourselves ready for exercise two,
Now bending and stretching the body begins,
On the word one, think of your sins,
With the right hands high over the head,
Mind how you do it, you heard what I said,
Keep the shoulders and body square to the front,
Hollow the back, you've no reason to grunt,
Bend from the waist, eyes on the right hand
You'll do it correctly, or here I dont stand,

Digitized by Google

'Tis close upon twelve you'll be wanting your lotion,
Before you're dismissed you'll perform the same motion
With the left hand raised as the right was before,
A credit I'll make you to the old corps.
Practice the second, on the word one
As the band is not here, think of the song,
On the back of your hands keep both your eyes,
Get done with it now, if you would be wise,
Swing the arms down on the word two,
Right turn, dismiss, for to day that'll do.

Practice the third, this caution is given
When both your hands are directed to heaven.
On the word one, a side pace to the right,
Not more than twelve inches or I'll think you tight,
Bend quickly down, touch the toes and there wait
For the word two before you get straight,
On the last sound of two you'll then stand upright,
In exercise seven I'll allow you to fight,
You're equal in height and much the same size,
The fighting is done to the tune of 'Black eyes,'
On the word three throw the arms over head
Nearly the same as when stretching in bed,
On the word four do the same as in two,
The body upright, now come along do.
Practice the fourth, dont think of your woe,
In this you must raise well on your left toe,
On the word two, do the same to the left,
Dont mind your clothes you lose but the weft,
On the word three the right foot back is brought
No hesitation, the first man thats caught
I'll recommend for an hours extra drill,
You know when I say so, I mean that I will,
When you have music, 'Stand steady there Grimes,'
All this is repeated six or eight times,
Exercise three is for stretching the arms,
So believe me of all those endearing young charms.
Exercise four, the caution's, the lunge,
Keep at it men, dont throw up the sponge,
The next word is ready, you know what to do,
Then you'll engage, lunge, engage, about too-ral-loo.
Exercise five is for breaking the knees,
Send me on pension, do if you please,
On my heels I cant sit at my time of life.
Horse Guards will soon ask me to sit on a knife.
Exercise six, in this you will find
Two and four exercises combined,
While through the motions neatly you're steering,
Give us a bar of 'Come back to Erin.'
Working the shoulders is exercise seven.
Get through it now it is half past eleven,
Once neatly done, if not you'll do more,
Only take pains, there are practices four,
Look to your front, not on the skies,
You're thinking too much of 'Nelly's blue eyes.'
That was alright, now exercise eight,
Fancy you're fishing or lunging for bait,
On the word lunge, lunge out as before.
Turn to the right complete seven and four,
That is quite good, now once judging the time,
Then we will finish with exercise nine,
'Tis close upon twelve, now let us begin,
And hum to yourselves some favorite hymn,
The words of command are Ready, away,
We'll get back to Erin some future day,
Mind what you're at, dont get in a fix,
Complete number nine, with four, five and six,
I'll get you dismissed before I expected,
To the tune 'They all do it,' bar those that's rejected.

MOONLIGHT.

COMPETITION PRIZE POEM.

FOOTBALL.

The troops are demented, in fact football mad,
No thought save of football can harbour;
I'll ne'er feel surprised to discover begad,
The Regiment marched off to Colaba,
For of monsoons despite, in mud or in wet,
No matter the state of the weather;
You'll find every eve on the sward you can bet,
The Buffs in pursuit of the leather,
On Monday its football on Tuesday the same,
As sure as the law gravitation,
The ensuing four days of the week there's a game
Of Rugby or Association.
Our Colonel one morning last week on parade.
Astonished all hands with a howl,
When he madly rode round the excited brigade,
Exclaiming "off side" likewise "foul."
Our Adjutant also, so gallant and bold
May his shadow no less ever grow,
Is badly infected at least so I'm told,
And roars in his sleep "take him low."
The Drummer boys even, blithe, chubby and wee,
Play football through thick and through thin,
And show to admirers with blood curdling glee,
The marks of a tall or a shin.
Calcutta has fallen, The Buffs hold the sway,
These Symtoms dear me are distressing,
Of Rugby proud champions long may they stay,
This madness is really refreshing.

WING.

CALCUTTA *v.* THE BUFFS—5th AUG., 1889.

Calcutta came down with their Rugby team bold,
In a drag (not a bit like a wolf in the fold:)
And with record unbroken, triumphant and free,
They backed on the issue themselves, five to three.

Like braves on the war path that team took the field,
They swore that they'd win they vowed they'd ne'er yield;
Surprised and distressed before half time had flown,
That team from Calcutta looked jaded and blown.

For The Buffs with their forwards as swift as the blast,
Have collared the leather and carried it past;
And the cheeks of the players waxed deadly and chill,
With a try for the soldiers, to Calcutta nil.

And there lay poor Kidson, of half backs the pride,
How nobly he fought for his ill-fated side;
The tide of disaster to turn he in vain,
Had struggled like giant with might and with main.

Digitized by Google

And there lay great Cowie exhausted, forlorn,
With Guernsey bespattered, bedraggled and torn;
Hurrah thrice hurrah, who our ardor can tame?
Calcutta is conquered, The Buffs win the game.

And the vanquished, how loud and intense is their wail,
Proud victors for years ne'er accustomed to fail;
But ne'er fought they contested so bitter, so tough,
As when they sang low to the conquering Buff.

CHUBBERDUSTER.

FOOTBALL.

A brief but mendacious account of its origin and development.

An ancient poem of Chaucer's 'Ball-eive me if all those endearing young charms,' is probably the earliest allusion to the King of British pastimes to be found in our literature, the second line of the same effusion 'Which I gaze on so fondly toe day' strengthening us in this conviction, the toe being too closely allied to the foot to render the intention of the rhymist at all vague.

We may reject as worthless the hypotheses of certain Biblical researchers who profess to discern in the 'Fowls' or 'Fouls of the air,' of Genesis the first crude protoplasm of modern football.

We follow the game in a bald unformed condition through successive centuries. The ordeal of football in the Saxon period being a favourite and infallible method of testing the genuineness of Witches, Sorcerers and Necromancers, the accused being placed face downwards in the midst of an influential scrimmage of football players of great rank and weight, especially the latter, should he or she emerge unscathed from the melee, all was well, but woe betide the luckless wight whose person or raiment bore trace of mud or stain, death was the unerring sentence.

One Baron Rigby or more correctly 'Rugby,' inserted in Magna Charta two clauses relating to the pastime, this led to the framing of a code of regulations forming the neucleus of the present rugby game laws.

The term 'Association' is an elongation of 'Asinine,' a sarcastic epithet applied to a small band of seceders who objected to the rugby scrimmage and instituted in its stead the insinuating but painful shin in fact the original *shin* of football *not* of our first parents.

The first great rugby match of importance took place on Salisbury plain, Wiltshire, between a team of hardy Norsemen, captained by one 'Goalundo the dribbler,' and a Saxon contingent, the posts, composed of pillars of stone still remain to this day. The Saxons eventually emerged the victors by one try to nil. The referee a Druid, fell a victim to the indignation of the Norsemen who strongly objected to an erratic decision on the part of the hoary prelate.

Shooting a goal, a great feature in the Association game, quickly followed the introduction of gaw-powder into warfare.

Scrimmage, composed of scream and age, on account of the aspect of players of all ages crowding round a leathern globule yelling and howling to the full extent of their lusty lungs, in language whose excess imparts the power they feel so well.

We trust on some future occasion to enter more fully into the history of this fine old crusted sport, we are in search of notabilia bearing on the subject and confidently promise an eager public a monograph alike astounding and crudite. Truly there is nothing like leather.

"KATA MIAN NAUN."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Man on the hill to the left."—Sorry we cannot oblige you.

"Jalapahar."—Sufficient water here already.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of papers from the undermentioned regiments;—

2nd Derbyshire Regt.
2nd Lincolnshire „
2nd Royal Irish Rifles.
1st 3rd Goorkhas.

The Regimental paper *Quis Separabit?* printed Regimentally)by the Royal Irish Rifles is the first we have seen from a home regiment. and it certainly is a credit. It is well printed and its matter is very pithy and nicely put together.

A VISIT TO THE JEYLAP PASS.

On the morning of the 8th June 1889, I left Darjeeling to view the pass. From the Chowrasta Darjeeling to Kalimpong, 31 miles. The shortest road is *via* Jalapahar and Ghoom Bazaar, then to the left through Rungirun forest. As the road begins to descend, you may in clear weather get a beautiful view of the plains, with the rivers forming a network of silver, over the dark green of the Terai, then the road passes Lopelin bungalow, where the forest ceases, and Mr. Munroe's tea plantation at Pashok and Kalimpong, with its bazaar and white buildings, come into view, but they are still very distant.

Digitized by Google

The descent to the Teesta suspension bridge is steep and slippery, and as the elevation down there is only 710 feet and every breath of air is shut out, the heat is great, the plants are rank and queer looking, and the noise of the cicada and of the rushing water is deaefning.

From Chowrasta, Darjeeling, to Teesta suspension bridge, 21 miles, from there to Kalimpong by the long road, 10 miles, by the short, 7 miles, the first few miles very steep, after that very good going on the long road.

Upon arriving at the Deputy Commissioners bungalow at Kalimpong, I found it full, and had to wait for the Chowkeedar, who refreshed himself taking a long pull and a strong pull at some apparently palatable beverage before he would even answer me, however, patience was rewarded by a good dinner with the occupants of the bungalow, and next morning while waiting for breakfast, we viewed the snowy range in all its glory, and the garden, where hydrangeas and geraniums etc. were in full bloom.

9th June, Kalimpong to Pedong, 13 miles.

The road runs along the side of a fertile and well cultivated valley. The day being Sunday, the bazaar was crowded with all sorts of queer looking folk. Nepalese of sorts, Lepchas and Bhuteas. A great trade in pork was being carried on, it had evidently been singed and roasted whole. round each roasted pig was a country groupe of all nations, handling pieces, and haggling good humouredly!

Every hut about there has a few black pigs running about apparently in good condition.

About 9 miles from Kalimpong, as you approach the ridge above Pedong, dank dark forest begins again. This ridge runs unbroken viâ Rissum to Lingtu, but it is without water, it is also very circuitous, or it would have been used by the expedition, should a railway ever be made into Thibet, it will either be made up this ridge or up the Chumbi valley.

Crossing the ridge, the road leads down to Pedong. Here I was joined by a Lama and a mule, with bells, saddle cloth, and saddle bags, of all the colors of the rainbow, engaged in supplying forage to the expedition, an old Sikh, also in the swim, made his appearance, on the three of us rested by a stream, but the leeches were too much for us, and we had to move on.

Presently the residents at Pedong, out for their evening airing, appeared, and General and Mrs. Graham very kindly put me up. My bazaar ponies were now condemned as unfit for further use, and in future the Commissariat supplied my wants in that line, and Mr. Repton made me out a sketch of the march to Gnatong.

10th June, Pedong to Rougli Chu, 10 miles, (the latter syllable means river.) The roads about Pedong are slippery and greasy, and it is no uncommon thing to find yourself sitting down suddenly in the middle of the path quite unintentionally.

The huts in the Camp at Pedong and most places in Sikkim are made of bamboo. and tied with rattan and bamboo peel or the outside of green bamboo. For the walls the bamboos are dried and split and the joints cut out from the inside and each bit beaten flat and then made into mats, the length being arranged in sets of four or more alternately, so that when plaited there is a square of green outside, and one of white inside alternately, like a chess board pattern.

For the shingling of the roof, the bamboo is cut into four feet lengths and split. For the ridge, they are bent in two, half hanging down each side and half of a large split bamboo is put on the ridge. For the shingles, they are doubled in half and tied in place.

When a hut is raised off the ground, or has a second storey, the floor is made of bamboo matting. Large bamboo joints are made into buckets boxes &c.

From Pedong down to Rushett Chu, 3 miles, then two very steep miles to Renok Camp and its pretty bazaar, another mile, brings you to the Camp of the Goorkhas, and another mile to the actual ridge where the boundary is marked by two stone gateway pillars. Height of ridge 5120 feet, whence there is a descent to Rougli Chu, elevation 2590 feet. Close to the bridge there is an Engineers' bungalow, and a small guard of Goorkhas are posted there. The heat was great until a thunderstorm cooled the air. The rains were expected on the 16th June, so I lingered on my journey as little as possible. The weather in Sikkim is so wet that any increase to the daily moisture is difficult to imagine. The traveller should therefore never part from his mackintosh and umbrella, and also keep his pocket-filter, pipe &c. in a havresack handy.

(To be continued).

Digitized by Google

FOOTBALL.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

Our victory against the great Calcutta Club and our defeat by the Dalhousie for the Challenge Cup, nearly finishes for this year the football craze, with which our Regiment has been so affected, but we trust that we may catch it again next year, and that our teams will be as successful in their matches then, as they have been this season.

The next great question is, which Companies are going to win the inter-regimental Cups, Rugby and Association? 'D' and 'F' Companies have now played twice but neither will give in, the result being a draw on both occasions. This is what we like to see, it clearly shews how keen the competitions are.

The following are some of the matches which have been played during this month:—

3rd August.—Trades Cup tie. 1st Buffs *v.* St. Xaviers. Buffs won by 7 goals to nil.

5th August.—Calcutta *v.* The Buffs, (Rugby). Buffs won by 1 try to nil.

7th August.—Rugby tie, 'G' *v.* 'C.' 'G' won by 1 goal and 1 try to nil.

8th August.—Rugby tie, 'A' *v.* 'E.' 'E' won by 1 goal and 1 try to 1 try.

8th August,—Trades Cup tie. Buffs *v.* Artillery Buffs won by 2 goals to nil.

10th August.—Rugby tie, 'B' *v.* 'H.' 'H' won by 1 goal to nil.

12th August.—Rugby tie, 'D' *v.* 'F.' Draw nothing scored.

13th August.—Association, 'A' *v.* 'E.' 'A' won by 1 goal to nil.

21st August.—Rugby tie, 'D' *v.* 'F.' Draw nothing scored.

TRADES CHALLENGE CUP.

THE BUFFS *v.* DALHOUSIE.—FINAL.

Another terrible ordeal has now passed, for this year anyhow. The Trades Challenge Cup has been wrested from us, as it was all but ours. by the Dalhousie Club. It has been the question since the first ties were started as to which would win, the 1st team of The Buffs or the 1st team of the Dalhousie, and great were the differences of opinion. Our team certainly had a tremendous lot of bad luck but they were beaten—two goals to nil—and very little more need be said, still we have every confidence in our team. They won all their ties hands down, which of course led all their supporters to believe that the final would be a walk over for them, consequently on the day appointed, viz., 24th inst., a vast multitude were to be seen proceeding Calcutta-wards, notably the Sergeants, who had sported a real. big, live ,four-in-hand with the express purpose (we were told) of carrying away our victorious team and the Cup (which by the way had not left the workmen's hands) but instead, carried off the Dalhousie team to Dum-Dum to participate in their Smoking Concert. We hope that our men will not loose heart by this their first defeat, but that they will buck up and win the next in spite of everything, bad luck included.

The names of the teams are as follows:—

1ST DALHOUSIE.

GOAL.
Newson.
BACKS.
Truefit and Currie.
½ BACKS.

F. Lindsay,	Westweather,	Markquick.
RIGHT WING.	CENTRE.	LEFT WING.
Turner & Wilson.	B. Lindsay.	Wilder & Love.

THE BUFFS.

GOAL.
Lc.-Corpl. Hilderbrand.
BACKS.
Pte. Lawson Pte. Caffery.
½ BACKS.

Pte. Harding,	Pte. Hartely	Pte. Truscott:
RIGHT WING.	CENTRE.	LEFT WING,
Evans & Dyke.	Cpl. Behrens.	Scot & Godfrey.

THE BUFFS *v.* CALCUTTA.

This match was played at Dum-Dum on the 5th August, under Rugby Union rules. There was considerable interest in the event, as since the formation of the Calcutta Club their record had been unbroken, and the previous match

Digitized by Google

played between these two teams had resulted in a draw.

The ground had been well roped for the occasion and the crowd of onlookers, on foot and on vehicles of every description from the smart drag to the ticca gharry, must have numbered nearly 2,000.

At 5.45 p.m. the ball was kicked off by The Buffs, and was promptly returned by the Calcutta backs and carried into The Buffs' 25 by the Calcutta forwards, shortly after which The Buffs had to touch down in self defence. This put the home team on their metal, and the ball being restarted, they, with a determined rush in which some fine dribbling was noticeable on the part of Messrs. Adams, Bell and Tarte carried the ball past the Calcutta 25 and over the goal line—a very close shave for Calcutta this—but the ball just happening to touch the corner flag a 'touch in goal' was the inevitable result.

After this the forward play on the part of The Buffs was first class and quite baffled the Calcutta backs who never got a chance of 'getting off' without one or more sturdy Buff on top of him, a few minutes later, after a desperate struggle between the opposing forwards the ball was dribbled over the Calcutta goal line where Ptes. Davis and Adams simultaneously falling on it, secured a well deserved try. The kick at goal, by no means an easy one, just missed the mark by about eight inches, and for the remainder of the half time the ball remained in the Calcutta territory. Cowie and Kitson were playing a desperately severe game, and the latter on more than one occasion shewed what he was made of.

On resuming play for the second half time the Calcutta forwards, by some really brilliant work, put The Buffs' goal line in considerable jeopardy, whereupon The Buffs' forwards with another combined rush carried the ball up the ground and aided by a free kick for 'off side,' succeeded in reaching the Calcutta 25.

From this till the end of the game some splendid forward play ensued, nor is it fair to omit to mention the useful work done by the halfbacks on either side.

Smith for The Buffs, together with Davis and Adams well supported by the rest of the scrimmage and by Sewell and Marshall at half back, were a match for the Calcutta team, but they had their work cut out for them nevertheless, a fact which they seemed thoroughly to appreciate judging from the good temper of the game all round.

The ground was too slippery for the backs to show to advantage except in the matter of punting in which line Scott for Calcutta and Annesley for The Buffs greatly distinguished themselves.

In such a match it is hardly fair to pick out the most conspicuous as being the soundest men, on this occasion every man on either side had his work cut out for him, and it was a real treat to observe the unselfishness displayed throughout the game. Walker for Calcutta used his weight and strength to the greatest advantage and was well supported throughout the game by Watson, the latter appeared to know his work uncommonly well.

Both teams appeared to be in excellent training and the pace of the game never lagged for one moment from start to finish.

The Buffs are to be congratulated on their well earned and popular victory. What a pity there should be no Challenge Cup this year!

The Buffs were without the valuable services of Mr. Bayard their crack ¾ back, who was unable to participate in the game owing to injuries received in the match between the Civil and Military. Teams:—

THE BUFFS.

BACK.

Lieut. Annesley.

¾ BACKS.

Ptes. Gallagher and Marshall and Lc.-Corpl, Davis.

½ BACKS.

Corpl. Smith Pte. Sewell.

FORWARDS.

Lieuts. Bell & Tarte, Ptes. Adams, Want, Reese, Davis, Taylor, Lc.-Corpl. Hilderbrand and Pte. Court.

ORIGINAL.

A passing cloud— a short Spring shower—
A smile—and a fleeting sigh—
Vows exchanged—and a faded flower—
Joy and grief of the parting hour,
Ere the last good-bye!
Only an Ensign, he,
Only a Maiden, she.
But he is bold, and the tale is told,
And her heart's no longer free.

A Summer sky—and a singing bird—
A laugh—as they meet again.
A boy no more—a man is heard,
Pleading still for one short word,
A word—but all in vain!
Only a Captain, he,
Only a Coquette, she.
But he is poor, an unwelcome wooer
And she says "it cannot be."

Digitized by Google

A golden glow—and a purple sea—
The gorse—and spreading heather—
A smiling man, whose heart is free—
A woman wishing that 'it might be'
In the Autumn weather.
Only a Major, he,
A fading beauty, she.
But he is cold, and the love of old,
She never again may see.

A fall of snow—and a wintry sky—
A heart—grown old, and hardened—
A laugh—at the thought of days gone by—
A smiling lip—and a tearless eye—
A woman not yet pardoned.
Only a Batchelor, he,
Only 'an old maid,' she.
'It might have been,' but now I ween,
'Tis late, too late, to be.

CRICKET.

2ND BATTALION THE BUFFS
v.
DEPOT THE BUFFS.

Played at St. Lawrence ground, Canterbury on the 23rd July, 1889, and resulted in a draw in favor of the Depôt, the Battalion wanting 148 runs to win and only 3 wickets to fall. Rain interfered with the play once or twice. Col. Kerr kindly sent the band from Dover to play at the match. Capt. Porter, Dr. Lambkin and Master Colley batted well for the Depôt, Master Cumber also bowled well. Mr. Dyne and Mr. Pearson did the batting for the Battalion.

The scores were as under:—

DEPOT.

Surgeon Lambkin, b Leahy	49
Lieut. Booth, b Cook	20
Sgt.-Major Cumber, b Cook	10
Capt. Porter, b Cook	105
Pte. Relf, b Cook	0
Sergt. Hemsworth, b Leahy	1
Capt. Colley, b Cook	3
Master C. Colley b Leahy	57
Sergt. Hobson, not out	3
Lieut. Buttanshaw b Leahy	0
Master Cumber, b Leahy	1
Extras	37
Total	286

2ND BATTALION.

Sergt.-Major Aherne, c Buttanshaw b Relf	2
Corpl. Leahy, b Cumber jun	13
„ Cook b „ „	1
Major Hickson, b Cumber jun	3
Lieut. Pearson, c Colley b Relf	47
„ Dyne, b Relf	51
Col. Kerr, b Relf	8
Lieut. Williams, not out	1
Capt. Vyvyan, Sergt. Brush, „ Broome, } To bat.	
Extras	13
Total	139

DETACHMENT THE BUFFS
v.
DETACHMENT CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

This match was played at Convalescent Depôt, Jalapahar, and resulted in a win for the Detachment The Buffs by 30 runs.

DETACHMENT CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

Pte. Connell, c Piper b Bowden	15
„ Greene, run out	0
„ Elliott, c Luxford b Piper	1
„ Bonnee, c Luxford b Bowden	0
„ McKeown, b Piper	3
„ Lyndon, c Luxford b Piper	2
„ Hays, c Horscroft b Piper	0
„ Woods, c Horscroft b Piper	6
„ Rowe, b Bowden	0
„ Burke, c Luxford b Piper	4
„ Ridge, not out	0
Extras	4
Total	35

DETACHMENT THE BUFFS.

Lc.-Corpl. Maynard, c & b Connell	9
Drmr. Piper, c Woods b Greene	14
„ Dillon, b Connell	2
Pte. Sheed, b Greene	3
„ Bowden, b Connell	1
„ Rankin, b Connell	8
„ Lee, c Burke b Connell	2
„ Horscroft, c Greene b Connell	13
„ Luxford, stmp. Elliot b Connell	1
„ Carroll, b Connell	0
„ Banbury, not out	5
Extras	7
Total	65

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

East Kent Chronicle.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 30. **DUM-DUM, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1889.** [Price 2 Annas.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS. 1893

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.

SMITH—At Canterbury on the 11th August, 1889, wife of No. 1992 Private T. Smith of a Daughter.

CLENT—At Canterbury on the 2nd August, 1889, wife of Pay- Mr.-Sergt. Clent, of a daughter.

WATERS—At Dum-Dum on the 8th inst., the wife of Sergt. L. Waters of a son. (Leonard James.)

NEWTON—At Dum-Dum on the 5th inst., the wife of Pte. J. Newton of a son. (Albert Henry.)

MARRIAGE.

SHELLY—LOOSEMORE—At Canterbury on the 13th inst., 2nd Lieut, P. W. G. Shelly, The Buffs, to Miss Margaret Loosemore, second daughter of Rev. P. W. Loosemore, Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral, and Rector of Holy Cross, Westgate.

DEATHS.

NEWTON—At Dum-Dum on the 8th inst, Albert Henry Newton, infant son of Pte. J. Newton, of Diarrhœa.

COWLAND—At Dum-Dum on the 16th inst, No. 1433 Pte. W. H. Cowland, "A" Company, of "Septaicemia."

REED—At Dum-Dum on the 22nd inst,. No. 2278 Pte. F. Reed, "D" Company, of "Tubercle of Lung." (Eastbourne papers please copy.)

ROACH—At Dum-Dum on the 25th inst., No. 1371 Pte. James Roach, "F" Company of "Abscess of Liver."

NOTES.

We have been congratulating ourselves that our Rugby Team had succeeded in breaking a fifteen years record, and the Calcutta Club had not been beaten since the late Major Leslie's team beat them in 1874. It appears however, we were wrong. A contemporary informs us that in 1886 the Derbyshire Regiment beat them by one goal and a try to nil, *but that the scores were disallowed.* Well, well, the Paymaster tells us that these disallowances are the curse of India, but that there if often no getting over them.

An esteemed correspondent writes to ask when the Regimental Sports are coming off, as he and other time expired men would like to take their prize money to BLIGHTY. We regret that we are unable to give him the required information.

Snipe are in again, and as usual we note with a surprise that recurs every year, how small the Snipe are and how large the space that surrounds them.

In another column is a letter asking why the civilian papers always talk of Mr. Thomas Atkins as Tommy. We don't ourselves consider that they are on such terms with him as to justify this familiarity.

We call attention to an effusion by "Moonlight" in another column. Although the rhymes are not altogether above criticism, we consider it an accurate and humorous description of an event still fresh in the minds of many, although it took place in the dim and distant past.

Our contemporary, "I'm 95," appears to be much exercised in mind because polo had to be suspended for a fortnight in August on account of the rain. We should have thought he had got accustomed to this at Dum-Dum. For his consolation we may state that we only succeeded in getting one game during August, and that only at great bodily risk, as the ground was like a skating pond. Our normal position during the game was standing on our editorial head alongside of a prostrate pony, and all sorts of acrobatic circus feats were being played all over the ground. We are sorry that we are not an illustrated paper for this occasion only.

Digitized by Google

With reference to "Enquirer's" letter in our June number, it appears from the inscription on the Association Football Cup, that it *is* a Challenge Cup. This settles the question.

A lady of the Regiment has very kindly devoted a lot of her valuable time in putting together a quantity of interesting records for "The Buffs' Calendar" which are most acceptable, and for which *The Dragon* begs to return his most sincere thanks. There is still a cry for contributions for this work, and the Editor trusts that the men of the Regt. will endeavour to put together something, no matter how trivial, in order to help. Items which might, to some, appear worthless and uninteresting, would to others be received with pleasure.

The Dragon presents his compliments to Editors of Regimental papers throughout India (and elsewhere) and will be glad to receive copies of their papers, which are always read with great interest by men of The Buffs. He will send his own paper in exchange.

The prize for the best treatise in prose or verse this month is awarded to "Chitabob," who is requested to call at the Office and get measured for his laurel crown.

Until we can see some signs of a more extended competition we shall discontinue offering prizes.

We congratulate "H" Company on their new jerseys. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever" or, at least, until it has been rolled in the mud.

A correspondent informs the *Pioneer* that according to the annual return of Crime in the Army for 1888, there is a general improvement all round but that "in the Infantry however there are some noticeable contrasts. Thus the 1st Battn. The Buffs have a proportion of 9, and the 2nd Royal Lancaster one of 9·7 Courts-Martial. The half dozen best Battalions appear to be The Buffs, 1st Somerset, 1st East Surrey, 2nd Sussex, 1st Hampshire and 2nd Highland Light Infantry so far as Courts-Martial are concerned, but the last named has a large proportion of minor punishments."

The above must be very gratifying to our readers who have succeeded in obtaining such a prominentcy in the Crime Report, and *The Dragon* hopes that the next will be even more favorable.

Mr. Birkhead has promised us another Moonlight Concert next month. Date and programme will be published later on. We hope it will be as great a success as the last one.

"Curioso" asked us in our June number why a certain contribution "was printed in type which almost required a magnifying glass to read it with." So much has to be crowded into our journal this month again that we are compelled to print several articles in the same annoying characters, but to give "Curioso" an opportunity of reading it without swearing, we will lend him a pair of powerful glasses, the ones (by the bye) used by our staff in composing—Will that please him?

———:o:———

PRIZE PUZZLE.

To find the meaning of the following letter written by a native.—

Sir,

I humble petition I beg your pardian your saice her is your mare. I said him than it he told me had words and he want het me please ask all servents. I will be than you. Your mare have a pen in leg from het and you must see it your saice is very shame. Please give me leave and if not tell him them me."

I will be than you

Your servant

Suntow Saice.

A prize of Rs 5 will be given for the best explanation of the above. Selected solutions will be printed in our next. Solutions to be sent in not later than 20th October-

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

To the Heiditor of the Dragon.

Sur.

I ave much plezure in writing these few lines to the *Dragon* arskin a werry great favour, could he be so kind and so condecending to poor *Slasher* as to let the Riegiement at large know, for the time expired mens are werry anxious to know when the sports will take place for they will be going away werry shortley and they be werry anxious to take some of the prize money to Blighty as the case may be. If there are no sports it cannot be help. Ime good nuff for arf-a-mile or so myself, and a few dibs will come in andy to stock my barrer when I get to Whitechapel agin.

Your umble servant,

"SLASHER."

To the Editor of The Dragon

Sir

In your last month's issue of the Dragon, there is a letter from the Hope and Perseverance Lodge where "Templar" makes use of the words "our numbers are increasing and we may look forward to being one of the strongest organizations in the Regiment." I dont quite understand what he means by making use of the words 'strongest' for I am sure what Good Templars we have got

Digitized by Google

in the Regiment are nearly all members of the A. T. A. I will try and explain to Templar in a few words how their numbers are increasing. It is owing to the bad management of the A. T. A. that there is such a falling off in members, but of course Templar knows as well as I do that if things were carried on like they used to be in the A. T. A., we would not have much cause for complaining. I can remember the time, nearly four years ago when this Society was first opened in Singapore, by Cpls. Kent and Burrows, I think there were then about fourteen members all told, but after getting a room given to them, their numbers increased, and still kept on increasing until we got to Ranikhet, when a few men of the Regiment got together and opened a lodge room for the Good Templars, and then we got a few black sheep to join amongst us, but nothing daunted, Corpl. Burrows still kept looking after the one first formed, and kept increasing its profits monthly, but just look at it now, and you will find if you attend a monthly meeting, and hear the accounts read, in place of hearing a profit read out to you, you'll find it quite the reverse. With a *smile* the Treasurer reads "Balance Debtor Rs. 400" or there abouts.

I am very proud to see that our Branch Society at Jalapahar for the months of June and July show a profit Rs. 128. I must give Corporal Burrows great credit for the interest he takes in the working and management of it, considering the very high price they have to pay for the things they require for the Refreshment Bar there, and they have also to pay carriage for all their little requirements. I think that some, or one of the Officers who look after the business of the A. T. A. in Dum-Dum, would be doing the Association a great favour if they would write to Corporal Burrows and get him to give them some information how to make profits, as I am sure he would only be too happy to give it to them, to get them out of debt, and make a credit.

Yours truly
"HONESTY."

To the Editor of The Dragon

Sir,

In Ranikhet I wrote to you about the Northbrook Vase having been neglected since it was won by Col.-Sergt. Andrews in 1886, but nothing transpired from my letter, and now another season is coming on, I think another little agitation might do some good. Why is it that the Vase has not been competed for every year regularly as was originally intended? At a time when Football cups are so eagerly contested, it seems a pity that the only Shooting cup in the Regiment should die out. Trusting that this reminder may do some good,

I am Sir, Yours faithfully,
"MARKSMAN."

To the Editor of The Dragon

Sir,

How is it that in all Newspapers, Periodicals, and correspondence bearing on military subjects, that much abused mortal, the British Soldier is invariably alluded to as *Tommy Atkins*, *The Humble Thomas*, or the *Deserving T. Atkins*.

I am not a man of excitable temperament, but as a wearer of the Red Coat, such expressions of patronage or pity make my blood boil with indignation. In my humble opinion, the average Tommy as they style him, is far too retiring and modest a being to make much headway in the social scale, he 'Sirs' and treats with the greatest respect anybody clothed in decent civilian garb, even counterjumpers and tradesmen, his inferiors in education, and strictly speaking, position in many instances. It is really high time that the down trodden worm turned at last. A little remonstrance on the part of the Soldier would often not be out of place, and would greatly assist in procuring for him the consideration and respect to which he is justly entitled and added to that, would perhaps prevent these critics from using the sobriquet so freely.

"EXODUS."

HOME NEWS.

The Canterbury Cricket Week for 1889 has come and gone, and the same may be said of several well known faces of past and present Buffs. Colonel Halahan was here, looking about the same as usual. Major Newnham-Davis came down and took a part in the "Old Stagers" performances, playing his characters to pertection. Mr. Lloyd did not look anything like himself, and it will evidently be a long while before he is able to appear again as your corner man in the Pond-Lily Troupe. Mr. D'Acah is looking ever so much better than when he first arrived home.

Digitized by Google

About the Cricket; Kent played up very well indeed and scored an easy victory in their first match against Middlesex, but their second, *versus* Gloucestershire, resulted in a draw. The Champion, (Dr. W. G. Grace) did not come off very well, much to every ones disappointment. The 2nd Battn. moved to Aldershot by train on the 8th inst., and were present at the review by the German Emperor on the 9th, they were encamped for a few days, and then moved into the Concrete Huts at the North Camp. The married families are in the old wood huts, and the Officers are located in a large brick building at the same camp. A draft of 44 recruits, under the command of Lieut. Booth left here on the 15th inst. and joined the 2nd Battn.

A change of Adjutants has taken place here, Major Maclear resigned the appointment, Capt. Porter succeeding to it.

Capt. Vyvyan has passed the entrance examination to the Staff College, and has been recommended for admission.

The Good Conduct Medals awarded to Color-Sergt. Parfitt and Pte. T. Smith, both formerly belonging to the 1st Battalion, have been presented to them by Colonel Hobson.

The pension granted to Color-Sergt. Crawley is 2/8½ per day, and to Color-Sergt. Flaherty 2/4½ per day, both for life. Sergt. Vile and Sergt. Stanley are promoted Color-Sergts. vice Crawley and Flaherty discharged. Sergts. Ker and Friend from 2nd Battn. have been transferred to the permanent staff 3rd Battn.

The undermentioned have been transferred to the reserve during current month, 1726 Sergt. Howard, 2nd Battn. (late Color-Sergt.. and the co-respondent in a divorce case at Dover,) and 559 Corpl. Davis, your late O. R. Clerk at Penang. 252 Pte. T. France has been discharged free at Dover, also 2259 Pte. Keefe, I think both these have passed through the 1st Battn. at some time or another. Boy Coughlan, son of Qr.-Mr.-Sergt. Coughlan, has been discharged from the 2nd. Battn., on account of his being unwilling to learn.

More troubles! weddings I mean. This time the *victims* are Lieut. E. T. Buttanshaw, and 2nd Lieut. P. W. G. Shelly, both of The Buffs.

Mr. Buttanshaw will shortly be married to Miss M. E. D'Aeth, fourth daughter of the late Mr. N. H. D'Aeth of Knowlton Court, and Mrs. H. D'Aeth of Maydeken, near Canterbury.

Mr. Shelly was married on the 13th inst. to Miss M. Loosemore, second daughter of the Rev. P. W. Loosemoore, Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral.

Lieut. C. K. Greene landed on the 12th inst., and has proceeded to his home in Dublin, his servant, Pte. Curley has joined the Depôt for duty.

Col. Hobson has proceeded on two months leave of absence.

The annual school treat took place on the 13th inst. at Whitstable. The party numbering about 150 (this included Mothers, Fathers and children) left the Railway Station at 12.20 p.m. and on arrival at Whitstable threepenny pieces, buns and Ginger beer were issued to each child. A yacht was engaged for the day to make short trips, and was kept constantly going by the party, several of the passengers fell out with their last meal and evicted it for the benefit of the "Natives." Swings were also in "full swing" during the afternoon. Tea was served about 4 p.m. in one of the spacious booths on the beach, after which all returned to Canterbury about 7 p.m., thoroughly pleased with their day's fun. Col. and Mrs. Hobson and Capt. and Mrs. Colley came down and had tea with the party.

The same old families have gone hopping again this year.

"OLD BUFF."

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

Lc.-Corpl. F. Hilderbrand has been appointed Hospital Librarian.

The undermentioned have extended their services to complete 12 years with the Colors:

No. 251, Sergt. D. Sheppard, 3-9-89.
,, 2383, Pte. M. Buckley, 20-9-89.

The undermentiened Officers have been detailed for duty with the Regimental Depôt and will proceed home during the ensuing Trooping season—

Captain G. H. Chippindall.
Lieut. A. R. Eustace.

Lieut. A. J. Stuart successfully passed in subjects C & D qualifying him for rank of Captain.

Lc.-Sergt. J. H. Pay has successfully passed in Military Topography.

Digitized by Google

The following have been appointed Lance-Corporals:—

2104, Pte. F. R. Kent
1715, „ G. Leek.
197, „ W. Reese.
467, „ J. Hindmarsh.
502, „ J. Sheed.
702 „ W. Court.

No. 1632, Pte. A. Bird, during the time he is employed in charge of the Telegraph Office, Ranikhet.

No. 1991, Pte. J. Lynch, during the time he is employed in the Regtl. Institute.

The undermentioned N.-C.O's. and men have been transferred to the Battn. from the 2nd Battn. Leicestershire Regt., with effect from 1-10-89.

Sergeant G. W. Boulton, wife and child.
Corporal H. Rossiter.
„ T. C. Scott.
Private J. Carrington.
„ G. Clarke.
„ J. Green.
„ S. Sutton.
„ F. Dedman.

No. 1320, Corpl. T. Greenland proceeds home during the present Trooping season, having 8 years continuous service abroad.

Sergt- G. Avis has been appointed Asst. Instructor to the Howrah Detachment East Indian Railway Volunteers during the ensuing drill season.

Territorial numbers have been assigned to the undermentioned N.-C.O's., on re-engagement:—

Corpl. W. A. Donnelly, E.K.-2972.
„ John Stevens, E.K.-2973.

Ptes. Scott, Ransley and Coley have been appointed by the C. O., to shoot stray dogs in Cantonments.

The undermentioned Warrant Officer, was, on the 9th ult., appointed Superintendent of the Regimental Institute:—

Sergt.-Major J. W. Cook.

The undermentioned men have become entitled to Good Conduct pay, at rates, and from dates specified :—

980	Private	W. Alderson,	2d	3-9-89
2641	„	P. Burke,	3d	4-9-89
1052	„	J. Cafferty,	2d	29-9-89
1003	„	A. Corner,	2d	17-9-89
807	„	T. Bridges,	1d	31-8-89
1506	„	W. Hooker,	1d	27-9-89
1029	„	J. Champion	2d	21-9-89
1021	„	R. Collins,	2d	20-9-89
1048	„	G. Cox,	2d	26-9-89
1031	„	C. Hall,	2d	25-9-89
1025	„	J. Palmer,	2d	13-9-89
1036	„	A. Reed,	2d	25-9-89
1017	„	E. Russell,	2d	19-9-89
1007	„	J. Saunders,	2d	19-9-89
1041	Lce.-Cpl.	W. Sexton	2d	27-9-89
1013	Private	J. Withey,	2d	19-9-89
1042	„	G. Askew,	2d	28-9-89
1046	„	A. Burt,	2d	25-9-89
910	„	Humpheries	2d	25-8-89
979	„	P. Keefe,	2d	3-9-89
1680	„	J. Lackey,	1d	10-9-89
987	„	E. Orton,	2d	6-9-89
1797	„	D. Rowland,	1d	17-9-89
1040	„	H. Hills,	2d	26-9-89
290	„	T. Arthur,	2d	11-9-89
2471	Lce.-Cpl.	E. Bailey,	2d	8-9-89
850	Private	J. Clements	1d	28-8-89
998	„	T. Franks,	2d	12-9-89
1009	„	W. Kenny,	2d	21-9-89
982	„	Simmonds,	2d	3-9-89
1015	„	J. Stanton,	2d	19-9-89
989	„	J. Straw,	2d	6-9-89
1931	„	A. Brown,	1d	22-8-89
1049	„	W. Bates,	2d	26-9-89
1043	„	J. Mansfield	2d	28-9-89
1038	„	Richardson,	2d	26-9-89
1788	„	W. Beeney,	1d	9-9-89
999	„	C. Free,	2d	14-9-89
2316	„	A. Gilbert,	1d	15-9-89
1067	„	J. Harding,	1d	3-9-89
1028	„	T. Richards,	2d	21-9-89
995	„	T. Simpson,	2d	8-9-89
984	„	H. Tavener,	2d	5-9-89
1030	„	G. Tizzard,	2d	26-9-89
2923	„	A. White,	3d	7-9-89
1016	„	W. Wright.	2d	19-9-89

NOTICE.

The whole of the back numbers of "The Dragon" are now ready, and can be obtained on application through Color-Sergts. of Companies. Price as usual, annas two per copy.

Digitized by Google

MATCH AGAINST TIME.

This match, Pte. Barrett *v.* Time, was witnessed on the road outside "D" Company's Bungalow parallel to the Cricket ground, on Saturday August 31st.

Much excitement and interest was caused among the numerous spectators assembled. As to the majority it was a somewhat novel test of the powers of endurance. Stones were placed at intervals of one yard for 100 yards, and each had to be picked up consecutively, brought back, and deposited in a basket at the starting point, the whole distance when completed, amounting to nearly 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

Barrett backed himself for a sum under ~~Rs~~ 50, to perform the feat inside one hour, Time's champion being Pte, O. Taylor, "D" Company.

Promptly at 6 p.m. Barrett started off, doing the first twenty stones in good time, calling forth several remarks from the onlookers, such as "he'll have time to eat 'em," etc. When the first half hour had elapsed however, most of his supporters began to realize the distance he had to travel, and entertained great doubts as to whether his digestive organs would prove equal to the occasion or not rendering speculation at a stand-still. Barrett showed no sign of fatigue whatever, under such trying circumstances, he had to stoop twice for each stone *i. e.* first to pick it up, second to deposit it, and deserves great credit for the way in which he performed his task. He kept up one steady pace from start to finish, and shortly after 6.50. p.m. he set off for his last journey, returning down the course at a rattling pace, he succeeded in landing the hundredth stone safely in the basket with nine minutes to spare, admidst great applause.

ASSAULT AT ARMS AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, CALCUTTA.

The above took place on the 29th ult., under the able management and direction of Captain Horace Hayes, late of The Buffs, in the presence of a large and very appreciative audience. The most interesting event on the programme, was the 9st 4lbs. competition, conducted under the Queensbury rules, in which the following were pitted against one another :

1st Heat, Ptes Free and Farrell, 2nd Heat, Lce.-Corpls. Atkins and Price. The final was won by Pte. Free. Captain Hayes officiated as timekeeper. Pte. Mathews, (who was described in *Hayes' Sporting News* of the 24th August, as "the best boxer in India,") had a hard hitting encounter with Cpl. Davis, in which honors were equally divided. The sparring all round was carried on without the slightest shew of rowdyism or bad temper, The next performance was by our Gymnastic squads composed of Sergt. Eaton, Corpl. Stirke, and Lce.-Corpls. Davis, Price and Atkins, who kept up their reputation as Gymnasts on the Horizontal and Parallel Bars. There was some exhibition sparring by Capt. Hayes, Sergt. Eaton, Pte. Mathews and Lce.-Corpl. Davis, a little Westmoreland wrestling, in which a Mr. Rees, Captain Hayes, Sergt. Eaton and Pte. Mathews shewed some good form, and the usual Sword *v.* Bayonet, etc. Two men of the Bengal Infantry shewed some skilful and amusing native wrestling.

The entertainment concluded with our well known Club exercise, to the delightful strains of of the Regimental Band, (which also played several selections during the evening), and was quite a novelty to the bulk of the audience, who apparently had never before seen such a performance, and it was completed without a single mistake. Two novices of the Battalion (Ptes. Adams and Hames) much to the amusement of everybody, boxed three rounds during the evening. The whole was a decided success, and it is to be hoped that the promoters may see their way to giving another very shortly, as competitions of this kind are always entered into with great earnestness.

Men stand in such mortal dread of their livers in this delightful country, that the harder the work set them to do *for amusement*, the better they seem to like it. They even go fishing !

X. Y. Z.

RUGBY CUP TIE.

We have just a corner left to announce the result of the 5th contest for the Rugby Cup ties between "D" and "F" Companies, which was decided on the 30th inst. admidst the most intense excitement. "F" Company won by one try to nothing. The try was secured by Pte. Jubb, a few minutes before the call of time.

Digitized by Google

A. T. A., JALAPAHAR.

TEA MEETING.

A very successful Tea and Entertainment was given in the Library, by kind permission of Major T. M. Maxwell, and the Officers of the Depôt, on Thursday, August 22nd, 1889, under the auspices of the members of this Branch of the Army Temperance Association. About 60 men, including a few visitors sat down to a most sumptuous tea at 5.30 p.m. The Church of England Chaplain the Rev. Saunders-Dyer honored us with his presence, and also the Roman Catholic Chaplian the Rev. Father Scafer, and the Rev. H. O. Moore, Chaplain to the Bishop of Calcutta were present.

After tea, the room was cleared, and arranged for the entertainment, which began at 7.30., and consisted of Songs, Recitations, etc. The entertainment was opened by an excellent speech, given by the Rev. Saunders-Dyer, followed by a short address by Corpl. Burrows, The Buffs, on the ills of Drink, singing then began by Pte. Clarke, rendering in his grand old style the "Spanish Cavalier," followed by Pte. Collins in a recitation entitled "The Temperance Mill," after which several other members rendered songs and recitations in very good style, after which, that part of the entertainment came to a close. A good many willing hands then quickly prepared the room for a Quadrille Party.

Corpl. Burrows, Ptes. Piper, Paine, Richardson, Oglesby, Hoar and several others are entitled to all praise for decorating the room so tastefully. The dancing was continued until midnight, when all retired to their respective rooms thoroughly satisfied.

G. A. P.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

Owing to the horrible state of the ground this month, matches have not been so plentifully played as heretofore. The ground is a perfect bog, and the teams sink up to their knees in nice black thick mud in most places. However, it in no way interfered with the Rugby tie between "F" and "D" Companies who have played again this month, twice, but as before neither side won, the first time two tries were gained by each team, and the second was played in a downpour of rain, and nothing was scored. As the ground is now getting a little more decent. the next time the teams meet, they will probably decide which are to be the conquerors.

The following matches were played with the following results :—

31st August—Leinster and Buffs Sergeants Association, draw, nothing scored, except a successful Free and Easy at the Sergts'. Mess afterwards.

2nd September—"D" and "F" Rugby Tie. Draw, two tries each.

3rd September—Corporals and Lce.-Corporals, Rugby, won by Corporals by one goal to two tries. The Lance-Corporals in the evening won the match over the festive board during the *lung night* which ensued.

5th September—Calcutta Football Club Sports.

13th September—"D" and "F" Companies Rugby tie, draw, nothing scored, this is the fourth draw between these two teams.

If any other matches were played, we did not see them, as the weather was much too dirty for us to turn out, nor have any accounts of them reached our Office.

CUTTINGS FROM THE "PINK 'UN."

What a complication :—

When the Schoolmaster whips one of the girls, he hits a miss, when the girl dodges, she misses a hit.

Master went down last week to the docks, accompanied by the "Dwarf of Blood," on whom he has conferred the high appointment of assistant sampler of Whiskies, and inspected the various boats that run up to Scotland.

On the first boat he boarded, there was a respectable looking man sitting by the companion.

"What's the name of this ship"? asked Master in his best Lord High Admiral tones.

"I own her!" said the quiet man.

"Very pleased to meet you," replied Master, shaking him by the hand, "but what's her name?"

"I own her her!"

"So you remarked before. What's her name?"

And then the quiet man rose with a wrathful gleam in his eye, and pointed to a life belt on which was painted IONA.

NOTICE.

We have to apologise for the late appearance of our little Journal. The weather has been so very muggy lately, that we have had great difficulty in persuading our Printers to stick to their work at all, but we will try and be in better time next issue.

Digitized by Google

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MILDEW—Put it in rhyme and we will consider it.
UNSIGNED—Too personal.
OLD BUFF—We have suppressed peoples mothers—and communicated the information privately.
C. P.—We are compelled to withold your contribution until next month's issue.
BUFFKIN—Too late for this issue, and nine annas to pay.

REMINISCENCE OF GENERAL'S INSPECTION AT SINGAPORE.

The great and the grand Cameronian has come,
The Band made him welcome with piccolo and drum.
A beauty I tell you, in fighting well skilled,
And liked to see Tommy to fighting well drilled.
He never was easy, he would not stand still,
After working for hours, he'd say, let us drill.
He knew all, everything going.
What little he didn't, wasn't worth knowing.
He took us out jungling, miles o'er the island,
'Pon-me-conscience, I wished I was back in auld Ireland.
Half of our boys equipped in shirt sleeves,
Hiding in brushwood, all fours and on knees,
Patiently waiting the hour of attack,
And fervently wishing the General back—
To his abode in the isle of Hong-Kong,
For in the jungle it was hot and the hours mighty long.
The slightest mistake did not escape him,
Diligent and strict the watch he was keeping—
Over our movements which we never done better,
Our men were all young and 'twas blazing hot weather,
Ninety-two in the shade, but what's the use talking.
We were running all day, he wouldn't stand walking,
A deal of surmising took place every day,
Good heavens! with us, how long will he stay?
With sham fighting and marching I've lost a stone,
There'll be none of me left by the time I go home.
The attack we commenced with a feint on the right,
We trudged through the swamps with all our might,
To give the poor enemy's left a good shaking.
The back of our heads got the devil's own baking.
What's that blowing now? sure 'tis the "Cease fire,"
If I said I was sorry, you might call me a liar,
For here my legs struck and refused to go further,
Field firing to-morrow or the day after,
Oh when will the day come to be catechised?
That was the question we daily surmised.
That day was to finish all excessive drills,
And not against any of our blessed wills,
He never once mounted all the time he was there,
He done all his work on the horse Shanks' mare.
To-morrows the day for our examination.
And through it we went with small preparation.
The senior and junior took turns catechising
While Tommy sat carefully the next question surmising,
There was no use grumbling, he was there quite at ease,
A chair? said our Colonel, he answered, yes please,
He listened with patience to every preliminary,
I was choking the while, could have drank a distillery.
The progress was good, the great man acknowledged,
Major, said he, has this troop been to college,
Sir, said our Major, they are of varying styles,
Educated some were in the sweet Seven Dials.
We had lots of velocity that day before dinner,
Parallels and verticals as I'm a great sinner,
Trigonometry lay for a month on our minds.
And reminded us daily of the hard times—
Which we spent in the swamps knee deep in the mud.
But, it's a bad wind which blows nobody good.
Just listen to what he then said to we,
And how happy and proud he made us you'll see,
The great man thus spoke so condescending,
The catechising and answering is well worth remembering,
But the fact of the matter is this Colonel B,
There's a deal to be done yet. There is Sir, says he,
The men are all young, just left their mammas,
My report shall be full of you to the Horse Guards,
Go on, continue to improve, I'm sure you'll do so
And in central Asia, go meet Johnny Russ-o.

MOONLIGHT.

A VISIT TO THE JEYLAP PASS.
(*Concluded.*)

Great numbers of Nepalese are settling in the British and Native states of Sikkim. The Sikkim Raja under Thibet influence, used to oppress the settlers, and deprive them of their earnings. The arrangement is that they may buy the land at a mere nominal price, and for three years pay no revenue, they used to bolt after their three years and go to another district and buy another piece of land, but a Mr. White now registers all settlers, the consequence of which is that the revenue has increased four-fold in the last year, and they have such confidence in our rule that there is now ten times as much land under cultivation, as there was a year ago. The Military coolie is now getting twelve annas a day, and free rations, and no doubt he and his family have done a great deal to increase the amount of cultivated land.

Indian speculators were invited to start Woollen Mills, ground and water power free, but finding no wool coming through the passes they have not taken the offer.

In the 14 miles length of the path from Rougli Chu to Lingtu there is a rise of 10,027 feet, viz., from 2590 feet at Rougli Chu to 12,617 at Lingtu.

11th June; Rougli Chu to Sedongchen, 9 miles through Lingtam, a small bazaar and mule depôt about 3 miles to Kenlaka, 4 miles further, the road is a mere gallery in the face of the cliff, overhanging the right bank of the river, which foams and roars underneath.

The rocks, ferns, and trees hung with creepers, are very picturesque. Two more steep miles

Digitized by Google

bring you to Sedongchen, a camp and mule depôt with Post and Telegraph Office situated in a bamboo forest clearing, of small extent. At sunset Darjeeling and Pedong were visible from the verandah of the Engineers' bungalow. This place is noted for rats, leeches and sand flies. The Goorkhas used to shoot deer about this place during the dry weather, before the leeches became too offensive. I found it very cold and slept under 2 blankets in a poshteen, over my ordinary flannels.

12th June, Sedongchen to Gnatong, 8 miles, very steep as far as Lingtu, from Sedongchen to Jeyluk 1½ miles. The first attempt at opposition made by the Thibetans was at about ½ a mile on the Sedongchen side of Jeyluk, where they had barricaded the path, by felling a large tree across it. They had also built some other breast-works in the steep jungle, and a fall of about a foot of snow, and the density of the bamboo jungle was all in their favour, but though the Thibetans are big and stout, fighting is not in their line, so after firing a few shots out of their wretched matchlocks, they made off, some of them who had actually been passed by our troops before they were aware of it, fled down hill in the wrong direction.

At Jeyluk there are a few huts and a mule shed, and a Goorkha Guard.

The young natives seem to spend most of their time playing pitch and toss and are most expert at it. No doubt they would find time hang very heavily on their hands without this relaxation.

Another mile and a half brings you to Gernei where oak and bamboo give place to weather beaten cedars, junipers and rhododendrons, the latter in bloom, scarlet shaded to orange, bright scarlet, blood red, pink, yellow, and white, their twisted brick red branches look strange. Here you see the spotted arum with its twisted flower, and stem like a snake, pale yellow, and majenta cowslips, the snake's head lily, with purple or brown, but generally up here green flower, also marsh mallows and wild strawberries, white and sometimes purple anemonies, purple and yellow poppies, yellow squills and orchids in fact it is a land of flowers, but in July when they have recovered a little more from the severity of the winter, the flowers show up better still. There is also any amount of wild rhubarb which I found very refreshing to chew when thirsty. Any number of marmot rats may be seen scutting about in the jungle along the path, they are brown but otherwise rather like a guinea pig.

Two more very steep miles bring you to Lingtu, now a pile of rocks on a sharp peak, there used to be a Goorkha fort here, but we destroyed it, the remains of a redoubt and some walls are still in existence and are used by the dâk runners as a shelter from the wind and rain, a Goorkha and a dâk runner together take the post along at a good pace, in those parts. As usual the Thibetans quitted the fort with their accustomed alacrity upon our appearance. From thence along a fairly level ridge, sometimes through cedar and rhododendron forest, at other times over bare hills, through Shillambi, where there are a few huts, to Gnatong, which is situated in a hollow, first you pass the Post and Telegraph Offices, and the Commissariat buildings etc., and then you come to the fort built on the opposite slope of the hill, of rocks and timber, the enceinte crouded up with wooden huts on the left of the path outside the fort the wooden huts of the 32nd Pioneers have recently been built.

The 88th Connaught Rangers very kindly put me up, in the fort. They wear forage caps when there is no snow, and goggles with helmets when there is snow on the ground, as the peak is a great protection from snow blindness. They have had to do a great deal of hard work, building huts etc., and no doubt find life at Gnatong very monotonous, but enliven their evenings by numerous sing-songs.

The Thibetans surrounded the fort upon one occasion and lost about 500 men, about half their total loss during the late disturbances. Their wounded and prisoners were most kindly treated by the Derbyshire Regt. and Connaught Rangers. Being well cared for and fed was a new experience to them and they took away, besides other presents, a good many rupees.

At sea level, a man of ordinary size is pressed by a weight of 30,000 pounds of air or about 13½ tons, at Darjeeling this weight is reduced to 22,500 pounds without any discomfort, but at Gnatong 12,030 feet, the air is so rarified that a little exercise makes one puff and blow, with a sensation of giddiness and headache. At night you wake up and gasp for breath, and wonder upon which side it will be best for you to lie, so that your lungs may act more freely. An increase of elevation brings on more distressing symptoms about the lower chest.

Some people are but little inconvenienced by

Digitized by Google

rarified air, but I was not so fortunate.

13th June, Gnatong to Jeylap Pass, about 5 miles, and back to Sedongchen.

At 5.30 a.m. I crossed the little stream by the Pioneers Camp, on a pony that had been shot in the leg while carrying Colonel Bromhead in the attack on the Tukola Pass, which we were now entering, a Sepoy of the Pioneers being my guide.

The map of Sikkim gives you the Tukola Pass very exactly. One of our parties went over the mountain on the left, the Goorkhas under Col. Bromhead followed the path, and the Pioneers went along on the right, on the other side of the marshy ground.

The Thibetans had cut a ditch and built a wall across the head and top of the pass, but as usual they thought it time to go, and got pitched into by the whole force; right away to where the path dips down towards lake Bidang, which place is called the Nimlah Pass. Between the Tukola and the Nimlah the ground is fairly level, like a piece of moorland at home, with quantities of rhododendrons levelled by the icy blasts of winter to an even height. On the left hand side of the path is a flat rock, behind which two Thibetans were hiding when Colonel Bromhead rode up unarmed and tried to take them prisoners, the consequence of which was, that he lost his right arm, and had his left disabled by two cuts from the heavy Thibetan swords before his men rescued him.

From here the white houses of Darjeeling appeared like a dotted line. Kinchinjunga and Nursing towered overhead, while round about the black lower mountains appeared mere hills in comparison, with the exception of small drifts of snow lying in sheltered places, the ground was clear of snow.

As we went down the Nimlah Pass, lake Bidang showed dark and dreary below, with a path running down the near side. Two men of the 88th lost their way going down that path in a storm of hail, and have never been heard of since, search parties with three days rations scoured the country in every direction, but without success, they each had twenty rounds of ammunition. Perhaps they fell down a precipice in the dark, or were attacked and slaughtered at close quarters when asleep, by the Bhuteas, into whose country they probably wandered, as the Bhutan frontier lies close on that side. Had they lain up for the night, and used their rifles and ammunition for indicating their whereabouts in the morning, they would easily have been found, as it was they probably made every effort to get back to Gnatong that night, and their fate is still shrouded in mystery.

A clear stream of melted snow runs down the Jeylap Pass, towards lake Nimitzo, it is about 15 yards wide and about a foot deep, after crossing it you go up its right bank while another path follows the stream to lake Nimitzo, half a mile further up stream the Thibetan walls and ditches and the remains of their fort and parapets can be seen on both sides of the valley. Lying about in every direction were relics of the Thibetans, pieces of yak skin, old pouches, old red and green Thibetan boots or stockings, old hats, and bones of animals.

After a steep rise of about a mile the summit of the Jeylap Pass is reached. Here and there appears the usual Thibetan parapet of a loose stones, and across the pass at its highest, is a loose stone wall about 6 feet high, with a large gap for a pathway. On the other side of the wall the path into Thibet descends at once to the left. In former times the Thibetan guard was always stationed at the wall ready to stop travellers from entering Thibet.

Wishing to get a better view of the Chumbi valley, I went with Pte. John Kelly, one of the 88th Patrol, across two drifts of hardened snow which obliterated the path, to a point from which we saw the Rajni Monastery, but Rinchagong and Chumbi, places at one time occupied by our troops, were neither of them visible, the former being under a dip of the mountain, and the latter hidden by the next mountain spier. Clouds were now fast rolling up, which prevented our seeing the peak Chumalari, which is situated upon the other side of the valley. This valley is as precipitous as most Himalayan valleys, and no cultivation was visible, it is noted for the enormous size of its stags which have horns in proportion.

On my way home I paid a visit to Father Desgrodino at Pedong, he is a French Missionary who has lived 15 years in Thibet, he is about 50 years of age and belongs to the Roman Catholic Society for the propagation of that faith among the heathens, he is under the nearest Bishop of the society, who sends him his pay. The Missionaries are stationed separately but near each other, so as to be in communication with one another, so that nothing can happen to one without the knowledge of the others. Our disagreement with the Thibetans caused his ex-

Digitized by Google

pulsion from Thibet, as well as the expulsion of the other Missionaries. He now passes his time in writing a Thibetan Dictionary.

His opinion of the Thibetans is not flattering to them, and he likes the Chinese still less. He has been imprisoned three times, but says he knows that they dare not kill him so he laughs at them. The Missionaries cure and attend the sick for nothing, and any money they make is the property of the Mission.

He said there is no organization amongst the Thibetans, one has a spear, another a sword, another a bow and arrwo, and another a matchlock, in fact they are coolies forced to go and fight by the Lamas, who took good care to keep out of harm's way themselves, finally they had to disperse for want of food, and now decline to fight any more for the Lamas.

He said he had it on good authority that if the least pressure was brought to bear on the Chinese or Thibetans, they would yield to any terms, but they do not understand our lenient treatment. Our treating with them, our not advancing and our sparing their towns, they put down to want of power, and fear of the Chinese.

On the afternoon of the 16th June I reached Darjeeling, well pleased with the trip, and glad to return to civilization, having been more fortunate than many travellers who visit Gnatong for business or pleasure. C. R.

STARGAZING.

(*Continued.*)

——:o:——

The Zienth is that point in the heavens which is directly above the head, and the Nadir, that point which is opposite to it in the celestial concave below the earth. Any great circle passing through the zienth and nadfr is called a vertical circle, the verticle circle passing through the north and south poles of the heavens is the meridian. The direction of the meridian then is, as it were in the heavens, in a line with the north and south poles, aud the zienth of theobserver. When a star, or other heavenly body passes this line to the west, it is said to have crossed the meridian, & they loose the appearance of being at their greatest height from the earth when on the merid an. The Sun passes the meridian at twelve o'clock. The Prince vertical circle is the great circle, passing east & west through the zienth and nadir, or in other words at right angles to the meridian. As it will simplify very much the finding of stars if the terms meridian, and prince vertical are thoroughly understood, I hope my readers will find the above explanation sufficiently clear in describing them.

A star on the meridian to-day, would not be on the meridian at the same time the following day, but about four minutes earlier, so a star may be said to rise four minutes earlier every day, than it did the previous day. This should be noted.

The Planets, Jupiter, Mars, Saturn, Venus, etc., must not be confused with stars, they, like the earth, move in their own orbit round the sun, and are continually shifting their places in the celestial concave, they can only be identified with the aid of a nautical almanac. From their superior brightness, they are of considerable use to seamen, for ascertaining the place of the ship. The planets are much nearer the earth than the stars.

At 8 p. m. at the beginning of this month, if the Stargazer looks very high up in the heavens, almost above his head, he will see the constellation of the 'Eagle,' nearly on the meridian, it contains three principal stars, and cannot be mistaken, as they are close to one another and in the same straight line. Altair is the finest, and is in the centre, see figure below.

The Eagle.

* C.

* A.

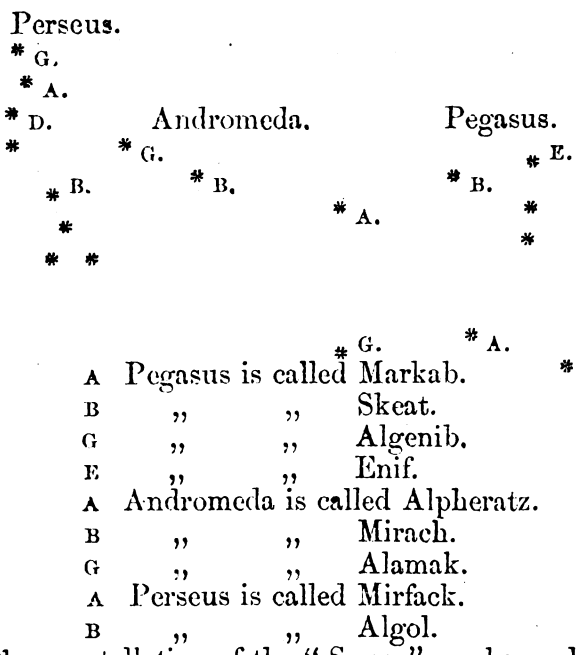
* B.

Further instructions to find Altair will be given later on.

I hope my readers have recollected and know where the constellation of 'Cassiopeia' is to be found, which was explained last month.

To find the constellation of Pegasus. A line drawn from the Pole Star to Cassiopeia, and produced about the same distance, will terminate near the four stars forming the square of Pegasus. This constellation is in the form of a great square and is generally called the square of Pegasus, although one star of the square belongs to the constellation of Andromeda. As a great many observations are made from the stars in the constellations of Pegasus, Andromeda and Perseus, and as they are close together and easily distinguishable, I have put them in one figure. (See figure below.) All the principal stars in these constellations have proper names, and nearly all will be referred to in these articles, particular attention ought to be paid to them.

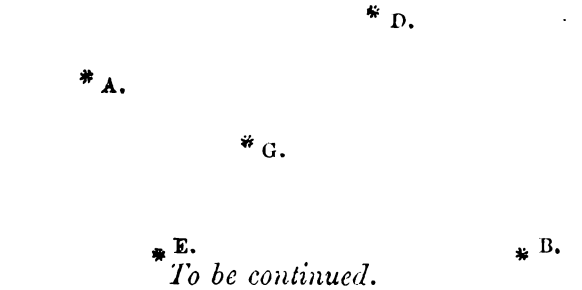
Digitized by Google



A Pegasus is called Markab.
B ,, ,, Skeat.
G ,, ,, Algenib.
E ,, ,, Enif.
A Andromeda is called Alpheratz.
B ,, ,, Mirach.
G ,, ,, Alamak.
A Perseus is called Mirfack.
B ,, ,, Algol.

The constellation of the "Swan" can be made to have the appearance of a swan flying, this constellation also forms a large cross of five stars of the second magnitude. (See figure below.) We all have noticed how small the body of a swan looks compared with the body when flying, (B) is therefore placed in the head of the swan, (A) in the tail, (E,G,D) form the wings. (A) is called "Deneb," and is the finest star in the constellation.

To find Deneb. Produce the line joining G, B of Pegasus towards the north, about twice its length, and it will terminate near Deneb.



To be continued.

REMINISCENCES OF THE DEAR OLD BUFFS.

It is now nearly 50 years ago that I passed through Kurnaul N. W. Provinces on my march to Cabul, and well I remember going to the Regimental Temperance tent and being served with a cup of coffee by Corporal Ben Billet in charge (and my brothers right hand man in the temperance movement, of which he, as the interpreter of the Corps was their President.)

My brother, the late Major Speedy, afterwards related to me, how that when a Subaltern of The Buffs, he was delirious from fever for three days and when he recovered concience, he saw Ben Billet in the room, and at once asked him the reason. "Well Sir" he replied "when you were so ill, I was sent to nurse you." "Billet" my brother said at once "you must go away, for it would never do for it to be known that I as President ot the Temperance Society had been attended by a Soldier who was given to drink in the Corps."

Dear Ben Billet at once entreated not be be sent away saying "Ah Sir! you will find me a changed man, for whilst you have been lying insensible, I have been reading your bible, and am a new man." Ben. Billet afterwards told my brother how he became a Soldier. It appears that he was prior to enlisting, engaged to be married to a girl employed as servant in a farm house, who was tried for poisoning her master and mistress, and condemmed to be hanged. Poor Ben went to the prison before she was executed and entreated her to say whether or not she was guilty of putting poison in the pudding that the farmer and his wife had partaken of. She assured him most solemnly that she had not, she acknowledged to making the batter pudding and leaving it upon the table for a few minutes whilst she left the kitchen, and afterwards cooking it.

"But dear Ben I never put any poison into it."

Well she was duly executed upon circumstantial evidence, and after she had been hanged, the son of the murdered parents came forward and acknowledged that whilst the unfortunate girl was absent, he had slipped arsenic into the bowl of batter pudding, and that the girl was not in any way to blame.

Ben Billet at once enlisted into the Old Buffs. His poor mother came to the room in the house he was staying, and entreated to allow her to pay the smart and not to go as a soldier, but without avail. She then locked the room door and placing her back to it said "Ben, I wont let you out before you make me a solemn promise," "All right, what is it"? That you wont read any book, until you read this Bible"! "Oh that I will promise." and accordingly embarked for Calcutta to join The Buffs. Ben Billet then remarked that he had faithfully read the Bible

Digitized by Google

through, on the voyage, but had not any blessing in the reading, until he saw the bible lying in my brother's bungalow, and asked for the Holy Spirit. T. B. S.

RETROSPECTIVE.

It sounds very nice and easy when the Editor of the renowned "Organ" of the Buffs as the Englishman calls our little paper, comes up and says in an offhand sort of way. I wish you would write 'something' for the *Dragon* this month; but when you begin to try to put something on paper you will find that it is hard to think of anything, and, at least as far as I am concerned, the whole thing generally ends in nothing. However, the Regimental institutions have to be supported, notably the canteen, even if they do make you drink Indian beer instead of good old English ale—so here goes. Business took me into Calcutta the other day, Passing the *maidan* I saw a crowd; curiosity made me pause to enquire the meaning of the commotion. What is it? "Why the Regiment is playing the Dalhousie at association." "Bless my soul of course they are!" and so I go to watch the match. A thoroughly good game played with spirit and good temper on both sides, good dribbling, good passing, alas! a goal for our adversaries, at the end of the first half-time. A gallant struggle in the second half with some good, though unsuccessful shots by our forwards, and again another goal for the Dalhousie team. It is of course a dissapointment to have the cup snatched away at the last moment—but let us remember that our team is young; and with the exception of this beating, has an otherwise unbroken record. Next year we will "buck up" and win. Your correspondent returned perforce to Dum Dum and had a most enjoyable evening with the sergeants of the Regiment. Music! good cheer! good tobacco! good fellowship! what more can the heart of man desire? except to get up at 5 a.m. next morning, feeling exactly as well as he did at 3 a. m. the previous night. Some days afterwards, your correspondent had been (well it does not matter where) any way, he was walking back from the hospital and was just passing the bathing tank, when suddenly, as often happens in this country, a coldish breeze began to blow, and before you could say knife, the god who rules the Indian clouds, had a row with the Deity who looks after the thunder in fact there came on as good a thunder-storm as you wish to see. Your correspondent by this time, wet to the skin took refuge in the verandah outside the orderly room. Having wiped the water out of his eyes, he began to think of looking round. What's this? no! it can't be, yes it is? oh ye gods and little fishes (they say it rains them out here) A FOOTBALL MATCH. The rain pouring in torrents, the thunder bursting and crashing overhead; flashes of lightning showing up the dark masses of crouds, and two gallant teams struggling to win the Rugby football cup. I can't say I saw much of the game, I dont believe anybody did; but I saw thirty mud-black wet men walk off the ground, about twenty minutes afterwards and they told me the game was a draw. Well played F—well played D—. As long as we have two company teams to play four matches—play them hard and well—and make four draws—we need not fear for our representative fifteen. The cold I caught getting wet that day, kept me in bed till the afternoon of the Calcutta Football Club sports. Well conducted, good prizes, and keenly contested events. Our sporting rival club gave us a very enjoyable afternoon's fun; and our representatives carried off five of the events on the card. Your correspondent (again on business,) was taken to a performance in Calcutta, managed by Captain Horace Hayes, in which the performers, wrestlers, boxers, etc., were men of the Regiment with one exception. The whole thing went off well, and the house (a crowded one) seemed thoroughly well pleased. The Band played very nicely, and the musical clubs brought down the house, but I thought that one or two of the performers seemed very much fagged towards the end of the evening. Before the next "Dragon" comes out we shall have lost some old friends——time expired——join with me in wishing them a good voyage home, and a very happy time when they reach there. "SPY."

Calcutta Football Club Sports.

The above which was widely advertised, was looked forward to for some time, and came off on the 5th inst., our champions shewing up in good style amongst the prize winner, the entries were in all cases good and were keenly contested.

Digitized by Google

The first event on the programme was the place kicking, for a cup, presented by the Club President, for which there were seventeen entries —won by Pte. Wenman, "F" Company, while Mr. Newson of the Dalhousie Club was second.

Drop kicking competition was next and produced some good kicks, the prize however went to the Dalhousie Club who have some very powerful drop kickers amongst them.

The Leap-Frog Race was a decided success, but none of ours competed. The Club Handicap followed, then came the Pick-a-back scurry which Corpl. Davis walked away with, with Corpl. Price up. No. 6 on the programme, Flat Race for players behind the scrimmage was won by Corpl. Davis, the next item was the same sort of race, but for forwards, this was won by Mr. Cowie of the Calcutta F.C. The Dribbling Race was won by Pte. Evans, "H" Company, in good form with Mr. Baker of the Dalhousie F.C. second. This event brought out a numerous field. The Ladies Nomination Handicap with lottery starts was a novelty, and was won by G. Cowie with W. C. Scott second. The Tug-of-War 6-men aside wound up the proceedings and was the most exciting contest of the day. 6 teams competed, and the prize, a Beer Jug value Rs 32, fell to our "Samsons," after a good pull with our friends in Fort William, the Leinsters. The prizes were distributed by a lady interested in the Club, but it was so dark we could not recognise who it was. The whole was a decided success, and we hope next year they will give our club an opportunity of shewing them how they have improved themselves on this years form. The Clerk of the weather, for a wonder, was in good humour and was evidently too much interested in the programme to trouble himself about the rain which kept off beautifully all the afternoon. SPECTATOR.

A DETACHMENT.

Five years ago I was ordered to take a detachment of my Regiment (the 150th) to be quartered for the summer in a hill station which we will call Massata.

The detachment consisted altogether of lads of the last draft, fresh caught from the agricultural district of Mailshire. If they had ever shaken down into their places, the voyage and change of scene had thoroughly well shaken them up again. My N.-C. O's. were all chosen by the Doctors as having been sickly on the plains, so I expected to have my work cut out for me. However I was apparently well off in my Pay Sergt. whom we will call Color-Sergt. Smith, though to prevent any misunderstanding, I will mention that he was no relation to any of the other Smiths.

The Colonel met me and said 'I am glad I can give you old Smith, not a very brilliant man, but the honestest old fellow out.' The Adjutant met me and said 'you are lucky in getting old Smith, not a very brilliant man, but the honestest old fellow out.' The Captain of his Company said, 'I am sorry you are taking old Smith from me, not a very brilliant man, but the honestest old fellow out.'

Well, the first march out I found this honest old gentleman pouring pure, cool, health-giving water into a keg of rum, he said it was necessary to make up his surplus.

Now this surplus is a strange animal, it leads an adventurous life; its ups and downs are wonderful. With a little pressure applied, I have known it leap at one bound from two gallons to four and a half gallons per hogshead. There is no saying to what heights the surplus may no soar in another and a better world.

After this we jogged along quietly till we reached the foot of the hills. Beyond developing a genius for leaving sight protectors and other small articles of kit in the last camping ground, my boys got on very nicely.

At the camping ground at the foot of the hills some of them asked leave to go to the top of a neighbouring hill, and as that seemed a very innocent amusement, I gave them leave to quit camp.

At the top of the hill they appear to have found some nuts and to have appreciated them, they filled their havresacks with nuts and brought them down into camp, and they and their particular friends eat them all.

I don't know why they eat so many, my bugler, an old and very knowing soldier of 17, gallantly tasted one for me, and said it was like tallow and very bad tallow too.

Well, just as I was going to bed, Color-Sergt. Smith reported the detachment poisoned.

This was rather a startling report. I went out and found a number of the men rolling on the ground holding their stomachs in both hands. The Apothecary had some tins of mustard, the Officers had one, and the dâk bungalow

Digitized by Google

could supply several, so we made a camp fire and put on two 8 gallon degchies of strong mustard and water. I found that thirty-two boys had eaten the nuts. We formed them in a circle round the fire, each of them swallowed half a gallon of the abominable mixture and helped it with his forefinger while a sympathising friend held him tight round the waist.

The result was stupendous.

It was one of the funniest sights I ever saw.

Owing to our prompt measures, none of the men died, though some were rather collapsed.

By the help of some eccas I was able to carry them all next day. I sent some of the nuts to the Curator of a Government botanical garden, he said they were a hill form of the croton berry, and were considered a very strong dose when administered to sick elephants, he did not think them suitable for human food.

When I reached the first march out of Massata I found the C. O. of the station was alarmed at my report of the case, and he ordered me to halt there until the detachment had been medically inspected. My wife had gone ahead. She had several dear friends at the Station. They called upon her, and said they were so sorry to hear that my Detachment had got cholera, but that so far as they knew, I had not caught it yet.

There is nothing like human sympathy.

A SOLDIERS LIFE IN INDIA.

"Is the Soldiers life worth living"? is a problem lately discussed ad nauseam in the columns of innumerable dailies, let us seek for the solution ourselves, and in a flying visit to India, observe what fist the hardy and enduring Tommy, makes of an existance passed under an eastern sky, an existance commonly stigmatised as uneventful, dull, purposeless and wasteful.

As the early rays of Sol, the magnificent tinge with auriferous beam the white domed——enough, enough, suffice it is to observe that the Soldier rises punctually at five, makes up his bed, washes, dresses, and quits his bungalow at six for an hours drill on the barrack square. In spite of the coolness of morning physical drill, bayonet exercise and other violent motions, cause our warriors to perspire pretty freely, long before the stipulated sixty minutes movements have expired.

At seven the troops return home, tidying up their respective habitations, for the inspection of the Officer, who makes a daily round of his Company, correcting errors and reforming social abuses in the way of untidy shelves or neglected straps.

The matutinal meal is to hand at eight, a meat breakfast served sumptuous and generous, but the invariable toughness of the ration steak is proverbial, rendering this addition to the morning repast a mixed blessing.

The whole morning lies at the disposal of the warrior in India, for the fierce tropical heat, compels him to remain indoors, if he is studiously inclined, here is ample time and opportunity for close application to any branch of the arts and sciences he may select.

Working Regimental colours in various gaudy shades of silk, is a favourite occupation of many, and gorgeous are the designs evolved from the inventive brains of esthetic Tommys, a green dragon, caracoling on a ground of sky blue in the midst of a serpentine scroll of Albuheras, Busacos, and Ciudad rodrigos, forms a picture at once brilliant and effective.

Dinner appears at one, and a pint of ale at twelve acting as an appetizer to those who go in for a morning draught.

The exciting details which surround the cutting and portioning out of each mans share of meat and vegetables at home, are lacking in this country, this is to be deplored, for though the aspect of five and twenty hungry mortals crowding round the same number of plates contains the rudiments of fun, each striving to secure the largest share, and several times a month the fact may not to the public be particularly instructive or original, yet it affords opportunities to bring into play those qualities of alertness and decision which render the soldier is a useless and expensive encumbrance, fit only for ceremonial purposes.

After dinner, everybody conforms to that tropical institution forty winks, some sleep tranquilly on till about half past two, only to rise in time for evening parade which lasts about an hour.

The doors of the Canteen are opened at six or thereabouts. Like Silas Wegg we shall here drop into poetry, following a numerous concourse to the thirst quenching department over the way.

The thirsty troops for a drink have gone,
In the Canteen there you'll find them,
Make haste the time is getting one,
We'll follow close behind them.
Liquor, malt, cries the drunken bard,
Teetotalers may despise thee,
Their bitter taunts I'll ne'er regard,
While annas four still buys thee,
That gay bard fell dead drunk, my word!
One quart had knocked him under,
We raised him up, but he fell again
And tore his briggs asunder,
And said with me beer dont agree,
Avaunt this maudlin knavery,
I'll drink no more, from chains be free
Of Alcholic slavery.

And therein lies a moral, the application of which many besides Soldiers might successfully apply.

At half past nine the army retires to peaceful slumber. Putting one consideration with another, we draw this conclusion from our flying investigation, that a Soldier's life in India is by no means an unhappy one. "WHITE WINGS."

PRIZE POEM.

A SOLDIERS LIFE IN INDIA.

Narrated by one of the last draft, in a letter to his enquiring parents.

Oh Mother dear, I was an ass, abroad to volunteer,
To quit my native land and you, to linger years out here,
I well remember six months since you said the day I'd rue,
If ere I went to India, alas your words are true.
For scarce upon this foreign shore had I set my foot a day,
Before I found white clothes and brown swamped up a good month's pay.
I once believed that legend rare 'Free clothing and free rations,'
It cuts me to the quick to see such specious fabrications.
Our food prepared by native hand my palate can't allure,
Even Burr the bawarchi is what they call a 'Kala Sua,'
His curry's always smell amiss nor does their taste belie
Their colour, for your flesh pots Ma I very often sigh.
With prickley heat for half the year ones tender skin tormented,
We scratch and scratch without relief till driven nigh demented,
Take exercise the doctors say, be gay, sing tra la la,
A fig for fever, Monsoons, Asiatic chole—ra.
With summers dread departed heats, field days galore prevail,
Three days a week our wilds of plain we skirmish without fail,
Of tactics little care I much attacking or defensive,
But this I know five hours fight is vastly too extensive.
The rupee is a fitful coin, its value ever changing,
Two bob 'twas once, now one and four, and downwards still is ranging,
Promotion too is beastly slow in fact so vilely slack,
I'd wear the stripe for fifty years then die a mere Lance Jack.
Roll'on roll on the weary time, four years that still remain
To spend neath Oriental skies, ere I see home again,
For me no more the restless flight of prodigal or rover,
My wanderings no more extend beyond the cliffs of Dover.
"CHITABOR."

A SOLDIERS LIFE IN INDIA.

How doth the gallant Tommy live 'neath Oriental skies?
When quit the home to eastern climes incontinently hies.
This query oft by anxious minds fall curious to know,
Is asked, in verse I'll strive some information to bestow.

The bugle sounds the break of opening day,
Reveille! 'tis the early hour of five,
Forbear on downy cot my braves to stay,
Rise Soldiers one and all, quick look alive,
To wash and dress these duties to fulfil,
Brief time our rough and ready Tommy spends.
From six to seven early morning drill,
A healthy appetite for breakfast lends.
Parade is o'er, the subaltern alert,
With argus eye, each individual cot
Inspects, beware of unblacked boots or dirt.
At eight, the breakfast on the scene appears,
A humble unpretentious sort of meal,
When Tommy at his steak metallic tears,
With appetite unlimited and real.
The weary hours of the morning long
The Soldier spends in multifarious ways,
He reads or knits' or oft no doubt 'tis wrong,
In sleep pro tem all misery allays.
Small time for slumber for the man on guard,
In spite of stifling devastating heat,
On duty irksome, onerous and hard,
By day or night he ne'er deserts his beat.
At lunch baja for a midday wet,
All those who love a glass themselves betake
Unto the Canteen where some longer yet
Who can't two annas for a divener rake.
At dinner, round the festive board once more,
Our hungry Military in shirt sleeves sit,
Upon the native cook heap curse galore,
Who, callous mortal minds not threats a bit.
Full slow the hours of dull noon they roll,
At eve in football, eager teams contest,
While others fish, or swim, or quietly stroll.
Happy the man who boasts a female friend.
And when the Canteen portals opening wide
At six, invite on ever thirsty throng,
Old seasoned cronies, till nine fifteen abide,
Nor there's three hours for a drink too long.
Thus passes Tommy uneventful round
A calm existence, piping times of peace,
May they continue may they long abound,
And leave this land in happiness and ease. "ANTI BLANCO"

Digitized by Google

The Unchallengeable "Challenge" Watch,

SOLD BY MAX MINCK IN BOMBAY OR LAHORE.

CHEAP! CHEAP!! CHEAP!!! CHEAP!!!!

Send for Mincks' Universal and Reliable 'Challenge' Watch. Thoroughly good article, and most splendid timekeeper.

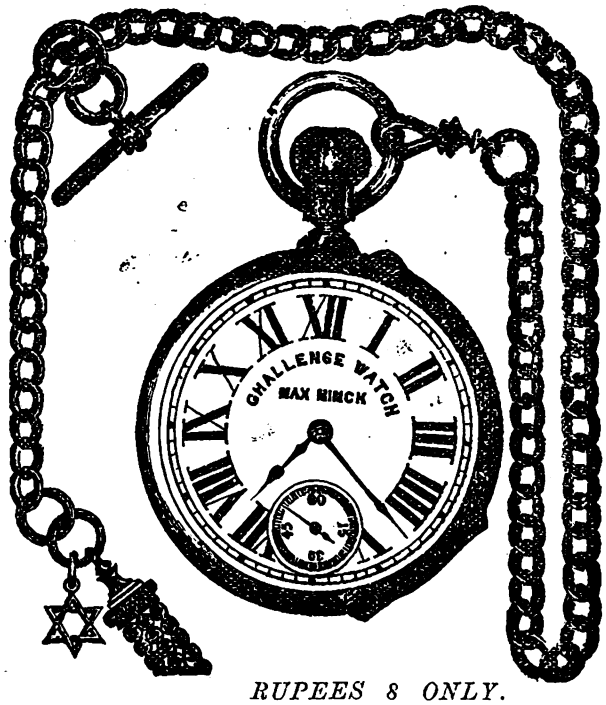
Rs. 8 only.

Superior to any other **Cheap Watches,** and **well worth the MONEY.**

With a substantial Canadian Gold or Nickel Silver Chain.

Rs. 9 only.

Guaranteed for 2 years.



RUPEES 8 ONLY.

MINCK'S PATENT LEVER FULL JEWELLED CHALLENGE WATCH.

Rupees 16 only.

A Splendid Watch for rough use.

AGENTS WANTED ALL OVER INDIA.

Guaranteed 2 years.

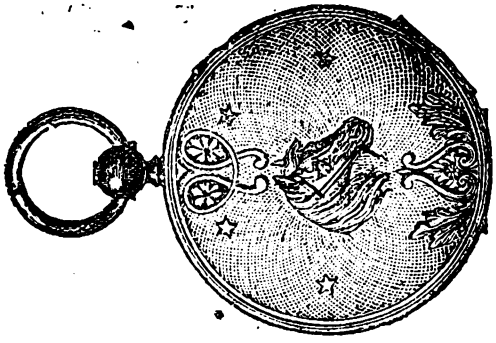
Every description of repairs to Chronometers, Watches and Clocks carefully executed at moderate charges

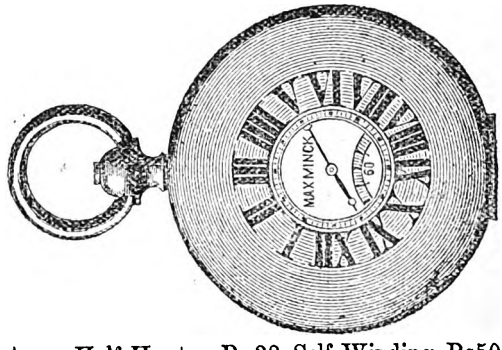
PIONEER WATCHES IN INDIA.

WATCH Manufacturing and Dealing in Watches in India, of late years have grown to such an extent, that it is impossible for the Public to discern where a good and reliable material can be found. Economy, with the best articles, being the search and study of all, and competition ruling so high in India at present, that I do justice to myself to say, after nine years experience, the Public have had at my hands, and the excellent testimonials earned in each Class of my manufacture and material, to vouch that they have always been supplied with, and will still continue to receive the very best value for their money. MY WATCH STOCK BEING THE LARGEST IN ANY SINGLE ESTABLISHMENT IN INDIA, and my remarkably moderate prices for excellent quality only against prompt payment are evident features of my trade, which alone stand guarantee for the above facts.

MINCK'S CELEBRATED ARMY WATCHES.

IN HEAVY STERLING SILVER HALL-MARKED CASES.





Army-Hunter, Rs 36, Self-Winding Rs. 45. Army Half-Hunter, Rs 38, Self-Winding, Rs50

CONSTRUCTION.—The above Key winding watches are specially manufactured by Mr. Max Minck for the Army; they are patent levers 4 compact plate and jewelled in ten holes, pinions and pivots highly tempered and polished, also fitted with open chronometer balance; the cases are made of Sterling Silver, either engine turned or engraved. The dials are white or coloured enamel fitted with shrunk seconds. The cases are so manufactured as to be air and dust tight.

GUARANTEE.—Perfect time warranted for 5 years. **EXTRAS.**—Every watch sent out in a neat Morocco leather case with a fine Canadian Gold or Nickle Silver Guard, spare glass and main-spring, watch bag and keys, and thoroughly timed before despatch. **CLUBS.**—By ordering six watches at one time, only five will be charged to purchaser.

Apply for illustrated catalogue, sent post free.

BOMBAY—**MAX MINCK**—LAHORE.

Army-Hunter, Rs. 36.
Self-Winding, ~~Rs. 45.~~

Printed for the Editor at the Buffs' Regimental Press—Dum-Dum.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

East Kent Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 31. **DUM-DUM, OCTOBER 31st, 1889.** [Price 2 Annas

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.

COCHRANE—At Dum-Dum on the 4th inst., the wife of Lce.-Corpl. A. Cochrane of a daughter, (prematurely) who only lived seven hours.

BREEN—At Canterbury on the 15th September, 1889, wife of Color-Sergeant Breen of a daughter.

DEATHS.

COCHRANE—At Dum-Dam on the 5th inst., Mary Jane Cochrane, wife of Lce.-Corpl. A. Cochrane, of "Dysentery."

THORNE—At Upland, near Dulwich, Harriet Euphemia Brittain, the eldest daughter of the late Captain W. Thorne, 3rd Regt. The Buffs, in her 77th year.

NOTES.

The rains have ceased, the punkah coolies have returned to their jungle residences, (our *blessings* with them,) and we are gradually dwindling into an atmosphere, at least more reasonable for Europeans. Football is making room for Cricket, and everything gives one to thoroughly understand that winter is approaching.

We have been requested to state that Leonard James Waters was born on the 8th August, and not on the 8th September as mentioned last month. We thought he was a great big boy for his size.

We are much obliged to 'Honesty' for raising a real stirring controversy in our columns. No less than six replies will be found elsewhere.

Our Office has been besieged by a crowd of infuriated Good Templars, thirsting for 'Honesty's' blood (which we presume is a non-alcoholic beverage) and anxious to know his name. We must warn them that the tame black and tan dragon that lies under the Sub-Editors table is being trained to fly at anyone who asks the name of any contributor.

We are promised the much postponed Gymkhana at last, on the 7th November. We wonder what national misfortune will occur to prevent it this time?

The Corporals have just had their photos taken in a groupe. The last time they were taken together was in July 1872, and strange to say none of the same faces appear in both pictures.

When Greek meets Greek, then comes the Tug-of-War—unluckily the same result does not ensue when Buff meets Leinster. We presume

Digitized by Google

the Greeks were agreed as to the rules of the game.

Pte. Woodings has done well for the credit of the Regiment. He not only beat his adversary, which surprised nobody, but he beat time, which surprised many people.

When we say he beat time, we do not mean to advertise him as a musician, but that many bets were laid that he would not run the mile under five minutes. He did it in 4'57'', a creditable performance in this climate.

We are losing several old friends this month, as sixteen men of the Regiment embark for England on the 8th. We wish them a good voyage and comfortable billets at the other end of it.

Our Convalescents at Jalapahar appear to be anxious to return to the peaceful, simmering climate of Dum-Dum again. "Daily pay" fever is raging there, and our men are not used to it.

A lady advertises in *The Era* that "she is disengaged." Here's a chance for would be *benedicts*. She is no doubt young and good looking etc., (but the paper doesn't say so,) and is evidently tired of single blessedness.

We beg to thank the Editor of *Quis Separabit?* for the September edition of his paper received.

The *Pink-Un*, September 7th 1889. "It is worthy of note that the Calcutta Football Team which has never before sustained defeat, has been beaten by The Buffs' Regimental fifteen. Good old Soldiers! But fancy playing football with the thermometer 100 in the shade.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

In your last issue, I read a letter from one of your correspondents, who styled himself *Honesty*. Now with your permission, I should like to pass a few remarks on his letter.

In the first place, he tries to point out to 'Templar,' (a correspondent in your August issue) why the Good Templars are getting to be the strongest body of Teetotalers in the Regiment, but instead of pointing out the reason—he simply insinuates, that it was through the Good Templars that the 'Black Sheep' got into the A. T. A., and for 'Honesty's' information I will inform him that there are certain Templar rites to go through before a candidate becomes a member of the I. O. G. T., and if his character is not good enough, he is rejected, which proves that 'Honesty's' insinuation is wrong.

Now as regards the remainder of his letter, I am afraid that he is somewhat wrong. On the perusal of his letter, it appears to me that Corpl. Burrows has in some way or other worked upon 'Honesty's' feelings, that he appears a paragon to him.

Now if 'Honesty' thinks back, he will find that the debt originated whilst Corpl. Burrows was in Hospital the reason I need not explain, suffice it to say that it was about the time we opened the new hall; and which I am sorry to say has kept increasing, for the simple reason that members vote to pay the officers for what every teetotaler should consider his duty *viz:* everything in his power to put down that demon *Drink*, the curse of the world. As regards the *smiling* Treasurer, would 'Honesty' like to see him with a face as though he was chief mourner at a funeral, when he is reading out the monthly accounts?

Now Mr. Editor, in conclusion, I would like to say a word to 'Honesty' regarding his *nom-de-plume*. Does he imply that there is dishonesty amongst us? I can vouch that during the short time I was on the Finance Committee, I never saw the slightest sign of dishonesty, but there had certainly been neglect, and I think that 'Honesty' is not a teetotaler at heart, otherwise as a member of a Temperance Society, he would not proclaim the faults throughout the Regiment, for it to be discussed in the Canteen, but would rather do his best to rectify them, and thus assist the Temperance Cause in their up-hill fight.

F. HUNT, PTE. *alias* "TEMPLAR,"
"E" Company, The Buffs.

To the Editor of The Dragon

Sir

In last month's issue of *The Dragon* there is a letter from a person signing himself 'Honesty.' Allow me to inform 'Honesty' that he knows very little about the Temperance work that has been going on in the Regiment. As a member of several Temperance Societies, I fail to see any harm in 'Templar's' remarks *viz:* that the Independent Order of Good Templars may look forward to be the strongest society in the Regiment, and I have no doubt it will become so, in spite of the sneers of such men as 'Honesty' if the members of it do their duty. 'Honesty' speaks of black sheep. Does he mean the black sheep of the A. T. A. or Good Templars

Digitized by Google

who belong to that Society, it seems like it by the tone of his remarks, the feebleness of which are only equalled by their falsehood. Regarding the A. T. A., he tells us that nothing daunted Corpl. Burrows, *(Heroic Burrows)* but he had better have left his name out, as I fail to see what he (Burrows) has done for the good of the Society.

He tells the officers to ask Corpl. Burrows to give them some advice as to making credit, let me tell him that it does not lay in the power of any individual person to ensure the success of any Society, but to the members of it, who should do their duty as Temperance men and uphold their own society, by which I mean, spending their money in it, and not in other places, and so increase the profits of the coffee bar. Again, many expenses which are now incurred by the A. T. A. might be curtailed, if the members were to work up for the good of the society, which is the duty and principle of all Temperance men who are members of Societies.

TRUTH.

To the Editor of The Dragon

Sir,

I read in September's *Dragon*, an answer to a letter put in the preceding month by 'Templar.' The answer was apparently by a very honest person, as he signs himself 'Honesty.' I am perfectly unable to dispute his honesty in anything that pertains to matters of every day life, but he is far from honest with that unruly member, his tongue. I am surprised to see that after so long a time. 'Honesty' should class a Good Templar as a black sheep. Most probably this most honest and energetic reporter is one of that class of people himself, or I am very doubtful whether he would not have looked twice, before he but such an absurd thing in the noble *Dragon*. He says he does not quite understand what 'Templar' meant by the word 'strongest' in his letter, certainly he does not know, simply because he does not want to, and very probably because he is one of those black sheep of which he speaks. I am quite aware there were some (if not black sheep) in the I. O. G. T's. in Ranikhet who were not altogether cream coloured, but I am glad to say they did not stop long, for the company of *Good Templars* did not suit the colour of their wool. Again he says that what Good Templars there are in the Regiment, are nearly all members of the A. T. A.. granted, but why? not because the A. T. A. is a Society in which the true principals of total abstinence is looked too, but just because they are Good Templars, and as such, want to uphold all Societies that are attempting to put down this vile demon alcohol. Again it is not the bad management of the A. T. A. that makes the I. O. G. T. stronger, far from it, the obligation of Goed Templar is of far superior standing, than the pledge card of the A. T. A. It appears to me that the black sheep have left their old flock, the Good Templars, and entered one where they can find more companions, or surely with all such men as 'Honesty' in the A. T. A. the Treasurer would not have to put on his angelic smile, and read, Balance Debtor Rs.400 or thereabouts, at the meetings.

It is with pleasure I hear the Branch in Jalapahar is doing well, no doubt they will be able to help the Head Quarters of the Society out of debt by and by. I am glad Corpl. Burrows has not a lot of black sheep to manage there, and I have no doubt he could give the officers of the Society at Head Quarters the tip, how to get out of debt, if they were to consult him on the matter. I trust the Officers of this half year will be able to solve the mystery, that at present hangs over the A. T. A., and help her to raise her head again above the level of despondency.

Now if 'Honesty' feels inclined to say any more on the subject, and you will give us space, I shall be glad to take up arms and fight for my noble order, and hope in time to prove myself NOT a black sheep, but a

GOOD TEMPLAR.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

Will you allow me a small space in your valuable paper, for the purpose of answering one or two remarks made by 'Honesty' in your last month's issue. In the first place, he refers to a remark made by 'Templar' in your August issue, in which 'Templar' says "we may look forward to being one of the strongest organizations in the Regiment." Well I wont say anything about that, for my part 'Honesty' may keep his own opinion, but a little further on he says, that the reason the Good Templars are getting so strong in numbers, is because of the bad management of the A. T. A. Now neither I or any other person who understands the principles of Good Templary, will agree with 'Honesty' in that remark, because the two Societies have nothing in common, except that they are both Teetotal Societies. No person would join the I. O. G. T, for the same reason he would join the A.T.A. Some will say how is that? Well, a man joining the A.T.A, does so for several reasons, the principle one is, that he wants to go on the steady for certain reasons, perhaps until Christmas, so that he can save enough money for a spree, (the spree may cost him dear in the end,) perhaps he has been getting into trouble through drink, and wants to keep clear, until he is entitled to an admonish for drunk, or perhaps he is in debt, and wants to clear it off by keeping away from the Canteen, because he knows if he goes there he will be sure to spend all he can get. Well, during this time, he wants somewhere to go, so he joins the A. T. A., because he knows he can get an evenings entertainment by doing so. The reason a Good Templar joins the A. T. A. is because he wants an evening's amusement now and then, and because there he he can get hold of a recruit now and then for his Lodge, while there, he may be playing a game of cards, or doing something or other in the company of some of the members who have joined for some of the foregoing reasons; while doing this, he can be explaining the principles of Good Templary; then of course would follow the question, will you come and join the Lodge? Of course some will fight shy and say, oh, I dont intend to be a teetotaler when I get home, it is only for the time I am in India; another will say, oh, I shall have to break out when I get amongst my friends at home, I should never be able to stick it. Now that is all nonsence; if you can resist the temptation in India, I am sure you can do so at home, and if you feel yourself better without it out here wont you be better at home? and if you take upon yourselves the

Digitized by Google

Good Templars obligation and take an interest in Lodge work you would think twice before breaking your pledge. Now the reason a man joins the I. O. G. T., is because he feels that he would like to do something towards abolishing all Alcoholic Drinks from the earth. and because he would like to do something to help his fellow men from getting into trouble through drink. We can all see what a curse drink is. Our Regiment at the present time has one of the best characters in the British Army, but would it not have a better one if there was no drink. The Good Templars obligation is for life. If the A. T, A, pledge was for life, or if there were no honors to be got, or no evening's entertainment to be had, would there be so many join ? certainly not, they would think twice before taking a pledge for life. That is the reason Good Templary is not so strong in the Regiment as the A. T. A., but I think we are beginning to make ourselves felt all over the world now. 'Honesty' goes on to say, the Society worked very well until it got to Ranikhet, when a few men of the Regiment got together, and opened a Lodge-Room for Good Templars, then he says they got some black sheep amongst them. Now I consider that is rather strong language for 'Honesty' to use, for in the first place the Good Templars were in Ranikhet before the Regiment, and in the second, if there were any black sheep (which I very much doubt) among them, they were first members of the A, T. A., and afterwards became Good Templars. The first Good Templars in the Regiment, did not have anything to do with the A. T. A., for a long time after their arrival, so it cant be any of these 'Honesty' is referring to. Might I say also, that a *Good* Templar is never a black sheep. With regard to the debt, I shant say much, for not being on the scene of action, I cant profess to know much about it, so I will content myself by saying, it is my opinion that if Corpl. Burrows was asked, he could no doubt inform them how it first began to accumulate, for I think he was at Headquarters at the time, and I think with regard to one other remark, that there are members in the Society quite as capable of working it as Corpl. Burrows.

Now dear Sir, begging to apologize for the space I have taken, I remain,

Yours etc.,
I. O. G. T.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

Seeing in your last issue a letter from 'Honesty," brings recollections to ones mind of John Blunt, that notorious anti-Bun-and-Tea-struggler. I would that 'Honesty' would indent on the office of *The Dragon* for a supply of type, for he loan of its readers, then they might be able to concoct a lettter with some sense and meaning in it. Now 'Honesty' seems to want a little looking up as to his grammer, not to say that I am qualified to give him lessons, but what with his *p's*, *they's*, *we's* and *he's*, it is rather difficult to know who he means when he speaks thus. 'Honesty' be it remembered, is not only to be found at the fingers ends, give me an honest mind, and I think the fingers will be governed in an honest manner. Now a smiling Treasurer is not to be found everyday, and such a one must know that he is not at fault, or else he would not have the self assurance, or perhaps 'Honesty, would call it audacity , to smile before his fellow workers for the Temperance cause. I cannot say I have seen the Treasurer round the corner having any private rehearsals, so I suppose it must be natural for him to smile, knowing fully well that as far as his duty is concerned, that it is done truthfully and honestly.

'Honesty' talks about black sheep, it seems pretty evident that 'Honesty' is not, nor never was a Good Templar. I think he must have been pretty well charged with infuriated animosity and general ill feeling, when he sat down to pen his epistle to officers of the A. T. A. Does 'Honesty' have the nerve to stand up and say, I was a member of the A.T.A. and finding something was wanting, and was not the man to step forward and do it, but immediately made myself scarce and tried my best to wreck the possibility of its ever being done; if so, I must say that if he is such a bold hard working individual for his cause, as this would appear is the case, I pity India, if the Russians come. The A. T. A. is a Regimental Institute, I think 'Honesty' would do well to take this into consideration, and let its affairs alone. How would it appear if I were to pull the Canteen to pieces, and give it everything but a good name. As to asking Corpl. Burrows, how to manage the affairs, I am sure the officers will not entertain such an idea, I feel sure myself that the officers of this Society are well able to look after their own concerns, and to manage their own business themselves, without the aid of anyone either inside or outsiders.

And I will now conclude, hoping that 'Honesty' will not feel his conscience prick him too hard, remembering that too many cooks spoil the broth.

Yours truly,
CASH IN HAND.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

Seeing in your last month's issue, a letter from 'Honesty,' referring to our A. T. A. I should like very much to have a word in reply.

'Honesty' says that he can tell 'Templar' how it is that the number of Good Templars is increasing, it matters not to the Templars, nor yet to me, how it is, but I am sure it is not as 'Honesty' seems to insinuate, namely by the Good Templars ruining the A. T. A., and then claiming their fallen members themselves. I can give 'Honesty' the true account of the increase referred to by 'Templar' which are as follows ;

The increase is twenty-two, and of this number, four were already members of the A. T. A., and are so now, six, since commencing their career as temperance men in the Good Templars, have also joined the A. T. A. The other twelve were never before in any way connected with the temperance movement, either in the A. T. A. or any other Society. This seems to belie 'Honesty's' statement, and another thing I should like to say to 'Honesty' is that since the Rev. J. H. Bateson has inspected the books of the A. T. A., and stated that he was very pleased to see the manner in which the books were kept, both as regards their correctness and neatness, I am sure he can see that he has rushed his head to the wall when he talks about black

Digitized by Google

'leep. Taking this into consideration, I think iat the Treasurer had a very good cause for niling when he had occasion in his official cap-:ity to read his accounts, knowing full well 'iat he had done his duty honestly. As to the tatement of "Honesty" telling us that Corpl. Burrows formed the Society in Singapore, and sking some of us to write to Corpl. Burrows, nd ask him the way to manage affairs, I am ire that I for one will never entertain such an lea, as I can always do my own work, I dont equire a clerk, and what is more I must inform im that I helped to form the Society in Singa-ore as well as Corpl. Burrows, and that I held he offices of President and Secretary, so that I iay be credited with knowing a little about its vorking.

I do not doubt that Corpl. Burrows was a good member in the Society, or else how did he get the Association Medal?

It would appear that "Honesty" would like to dub the Treasurer with the appellation of Dishonesty, but as the Rev. J. H. Bateson has inspected his books and found them to be correct, neat and clean, I think that "Honesty" strikes at the wind; when I refer to books in this epistle, I mean the books of the office in question, the other Officers can no doubt give their own account of the inspection of their own books.

F. G. GREENSLADE, PTE.
"H" Company, The Buffs

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

When the Cricket Shield was first proposed, it was suggested that a silver bar, about six inches long, and one inch wide, be fixed to it each year, with the name of the Company that won it, and the year it was won in. I am not aware that a standing rule was made to that effect. The silver bar would greatly improve the appearance of it, and in my opinion make it look more like a "Challenge Shield," than it does at present. The cost would be trifling.

Trusting that you will add one of your little notes to this, that will catch the Eagle Eye of those who are able to order, and be obeyed,

I am Sir, yours obediently,
"CRICKETER."

[We think "Cricketer's" suggestion a very good one, and respectfully call the attention of the Cricket Committee to it.—ED.]

To the Editor of The Dragon

Sir

In your July number, there is a brief account of the great football match, The Buffs *v.* Calcutta. Knowing how popular football is in the Regiment, one naturally expects to find in the Regimental paper, a full and graphic description of any important match, such as, from all accounts the above game was, but the account as given in "The Dragon" was far from fulfilling either of the above conditions, and was disappointing, and meagre in the extreme. All lovers of the game, I am sure would have liked to have read of any particular good run, or play on the part of individual members of the team, and one wonders that so enterprising a paper as "The Dragon" had not either one of its staff or a *special*, down on the ground, taking notes as the game proceeded. Trusting Sir that I have not intruded too much on your valuable space.

I remain yours etc.,
"RUGBY."

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

The following facts about the Police force, and the Corps of Commissionaires, the two services that time expired men usually try for, may come in useful to either side, in the great controversy, "Young Buff" *v.* "Old Buff," "Rebuff," "Novice" and others, now raging in your columns. With regard to the Police force, a man on joining, receives 24/- per week, out of which he finds himself in rations and lodgings, the latter however does not cost much, as houses called Section Houses exist, where he can board with comfort for 1/- a week. If he is doing duty as a plain clothes constable, he receives 2/6 extra pay per week, but has to provide his own clothes. After serving 28 years, spent in the streets of London. The Police force, moreover is not so easy to get into, as the supply is more than the demand, consequently the powers that he can pick and choose, and only men of good physique and character are taken. I do not agree with "Birmingham's" letter, in your July number, where he remarks "in large towns there is plenty of work to be found if only looked after, what sort of work does he mean? as I dont suppose any soldier would like to work like a slave for a mere livelihood. On the other hand, a Police Constable informed me the other day "that there are men in London walking about the streets,

Digitized by Google

men who have held good positions, and cant get employment," this, and the fact that the supply is greater than the demand in nearly all trades and occupations in England, inclines one to the belief that " Birmingham " is wrong.

With regard to the Corps of Commissionaires; on joining, a man has to pay an entrance fee of £2, in addition he pays 10/– to the savings bank bank, and 1/6 per month to the sick fund, his ordinary monthly payments come to about 8/8 at Head Quarters, the expenses of messing, lodging, and washing amount to about 2/– per day, wages of course depend on the man's capabilities, but the average rate is 27/– per week. No one is allowed to join, unless his character bears the strictest investigation, and men who on discharge from the Army are not in possession of the full number of G. C. Badges, have to pay an extra 5/– for each badge deficient. Taking the year 1888 as an example, we find that the total number of men joined was 424, out of this number 165 resigned, 92 were dismissed, and 19 were discharged. My belief is that if leave (the same as is given to Officers) home, was allowed to men of good character, after a certain number of years spent in India or foreign service anywhere, there would be more men willing to extend their service with the Colours, more especially after they had seen for themselves, what a rush there is for every sort of employment, and how true the old saying is that " Rolling stones gather no moss."

" BUFFKIN."

HOME NEWS.

September is I should say, about the quietest month in the year at this Station, and news, like recruits, very scarce, in fact the latter are so scarce that we are gently dwindling down to a Corporals Guard, but as the hop picking is over this week, there is no doubt that with the help of the recruiting Sergeants and the Doctors, we shall soon have a hundred or two young Kentish lads here being licked into shape for Aldershot and eventually Bengal.

Times here have been so quiet that a gentleman by name Parker (should have been Walker) No. E. K. 1653, a servant to the Doctor, took advantage of everybodys general inactivity, and the Doctor's implicit confidence in him, that during his masters absence at mess, he fleeced him like a 'lamb,' to the tune of £6 odd, and a couple of suits of his best plain clothes, he most probably departed the same evening by the boat express for Dover, as he left behind him a very carefully prepared route, shewing distance and cost to New York, via Calais and Bordeaux, this he calculated at £6 12 0, these particulars were not discovered until the next day, and by this time he was well on his journey. Moral—Dont keep the price of a trip to New York in your quarters.

The annual rifle meeting of the Depôt shooting club was held on the *magnificent* rifle range at Canterbury on the 13th inst.. and was as usual a success, thanks to everybody concerned. I enclose you a list of the matches and the prize winners, if you have a spare corner kindly insert.

The Warrant rank for Militia Sergt.-Majors has been abolished the present W.O's. are to be absorbed as vacancies may occur at depôts, this of course means a block to promotion for some time to come. The future Sergt.-Majors of Militia Battalions are to rank as 1st class Staff Sergeants, the pay in Infantry Battalions to be 4s. 6d. a day. Where two Militia Battns. are located together, one Quarter-Master instead of two as heretofore, is to perform the duties; what with cutting down Officers retiring allowances, and abolishing Militia Warrant Officers, the Conservative Government is having a good innings this month, but the cry is 'still they cut.'

Some of your readers might remember 'Watty May" of the 15th Hussars at Meerut, after coming home, he was transferred to the Cheshire Yeomanry, and I saw in a paper a week or two ago, that he had shot himself, why ? no one seems to know. Sergt.-Major Martin of the East Kent Yeomanry and late of the 10th Hussars Depôt has recently died at Canterbury from Consumption.

Not much news from Aldershot, four Coys. and six Officers of the 2nd Battn., under command of Major Hickson, left Aldershot on the 11th inst., for Bisley Common, there to be a working party to assist in constructing new rifle ranges, they will be away about 10 days. The Duke inspected the troops at Aldershot on the 10th inst., the 2nd Battn. mustered about 650 all ranks, a very creditable number these times.

2nd Lieut. Marriott has joined the depôt for duty, vice Buttanshaw returned to Home Battn. No. 1027 Pte. D. Cowley and No. 867 Pte. H.

Digitized by Google

Cogan have been transferred to the Army reserve this month. Lce.-Sergts. Swan and Holland have been promoted Sergts. in the 2nd Battn., vice Friend and Ker, transferred to the permanent staff of 3rd Battn.

The eldest son of the late Sergt. Furnish has joined the 2nd Battn. from the Duke of York School.

The Officer Commanding 2nd Battn. The Buffs has received orders to prepare you a draft, strength as follows: 1 Sergeant, 2 Corporals, 105 Privates, to embark in H. M. S. "Malabar," about 20th November next, under command of Major J. W. Hind. "OLD BUFF."

[Sorry there is'nt a single corner left, not even for prize winners. ED.]

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

The undermentioned man has been awarded a certificate for proficiency in Telegraphy, and was on the 14th inst permitted to extend his service to complete 12 years:

270 Pte. H. Woods.

Lieut. R. H. D'Aeth has been granted an extension of leave on Medical Board, from 30th September to 3rd December, 1889.

The undermentioned Officers are appointed members of the Committee B. P. R. A. meeting at this Station for 1889:

Lieuts. A. L. Bell and L. I. B. Hulke.

1147 Pte. R. Hemsley has been appointed Lance.-Corporal.

The undermentioned embarked for England on the 12th inst., and are struck off the strength of the Battn. from that date. (Malabar.)

No. 243 Pte. J. Birch.
" 2664, " G. Rogers.
" 1593, " J. Shanley.
" 67, Sergt. R. Ellis.

The undermentioned men have become entitled to Good Conduct Pay, at rates and from dates specified:—

2077	Pte.	C. Hook	1d	3-10-89
1100	Dr.	G. Johnson	2d	5-10-89
1090	Pte.	D. Murphy	2d	11-10-89
1133	"	E. Sewell	2d	19-10-89
2310	Boy	J. Campbell	1d	30-7-89
1099	Pte.	G. Cooper	2d	4-10-89
1080	Lce.-Cpl.	A. Crayford	2d	12-10-89
1101	Dr.	W. Davis	2d	5-10-89
1069	Pte.	C. Granville	2d	2-10-89
1062	"	H. McMahon	2d	4-10-89
1045	"	H. Mitchell	2d	2-10-89
1012	"	H. Mudd	2d	11-9-89
1063	"	W. Rudd	2d	5-10-89
1140	"	J. Murralls	2d	16-10-89
1114	"	A. Owen	2d	16-10-89
686	"	W. Perry	2d	19-10-89
950	"	J. Reynolds	2d	18-10-89
1107	"	E. Richards	2d	17-10-89
1151	Dr.	P. Breen	2d	29-10-89
2333	Pte.	J. Custance	1d	12-10-89
1084	Lce.-Cpl.	J. Harlow	2d	13-10-89
920	Pte.	E. Jordan	2d	4-8-89
1085	"	C. Rowe	2d	6-10-89
2341	"	J. Smith	1d	22-10-89
971	"	W. Walker	2d	30-8-89
1053	"	G. Apps	2d	5-10-89
1134	"	M. Clancy	2d	19-10-89
1849	"	J. Jackson	1d	9-10-89
2339	"	G. Little	1d	10-10-89
983	"	A. W. Marlow	2d	4-9-89
1458	"	M. McCann	2d	5-8-89
1126	"	I. Taylor	2d	13-10-89
2323	Boy	E. Wittering	1d	2-9-89
1086	Pte.	E. Cherry	2d	9-10-89
1093	"	J. Ellen	2d	15-10-89
399	"	A. Ingram	1d	11-0-89
1128	"	W. Mitchell	2d	16-10-89
1136	"	A. Sale	2d	19-10-89
1145	"	B. Sayers	2d	23-10-89
1404	"	F. Walsh	1d	9-9-89
2125	"	C. Beer	1d	11-10-89
1091	"	D. Lally	2d	11-10-89
1848	"	W. Sharpley	1d	8-10-89
1050	"	W. Want	2d	12-10-89
1131	"	J. Hall	2d	17-10-89
1147	"	R. Hemsley	2d	30-10-89
2082	"	A. Hollands	2d	2-10-89
1104	"	T. Jones	2d	16-10-89
1113	"	G. Lattimer	2d	16-10-89
486	"	E. Smith	2d	10-10-89
1110	"	C. Williams	2d	20-10-89

The undermentioned N.-C. Officer has been awarded a certificate for proficiency in Telegraphy:

No. 847 Lance-Corporal T. Latter.

Digitized by Google

Letter E Company under command of Capt. G. V. Dauglish to proceed to Barrackpore on the 1st prox. by route march, to relieve B Company on Detachment. B Company to return to Head Quarters by the same march.

The undermentioned men are transferred to the Battn. from the 2nd Leicestershire Regt. from the 1st inst., and posted to A Company.

Pte. E. Hamshar,
" H. Reid,
" A. Stone,
" T. Witham.

Territorial No. E.K. 2978 has been given to Sergt. Master Tailor W. McDowell on transfer.

Pte. J. A. Gordon has been transferred to the Battn. from the 2nd Leinster Regt., from 31st inst., vide paras. 106-107 sec. xix., Queen's Regulations, 1885.

No. 1265 Pte. H. Sherwood has been appointed Lance Corporal. 30-10-89.

THE LOVE OF YESTERDAY.

Many were the vows we plighted,
They are now as empty air ;
Was it kind to say you loved me,
Then to leave me in despair?
Fare thee well ! I cannot blame thee,
If another seeks thy hand ;
Offering wealth as an inducement,
I, the weaker, cannot stand.

Then it must have been a fancy,
That I on thy pathway cast,
Was it kind to trifle with me,
If thy love was not to last?
Fare thee well ! and if to-morrow
I should pass thee by the way,
I would not for worlds remind thee
Of the love of yesterday.

THE STAMMERING WIFE.

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Payne,
I vowed, if the lady would only be mine,
I would always endeavour to please her.
She blushed her consent, though the stuttering lass
Said never a word except, " You're an ass—
An ass—an ass—iduous teaser."

But when we were married I found that my Ruth,
The stammering lady, had told the truth;
For often in oblivious dudgeon,
She'd say, if I ventured to give her a jog,
In the way of reproof, " You're a dog—dog—dog—
A dog—a dog—matic curmudgeon."

And once, when I said, " We can't afford
This extravagant style with our moderate board,"
And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure, you exceedingly blue,
And fretfully cried, " You're a Jew—a Jew—
A very ju—dicious adviser."

Out of temper, at last, with the insolent dame,
And feeling the woman was greatly to blame,
To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech, like a cur that I am,
And angrily said, " You're a dam—a dam—dam—
A dam—age instead of a blessing.

We are assured by a gentleman (we wont mention names) who *couldn't* tell a fib, that he used to own an elephant who was so intillegent that whenever he told him to do anything, he used to tie a knot in his trunk so that he would be sure to remember it. (FACT.)

The London lady correspondent of a Bombay paper, in want of news, takes to filling up with stories, of which the following is a specimen:— " By the way, your hot weather reminds me of an amusing instance of the supposed effects of the Indian climate as viewed from the standpoint of the English domestic. A lady from India in conversation with me made some allusions to her children ; and Sarah, the housemaid, who had been regarding the visitor with evident interest, inquired of me afterwards, 'How many children has Mrs. So-and-so ?' 'Five,' I replied. 'Five ! dear ! dear ! and *all black* ! exclaimed Sarah.

Black? no, Sarah ! Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so are both English and very fair. How should their children be *black* ! ' 'Why m'm because they are born in India ! Poor little things ! it makes it all the worse if they are not black now ! for they will *all go black* as they grow up.'

Sarah remains unconvinced to this hour.

TANTALUS REDIVIVUS
OR
THE LAY OF A THIRSTY ALCOHOL-OSTRACIZED WARRIOR.

Oh *vos omnes qui transitis per viam* lend me your ears,
List awhile to righteous growlings, pardon these indignant tears,
For I claim condolence public, brief but bitter is the tale,

Digitized by Google

How a Soldier all but died for want of one small pint of ale.
Tuesday last at eve, beheld me in Calcutta's busy hum,
Came I up both gay and festive from that sleepy spot Dum-Dum;
Sought the Theatre near the market early, lest I should be late,
Bought a ticket, took my seat, for which disbursed a rupee eight.
When the curtain slow descended, at the end of act the first,
Sped I to the bar right swiftly, suffocating nigh with thirst.
From the barman unctuous mortal. smiling blandly like a child,
I demanded all unwary, one ambrosial pint of mild.
Know you not the "hukm" caitiff? yelled the barman haste away,
None beneath the rank of Sergeant here may quaff, avaunt, yet stay,
Your offence is *rank* my beauty, yet for such of humble grade,
Sparkles effervescing soda, or to the airy lemonade.
Peace, enough, I cried in fury, taunts like these I cannot bear,
Minerals are magnifiiques Sir, *mais ils ne sont pas lager*,
Weary, thirsty, hot, revengeful, to my seat did I repair,
Winsome Gracie sang divinely fairest of Bohemias fair;
Harding most robust of tenors, carolled grandly as of yore,
But in vain, this savage breast remained unsoothed, full, and sore.
Once again I sought to soften, barman heart of adamant.
But alas, the cruel creature still refused my wish to grant.
Gentle public of Calcutta, sympathetic, ever kind,
Heavy are these social fetters, which poor outcast Tommy bind,
Of his lengthy chain of sorrows, burst at least this single link,
In all rightful moderation, let him when he's thirsty drink.

"BOGGLY WALLAH."

FOOTBALL NOTES.

Football this month will only occupy a very small space in our journal. As we mentioned before, it is fast giving way to Cricket, and the only matches that are now being played are for the Association and Rugby Cups. The competitions for these are still very keen, "A" and "C" Companies had to play three times before it could be decided which was to be left in; twice nothing was scored by either team, and the third time, "C" Company only just managed one goal. "B" Company met "F" and both failed to score; "F', however gave in as they could not get a team together to go to Barrackpore. "B" then played "H," and were beaten. "C" and "H" have now to play for the final. "H" is at present *in possession* of the cup and if "C" is able to wrest it from them, why—good luck to them!

The Rugby Cup is also in abeyance. "E" had to play "F;" and "G" had to play "H." "F" Company's hard fight with "D" Company evidently frightened "E" Company, who gave in without a tussle. "G" then played and beat "H," and the final rests between "F" and "G," and may the best team win.

A few more days will decide (unless we have a succession of draws,) which is to be the Champion Company for the year.

The following is a summary of Football matches played during the month:

1st Oct. "A" and "C" Companies, Association Tie, draw, nothing scored.
2nd Oct. "G" and "H" Companies, Association Tie, won by "H" one goal to nil.
4th Oct. "D" and "E" Companies, Association Tie, won by "E" two goals to nil.
5th Oct. "B" and "F" Companies, Association Tie, draw, nothing scored.
7th Oct. "A" and "C" Companies, Association Tie, draw, nothing scored.
12th Oct. "A" and "C" Companies, Association Tie, "C" won by one goal to nil.
17th Oct. "C" and "E" Companies, Association Tie, "C" won by one goal to nil.
19th Oct. "F" Company Leinster Regiment *v.* "H" Company The Buffs; a wild game, nothing scored.
26th Oct. 'B' and 'H' Companies Association Tie, won by 'H' by one goal to nil.
28th Oct. 'G' and 'H' Companies Rugby Tie, won by 'G,' by two goals and one try to nil. The tries were obtained by Cpl. McKeating, Pte. Williams and Pte. Want, the two first were converted into goals by Cpl. Hilderbrand and the third hit the cross bar and rebounded into play.

The Cricket Shield is going to Barrackpore on the 1st proximo with "E" Company, who proceed there to relieve "B." Is it going to stop there?

OFF SIDE.

Digitized by Google

STARGAZING.

——:o:——

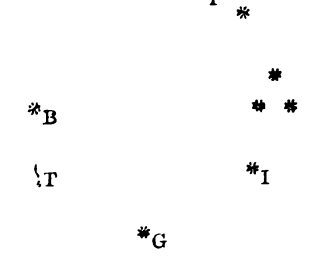
To us standing on the face of the earth, the sun and stars appear to move round the world, and ancient astronomers thought this was a fact, but as I have stated before, this is not the case. The world does not go round the sun in a circle, but in an ellipse or oval shape, it also goes round the sun obliquely, or in other words, at an angle of 23° 28′ to the celestial equator in its upwards course, the same angle in its downward course, this angle is called the obliquity of the ecliptic. The path the world moves on, is nearer the sun when it cuts the celestial equator than at any other place, and it crosses the equator twice, therefore at these points the world is twice a year nearer the sun than at any other time.

When it crosses the equator, travelling northwards, it is called the verval or spring equinox and when southwards, the autumnal equinox, at the time of crossing these points the length of day and night at all parts of the world are the same, and they are called the first point of Aries and first point of Libra.

The constellation of the Southern fish contains one principal star, viz "Fomalhaut" a star of the first magnitude, to find which, draw a line from B to A, the stars forming the western side of the square of Pegasus and produced about three times the distance, and it will pass through this fine star.

If my readers will notice the small stars near to A in the constellation of Perseus, they will observe they form a bow, and they are called the bow of Perseus. From the bow of Perseus, proceed two rows of small stars, curved in opposite directions, one bends towards the east, and extends to the fine star "Capella," the other towards the south and is directed towards the well known beautiful group of seven small stars, called the "Pleiades."

"Capella" in the constellation of the Charioteer consisting of five principal stars, these stars form a great irregular pentagon. See figure below.



A little below Capella is a long isosceles triangle, formed of three stars, which serves to distinguish it from all other stars of the first magnitude. The star G in the above figure is also in the constellation of the Bull, and is called "Nath."

To the left of the Pleiades is another cluster called the Haydes, consisting of seven small stars in the form of the letter V. Aldebaran a star of the first magnitude is amongst them, on the left or at the top of the letter. Aldebaran is distinguished from most of the other stars by its ruddy appearance.

The constellation of the Ram contains two principal stars of the third magnitude viz Hamel and Sheraton.

A line drawn from A Persei through Algol (B Persei) and produced twice their distances, will point out Hamel. Sheraton is to the left of Hamel.

All the above stars are now seen to the west about 7 p.m, except "Fomalhaut" which is to the South.

To be continued.

TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

The Rev. J. H. Bateson held an open air meeting on the evening of the 22nd inst. in front of the Temperance Rooms, Col. Harrison in the chair. The Rev. T. B. Speedy having opened the proceedings with prayer, Col. Harrison introduced the speaker in a short speech, the purport of which was "dont do as I do, but do as I tell you." Mr. Bateson then delivered an interesting address, giving a sketch of the history of teetotalism, and brimming over with anecdote. (At the risk of being thought captious however, we would respectfully suggest that Scotchmen are to be found in every audience in India, and that it jars on their nerves to hear Burns and Dean Ramsey quoted with a foreign accent.) He informed us that he had audited the accounts of the A. T. A., and found nothing in them to justify the great falling off in numbers that has recently taken place. After a few words from Mr. Speedy, Mr. Macdonald and Major Reeves, twenty six men signed the pledge, and the meeting broke up.

MY FIRST FIGHT, OR "How we hunted Boh Pway, also how Boh Pway hunted me."—By an Infantry Officer.

In March 1886, I found myself temporarily

Digitized by Google

stationed with four companies of my battalion at a place called Kyahmyo in Burmah. We had been employed all through the expedition that started in 1885, but I, having the misfortune to have been junior sub. in the regiment, had been left behind in India with the depôt to do duty, and had only succeeded in joining the battalion in Burmah, on the arrival at the depôt, of two bran new subalterns from England.

Of course I thirsted for blood and glory; but as yet alas no one had even snapped a cap at me, and I longed for the time when I might be sent out on one of the numerous little expeditions, "dours" they were called, which were made to catch raiding dacoits and evildoers. My Captain was *hors de combat* with a shot wound in the ankle, and so I was commanding "D" Company in March, when my small tale begins.

"Fledgeby" said the acting Adjutant coming in to my hut one day, "you and "D" Company go out on a dour at 4 a.m. to-morrow."

"Hooray!" shouted I, and was beginning to wax noisily jubilant at the prospect.

"Shut up, don't make a row," growled my friend the Adjutant; "it's all to be done quietly, not even published in orders, for fear of them getting wind of it over yonder. They say that begger Boh Pway is at Sheethay, and "D" Company, with two guns of the mountain battery and a company of the natives are to go and try to surprise him."

"Hoo——"! my feelings nearly got the better of me again, but I checked myself in time, "Wade's going to command" continued the Adjutant, "he came up with you the other day from Mandalay didn't he? white-haired gunner Captain—thin fellow—yes of course you know him, well he's to command. Your Color-Sergt's. sick but you'll have Sergt McClintoch, and he's a good hand. You'd better go over to your Company and make arrangements and see what's going; but all's to be done on the quiet mind. Parade's at 4 a.m.—to march at 4 that is." And thus saying away he went, and away went I to see my men, and fuss about with their arrangements and my own.

Soon after mess I went to bed, and was soon fast asleep and dreaming of famous personal encounters with innumerable Boh Pways, who would not be slain, but started up as often as I, with fast clogging arm could smite them down; a sleep from which I was awakened by my servant with a cup of cocoa and a warning that it was three o'clock.

How well I remember, that parade in dim dim moonlight: the Colonel and the Adjutant with his lantern walking up and down chattin with the Commissariat Officer, a few mules wit their loads on, in the back ground standin quietly but for an occasional stamp, or a shak and rattle of chain or bridle, and the men stand ing easy, and chatting in undertone. Suddenl a movement, and two mountain guns came pas our front, with monotonous thud thud of th weights in their saddles and musical jingle o chain harness, "Halt!" passed quietly along and they all stop. Then up comes the Colone and the Adjutant, "You are to move off now Fledgeby," said the former, "you lead the way remember now to have careful men out in front o you always, and on your flanks too, if you can and if you are attacked in jungle, open out and rush your enemy, don't waste time shooting, and work round their flanks when you can. Good-bye youngster, and take care of yourself." A shake of the hand, and we're off. A silent monotonous march of eight miles, brings us just at break of day witoin a few hundred yards of our destination, and we halt to hold a hurried council.

Sheethay is a small village on the Irrawaddy bank. On all sides thick jungle surrounds it, and on the island side, this jungle spreads scarcely less densely up the sides of a rising ground or hill, on the top of which was a large masonry pagoda, surrounded by a brick wall and various smaller outlying pagodas. Our plans were swiftly formed. Some of the natives were to march quickly round in single file, keeping in the jungle, to the far side of the village, the guns and their escort of native infantry were to take to the hill side, and close the retreat inland, whilst I and my men were to attack the village from the side on which we were, thus purposing to drive Boh Pway and his gang into the river. The signal to begin was to be a shell from the guns, with whom Capt. Wade of course was, and who on the hill side would get a good view of all the arrangements. The plan formed was at once acted on, and the others having departed, I arranged my small body ready to advance through the jungle in line with several small supporting groups and waited. It was miserable work waiting. I felt like we used to feel at school at the big football matches when we were lined out waiting for the kick off. We used to call it 'blue

Digitized by Google

funk ' then, but I'm loth to believe now that I was in a blue funk at the prospect of a fight; yet queer I certainly *did* feel. By my side was old McClintock, a warrior of '78; a stern bushy browed, hard praying, old Scotch soldier, with morals as straight as his back, and a heart as soft as his hand was hard. As we stood there in suspense, I, watching the blue smoke of some fire curling up above the trees from the village before us, suddenly saw the Sergeant cant up his rifle with an exclamation as though it were time for us to be going forward, and at the same moment the report of a rifle came to our ears, then a volley and sputter like a Christmas cracker. Following the Sergeant's outstretched hand and pointing finger, I could see through the trees that the turning party had found the pagoda on the hill occupied strongly, and had their passage round most unexpectedly interrupted. At first I hardly knew what to do, but I felt with satisfaction that with the first shot all my queer funk had fled; I was glowing all over, and my heart was going as though I'd been running a race. My momentary perplexity was soon put an end to by the boom of one of the little guns from an unseen nook about half way up the hill to our right front, the shell from which we could hear coming whistling and screaming towards the village, instead of the pagoda, until with a loud 'phut!' it burst in the air just above where the village was. This decided me—Wade could evidently see men in the village and had thus enlightened me on the subject. I gave the word to advance, which was passed up through the trees and bushes, and off we set, trying to keep touch, but ever losing sight of all but those nearest to us in the dense undergrowth. It *was* difficult to keep steady; I longed to run forward as hard as I could, and every pulse in my body was banging and thudding like anything with the excitement. Between us and the village we came upon a deep narrow nullah, with a little water in it, so close to the village that the bamboo stockade round the latter was in many places only a few feet from the further bank. I bade my men advance cautiously because we should come into view as we came up to the nullah, but further up the line where I could not send my orders quickly enough they had not been so careful, so that just as I was peering through the bushes to see if there were any signs of the enemy waiting to volley us, I heard a shout and a loud report from further up, followed by the crack of our rifles and a regular little fusillade. Bidding McClintoch stay where he was, I legged it up to the flank where the firing was, and there I saw that the dacoits had volleyed our men just as they were coming to the edge of the nullah, and one poor fellow lay at the bottom of it, half in and half out of the water, whilst the Sergeant in charge at the point attacked, was having his hand, from which torrents of blood were pouring, bound up in his handkerchief by one of the men. The men had been firing into the stockade furiously, and the enemy having done all that they wanted to do, had evidently taken to their heels. It turned me sick to think of our poor fellow lying face down in the water of the nullah, perhaps only wounded, and if so, being drowned there, so shouting out "we must go for the stockade at once, if only for Williams' sake," I ordered the men to fix bayonets, and down we went with a rush and a slither, an example which the watchful McClintoch on his part was not slow to note and to follow. But now another difficulty presented itself. The stockade of stout bamboo would not yield to all our united strength! it swayed and creaked, but held firm. A little gate there was hard by, but so cleverly was it barricaded, that it was as strong to outside manipulation as the rest of the stockade.

To increase our hurry and excitement several shots were heard down at McClintoch's end of the line. I had just thought that we must try and scramble over, when one of the men, a mad Irishman named Fitzgerald called out, "Who'll giv' me a back bhoys, and lit me over the railin' an' shure I'll open the little gate for yez." Quick as thought he was being handed over, and I, feeling rather ashamed not to be first myself, was pushed and heaved by willing hands up to the top of the long bamboos after him, and succeeded in dropping down the other side with a beautiful barked shin. Meanwhile Fitzgerald had opened the gate, and the men poured in, we ran down to open the main gate where Sergeant McClintoch's party were, but found that the Sergeant had hacked a bit of a hole with his sword-bayonet, and passing through, had opened the gate to his men. He said a small party of the enemy had fired on them and then run, but not quickly enough to get away scatheless, as some of the men had reached the stockade in time to thrust their rifles through and volley them as they bolted down the main street of the village. *(To be continued.)*

Digitized by Google

EXTRACT FROM "THE FIELD."

REGIMENTAL FOOTBALL CLUB IN INDIA.

"The Club of the 1st Battn. The Buffs was started at Ranikhet in 1887, and so far, has an unbeaten record. Of Rugby matches, the Club has beaten the S. W. Borderers, Bareilly, and Calcutta Club, and drawn matches with Lucknow, (one goal each) and Calcutta Club (nil,) Lucknow put a very strong team in the field, including Dr. Fisher, an old International (Scottish), and the Calcutta Club had never before been beaten. Of Association Matches, the Club has beaten the Seaforth Highlanders, Scottish Rifles, S. W. Borderers, R. W. Fusiliers, Dalhousie Club and a strong scratch team of the Calcutta Club. It is curious to note that while as many as five or six Officers have at times played in the Rugby games, the strength of the Association has been solely upheld by the N.-C. Officers and Privates, who seem to take more readily to the Association than the Rugby game."

[We reprint this extract, but think it only fair to point out that "The Field" has suppressed the Dr. side of the account. ED.]

TEMPERANCE.

Dum-Dum has been the "happy hunting ground" for the Army Temperance Association, during the last few days. The Reverend J. H. Bateson, Officiating Assistant Secretary A.T.A. (*with approval of H. E. the C. in C.*) has been exercising his influence to increase the Teetotalers in the Regiment, etc. A camp meeting has been pitched outside the Wesleyan Chapel, innumerable gatherings have assembled, the parade ground has been the scene for open air meetings at which the multitude were exhorted to join the good cause, and a powerful lecture was given by Mr. Bateson outside the Temperance Hall, at which Lieut.-Col. H. D. Harrison Commanding Dum-Dum, presided, and assisted by the Rev. T. B. Speedy, Chaplain, and the Rev. J. A. Macdonald. In fact during the few days of this gentleman's visit, no grass has been allowed to grow under his feet. He has thoroughly overhauled the books and accounts of the A.T.A. (at which we hear he is an adept) & has declared himself perfectly satisfied with the working of the Association in the Regiment. His chief object in visiting Dum-Dum, is I believe Evangelistic work, but as there have been several unpleasant whispers about the working of the A. T. A., he very kindly consented to investigate the affairs of the Society, and assured his audience at the Temperance lecture, that by the end of December the Society would have worked off the debt at present existing, and instead, be in a position to shew a substantial credit.

"What has "Honesty" got to say now, eh?

"WHISKEY PEG."

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

A Football match was played at the Convalescent Depôt Parade Ground, Jalapahar, on Friday the 20th September, between the Depôt *v.* 3rd Mountain Battery R. A., which ended in a victory for the Depôt, by two goals to one.

For the winning side, some sharp play was shown by Lieuts. Bell and Trollope, Dr. Dillon, Ptes. Rankin, Piper and Bowden. For the losing side, Lieuts. Gordon and England, Br. Newlands and Gr. Rogers were very good.

The return match was played at the Battery Parade Ground, upper Jalapahar, on Monday the 23rd September, which terminated in a draw, both sides scoring two goals each. The following played especially well for their respective teams, Dr. Dillon, Br. Hills, Lce.-Cpls. Bowden, Sheed and Pte. Rankin for the Depôt, and for the R. A. Lieut. Gordan, Corpl. Moore, Br. Newland and Gr. Rogers.

CONVALESCENT DEPOT *v.* ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, DARJEELING.

This Football match was played at the Convalescent Depôt Parade Ground, between the above teams, on Friday the 11th October, and terminated in a victory for the Depôt by two goals to one. For the winning team, Ptes. Rankin, Carroll, and Lce.-Cpl. Bowden, played well well, and for the College, Messrs. Greene, Hogan and others showed some very good form.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. E. COLLEY.—Subscription for thirteen numbers received with thanks.

Digitized by Google

MOONLIGHT CONCERT.

On the night of the 14th October, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of Bandmaster Birkhead, we were treated to another most enjoyable Moonlight Concert. A little bird whispered that it was an improvement on the one before. Certainly it did occur to our unsophisticated ears that the accompaniments throughout were very prettily arranged, and executed with great taste. It was a real treat to listen to some of them, and the audience frequently remarked what an amount of work and talent it must have required to set them—Well done Bandmaster!

That good old 'Hunting scene' too met with loud applause.

The songs were well selected throughout, the refrain of 'Jack' with its exquisite accompaniment was the one that delighted *us* most, and we hope to have the pleasure of hearing 'Jack' again at some not very future date. Sergt Eaton learned (*?*) yet another funny ditty for the occasion (always equal to the occasion is Sergt. Eaton!) but where does he find them all?

Mr. Hume, of Qui-Hai-Minstrel fame, disported a very handsome dress for a nigger, and kindly treated us to a most amusing song. Pte. Terry then showed us how to 'foot it' and well deserved his encore—and then by way of encouraging the *Time Expired*, Color-Sergeant Andrews sang 'Steering Home' which was really thoughtful of Color-Sergeant Andrews.

By-the-way, it was truly an excellent idea printing the choruses on the back of the programmes—but alas! stupid that we are! we have only just discovered it as we write this report, at least a week after the Concert is over and past. However we shall know better for the future, and next time, we shall be able to sing all the choruses and the tunes too if (—oh! but there's no musical type in the Printer's Shop! Mr. Printing-Press-President *excuse us* but was there ever such a *Printing-Press-Precedent?*)

In conclusion, the audience included very nearly all Dum-Dum—we say *very nearly* because *some* of our lady friends, deterred no doubt by the threatening aspect of the weather, were conspicuous by their absence.

M. E.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A mile race took place on the 11th inst. in Calcutta on the *maidan* between Pte. Wooding, The Buffs, and Pte. Nicholson, 1st Leinster Regt., (Royal Canadians,) for a good round sum of Rs500, *viz.* Rs250 aside, & resulted in an easy win for the Buff. The conditions were, to run four times round a ¼ mile lap, and precisely at 5.30. p. m. the men toed the scratch. Wooding being in the pink of condition, thanks to the careful and able training of Pte. Standard, (the General) and Pte. Mitchell, 'C' Coy.

On the word 'Go' from the the starter, Wooding at once assumed the lead, Nicholson keeping about a yard in rear; in this order, half the distance was covered, the third lap Wooding increased his lead, Nicholson cried 'a go,' and left his opponent to finish as he liked. Time 4 min. 57 sec.

MRS. MULROONEY'S POT.

In the year 18— there were quartered in a good old Irish Regt. in St. Kitts, one Lieut. Denis Mulrooney and his wife, who resided in Barracks, with their Soldier servant to attend to their comforts, one Paddy Hickey, who was as much attached to his master, as he disliked his mistress, and who waited patiently to pay off her various slights and abuses of him, and one day it came thus:—

It struck Mrs. Mulrooney, that the island gentry and their wives did not call on her enough, so she thought she would give them a spurt that way, and gave invitations to an afternoon tea on her balcony.

Well, the day arrived, and so did a number of people, white and copper-colored, the former chiefly out of curiosity to see the redoubtable Mrs. M., of whom they had heard a good deal. In the balcony were spread all the necessaries for a substantial tea, but after waiting half-an-hour, no tea pot arrived.

"Paddy," screamed Mrs. M. over the balcony "where's the pot?" "Which pot do you mane ma'am?" shouts Paddy.

"The tay-pot, you lazy blackguard," snarls Mrs. M., returning amid the ill suppressed laughter of her guests.

Needless to say, Paddy had his revenge, for the story went the round of the island, and "Mrs. Mulrooney's Pot" was as well known as the "Rock of Cashel." "QUIS SEPARABIT?"

THE DEPARTURE OF THE BUFFS.

We publish with pride, the following extract

Digitized by Google

from the *Dover Times* of Friday, August 9th, 1889, and congratulate our home Battalion on drawing forth such eulogistic language from the columns of their local paper, but they of course, as well *as ourselves*, deserve it no doubt :—

"The Buffs (East Kent Regiment).which has been stationed at Dover for the past three years, left there on Tuesday morning by two special trains for Aldershot. where theywill be stationed.

The departure of the regiment was hastened to enable it to take part in the review. The regiment paraded at an early hour and was inspected at eight o'clock in the Barrack Square by Major-General Montgomery-Moore, commanding the South Eastern District, who was accompanied by the members of his staff. After inspecting the men, the General addressed Colonel Kerr, the officers, and men of the regiment, saying that the drill and conduct of the men had been good during their stay at Dover. They were going to a place where there would be a little more work for them, but they knew their work well, and would be able to hold their own with any regiment. The 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade arrived at Dover on Wednesday to take the place of The Buffs. It seems a pity that a local regiment should be allowed to leave the chief town of the territory to which they belong without some words of eulogy and farewell.

The Buffs have always been considered one of the smartest regiments in the service. They were originally formed from London Prentice Lads, and have the privilege on that account of marching through the City with bayonets fixed, colours flying and drums beating. They carry the Dragon, the Rose and Crown, and the Rampant Horse of Kent on their appointments. They are the only regiment of the line that continues to wear its own distinguishing facings—BUFF.

Their war services range from Blenhiem to South Africa in 1879. The 2nd Battalion has been stationed for more than three years in Dover and has made hosts of friends. Their band under the able leadership of Mr. Kelly has wonderfully improved during their stay with us, and has this season delighted thousands of hearers inside the Granville Gardens and many more thousands outside. Their music is always lively and just what is wanted for the seaside. Mr. Kelly and his band will be more missed than we can tell at present, and we wish him and them all possible prosperity and success in the future.

The regiment has conducted itself as a whole in a most becoming and soldier-like manner, the hospitality of the officers has been proverbial, and it is with sincere regret that we say farewell to the 2nd Battalion The Buffs.

EXERCISING AN OLD REGIMENTAL PRIVILEGE

On Monday October 12th 1846, the Regiment left Portsmouth by rail *en route* for Ireland, and the Colonel, Sir James Dennis thinking it a favourable opportunity for exercising an old regimental privilege, wrote informing the Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Johnson, it was the intention of The Buffs to march through the City with colours flying, drums beating, and bayonets fixed. On arriving at Nine Elms, the then terminus of the London and South Western Railway they were met by the Lord Mayor who escorted them on their march. The Regiment had always been a favourite one of the cockneys, and vast crowds turned out to see the old 3rd Buffs pass. On reaching the City side of Blackfriars Bridge the band struck up the Regimental March, when an ox which was being driven along Bridge Street, became alarmed by the music and charged through the Grenadier Company, scattering them in all directions, and then doubling along the line went full pelt at the Light Coy., several of whom brought their muskets down to the charge. Private Boulter's bayonet stuck in the animals skull and bent up like a corkscrew, and Boulter himself went flying on his back amidst great laughter from the remainder of the company, but he was soon on his feet again none the worse for the tumble, the Ox disappeared down Fleet Street, the ranks were reformed, and the march continued. After parading the streets of the City, the Regiment marched to Euston Station, in the vicinity of which it was billited for the night. On forming up next morning, great crowds assembled to see the Regiment off, including many old soldiers, one of whom pushed his way to the front, stating he wished to have a last look at the old Light Company, at the same time informing the officer in command, that he had the honour of fighting with that Company on the Continent. Buckets of beer, rum, etc., were brought and offered to the men, and it was with some difficulty the officers and sergeants restrained the people from testifying their goodwill in this manner. The Regiment moved off slowly to the Railway Station followed by an admiring multitude, and left Euston amidst loud cheers.

A. E. COLLEY.

Digitized by Google

The Unchallengeable "Challenge" Watch,

SOLD BY MAX MINCK IN BOMBAY OR LAHORE.

CHEAP! CHEAP!! CHEAP!!! CHEAP!!!!

Send for Mincks' Universal and Reliable 'Challenge' Watch. Thoroughly good article, and most splendid timekeeper.

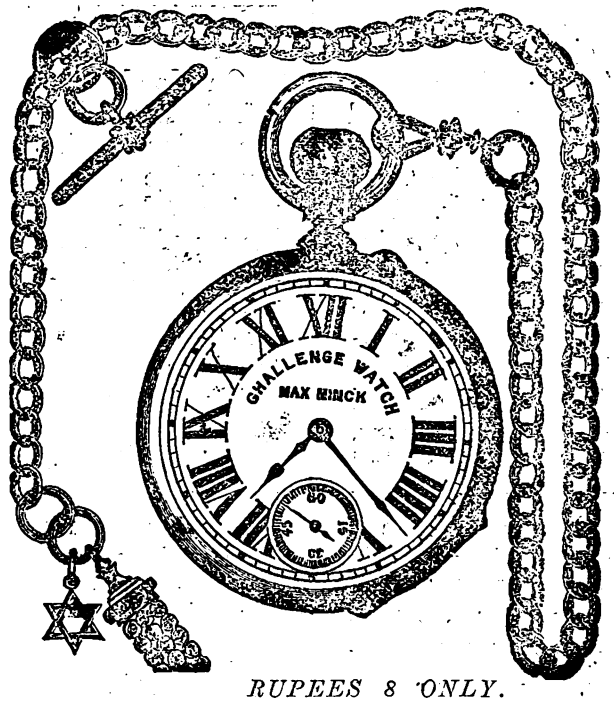
Rs. 8 only.

Superior to any other **Cheap Watches,** and **well worth the MONEY.**

With a substantial Canadian Gold or Nickel Silver Chain.

Rs. 9 only.

Guaranteed for 2 years.



RUPEES 8 ONLY.

MINCK'S PATENT LEVER FULL JEWELLED CHALLENGE WATCH.

Rupees 16 only.

A Splendid Watch for rough use.

AGENTS WANTED ALL OVER INDIA.

Guaranteed 2 years.

Every description of repairs to Chronometers, Watches and Clocks carefully executed at moderate charges

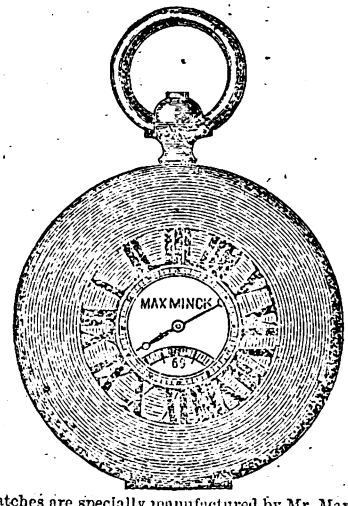
PIONEER WATCHES IN INDIA.

WATCH Manufacturing and Dealing in Watches in India, of late years have grown to such an extent, that it is impossible for the Public to discern where a good and reliable material can be found. Economy, with the best articles being the study of all, and competition ruling so high in India at present, that I do justice to myself to say: after nine years experience the Public have had at my hands and the excellent testimonials earned in each Class of my manufacture and material; to vouch that they have always been supplied with, and will still continue to receive the very best value for their money. **MY WATCH STOCK BEING THE LARGEST IN ANY SINGLE ESTABLISHMENT IN INDIA** and my remarkable moderate prices for excellent quality only, against prompt payment, are evident features of my trade, which alone stand guarantee for the above facts.

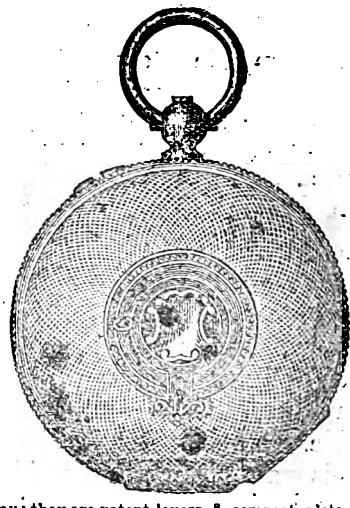
MINCK'S CELEBRATED ARMY WATCHES.

IN HEAVY STERLING SILVER HALL-MARKED CASES.

Army-Hunter, Rs 36, Self-Winding Rs. 45.



Army Half-Hunter, Rs 38, Self-Winding, Rs50



Army-Hunter, Rs. 36. Self-Winding, Rs. 45.

CONSTRUCTION.—The above Key winding watches are specially manufactured by Mr. Max Minck for the Army; they are patent levers ¾ compact plate and jewelled in ten holes, pinions and pivots highly tempered and polished, also fitted with open chronometer balance; the cases are made of Sterling Silver, either engine turned or engraved. The dials are white or coloured enamel fitted with shrunk seconds. The cases are so manufactured as to be air and dust tight.

GUARANTEE.—Perfect time warranted for 5 years. **EXTRAS.**—Every watch sent out in a neat Morocco leather case with a fine Canadian Gold or Nickle Silver Guard, spare glass and main-spring, watch bag and keys, and thoroughly timed before despatch. **CLUBS.**—By ordering six watches at one time, only five will be charged to purchaser.

Apply for illustrated catalogue, sent post free. Bombay—**MAX MINCK**—Lahore.

Printed for the Editor at the Buffs' Regimental Press—Dum-Dum.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

East Kent Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1903

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 32. **DUM-DUM, NOVEMBER 30th, 1889.** [Price 2 Annas.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.

BLISSET.—At Canterbury, on 21st October, 1889, the wife of No. 1139 Pte. B. Blissett, of a daughter.

STEELE.—At Dum-Dum. on the 1st October, 1889, the wife of Band-Sergeant T. Steele, of a son. Thomas Lamont

DEATHS.

STEVENS.—At Fort White, Upper Burmah, (from fever contracted in the Military operations.) Major H. F. Fitzgerald. 42nd Goorkhas, (late of The Buffs,) aged 38 years.

STUART.—At Dum-Dum on the 20th inst., Lieut. A. J. Stuart, The Buffs, of Enteric Fever, aged 27 years.

NOTES.

The steamy drizzle of the last weeks, which has turned every patch of grass into a morass, and each road into a line of mud; the sickness, which has filled the hospital and deprived the Officers' Mess of so many members; and the sad, sudden death of one of the brightest of our young Officers, which has cast a shadow of sadness over the Regiment; these things must be our excuse if our notes take this month rather a sombre tone.

* * *

Many of our neighbours seem on the move towards the frontiers from which the Lushai Expedition is to start. We all of us noted what a fine body of men the 3rd N.I. were when their detachment marched out on the 20th to join Head-quarters, and if the whole Regiment is anything like the sample we have seen, the Chins will fare very badly at their hands, unless they take discretion as being the better part of valour, and give no work at all for the expeditionary columns to do.

* * *

A Cricketing Correspondent, who writes with a very evident knowledge and grasp of his subject in the *Pioneer* of the 20th, in giving his selection of a representative Indian eleven to meet the coming English team, "Corpl. Godfrey" —whom the writer has placed in his best possible cricket team—"a steady reliable bat on anything like a difficult wicket and a deadly medium paced bowler."

Corpl. Godfrey has done yeoman's service in the cricketing interest of the Regiment on many occasions—we are none of us likely to forget how steadily he bowled for us on more than one

Digitized by Google

occasion against Naini Tal—and if he should be selected as one of the representative eleven of India it would be a well deserved compliment which we of his Regiment would be very pleased to see payed to him.

* * *

Should Corpl. Godfrey play cricket for India, which is at least as important as any county at home, he will be the second representative of the ranks who has played in a first class match, a Bombardier of the R.A. having played for Kent in one of this year's matches. We make this statement with every desire to be corrected if wrong, but we believe it to be a fact.

* * *

"H" Company has again produced a team to win the Association Cup, and, as they have won it twice in succession, the donor of the Cup has decided that they are entitled to keep it, and the Cup will therefore become the property of the Company.

When the Cup was first instituted a sagacious individual in "H" remarked that the Officer Commanding that Company had too much worldly wisdom to provide a Cup for any other Company than his own, and so it has turned out. Another Cup will replace the one which is now "H" Company's property, with carefully drawn up rules to keep it a Challenge Cup.

* * *

We are to be imported into Calcutta for the festivities at the time of the Princes stay in Calcutta, and should have a lively three weeks or a month in January, doing Guards of Honor, lining the streets &c. We cannot show the Prince the rosy-cheeked Battalion that marched down from Ranikhet; but the last year, with its football matches in the hot weather, has done no harm to the physique of the ranks, though it has washed all the sun-burn of the Himalayas off our faces.

* * *

A story used to be told of the better-half of the Bishop of Pretoria; how a lady went to visit her and was made a confidant of all her troubles. "And," said the Bishop's good lady in conclusion, "I go about all day with the little word beginning with 'F' on my lips."

"Ah! Fleas," said the visitor, in a polite whisper, "we have them terribly too in our house.

"No, Faith ! " said the shocked prelatess.

All of which is to lead up to the fact that the Editor of this journal goes about all day saying the little word beginning with "F," that isn't Faith, and also several other little words mostly beginning with "D," because his bungalow floor is the habitat of swarms of the lively insects that Mark Twain called chamois. Will any kind reader volunteer a recipe for their effectual destruction and so save the said Editor from the fangs of these lively cannibals.

* * *

Once more about this Almanac. It has to be sent to press early in December so as to be ready by the new year, and, at the time of writing, the lines opposite the dates, which ought all to be filled up with events that are or have been of Regimental interest, look woefully empty. There have been a few helping hands, notably those of one lady who has spent much time and trouble on compilation, but the great mass of Officers and men have done nothing to help us. We want dates of events of Regimental interest both of the 1st and 2nd Battalions, and we have not had many sent in as yet. We hope that the 2nd Battalion will come to our aid, if not this year at all events next year, and we are sure our excellent correspondent "Old Buff" will give us a helping hand from the Depôt.

* * *

"Buffkin" has sent us an article on Star-Gazing and, curiously enough, in the same envelope came intelligence that Mr. Eales was suffering from a relapse and that the doctors had recommended him for an extension of leave. Far be it from us to hint that the relapse had anything to do with the article or the article with the relapse, but it is a curious coincidence—that's all.

* * *

The Yankees certainly are constantly producing wonders, their theatres are the biggest in the world, their railways are wonders, their new gun is the most destructive implement that has ever been made, their snake stories lie over those of any other nation, and if their Drum-Majors are really anything like the following description they must be the most astounding thing in the way of soldiery that Creation has witnessed.

Listen to this:—

"But here comes the Drum-Major. He is it. A tall large clean built frame, clad in a dazzle of glory, straight and grand, he spurns the ground. He rejoices in his pride and so do the spectators. It is becoming to him. He owns the music. He owns the procession. He owns the State. He owns the earth. And this ownership is by title of his clothes and shape. He lives up to his shape. He fulfils his clothes. He is conscious

Digitized by Google

of being magnificient. He is solemn and glorious. His gestures are the nation's grandeur, his steps are the proud deeds of the Fathers, and his heroic calves quiver under the majesty of the United States of America."

"He arrives in front of the stand. He pauses for a moment and marks time. He half-about-faces towards the reviewing officers, and puts up a salute that conquors indifference and compels recognition. The officers off with their hat and burst into a roar. The people scream. The Drum-Major graciously accepts the surrender and prances victoriously on."

We are afraid that in this played out old country we can't come within measurable distance of this.

* * *

A Soldier of the 1st Kings Royal Rifles sitting at ease—'sitting at ease,' is good—in a verandah of the central block barracks at Aldershot fell out, dropped a distance of 20 feet, narrowly escaped breaking his neck, and picked himself up with the remark "there now I've broken my pipe." The 1st Kings seem to have deservedly won the kettle and should be allowed to wear it as one of their Regimental devices.

* * *

"Honesty" writes to us again a long letter; but, even at the sacrifice of much promising "copy," we think that this correspondence had better end and so do not print it.

* * *

We intend to reopen again our page of varieties and hope that our Regimental "wags" will give us a helping hand. We would always print original jokes in preference to ones scissored from other journals, and every Company has at least one funny man who ought to yearn to see his jibes in type. We shall also always publish an acrostic and each month will print the names or *noms-de-plume* or those of our readers who send us the correct answers.

* * *

Our Bandmaster is hard at work again getting up another of those enjoyable Moonlight Promenade Concerts; so look out for the next full moon, and get your voices ready for the choruses, the words of which will all be found on the back of the posters.

* * *

In reply to enquiries about the Northbrook Vase we are able to tell our correspondents that the competition will be re-instituted. We shall we hope in our next issue be able to give some further particulars.

* * *

We, the original editor, having come back from a year's leave, spent principally in wandering over the face of the earth, have taken up again the reins of Editorship and have relieved the young lions whose roaring has filled these columns. We had the most excellent intentions of sending out much copy from England, but the said intentions went to form part of the infernal pavement. However if we didn't write copy we supplied a subject for copy, for the above mentioned young lions wrote at least one gay and careless libel about us that was full bodied enough to have rejoiced the heart of a speculative Attorney. However they are forgiven, for libels are so delightfully easy to write and such good reading for everyone except the libelled one.

———:o:———

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

In answer to "Cricketer's" letter in last month's Dragon I have much pleasure in informing him and others interested in cricket that the shield has been for some time at Messrs. Hamilton & Co. in Calcutta for the purpose of being repaired and of having the names of the winning Companies inscribed on it. Owing to the late holidays there has been considerable delay about it, but Messrs. Hamilton & Co. have now forwarded pattern scrolls for the names, and the choice of one only remains to be made.

Yours faithfully,

G. V. Dauglish.

HOME NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

The 2nd., Battalion held their annual athletic sports at Aldershot on the 5th., inst., at least so says "Sheldrakes Aldershot Gazette." Nothing was known about it here until it was all over or we should no doubt have sent up a contingent t

Digitized by Google

compete as you must know Mr. Editor that the Depôt is not now composed of old cripples with 30 or 40 years service with badges up to their elbows, but instead we have *old trained* soldiers of about 3½ years service, fine smart fellows I can assure you able to do anything from Cricket, Football, or running, down to eating ½d buns (odds on the bun performance.) I enclose you the account of the Sports and you will see that an old first Battalion man (Sergt. Quinn) gave a good account of himself in everything he competed for, I see he has issued a challenge to any soldier in Aldershot for £5 upwards best 2 out of 3 of the following events.

Putting a 16 llb., shot with follow.
Running 250 yards race, flat.
Game at Handball.

I dont know whether he will be taken up but it is very plucky for a man of his size (14 stone.)

I hear with regret that Mr. Gage, has broken a blood vessel, but latest accounts are that he is doing well. Capt., H. R. Knight has been specially nominated for admission to the Staff College. Lieut's., Buttanshaw, Bainbridge, and Dyne, have joined the special musketry class for Officers at Aldershot, this class is conducted on exactly the same principle as the classes at the school of musketry Hythe. A draft of 15 men joined the 2nd., Battalion from here on the 1st., inst., Pte., C. Humphrey, a transfer from the 1st Royal Sussex Regiment has joined the 2nd., Battn., for the purpose of being sent to India with the next draft to serve with his elder brother; this reminds me that Sergt., P. Aherne goes out with the draft.

Color Sergt.. Tracy, Permanent Staff 3rd., Battn., the Buffs was discharged to pension on the 22nd., inst. Sergt. Butt, gets the vacant Company. The vacancies of two Sergeants on the Permanent Staff, are (by orders from the War Office) to be filled by two Sergeants from the 1st Battn. The undermentioned have been transferred to the Army Reserve, 562 Pte. P. Wilde, 564 Pte. J. Swift, 612 Pte. J. Webb, 685 Pte. W. Crowley, and 1485 Lce.-Corpl. Fox. No. 1698 Pte. C. Bailey has joined the 2nd Battalion.

I forward you a copy of the "St. George's Gazette," which is published by the Northumberland Fusiliers at Woolwich, you will see it is a well got up little paper.

Mr. Coppins, late a Sergeant in the 2nd Battn., died here on the 20th inst., some of your readers I dare say will remember him.

Canterbury. Yours faithfully,
25th October, 1889. "OLD BUFF."

OBITUARY.

Death has taken suddenly one of the brightest and strongest amongst us. LIEUTENANT A. J. STUART, whose sudden death, of "enteric fever," we have this month, most sadly to record, was a young Officer talented enough to succeed in any line and who brought to bear on everything to which he put his hand, an energy and will that were exceptional.

His brother Officers have lost a most cheery companion, and he will be missed sadly at all our Regimental entertainments.

He was an adept at all manly games and his place will be hard to fill in the cricket field and on the polo ground.

He was followed to his grave by every man in the Regiment, and the sudden taking away from our midst of so popular an Officer has cast a gloom over all ranks

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

The undermentioned man sailed from Bombay on the 23rd inst., having completed eight years continuous service abroad.

2923 Pte. A. White.

The undermentioned man is transferred to the Battn. from the Leinster Regiment from 31st October, 1889.

Pte. J. A. Gordon.

The undermentioned Officer is attached to the Battn., pending appointment to the Bengal Staff Corps.

2nd Lieut. W. E. G. Lillingston, 1st Battn. West Riding Regiment.

In accordance with instructions contained in the revised Indian Army Regulations relative to

Digitized by Google

Regimental Institutes, Color-Sergeant H. E. Featherstone has been appointed to assume the combined duties of Superintendent of Issues and writer to the Liquor Bar.

No. 362 Corporal J. Barnes has been appointed acting Orderly Room Clerk, pending the transfer to the Army reserve of O. R. C. Butler.

Leave in extension from 17th November to 30th May, 1890, on Medical Certificate has been granted to Lieut. C. P. Lloyd.

No. 249 Sergt. R. Summers, Wife and Child having embarked per Troopship 'Crocodile' on 26th October, 1889, are struck off the strength of the Battalion.

The undermentioned N.-C. O. on the 8th inst. was permitted to extend his army service to complete 12 years.

No. 593 Sergt. E. Clifton.

Capt. A. H. Tylden-Pattenson rejoined from Garrison Class, Kurpa Tal on the 9th inst, and resumed command of Letter A Company.

No. 1332 Pte. F. Howe has been appointed Bandsman vice Bevan to England.

The undermentioned N.-C. O's. and Men having embarked for England on the 7th inst., have been struck off the strength of the Battn. from that date accordingly.

259	Sergt.	G. Brain,
1320	Corpl.	T. Greenland,
265	Private	P. Taylor,
1785	„	M. Duddy,
254	„	W. Dyke,
1688	„	T. Muldoon,
1711	„	C. Webb,
1733	„	A. Connelly,
1553	„	A. Rye.
967	„	T. Fulford,
1928	„	W. George,
2159	„	A. Stokes,
526	„	H. Williams,
253	„	G. Pearce,
1834	„	J. McDonald,
2401	„	A. Comley.

The undermentioned Officer has been appointed Station Staff Officer and Acting Adjutant, from the 14th inst., vice Lieut. and Adjutant R. Bayard placed on the sick list.

Lieut. A. Lynden-Bell.

The undermentioned Officer rejoined from leave of absence on the 15th inst., and resumed command of Letter H Company.

Major N. Newnham-Davis.

The undermentioned men have been appointed Pioneers to the Battalion.

1360 Pte. E. Judge, A Coy. vice Freakes.
1996 „ W. Harryman, C. Coy. „ Duffy.
1411 „ C. Williams, H. Coy. „ Collins.

The undermentioned man deserted on the 28th of Oct., 1889, and has been struck off the strength of the Battn.

No. 1396 Pte. D. Revell.

The undermentioned N. C. O. has been transferred to the unattached list for employment in the Ordnance Department, with effect from the 27th April, 1889, and has been struck off the stength of the Battn.

No. 1153 Pioneer Sergt. J. Green.

The undermentioned Officer has been appointed Acting Adjutant with effect from the 16th November, 1889, vice Lieut. and Adjutant R. Bayard placed on the sick list:—

Lieut. E. C. M. Parry.

Capt. R. E. Philips having returned from leave of absence, has taken over command and payment of Letter D Company. 21-11-89.

The undermentioned Officer has been granted leave of absence in extension from 13th to 31st October, 1889, to remain in England pending decision as to his application to exchange:—

Lieut. F. Armitage.

Capt. Campbell-Johnson has joined the 2nd Battn. for duty from the Army Service Corps.

Capt. D. A. Hamilton has been selected for the Adjutantcy of the 2nd Volunteer Battn., The Buffs *vice* Major L. J. Spens who returns to Regimental duty on the 7th Jan., 1890.

Digitized by Google

Major Kekewich rode the winner (Toast) in a walking race for Arab ponies, at Cairo, on the 20th Sept. last.

Extract from "Sheldrakes Aldershot Gazette," 19-10-89:—

FOOTBALL.

"The Bedford Regt. gave it to The Buffs hot and strong last Tuesday, defeating them by *eleven goals to nil.*

A correspondent in H Company has sent us in a description of the final match played against C for the Association Challenge Cup. It having arrived too late for print in this issue, we can only give the names of the victorious team.

Pte. Wardle, goalkeeper; Ptes. Cronin and Caffery, backs; Ptes. Harding, Mears and Tennant, half backs; Corpl. Cork, Ptes. Simpson, Tizzard, and Corpl. Crumby, forwards; Pte. Evans, (Capt) centre.

Since the formation of the club, 42 matches have been played, 23 of these being won, 6 lost, 13 drawn—a very good record.

NOTICE.

Since writing the notice about the Moonlight Concert, we find that owing to the Regiment being in mourning for one month, it will not be able to take place next month, but arrangements will be made during our sojourn in Calcutta for it to come off on the *maidan* there.

ON THE WANDER.

BY N. N. D.

Lieut Waghorn has had a beautiful bronze statue erected to him, some where or other, because he drew attention of the general public to what is now called the Overland Route. Now I believe that I am the first of the scribbling fraternity who has drawn attention to the excellent route via Vienna, Constatinople, and Cairo; but I am modest and retiring, I dont want a statue put up to me, after I have left this best of all possible worlds for, I trust, a colder climate, I would sooner take the equivalant of the bronze now, in gold. But this is bye the way and also frivolous. Coming as I did across Holland, Germany, Austria, Servia, Bulgaria, Turkey and Egypt, I managed to get a glimpse at the soldiers of all these countries, and I also saw the Greeks practising their goose-step, as a preparation, no doubt, for the Royal wedding festivities. The goose-step as taught in the different armies of Europe has always had a fascination for me, and I have spent many hours on the parade ground in little French towns, on the Schloss Platz at Mainz, and on the St ben Ring at Vienna, watching the equivalent of our time honoured step.

They do give their recruits an awful time of it in Germany. In the first place their marching step is in itself a gymnastic performance. It is something like "knees up" in our new drill, and they have to make a tremendous stride as well. In the second place all the German teaching is done in the roughest possible manner, and I've seen before now recruits, who really were doing their best, shaken and punched most unmercifully by the drill instructors. I should have liked any of our men who may have thought at any time that they have been worried on parade, to have been on the Cologne parade ground with me this October, and seen a Lance-Corporal there drilling his squad. I watched him for about an hour, for I wanted to have a front seat when his apoplectic fit came on. He shouted at his men, got red in the face, shook his fists, and stamped on the ground, all because he saw something, which I couldn't see, wrong with his squad, and for an hour straight on end, that squad did nothing but march a few paces and then wheel. The Lance-Corporal did not have a fit; but I shouldn't haved liked to have been one of those recruits at the end of the hour's drill.

The Germans have simplified their drill wonderfully, and now only have three movements in their 'manual,' the 'slope,' the 'present,' and the 'order,' but they work away precious hard at those movements.

To our eyes, used to the long slim skewer which we call a bayonet, the little hunting knives, for they are really nothing more, that the Germans fix on their rifles seem like toys; but they say, and they are entitled to be authorities on fighting matters, that anything over half a foot of cold steel is quite sufficient, and so they have reduced the length of their infantry *arme blanche.*

The Austrians are perfectly different in the way they treat their recruits, there is none of the German shouting and bullying, and it is rather funny to see the drill instructor linking arms with a recruit and helping him to get the right length of pace by marching arm in arm with him. I remember a magazine article, or

Digitized by Google

rather a series, written by, I think, a German Officer, who said, that of all the armies of the world, the Austrians had the prettiest uniforms, and that we, the English, had the ugliest. I dont agree with him on the latter point; but in the first I think he is right. for the uniforms one sees in Vienna are wonderfully neat. The Hungarian Infantry have a curious effect of having apparently forgotten part of their clothes, for their nether garments consist of blue tights- -how they get into them is a puzzle-- that look as if they wanted something over them. Their Military Bands, the string bands especially, are wonderful. Of course the conscription gives them always a number of musicians ready made; but in no other country have I ever heard any thing so finished as the playing of the Austrian bands at Vienna in the different public gardens.

The Turks are a strange lot. Everybody who has fought with, or against them, says that they are excellent soldiers; but to look at, they are not beauties. A Field Officer riding along the street. his bits and stirrup-irons crusted with rust. and holding in one hand a hunch of bread, and in the other a lump of what looked like maccaroni. from which he took alternate bites, is not an edifying sight; but their method of doing sentry go was quite a revelation. There was a sentry placed over the hotel I was at—there was a Russian Prince staying there—and I had an opportunity of studying the Turkish method. The sentry box was too small for a man to stand upright in; but the sentries were not to be defeated by that; rather than stand outside they curled themselves in somehow, and made room by leaving a leg or an arm outside. If a sentry could sing, he beguiled his time by singing at the top of his voice; if he could'nt sing but could whistle, he whistled; if he could not sing or whistle, he chaffed the passers by. The Turkish sentry ought to be included amongst the Wonders of the World. And they are so dirty,—poor wretches—they hardly ever. with the exception of the household troops, get new uniforms, and anywhere outside Constantinople, the soldiers are in rags that one can hardly recognise as being uniform. The Turkish idea of drill too is novel. The instructor and his men get somewhere out of the way and squat down and chat until a scout gives them warning that an officer is coming past. when they start marching with great energy, and, on the part of the instructor, with much noise. The officer moves on, and the chat is continued until a fresh disturbing influence appears on the scene.

The Egyptians are managed on a very different line, and their army has been anglicised, as far as is possible with people who are built on a very different plan from Englishmen. We, as a regiment, are very well represented in the Egyptian Army. Major Kekewich is Brigade Major at Cairo, and in the Egyptian Army itself, we have Captain Lewis, who commands a Depôt at Cairo (he was rather unlucky in the last business, for, though he saw all the first part of the fighting, when Toski, the show battle and deciding affair, was fought he was in command at Wady Halfa, and so, unluckily, was out of the good thing: may he have better luck next time.) Captain Coles, who commands the Egyptian Battalion, which distinguished itself by charging the Dervish right so stoutly at Toski, and which, by doing so, proved that Egyptians well led can fight, and won for their Bey (Capt. Coles is a Bey,) a very well deserved D. S. O.; and Lieuts. Mitford—who is with the crack Soudanese Battalion, which was brought down to Cairo for the Prince of Wales to see—and Hunter who is at Suakim.

The Gypies march past in excellent line, but they some how or another have not got the swing that Tommy has. The Blacks are delightful, as long as one does not get too close to them, they are of the good cheery type of central African negroes who love fighting for fighting's sake. and when the Madhi does'nt give them enough work to do in killing his Dervishes, they turn to and fight amongst themselves, just to keep their hands in.

I saw the rehearsal of the great review, which was to be held before the Prince of Wales, and the Egyptian Infantry and the Soudanese, barring the swing, marched past excellently; but the Egyptian Cavalry and the Camelry were too terrible. I am told that at Halfa and Suakim they have both corps in perfection, but the gallop-past I saw, looked like a donkey race with a large field engaged in it. Their Horse Artillery on the other hand, went past in a manner almost up to our R. H. A. standard.

The officers are gorgeous, they are all decorated with Kedival decorations of a large size, and are Pachas. or Beys, or Bimbashis, and it is on record that the Sultan of Johore being asked what was the most beautiful sight he had seen in Egypt replied, "Little Taffy Lewis in a fez."

Digitized by Google

MY FIRST FIGHT OR "How we hunted Boh Pway, also how Boh Pway hunted me."—By an Infantry Officer.

(CONTINUED).

Two dead men and one wounded, the latter with a bullet through his knee from back to front lay there to attest the truth of their aim. The village was empty, the dacoits having bolted by the further gates. We had evidently surprised them cooking their morning meal, for we found on the fires their bamboo pots full of half cooked rice as they had left them.

Poor Williams was dead, shot through the middle of the forehead. We now fell in, and I left a small guard in the village with the doctor, the mules (which had now come up) our wounded Sergeant, and the wretched Burman with his shattered knee; and the the rest of us set off again towards the pagoda where a steady fire had been going on during the quarter of an hour which it had taken to do what I have told you of the fight. I took my party in file out of the inland gate of the village, wheeled to the right following a footpath that led round the base of the hill; and then when I thought we were near enough to come into touch with our troops on the hillside, I simply turned to the left. and went up the hill in two ranks, the rear rank falling back a little to form a reserve and support combined and the front rank opening out to fighting distance. I had hardly started with this manœuvre before down came Wade with a cigarette in his mouth, and looking very complacent. 'So glad you've come, Fledgeby; we've got 'em this time. You did well in the village, only there were three score and more of the beggars escaped I'm afraid; but we've got 200 in this pagoda I should think; and I've got native Infantry all round the back of the hill quite out of danger of the guns, and now you must form a chain all round this side please and hem them in, getting into touch with the natives; meanwhile I'm going to hammer them a bit with the guns and open you some gaps in the wall, and then in you go!' 'Do you want us to keep up firing?' I inquired. 'Well, no,' replied Wade, 'you see we might get your bullets going into the native Infantry and that wouldn't do: and yet—oh yes,' he added, 'you can fire in this direction,' (pointing as he spoke), 'because the nullah runs round the back of the hill forming a regular young precipice, and there's no one there you can hurt; but the men you send out to the left must neither fire nor advance, they and the native Infantry simply watch the ground, and when your fellows attack here the enemy will have to rush right into their arms. You can advance on the right between this tree and the Pagoda yonder, but on your left let the men halt now. And, look here, you might get into that little Pagoda, only don't advance beyond it till I sound 'cease firing' for the guns."

He scrambled away towards his guns and soon was out or sight. My arrangements were quickly made, and the left being satisfactorily posted, I advanced with the rest as I was told. When we got near the little pagoda where we were to await the assault, we began to see heads bobbing up and down behind the low wall round it. The dacoits bobbed up and fired at random and without any aim to speak of, and quickly bobbed down again, none the less slowly that our men began to take shots at them whenever they showed.

We were about 150 yards off and I halted to let the men fire a bit and get their breath. I was very amused by Pte. Fitzgerald—'A hunderd an fifty yards' did ye say, Sargint? Range,' he muttered to himself, 'range a hunderd an fifty yar-rds, dishaphcerin thargit. an Fitzgur-rl sober,' makes a—bang!—'bullseye!' and bullseye it was, for the luckless Burman who was playing jack-in-the-box in front of us flung up his arms and fell out of sight behind the wall. We had only been where we were, five minutes when the enemy's fire ceased, and it became apparent that they had bolted up towards the large pagoda. We accordingly doubled forward and got into our position where we found two dead dacoits only! we had hardly got there before we heard Wade's 'cease fire' going. Out we went extending and advancing towards the big pagoda whence, as we came close, a fire opened, but a most erratic one. A man close to me spun suddenly round with a 'plague it! what's that!' dropped his rifle and fell on the top of it, using such awful language that I felt he couldn't be very bad—'Dinna sweer ma lad.' said Sergt. McClintoch as we rushed on, 'lie still and we'll be back t'ye directly.' On we scrambled over loose stones and through brambles, panting and excited, but determined to go straight in without waiting—McClintoch just in front of me had his ammunition pouch

Digitized by Google

neatly shot away. 'There's fourr-teen roun's o' Government ammuneetion in yer,' was all he said as we pushed on without waiting. We were now right into Wade's gaps in the pagoda wall, and the dacoits were streaming out in all directions only to be shot down as they ran by the men looking out for them. A few tried to make a stand, but quickly decided to fling down their arms and be taken prisoners. The rest needs no telling; except that I should say that Boh Pway himself had escaped. He had been in the village when we attacked it. We now tucked in to the rations the mules brought; and as we had successfully encountered the enemy, we started the balance of the rations which we had brought in case we should have to be out two or three days, back again to Kyahmyo; whither we marched again in the cool of the evening, only regretting that we had no Mounted Infantry with whom to follow up our retreating enemy, with whose fleetness of foot we knew we could not otherwise compete. So ended my first fight. I did not feel at all pleased with my own performance, for my men had seemed quicker and readier of resource than myself all along: but at least I knew the sound of a bullet's rush past my head, I had been "under fire" and if a barked shin counts for anything I had spilt at least a *few* drops of blood for Queen and country!

I have spoken so much of Sergt. McClintoch in talking of my first fight that I think my tale would hardly be complete without its sequel. Again I was out with 'D' company on a "dour" and again Sergt. McClintoch was my right hand man. Again too we were out in pursuit of the ubiquitous Boh Pway, and with us were two guns of Capt. Wade's battery in charge of a Subaltern, whilst a Captain of native infantry with two companies commanded us. One night, I and my company having been detached quite by ourselves on a certain errand which had for its object the misleading of our wily enemy, found ourselves bivouacking in a certain small village. Half the village had been burnt at some time or other, it was quite deserted except for some cocks and hens, and the stockade had been either altogether pulled down or else stood groggily here and there in patches, quite useless for defence. It was bright moonlight, a season which, as I knew, the Burman loves for his fighting excursions and our defenceless or at least fenceless, position combined with the fact that there was plenty of cover in the shape of plantain groves etc. right up to the village, made me feel rather nervous somehow. I could hardly call it presentiment perhaps, but I certainly thought *some*thing was going to happen. Many of our N.C-O's. being ill, Sergt. McClintoch himself volunteered to take charge of the main guard, of which I was not sorry as I knew I could trust him; and so after a good look round, about 10 p.m. I turned in. I was sleeping in a hut which still was standing, and was raised in Burmese fashion some four feet off the ground on piles. I seemed to have hardly been asleep before I was awakened by the crash of fire-arms mingled with yelling like that a steam jackal might make. It was awful! it appeared afterwards that the sentry at one point was standing carelessly at ease gazing at the moon, I suppose, whilst a gang of half drunken Burmans crept on their stomachs through the jungle to within thirty yards of him. There was a rush apparently and he was cut down, but succeeded in first firing his rifle, which we found afterwards in the hands of a dead dacoit. The Burmans rushed on to the sleepy guard who were half dazed with weariness and quite surprised, and who made a rush away towards where their comrades lay asleep, and there faced round and successfully checked the rush of the dacoits and drove them off with loss. But I must go back a little. When I was awakened by the awful din, I snatched up my naked sword and helmet, (which was the first head dress I laid hands on,) and with my cloak already on, and my feet in slippers, I rushed out into the verandah of my hut, and stooping looked out. I only looked for a second or two, but I shall never forget what I saw. About 50 yards away under a tree, and seen distinctly in the glare of a blazing hut, stood dear old McClintoch glaring at bay with a ring of yelling brutes round him, his feet the correct number of inches apart, and using his bayonet grandly, whenever one dared to approach near enough. The dacoits had swords and spears but seemed to have all fired off their muzzle loading guns, and to have no second charge handy. Behind the hut I saw a little group of dacoits round some other one of our poor fellows. Sergeant McClintoch was calling out, and even in the few seconds that I looked, the man who was beset behind the burning hut came bursting through the ring, (there were but three or four,) that was round him, leaving one man writhing on the grass, and shouting "I'm wid ye, Sargint dear!" Fitzgerald sprang to McClintoch's side. The same moment I took a flying leap to the

Digitized by Google

ground. and as I ran the few yards which lay between me and the brave pair, saint and sinner as they were. fighting side by side, conscious that the guard and other men were following up behind me from furtl er down the village. I saw an awful tragedy which I shall never forget.

To be Continued.

CURIOUS EXPERIENCES OF A STAR-GAZER.

My imagination being fired by the articles on Star-gazing. that have been lately appearing in *The Dragon*, I endeavoured one night lately, to carry out the rules laid down therein, and with what results, this letter will show. To begin with, I must own that I am not a novice at star-gazing, my first attempt was at school, one night when tired of lessons, I leant out of window and star-gazed. Before I had time to discover more than one or two well known stars, I was suddenly seized by the master, and my ears so violently boxed, that several unknown stars suddenly appeared all at once to me. Their appearance was so startling and altogether so disagreeable, that I gave up star-gazing, and only the other day renewed my acquaintance with the stars. In accordance with rules, I faced north, and gazed long and earnestly in the heavens to find the Great Bear. After a time I found it, and not altogether unlike the drawing in *The Dragon*. Looking more earnestly, I distinctly saw several figures moving to and fro, and my curiosity being now aroused, I endeavoured to make out what these figures were, and at length saw that they were women! hard at work too, at what seemed to them, the congenial task of wool gathering. As far as could be judged by the naked eye, the wool seemed to be of a particularly fine material, moreover it must have had a peculiarly soothing effect on the mind to judge by the placid and far-away expression plainly visible on their faces. It was certainly curious, that no men, only women, were engaged in wool gathering. I now turned about and if my readers have followed me, they will perceive that I was now in the right position for observing the Southern Cross. My expectation was raised to the highest pitch, by what I had seen in the Great Bear, nor was I disappointed. Gazing intently at the Cross, I saw as before, figures at first vague and indistinct, but the views becoming by degrees clearer, I made out these figures to be men, each busily employed in building castles in the air, and marvellous men, these builders surely were, as nothing daunted by the falls of their castles, which frequently occurred, they set to work again, and in an incredibly short space of time, new castles, as good in every respect as the old ones, were raised, but now I had seen enough for one night, and with difficulty turned my eyes away to where my tumbler had been so patiently waiting, and at last I understood (which before my mind had failed to grasp) for what a delightful purpose, the articles on Star-Gazing had been inserted in *The Dragon*.

"Buffkin."

STARGAZING.

I told my readers in the August number that further instructions would be given how to find the fine star 'Vega,' and in September number said the same would be given later on to find 'Altair.' When I wrote of these stars, their position in the heavens at about 8 p.m. was above the star gazers head, and crossing the meridian. To see them now at the same hour, one must look to the west.

To find Vega. Draw a line from Capella (the star below which is a small isosceles triangle formed of three stars and mentioned last month) through the Pole star and continue it somewhat more than an equal distance on the opposite side of the pole star, and it will point out 'Vega.'

To find Altair. Draw a line from the pole star, between 'Vega' and 'Deneb,' (mentioned last month) produce it an equal distance beyond them, and it will terminate near 'Altair.' My readers will notice that 'Vega,' 'Altair,' and 'Deneb,' almost form a large equilateral triangle.

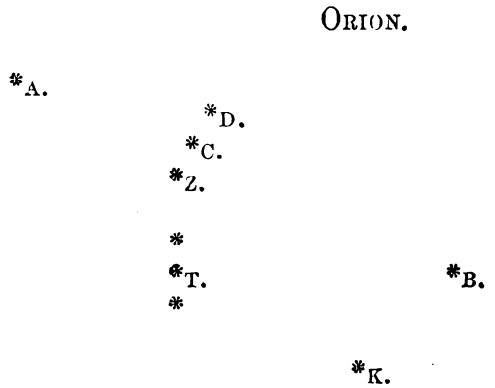
The Twins "Castor" and "Pollux." 'Castor' a star of the first magnitude, 'Pollux' a star of the second.

To find 'Castor' and 'Pollux.' Look to the east at 8 p.m. this month, and you will find "Castor' and 'Aldebaran' (mentioned last month) form with 'Capella' a large isosceles triangle of which the two former are at the base and 'Capella' at the virtex. 'Castor' is to the east of 'Aldebaran,' 'Pollux, a little to the south of 'Castor.' To the east of 'Aldebaran' about the distance of 'Aldebaran' from 'Capella,' there are four stars in a line, these stars are in the feet of the 'Twins.'

Digitized by Google

The constellation of Orion, contains seven principal stars, it is the finest constellation in the heavens and cannot be mistaken. See figure below.

ORION.



A. G. B. K., form a great quadrilateral, A at the north east angle is in the right shoulder of Orion. B at the opposite angle is in his left foot; G is in the left shoulder, and K in the right leg. In the middle of the quadrilateral are three stars, these form the belt of Orion. Below the belt is a luminous train of small stars which form Orion's sword.

A is called Betelguese.
B ,, Rigel.
G ,, Bellatrix.

This constellation is so conspicuous, and so easily distinguishable, it is needless to explain how it is to be found.

Canis Major (the Great Dog) contains Sirius the brightest star in the heavens.

To find Sirius. Produce a line through the belt of Orion, towards the left about the same distance as the two principal stars (A, B,) of Orion and it will terminate near Sirius.

Canis Minor (The Little Dog) containing one principal star 'Procyon,' a star of the first magnitude.

To find Procyon. It is situated nearly midway between the Twins and Sirius, it may also be found by considering it as forming the eastern angle of an equilateral triangle, Sirius and Betelgense being at the other angle.

(To be continued.)

THE SCIENTIFIC PRIVATE.

Samuel Montgomery, his name,
His number, one, nine, four,
A simple private of the line,
In the Loyal Pusher Corps.

No common soldier, mark you this,
Was our good Samuel,
His mind was set on higher things
Than marching or the manual.

He'd studied Greek and Latin,
He chattered French with ease,
And, once, quite floored his Captain
By quoting Socrates.

He hated drill, his noble mind
The balance-step abhored,
Marching, to him, meant weariness,
Musketry made him bored.

Position drill gave no relief
To scientific yearnings,
He couldn't face his facings,
And quite turned up his turnings.

The Sergeants, made of baser clay
Than goes to those who think,
Oft called him careless at his drill,
And put him in the "clink."

And when before the Colonel
His case he'd simply state,
How science in her lofty flight,
Despised a meaner mate.

How men of learing could not well
Statics with drill combine,
And sine and co-sine took the *pas*
Of sign and countersign.

Conics, he said, far nobler things
Than simple sections were,
To square the circle better work
Than forming company square.

To sweep the heavens with his glass,
And all the comets know,
Appeared to him a nobler art
Than doing "sentry go."

The Colonel would, in brutal mood,
Say "Doubtless this may be,
My small subscription to the fund
Is fourteen days' C.B."

Time struggled on. A war broke out,
And Samuel's regiment
Was by a special compliment,
As food for powder sent.

But Sam, however, viewed the case
With very different eyes,
"These clods," he said, "in courting death,
Think they have got a prize,"

Digitized by Google

"That they should risk their diaphrams,
No doubt is very right.
But what on earth would science do
Without her shining light?

And so, when on the battle field,
The enemy drew near,
Sam showed his sense of strategy,
By falling to the rear.

They formed a Court of Officers,
To give him his reward,
Five years they thought a fitting time,
And made it their award.

They say that Sam will never try
The military art more,
He's serving in a different way,
Upon the ridge at Dartmoor.

The D.O.B. in the "Sporting Times."

THE BUFFS' ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Miserably wet weather attended the Annual Athletic Meeting of the 2nd Battn. The Buffs on Saturday last, the spectators having to exhibit almost as much agility in dodging the showers as the competitors in the different events did in their struggle for mastery in the arena. There were no less than three open events at this meeting, this athletic hospitality (if we may use the term) being quite in keeping with the general character of the men of Kent. The committee consisted of the following officers: Major J. B. Backhouse, Capt. C. Connellan, Capt. C. B. Vyvyan, Lieuts. de la M. Hill and F. W.B. Dyne.

Major H. W. Maclear officiated as judge and Capt. Hamilton as starter, and there was an active sub-committee, under Sergt.-Major Aherne.

The band of the regiment was present during the afternoon (under Mr. J. Kelly), and though their spirits were damped, they assisted greatly to enliven the proceedings. Details;

Throwing the Cricket Ball—Sergt. Quinn, 1; Pte. Smith, 2. Winner threw 104½ yards.

High Jump—Sergt. Quinn, 4ft. 11in., 1; Pte. Tyrall, 2.

Long Jump—Sergt. Quinn 19ft. 11in. 1; Pte Thorne, 2; Pte. Bassett 3.

Hop, Step, and Jump—Lce.-Cpl. Tyrall, 36ft. 7in. 1; Pte. Bassett, 2; Pte Thorne, 3.

Open 200 Yards Race—Pte. Lasky 1st Devon Regiment, 1; Sergt. Harris, Somerset L. I. 2; Pte. Honeybourne 1st Devon, 3. Lasky led off and maintaining his position throughout, won by three yards.

Quarter Mile Race—Pte. Phillips, 1; Tyrall 2; Tapp, 3. Won easily.

100 Yards Veterans' Race—Pte. Tapp 1; Duffett 2; Sergt. Ward 3,

Hurdle Race—Sergt. Quinn 1; Pte. Curtiss 2; Pte. Thorne 3. A close race between first and second man.

Putting the 16lb Shot whitout Follow (open to the Division)—Sergt. Quinn, Buffs. 39ft. 9in. 1; Lance--Corpl. Murphy, Bedford Regiment, 38ft. 7in. 2; Ferguson, R. A. 3.

Quarter Mile Recruits' Race—Pte English, 1; Pte. Pordage, 2.

Sergeants' Bicycle Race(two mile)—Color-Sergt. Dundas, 1; Sergt. Browne, 2, Sergt. Naish, 3. The ground was in a soddened condition, and therefore the time is not worth mentioning.

120 Yards Boys' Race—Kesby 1; Donnelly 2; Paine, 3.

Mile Race (open to the Division)—Sergt. Furr K. R. R., 1; Sergt. Mace. Somerset L. I., 2; Pte. Phillips, Buffs, 3. Won by 10 yards. Furr had just previously competed in the open mile at the 19th Hussars meeting.

Obstacle Race—Phillips, 1; Tyrall, 2; Thorne, 3.

Wheelbarrow Race—Pte. Hadon, 1; Pte. Lawrence, 2; Pte. McKenzie, 3.

100 Yards Race—Sergt. Quinn, 1; Curtis, 2; Phillips, 3.

Band Race—Tapp, 1; Dillon, 2; Reeves, 3.

Boxing Competition—For this event 14 competitors entered, and the winners in the final rounds were Pte. Bassett and Lc.-Corpl. Bailey, who both displayed good form.

Sack Race—Pte. Burridge, 1; Dillon, 2.

Tilting the Bucket of Water—Pte. Fuller, 1; Pte. Todd, 2.

220 Yards Consolation Race—Pte. McAllen, 1; Pte. Bailey, 2.

Manual and Bayonet Exercise Competition (open to teams of 16 from each Company)—The challenge shield and money prize were carried off by H Company.

Tug-of-War—The preliminary tug between C and D Companies lasted 55 minutes, the latter eventually getting their opponents over the line. The final pull was won by H Company.

Digitized by Google

CRICKET.

THE BAND *v.* F COMPANY.

The above match was played at Dum-Dum on Friday. the 8th November, and resulted in a win for the Band, by forty runs, decided on the first innings. The following are the scores :—

BAND.

Pte. W. Gilbert, b Morris	60
„ A. Lawrence, b Morris	0
„ W. Greaves, c Hards b Morris	3
„ F. Howe, b Read	18
„ J. Knight, b Read	0
„ W. Hasler, c Leary b Read	7
„ J. Wilson, b Read	1
„ G. Cooper, l.b.w. b Read	7
Corpl. W. Tozer, s Hillman b Morris	5
Pte. H. Cooper, c Bates b Morris	0
„ F. Brain, not out	0
Extras	3
Total	104

F COMPANY.

Pte. Morris, b Gilbert	0
„ Hillman, b Gilbert	13
„ Read, b Gilbert	2
„ Mansfield, run out	3
„ Spinner, c Hasler b Howe	12
„ Wenman, c Lawrence b Howe	5
„ Hardes, c Wilson b Howe	13
„ Bates, l.b.w. b Gilbert	3
„ Leary, b Howe	1
„ Munday, b Howe	0
„ Wraight, not out	6
Extras	6
Total	64

FINAL FOR THE RUGBY CUP.

G COMPANY *v.* F COMPANY.

This match was played on the 1st November, and after a very spirited game, resulted in a victory for G Company by one try to nil. The try was obtained by Russell. The play was very good on both sides. For G Company, the ¾ Backs, Corpl. Behrens, Ptes. Russell and Castleman played well, also Corpl. Hilderbrand, Full-Back. The forwards all played well, Williams getting near the touch line several times. It was a very fast game from start to finish. After the match, Lieut.-Colonel H. D. Harrison presented the cup to the winning team. Teams were as follows:

G Company's Team. Corpl. Hilderbrand, Full back, Corpl. Behrens, Ptes. Russell and Castleman ¾ backs, Corpl. Stirke, Pte. Brown ½ backs, Lce.-Corpl. McKeating, Ptes. Williams, Want, Hussey, Matson. Golder, Page, Billings and Adams (Captain) Forwards.

F Company's Team. Pte. Wenman Full back, Ptes. Veal, Saunder and Mansfield ¾ backs, Ptes. Oudnie and Gunner ½ backs, Corpl. Peach, Ptes. Davis, Jubb. Munday, Hardes, Leary, Hallett, Sheehy and Cherry Forwards.

A BARGAIN IN THE DARK.

T'was eve, I paced the bungalow with hunger's pangs attacked,
Had sought in vain for 'roti' and a single pice e'en lacked.
While thus I wandered up and down with measured steps and slow,
A native at my elbow spoke 'Sahib, you got some old clo?
Oh inky brother load I cried, I clutch thee like a spar,
I'm sinking fast, you're welcome friend, you are indeed you are,
Old clothes? why yes a faded serge and briggs to me belong,
Sit down, let's trade I'll hunt them up and sell them for a song.
I sought my box, the 'kapra' found by lamp's uncertain light,
The native pukkeroed the suit and vanished from my sight.
With dib in pocket out I sped as blithe as monarch gay,
The soldier when he shekels owns, ne're thinks beyond to-day.
A week sped by, the bargain quite had faded from my mind;
One day I sought my household goods, a suit of serge to find,
The order for our Muster ran, Dress—Serge complete with belts.
Kind friends for me your hearts I'm sure with generous pity melt.
I sought in vain both high and low my efforts bore no fruit,
I never came across that black who bought my bran new suit.
To sell new clothes for old ones is a most expensive lark,
Beware young soldiers ne're contract a bargain in the dark.

Digitized by Google

My bargain cost me Rupees twelve, a sum by no means slight.
When ere at night to trade chums all inclin—ed you may be,
In **serge* a moment I but ask that you'll remember me.
BOGGLEY WALLAH.

* Does B. W.—can he—intend this for "such"? All the same, this is no subject for joking as we have seen recently by orders.—ED.

DUM-DUM MILITARY GYMKHANA.

After several disappointments this Gymkhana took place on the 7th inst. in fine weather, in the presence of a fairly good number of spectators, and turned out a perfect success. Each event was very keenly contested, and caused a lot of speculation. In the N.-C.O's. race, Sergeant Webster's 'Jim' landed his jockey in the Officers' Mess refreshment tent instead of going past the post, which caused much merriment. Mr. Townsend kindly acted as starter, and Major Beaver as judge. Lieut. and Qr.-Mr. Coombes performed his duties as clerk of the scales in his usual efficient style. Great thanks are due to the Hon. Secy. (Lieut. Parry) for the perfect arrangements made in laying out the course, which was in a very bad state before he put it to rights, on account of the heavy rains.

First Race.—¼ Mile Polo Scurry.—Mr. Annesley's br. c. b. p. 'Peter' Mr. Webber, 1st. Mr. Cobbe's g. a. p. 'Blue China' owner, 2nd. Mr. Parry's br. c. b. g. 'John Bull' owner, 3rd, Also ran: 'Kalaboy,' 'Bella,' 'Simpkin' and "Satan." A good race won by half a length. Second and third close up. A bad fourth.

Second Race.—One Mile Hurdle Race over flights.—Mr. Annesley's br. w. g. "Sayonara" Mr. Webber 1st. Capt. Blackburn's g. c. b. m. 'Daphne,' Capt. Richardson 2nd. Mr. Clay's g. c. b. m. 'Aaron,' Mr. England 3rd. Also ran 'Beauty,' 'Plover' and 'Bismarck.' Won easily by 6 lengths. 'Plover' was leading until the 4th flight when he jumped out at the wings, and could not recover his lost ground.

Third Race.—Trial Stakes for N.-C.O's. and men of the Regiment, and employés in the S.A.A. Factory. Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas's 'Annie,' owner, 1st. Corpl. Baker's b. c. b, m. 'Erato,' owner, 2nd. Col.-Sergt. Featherstone's b.c.b.g. 'Tommy,' Cox, 3rd. Also ran Sergt.-Webster's 'Jim,' P.M.S. Tomsett's 'Reprimand' and Col.-Sergt. Andrew's 'Titwillow.' 'Tommy' made all the running followed by 'Erato,' until the distance when the latter came to the front and was just beaten on the post by half a head. 'Tommy' close up. This being Alfred's race, caused more excitement amongst the men than any of the others, and the shouts at the finish were deafening. It was remarked by the onlookers how wonderfully fit all these ponies looked.

Fourth Race.—Maiden Scurry, two furlongs. Major Kaye's b. c. b. p. 'Bryn Gwynne,' Mr. Mereweather 1st. Mr. Hulke's bl. c. b. p. 'Kalaboy,' owner, 2nd. Mr. Bell's b. c. b. m. 'Hermione,' Mr. Parry 3rd. Also ran 'Dinchie,' 'Amy,' 'Ali baba,' 'Madame,' 'Touchstone,' 'Lord Harry,' 'Sammy' and 'Gib.' This was the largest field, and Mr. Townsend had some difficulty in despatching them at the start, however he got them away well, and they all came down the course in a bunch, a head only between the first three horses fifteen yards from the post.

Fifth Race.—Five furlongs flat race. Mr. Cobbe's g. a. p. 'Blue China,' owner 1st. Mr. Stuart's g.c.b.p. 'Polly Eccles,' Mr. Tarte, 2nd. Mr. Webber's ch. a. g. 'Tristram,' owner, 3rd. Also ran 'John Bull' and 'Peter.' 'Polly Eccles' led for three furlongs with "Blue China' and 'Tristram' close up. 'Blue China' then took first place and won easily.

Sixth Race.—Hack and Charger Race, four furlongs. Mr. Coombe's b. w. m. 'Erin' late 'Ringlet,' Mr. Tarte, 1st. Mr. Mereweather's b.w.m. 'Tart,' Mr. Webber, 2nd. Captain Connolly's b. w. m. 'Lendenow,' Mr. Parry, 3rd. Also ran 'Aaron' and 'Bertie.' After two false starts they got away together, 'Tart' took the lead followed closely by 'Erin,' the rest tailing off, at the distance 'Erin' came up on even terms with 'Tart,' and they raced home together. The judge declaring the verdict a dead heat. After the race 'Tart's' rider expressed a wish that the final might be run off on the following day which 'Erin's' owner objected to, and the judge decided that as it was the last race it should be run off in 15 minutes. At the run off 'Erin' made the running from the start, and won easily as she liked, amidst loud applause.

Digitized by Google

VARIETIES.

A maiden speech—"O George!"

Is a Nappy so called because he generally shaves his customers while they are napping?

A man's life is always slower than his occupation, because, though he may lead a life, he always follows an occupation.

Why was the Queen willing and happy over the Princess Louise's Marriage.
Because it would add a Fife to her Band.

Our last joined goes out snipe shooting—all the bag he made was a fine and large fever—with our Hieland Captain The L. J——. Did you see the bird fall. I'm sure I made the feathers fly. Our H. C.— 'That's just what ye did, and when the feathers flew, the bird flew with them.

I saw her but a moment.
Beneath the apple tree,
There was no one to listen,
No eyes were there to see.

I heard her soft voice singing—
Her song was one of love,
Her bright eyes seemed to borrow
Light from the stars above.

I saw her but a moment,
As 'neath the tree she sat,
I threw my poker at her
She was——my neighbour's cat.

'Let me see,' said the minister as he was making out the batismal certificate, 'this is the thirteenth isn't it?'
'The thirteenth,' exclaimed the indignant mother, 'indeed but its only the seventh, and would ha' been the sixth, only two of 'em was twins.
'The thirteenth——of November,' said the minister mildly, and peace was restored.

'Sergeant,' asked the young lady of the old Soldier' 'did you get the Victoria Cross?' 'No my pretty dear, replied the veteran, 'but I ought to have had it for I saved a life in battle,' 'whose life was it? tell me all about it,' 'My own, my dear. I hid behind a haystack till the battle was over.'

'Keep 'way from dat nigger, I tell you,' said Uncle Rube to his sable daughter. 'He's like wot John de Babtis lived on.' 'How's dat?' she asked. 'Low' cus an' wild, honey,' was the reply.
The Pond Lilly Minstrels will kindly note.

An old yellow dog in Cologne,
Ran away with an old woman's bogne,
But the wrathful old crogne
Hit him twice with a stogne,
And 'twas dreadful to hear the dog grogne.

Private Patrick Murphy—'So poor Smith's dead?'
Apothecary, Mr. Alonzo De Souza—'Yes, a bad case of pulmonary phthisis.'
Pte. P. M.—'Mother of Moses! and we in the company thinking all the time that the poor fellow had the consumption.

Judge (to Prisoner).—You are found guilty of meeting the plantiff in a lonely street, knocking him down, and robbing him of everything except a valuable gold watch which he had with him. What have you to say? Prisoner. Had he a gold watch, my lord, with him at at the time? Judge: Certainly. Prisoner. Then I put in a plea of insanity.

We wish we were born a woman. A woman can write without stops, and spell except, cept. and retain her reputation for culture. A woman can wobble about and call it corns. when a man does so its called drunk. A woman can hiccup and say that its the soup or something, a woman cant be kicked for a libel, a woman cant be taken out of a yachting party to serve on a beastly jury. Yes, we wish we were born to dress improvers and milliners bills, instead of Holloway and tall stove pipe hats.

Scene, Orderly Room of a recruiting district, O. R. Sergeant filling in back of attestation of recruit just finally approved by the Commanding Officer.
O. R. S. to Recruit Have you any brothers my man?
Rec. Yes Sir.
O. R. S. How many?
Rec. Four Sir.
O. R. S. Any of them Soldiers?
Rec. Yes Sir, two.
O. R. S, What regiment are they in?
Rec. Salvation Army Sir, one a Captain and one a Color Sergeant.
Roars of laughter from Adjutant, O. R. S. and Clerks and consternation of Recruit. H. C. C.

ACROSTIC.

Uprights.
In a woman, it's pretty and graceful (when small,)
And six of them go to make a man tall,
Sometimes. this is oval, sometimes this is round,
And at it, the fair sex are usually found.

Lights.
1. A careful man will always place
His watch in this—a leather case.
2. A musical instrument, I've got half a notion
Like a shell, it was formed by the waves of the ocean.
3. This was used for the face by the ancients of old
To make a man cheerful (at least so I'm told.)
4. This is used like a hand, and philosophers say
That it is found in ourselves to this very day.

" BUFFKIN.

Digitized by Google

The Unchallengeable "Challenge" Watch,

SOLD BY MAX MINCK IN BOMBAY OR LAHORE.

CHEAP! CHEAP!! CHEAP!!! CHEAP!!!!

Send for Mincks' Universal and Reliable 'Challenge' Watch. Thoroughly good article, and most splendid timekeeper.

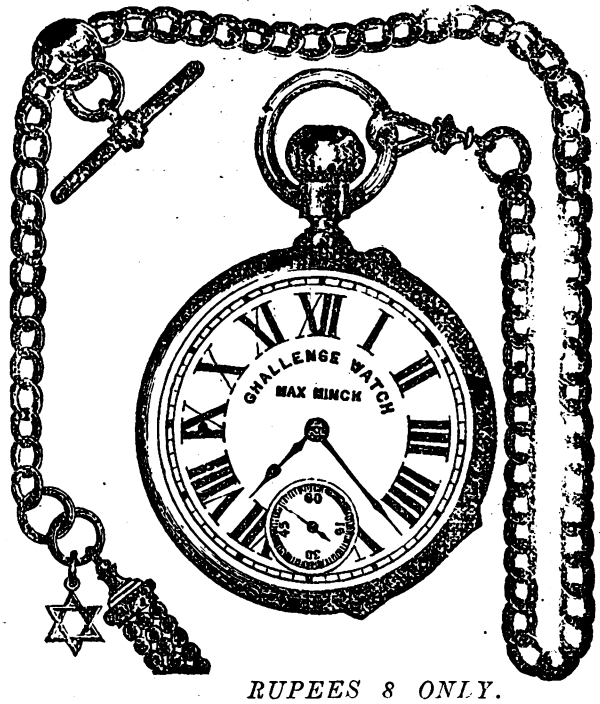
Rs. 8 only.

Superior to any other **Cheap Watches,** and **well worth the MONEY.**

With a substantial Canadian Gold or Nickel Silver Chain.

Rs. 9 only.

Guaranteed for 2 years.



RUPEES 8 ONLY.

MINCK'S
PATENT LEVER FULL JEWELLED CHALLENGE WATCH.

Rupees 16 only.

A Splendid Watch for rough use.

AGENTS WANTED ALL OVER INDIA.

Guaranteed 2 years.

Every description of repairs to Chronometers, Watches and Clocks carefully executed at moderate charges

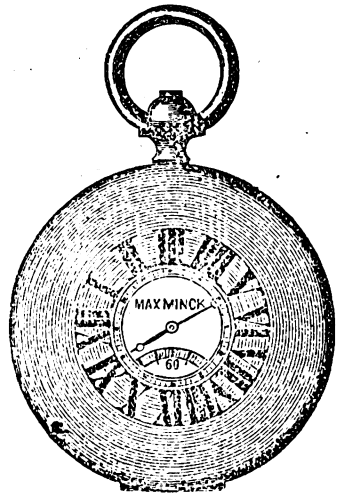
PIONEER WATCHES IN INDIA.

WATCH Manufacturing and Dealing in Watches in India, of late years have grown to such an extent, that it is impossible for the Public to discern where a good and reliable material can be found. Economy, with the best articles being the study of all, and competition ruling so high in India at present, that I do justice to myself to say: after nine years experience the Public have had at my hands and the excellent testimonials earned in each Class of my manufacture and material; to vouch that they have always been supplied with, and will still continue to receive the very best value for their money. **MY WATCH STOCK BEING THE LARGEST IN ANY SINGLE ESTABLISHMENT IN INDIA** and my remarkable moderate prices for excellent quality only, against prompt payment, are evident features of my trade, which alone stand guarantee for the above facts.

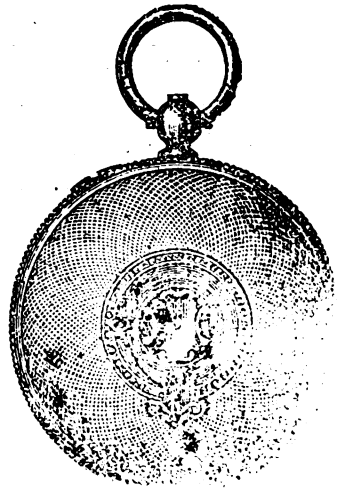
MINCK'S CELEBRATED ARMY WATCHES.

IN HEAVY STERLING SILVER HALL-MARKED CASES.

Army-Hunter, Rs. 36, Self-Winding Rs. 45.



Army Half-Hunter, Rs 38, Self-Winding, Rs50



Army-Hunter, Rs. 36. Self-Winding, Rs. 45.

CONSTRUCTION.—The above Key winding watches are specially manufactured by Mr. Max Minck for the Army: they are patent levers ¾ compact plate and jewelled in-ten holes, pinions and pivots highly tempered and polished, also fitted with open chronometer balance: the cases are made of Sterling Silver, either engine turned or engraved. The dials are white or coloured enamel fitted with shrunk seconds. The cases are so manufactured as to be air and dust tight.

GUARANTEE.—Perfect time warranted for 5 years. **EXTRAS.**—Every watch sent out in a neat Morocco leather case with a fine Canadian Gold or Nickle Silver Guard, spare glass and main-spring, watch bag and keys, and thoroughly timed before despatch. **CLUBS.**—By ordering six watches at one time, only five will be charged to purchaser.

Apply for illustrated catalogue, sent post free. Bombay—**MAX MINCK**—Lahore.

Printed for the Editor at the Buffs' Regimental Press—Dum-Dum.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 33. DUM-DUM, DECEMBER 31st, 1889. Price 2 annas.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1893.

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTHS.

FEATHERSTONE.—At Dum-Dum, on the 4th November 1889, the wife of COL.-Sergt. H. E. Featherstone, of a daughter, Lilian Henrietta.

MORLEY.—On 10th November 1889, at Heyrod Hall, Staly Bridge, wife of Colonel F. Morley, of Marrick Park, Richmond, Yorkshire, of a son.

FOLEY.—On 27th November 1889, at Canterbury, wife of Sergt.-Major F. A. Foley, 3rd Battalion, The Buffs, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

TROLLOPE—PRESTAGE.—At Jellapahar, on 30th November 1889, Arthur Grant Trollope, 2nd Lieut., the Buffs, to Anna Georgina, youngest daughter of F. Prestage, Esq., "The Dingle," Darjeeling.

PORTER—COX.—On 31st October 1889, at Buglawton Church, Congleton, Cheshire, Captain G. A. Porter, The Buffs, fourth son of Aylmer Porter, Esq., Cranbourne Court, Windsor Forest, to Elizabeth Helen, second daughter of Henry Cox, Esq., Dutton Lodge, Cheshire.

DEATHS.

CAREY.—At Dum-Dum, on the 19th instant, the wife of Pte. J. Carey, of "Idiopathic Anæmia."

Notes.

CHRISTMAS has come and gone, the new year is with us and we have to look back again over another twelve months. Lucknow and its camp, the move down to Dum-Dum, the baking of the early months of the summer and the steamy heat of the rains—that is about all the history of the year. The Outram Institute, probably the handsomest of all the new soldiers' clubs, has been opened; our football teams have confirmed their reputation playing again the best teams in India; H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge and H. E. General Roberts have said kind things about us and we have struggled persistently with the mysteries of the new drill of attack, bayonet exercise, and physical drill.

* * *

THERE AND HERE.

Bells on the whirl of the winter wind,
Gladness of berries and fireside glow,
Christmas greetings of kin and kind,
Sparkle of ice and drift of snow.

Sharp and salt is the shrilling breeze
That whistles over the Kentish weald,
Tears at the boughs of the leafless trees
And drives the cattle to stall from field.

Up from the jungle dense and dark,
Red o'er the palm trees climbs the sun,
Rises the mist from jheel and tank,
A fever shroud of poison spun.

Digitized by Google

With creak of wheel and frequent good
The long trains towards the city fare.
A dust cloud hangs above the road
And clang of bugles fills the air.

* * * *

A YEAR ago we told our readers that Mr. Rudyard Kipling had promised to write us a story for the *Dragon* and that we trusted that it might appear immediately. Mr. Kipling was too busy to find time to put pen to paper for us; but when he was leaving India—all our readers of course know that the articles headed "From sea to sea" in the *Pioneer* are an account of his voyage home—he sent a message that, as far as he was concerned, we were welcome to use any of the stories in his book, "Plain tales from the hills."

Armed with this promise we went to interview the powers that direct the publishing house of Thacker and Spink, and they, on their part, gave leave for the transcribing of any of the soldier stories in the book. So from time to time we shall give our readers a taste of the adventures of Privates Ortheris Mulvaney and Learoyd as told in his own inimitable style by Mr. Kipling.

* * * *

OUR best thanks to our new correspondent who has sent us a letter from the second battalion and we hope he will send us one monthly, timing it so as to arrive before the 21st, the day we go to press. His news and "Old Buff's" are never likely to clash and we can always find room in our columns for both their welcome contributions.

* * * *

COLONEL STERNDALE gave us some months ago an excellent account of Dum-Dum, the only fault of which was its brevity. He told us how the victorious Clive used Dum-Dum House as his country bungalow; but he didn't tell us of all the other distinguished men who have lived within sound of the sentry's challenge. Henry Lawrence, it seems, when he first came out to India to join the Bengal Artillery used to live with a number of other subalterns at Fairy Hall, the great pink house which stands in a large compound near the *kutcherry*, and it was here that the influence of a chaplain, who was also a member of the "chummery" gave him that strong religious bent which had such an influence on his after life. Lord Napier of Magdala at one time lived in the house that Major Ommaney now occupies. Cannot Colonel Sterndale, who is overflowing with anecdotes of Dum-Dum, find time to write us another article on Dum-Dum houses and their history?

* * * *

AND then there are quite a number of ghost stories connected with the place. There are, besides the *Jogee* who haunts the banian tree at Dum-Dum House, at least two other well authenticated ghosts. In one house—we dare not particularize, as we should have indignant proprietors demanding compensation for depreciation of property—the story runs, that two officers, in the small hours of the morning, settled a quarrel which had arisen at a dance, about some lady, by the stern ordeal of the pistol. One was killed, and on the anniversary of his death the wheels of the gharry in which his corpse was carried away still rattle over the stones of the road.

* * * *

THE other story, well worked up, has in it the germs of a really harrowing ghost-tale—Christmas eve and three men, in a dimly lighted room, watching by the bedside of a brother officer who was dying of cholera, and beguiling the time by playing cards. Two of them go down stairs leaving the other, between whom and the dying man there had been bad blood, as a solitary watcher. The men below hear a noise overhead but pay no attention. When they come up again they find watcher and watched lying dead; gripped in each other's arms; for the dying man in his death agony had strangled his enemy. In proof whereof the room in which the tragedy took place is shown all bricked up and in it at intervals the ghosts of the combatants fight out again their gruesome struggle—or is it the rats?

* * * *

THEY have painted the memorial column, with the eccentric man on the top of it, that graces the corner of the church compound a delicate buff colour. Is this a compliment to the regiment?

* * * *

IN the commencement of the Buff's Almanack will be found an appeal to all right-thinking Buffs and their friends to help in keeping the said publication a regimental institution. Until it has been gone through no one can have any idea what work there is in the compilation of an almanack. Corporal Baker has worked at it as if his future depended on journalism instead of soldiering. Some other kind hands have

Digitized by Google

helped us, and the Almanck is, or will be, in a few days, an existing fact. But, please, *please!* don't make it such work another time. Some three or four people, cannot carry the dates of all the important regimental events in their heads and the hunting out means much weariness of the flesh. Won't our militia battalion give us some dates? They have made some history in their time as their emblazoned colours show—won't our Volunteer battalions send us in the record of their important events? And there is a very distinguished officer who, if he would be so kind, might send us a prècis of the principal military events of the year.

THOUGH the writing of this paper has been done in the classic groves of Dum-Dum, by the time it is published, after having sufficiently steamed, we shall be undergoing a baking upon the Calcutta *maidan*. We shall be near neighbours to those chips of the old block, the young Buffs, and what with 1st of January parades, receptions of Princes, Guards of Honor and other incidents of the pomp and circumstance of military peacefulness, we shall be kept well employed.

Correspondence.

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

To the Editor of "The Dragon."

Sir,

The L. J. came to me the other morning uttering a little word that was not "Faith" and saying that you had printed a gay and careless libel against him. I have consoled him by pointing out that in order to constitute a libel there must be a substratum of truth.

Yours sincerely,

THE H. C.

[The H. C. is a bit rocky over his knowledge of the law of libel.—*Ed.*]

To the Editor of "The Dragon."

Sir,

Should Corporal Godfrey play for India against Lord Hawke's English team, he will NOT be the second representative of the ranks who has played in really first-class cricket. The following extract from Lillywhite's Cricketers' Annual for 1889, shows that not only did a Tommy play in a first-class match, but that he acquitted himself remarkably well, even before Bombardier Barton played for Kent.

SUSSEX *v.* DURHAM.

June 7th, 8th, 9th 1889, *at Sunderland.*

This match opened in a most sensational manner by the home team dismissing their opponents' strongest eleven for 29 runs. The credit of this performance was due to Anderson, a native of Gateshead, but now serving in the Foot Guards, who had a hand in dismissing all the ten batsmen. Under the heading of noteable bowling performances in first-class matches, Lillywhite's gives his bowling average for the match as under.

162 *overs*, 8 *maidens*, 18 *runs*, 8*wickets.*

Hoping that Corporal Godfrey does a performance equally as creditable, if he plays, and that the above may prove interesting to some of the readers of "*The Dragon.*"

I beg to remain,

Yours Obediently,

W. A. GREAVES,

Band the Buffs.

To the Editor of "The Dragon."

SIR,

I trust the shock to your nervous system will not be too great on the receipt of this, the long looked for letter from the 2nd Battalion, but at last we have managed to rake up a corespondent.

The fact is, our young men of literary aspirations were too much awed at the magnificent productions of some of your own contributors that they feared their feeble attempts would be smiled at, but, as we all felt something must be done to let you know "the Buffs" in India were not forgotten by "the Buffs" in England we managed to obtain a promise from one and this the result.

An account of the doings of the 2nd Battalion since leaving Dover.

Sports.—On Saturday, 4th October 1889, the Battalion's Annual Sports took place on the 3rd Brigade recreation ground (a new rendezvous for sports since the 1st Battalion left Aldershot) but owing to the weather, which was very showery, the attendance of the fair sex was

Digitized by Google

very limited and most of the events had to be decided in a proper drenching rain, but even this did not prevent some good finishes being made. "H" Company managed to win the competition shield for best drill in Manual, Firing and Bayonet (new) Exercises, taking it from the hitherto invincible "F" Company; and, "H" has also won the shield for best shooting having wrested it from "D" Company who has held it for the past three years. Sergeant Quinn through an accident at the R. M. A. Woolwich was unable to compete in the garrison events (except shot, which he won easily). I might mention how popular he made himself at the academy by the fact, that although out of the Woolwich command, the Governor applied to War Office for his return and consequently he is there again.

Shooting.—The Battalion has fired fairly well this year and for the three years in Dover held the supremacy of the South-Eastern District.

New Quarters.—The Battalion is now quartered in the new brick huts, N. Camp, and everybody seems settled and keeping up the name hitherto held for smartness, &c., the Sergeants being positive they can say without fear of contradiction, their mess is the most comfortable and best appointed, not only in the Brigade, but the division; perhaps it would not be amiss to mention that after a stay of 3 years and 4 months in Dover the inhabitants literally thronged the streets and approaches to the Railway Station to wish us good bye and good luck

The G. O. Commanding after inspecting and taking leave that morning, said 'He never in all his experience had seen smarter or better behaved Battalion during his experience." He was then photographed at the head of the Battalion, by the side of Col. Kerr.

Duties.—Lieutenant Vertue is performing the duties of adjutant, whilst Captain Ravenhill is on sick list through his horse falling whilst driving.

Major Maclear has rejoined from the militia staff and taken over command and payment of "D" Company.

Music.—The string band of the Battalion under the able tuition of Band-Master Kelly has reached a state almost approaching perfection and now plays regularly at mess.

Draft.—A draft consisting of Lieutenant Pearson, Sergeant P. Aherne, wife and daughter, Corporals Alderton and Turner and 95 privates embark in "Euphrates" to join 1st Battalion about 20th November.

Mounted Infantry.—A detachment consisting of Captain Connellan, Lieutenant Williams, 2 sergeants and 32 privates are detailed in the formation of a Company of M. I., the same as last year, and as a repetition of last year intend taking the lead in riding, shooting, and smart turn out.

Sergeants' Bicycle Club.—The Sergeants' Bicycle Club consisting of all those sergeants who are not too stout or too infirm is quite a flourishing institution and quite a surprise to Aldershot people.

There are 4 private machines and 13 club property and they afford many a pleasant afternoon recreation in the shape of runs into the surrounding counties, some of the runs this year have been from Dover to Deal, Canterbury, Lyad and Ashford. From Aldershot to Woolwich, Windsor, Guildford and Winchester to follow next month (November). Since we have been here there are two Regiments, K. R. Rifles and Bedfords, who have started clubs and join in runs with us.

Football.—I might mention that everybody is jubilant at the success of the 1st at football, and the result is our energetic S. M. has selected the best men in the Regiment and they are now hard at work and intend emulating the success of the 1st Battalion.

Familiar Faces.—Since we have been here we have been visited by some old 1st Battalion Sergeants, *viz.* Sergeant Downes (dear to memory) who says he is doing well, and looks it; also Supr. Barrack Sergeant Smith, both wishing to be remembered to their old Battalion, also Sergeant Doe, who is in business at Sandhurst, and doing well.

And now, Mr. Editor, if by this time your mind is in its wonted state of tranquility and the effect of this letter doesn't cause shouts for the *dhoolie* bearer, if you like to accept I promise to forward news monthly, so for present accept the best wishes of all here for future success of the 1st Battalion, and believe me

Yours faithfully,

NOBBY.

NORTH CAMP, ALDERSHOT,

9th November 1889.

P. S.—Delayed through misunderstading. Since this was written, Major Maclear retired, Sergeant Ellis joined from India, Lieutenant Geddes passed qualifying Examination for Russian.

Digitized by Google

Regimental Items.

The undermentioned men have become entitled to G. C. pay at rates and from dates as specified :—

1159,	Pte. Geo. Charlton	2d.	29-11-89.
912,	Drmr. J. Cullen	2d	20-11-89.
1619,	Pte. T. Amos	1d.	5-10-89.
1528,	,, J. Funnell	1d.	3-11-89.
1163,	,, R. Gallagher	2d.	20-11-89.
837,	,, F. Gates	2d.	5-11-89.
848,	,, J. Haley	2d.	23-11-89.
1108,	,, F. Dedman	1d.	12-8-89.
942,	,, S. Levy	2d.	3-11-89.
1164,	,, F. Cameron	2d.	23-11-89.
1149.	,, T. Morris	2d.	8-11-89.
1142,	,, H. W. Smith	2d.	25-10-89.
2344,	,, H. Wood	1d.	2-11-89.

The undermentioned Officer has been granted leave of absence (in extension) from 30th March to 30th May 1890, on medical certificate, at the expiration of which he will proceed to rejoin the Battalion :—Lieut. C. P. Lloyd.

Lieut. and Adjt. R. Bayard embarked for England on the 26th November on 12th months' leave on private affairs.

Leave in extension to 20th February 1890, on Medical Board has been granted to Lieut. R. H. D'Aeth.

The undermentioned N. C. O. was appointed Regimental Librarian from November 1889 :—No. 1807, Lce.-Sergt. J. Buckley.

The undermentioned Officer has been promoted captain, *vice* Hughes retired 20th June 1889 :—Lieut. P. F. Brine, and is posted to the Battalion.

The undermentioned N. C. O. and men have been permitted to extend their army service with the Colors :—No. 1234, Pte. F. Spice (12 years); 1303, Corpl. W. Tozer (21 years.)

The C. O. has been pleased to make the following appointments :—

To be Provisional Lce.-Sergt.—No. 362, Corpl J. Barnes, pending the transfer to 1st Class Army Reserve of Col.-Sergt. and Orderly Room Clerk F. Butler.

The undermentioned have been appointed Drummers :—No. 2308, Boy Devan, *vice* Cooper, 22-6-89. No. 1234, Pte. Spice, *vice* Watson, 1-8-89.

The undermentioned N. C. O. and man proceeded on the 10th instant to Deolali, *en route* for England—No. 1909, Sergt. F. Bovenzer; No. 1400, Pte. T. Cunningham.

The undermentioned N. C. O's. and men having embarked from Bombay for England on the 23rd ultimo are struck off the strength of the Battalion accordingly :—

224, Pte. R Copeland; 228, Pte. G Bevan; 230, Lce.-Corpl. E Kent; 267, Pte. T Williams; 272, Pte. T Bryant; 276, Sergt. W Greenland; 278, Pte. J Caffery; 280, Pte. C Stinchcombe; 282, Lce.-Sergt. G. Underhill; 286, Pte. H. White; 296, Pte. G Honeysett; 298, C. S. O. R. Clerk F. Butler; 216, Pte. G. Edwards; 320, Pte. G. Howlett; 323, Pte. W Moon; 341, Pte. R. Freakes; 347, Pte. J. Belcher; 374, Pte. J. Walker; 2923, Pte. A. White.

The following N. C. O's. and men have been awarded second-class certificates of education :—

Lce.-Corpl. W. Sexton
,, J. Willis
,, A. H. Crayford
Private T. Webb

The undermentioned Officer embarked on board H. M. Troopship *Serapis*, on 8th November 1889, for duty at the depôt :—Lieut. A. R. Eustace.

The undermentioned Officer and N. C. O. passed the Lower Standard examination in Hindustani, on the 7th October 1889 :—

Capt. G. V. Dauglish.
Sergt. B. Gates.

Digitized by Google

The C. O. has been pleased to make the following appointments:— To be paid Lce-Sergt.—No. 1307, Lce.-Sergt. J. Buckley, *vice* Underhill, from 5th November 1889. To be paid Lce.-Corpls.—974, J. Latter, *vice* Price from 2nd May 1889. 930, F. Marchant, *vice* Hodgins from 2nd May 1889. 847, W. Carter, *vice* Standard from 2nd May 1889, 1230, J. Hall, *vice* Kent, from 5th November 1889.

To be Provisional Lance Sergeant:—Corpl. J. Barnes.

To be Acting Corporals without pay.—

No.	234,	Lce.-Corpl.	A. H. Baker
,,	915	,,	J. Davis
,,	1233	,,	A. Parsons
,,	874	,,	J. Latter
,,	847	,,	W. Carter
,,	935	,,	G. Moon

To be Provisonal Lance-Corporals—

No.	1723,	Private	T. Saunders
,,	1929	,,	J. R Read
,,	2058	,,	D. Revell
,,	17 9	,,	W. Marsh
,,	2072	,,	J. Clark
,,	1598	,,	H. Marshall

The undermentioned men have been declared illegally absent since the 17th November 1889, and are struck off the strength of the Battalion as deserters from that date accordingly:—No 1318, Pte C. Foster; 537, J. Clarke.

No 1464, Pte. J. Standard (General) has changed his name to Ernest Cross.

The undermentioned N. C. O. and men are transferred to the Battalion from the 2nd Norfolk Regiment, with effect from the 25th instant, and posted to companies as stated against their names:—Corpl. J. Wells, "D" Company; Pte. J. Stacey, "B" Company; Pte. J. Reeves, "C" Company.

AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

It was outside the Mess of the Corps of Commissioners which is in a little street running off from the Strand and I had got into conversation with a knot of the old soldiers who were smoking their pipes outside the door, some of them leaning against the wall and some sitting on the door step. They do a good deal of "bucking" do these veterans in the time when they are off duty and hanging about in the sluffy alley, that they own in partnership with what is, or was, the Adelphi Club. They were telling stories of Christmas Time when I happened to arrive on the scene and an Irishman, who was comforting himself with the blackest of black cuttees, was in possession of the house when my intrusion made a temporary diversion. I effaced myself as quickly as I possibly could, apologised for having interrupted the seance and asked as a special favor that I might be allowed to remain and hear the story which I had unfortunately interrupted.

"I was just telling these other gentlemen," said the Hibernian, who had not at all relished his story being cut short, "about a little incident which occurred when we was on the Afghan expedition and which has always turned me against New Year's Day, because I nearly lost me stripels all through doing me duty.

"We was encamped near against a place the name of which I disremember; but it was right on the border, a something khel, and we was brigaded with a English regiment and a battery of Artillery. Them Pathans, bad cess to them, are the cutest thieves that ever slipped a halter, and night after night rifles was taken, the men lost boots enough to stock a manufactory, and when it came to the Colonel and Senior Major's chargers being walked out of the lines, and devil a soul the wiser for it, the General put his feet down and said that there must be an end to it. If there was one general order published about the matter there was twenty. The Staff made sure that some of our Camp followers and sutlers, half-bred devils most of them, were helping the outside blackguards and the sentries had orders to make prisoners of any suspicious person who had no pass. All officers were always to wear uniform and nothing that had the power of spaking was to be allowed in without givin' the countersign. But it was all of no use. The very day

Digitized by Google

the General issued the order he had his sword taken from under his head and they even stole the false teeth of the Major Commanding the English Regiment which he put to cool every night in a glass of water by his bedside

"I was on the mainguard on New Year's eve and the night was as dark as old Nick. I'd warned all the sentries to be more than extra careful; for being a high feast of the blessed Church the boys were celebrating it a bit in camp and them niggers, being haythens and not understanding Christian etiquette, was quite capable of stealing the shirts off their back while the poor fellows was lying drunk. I'd been turned out by the Captain and subaltern and was having a snooze with one eye open when I heard No. 2 sentry struggling with something and singing out for the guard to turn out. We was out in a minit and had our thief safe. He was a measly looking little man with a scrubby moustache and none of us had ever set eyes on him before. He had the counter-sign all right—which showed how them blackguards got in—but he'd no pass and into the guard tent I had him bundled He'd the divils own cheek, for he said he was the Colonel of the English regiment, asked for the orderly officer to be sent for—as if I'd be disturbing Lieutenant Flaherty, who was as fine a man as ever stepped, for a paltry horse thief—and generally conducted himself outrageously. I was mortal polite to him. I told him that he must wait till to-morrow and then I'd introduce him to his brother colonel and in the meantime I trusted he'd make himself at home in the little evening diversion that was going on. They was a warm lot in chokey that night. There was black Hannigan of "B," who prayed to all the saints and tore up his clothes alternately; there was the two Caseys who always fought when they had the drink in them; there was Murphy of "H" who was crying drunk, and half a dozen others. I introduced him as a Paythan colonel to them and for all I could do to stop them, which wasn't much, they had a circus with him. When I went to look at them at three o'clock there wasn't much of the colonel about him. The Caseys had hit him by mistake, taking him for one of themselves. Murphy said he remoinded him of his little brother, left at home in Bally Skibbereen, and had cried all over him, and Hannigan had been laying his hand at converting him—no he was not a pretty soight."

The old Commissionaire sucked at his pipe and was apparently lost in the reminiscence of the strange appearance of his prisoner. I ventured to suggest that we hadn't heard how he nearly lost his stripes.

"Wasn't I after telling you," he said, "Why it *was* a Colonel after all. He was a new officer, mighty sharp and clever, a Staff College man, who had joined the English Regiment that day to command them and had slipped out of the lines in plain clothes, just to see if his sentries were alert, when by an unfortunate mistake on his part he happened to strike the wrong lines. The General ordered me to be tried for it; but the whole camp was laughing at the joke so I got off with a reprimand after all; but for all that I had a moighty near shave for my stripes.

"And that is why I'm not altogether pleased with the remembrance of New Year's Day.

N. N-D.

OUR FIRST KHITMUTGHAR.

My husband kept him on after I first came out to this country because, as he said, it would be such a help to me to have an old and faithful servant, who could assist me in the housekeeping.

The khitmutghar—Mirjan by name—was kind enough to take me under his protection at once, and give me my earliest lesson in the great laws of "dustoor."

It was dustoor he said for the kitmutghar always to keep the keys of the godown with the English stores, and to give them out. It was dustoor for all the orders for the other servants to come through him—with amplification. It was dustoor, at a dinner party, to have a "country" dish at one end of the table, and a "Europe" dish at the other! Therefore, to my dismay, at my first dinner party, the guinea fowls appeared on the table before my husband at the same time that the salmon was placed before me! He talked English fluently, and was a very accomplished servant, having no objections of caste or creed to serving in any capacity. He was the only person I ever met who advised honesty as the best policy, having tried—and *admitting he had tried*—both. "In my last place"—he told me—"I had a goat to look after, and the mem-sahib allowed me Rs. 8 a month for its food, but I—I tell it with shame—I collected the leaves of the

Digitized by Google

garden to feed the goat and I kept the Rs. 8. but it slipped through my hands like water." "Why you leave your pice about mem-sahib," he said to me on another occasion. "If I find it, I take it; if it were my own father's pice I take it; all black man dishonest." I never saw anything frighten him except what he was pleased to call a "tailee esh-star" which he thought portended a mutiny. He had a wife—a very beautiful, purdah-nashin lady, who seemed to give him a great deal of anxiety and who required frequent beatings to keep her in order. Life was made a burden to me for some time by these periodical chastisements, after which the lady in question would sit on the top of her house, with her chudder over her head, and howl like a jackal. However, my husband at last interfered and absolutely forbade the use of the bamboo, so for nearly a year there was peace. After that my husband's work took him to the plains, and the very first night I was left alone, at about 10-30, the hideous cries began again. I was terrified, but another inmate of the house, who was braver and stronger, valiantly made a raid on the khitmutghar's house,—tore his wife from his arms—and placed her in safety for the night. The next morning I summoned him to my presence.

"You remember"—I began—"that the sahib said the next time you beat your wife, you were to leave my service at once?"

A very grieved and surprised look came over his face. "Defender of the poor," he said, "of course I remember the sahib's order. In obedience to it have I not deferred my wife's punishment for many moons. I thought it was because the sahib was distracted by the sound of her cries—for a whole year I have waited until the sahib should go."

What could I say? as usual, he had the best of it.

One morning he was led up to the front verandah, supported on either side by the bihisti and the cook. His head was drooping on his chest, and the tears were rolling down his cheeks. His puggaree kept falling off until it was permanently held on to his head by the firm hand of the bihisti. He made several unsuccessful efforts to speak, and then he told me, in hoarse and agitated tones, that his wife had taken a step that would ruin his honour and his happiness—she had fled from him into Cashmere territory, leaving him with a young and gifted daughter, who would, henceforth, be motherless! He prayed me, in the most impassioned and dramatic manner to give him one month's leave, to go and find her, and he tearfully presented me with a key. "This mem-sahib," he said, "is the key of Noura's box. I intrust to your honoured keeping, my child and her clothes! Have the goodness, preserver of the poor, to be father and mother to your slave, and never, never, let Noura go to the box, except in your honour's presence! If the other women saw her clothes, they would steal them and leave me desolate indeed!"

I was deeply affected, and promised to keep an eye on Noura and the clothes, and I hoped he would be successful in tracing the wife, of whom he was evidently fonder than I had imagined.

He was away the full month, and the peace which descended on the house with the arrival of his "budhli," was very grateful and soothing to me—for the "budhli" gave me no lessons in dustoor! I went religiously week by week, to assist in the ceremony of opening Noura's box and I had begun to wonder what would happen when *all* her clothes were dirty—as she seemed to have no connection with a dhobi—when my faithful servant reappeared! He looked ill and thin, and was somewhat morose, but I put this down to his having been unsuccessful in his search, and I trusted to time, and his daughter's presence to set matters straight.

That afternoon, however, a deputation of the other servants came to me in a manner suggestive of a secret society and told me that I was being deceived—that my faithful servant had not only not been into Cashmere territory at all—but had, in fact, never even left the bazar, where, for a whole month, he had been gambling and drinking, in a systematic and peaceful manner.

It was rather a shock to me, but rather a relief also, as it gave me a long-needed excuse for dismissing him, and combined with the disappearance of several articles to which my faithful servant above had access, I began to feel that this was an unavoidable contingency.

It took me three days to screw my courage to the sticking point, and, during the interval, he was more useful and humble than ever, and would bring his knife board to my feet on the verandah, and tell me thrilling tales of the lives of officers he had saved during the mutiny.

Digitized by Google

On the 3rd day, however, I faced him abruptly at breakfast.

"Khitmutghar," I said, "I wish to..." He interrupted me with dignity, "Wait, mem-sahib," he said, "let me say one word first. I wish to give warning!? You have ceased to trust me and I cannot remain as a servant with any lady who has taken her confidence from me—not even in the beloved family of a sahib, who has been as my father for 7 years." So, even to the last, he had the best of it. He went off, with all the honours of war next morning. He piled his boxes in front of the verandah and sent for 9 coolies, and two doolies. He and Noura then sat howling dismally on a camel trunk. This attracted my attention to the trunk, and, as he had truly said, having lost confidence in him, the sight of it roused my suspicions.

"Is not that the sahib's trunk?" I said, whereupon he wept afresh.

"That I should live," he said, "to be accused of theft for the possession of an old box which the sahib—to whom, in Afghanistan, I was saice and bihisti; and behrer, and khitmutghar!—gave me as a reward!"

I was not quite sure if I believed him, but a moment later when I saw the last of his new red morocco slippers disappearing up the pill, I was almost ashamed of the unworthy thought. However, when my husband came up on leave, one of the first remarks he made to me was—"I am glad you have got rid of that old man of the sea, at last, but do you know, the old scoundrel went off with one of my new camel trunks.

MY FIRST FIGHT.

OR

"How we hunted Boh P'way, also how Boh P'way hunted me."—By an Infantry Officer.

One of the Burmans came up with a gun and fired point blank at poor McClintoch. I saw the gallant old fellow stagger forward, drop his guard, and instantly half a dozen swords flashed in the air and he fell, cut about all over. The whole thing passed like lightning. My blood at the sight seemed to boil up into my eyes. I felt as though I was choking, and what I did I don't know. I recollect confusedly a ring of devilsh faces lit up with the glare of flames, I recollect dashing my sword desperately into those faces, and hewing and stabbing with all my might, but it all seems a dream to me until a rush of feet went past me and died away and I found the village quiet again, and myself moving about re-posting sentries, &c. This duty done, I went to look at the scene of the fight. Fitzgerald was there bathing McClintoch's head in some clean water and washing all the blood stains from the brave dead face. He died fighting like a good soldier; but now all the fighting had died out of his face, which was calm and peaceful as a sleeping child's. We laid him in his cloak on the grass, and covered the face with a clean handkerchief. Fitzgerald did it all as gently as a woman might—"Shure, sir," he said, "he was ready to die if iver brave man was." I thought so too. Boh P'way had headed the attack on us that night in which, by the way, he lost 18 men; but he himself escaped, as ever.

I hear though that since then he has died by the hand of a woman. He went, it seems, into a village with one companion and tried to get money secrets out of an old woman, (who with her daughter were the sole occupants left there,) by playfully pouring kerosine oil on her and setting her alight. The desperate daughter thereupon picked up a hatchet lying near by and brained him at a blow, whereupon the brave companion fled from the infuriated and successful virago. So ends my acquaintance with the history of Boh P'way.

C. P.

(Concluded.)

ONE MISSING.

Each day I see them sitting in the sun,
With round, white eyes that glisten as I pass,
They stand salaaming, bowing, one by one,
Then roll away upon the dusty grass.

Just like the puppies tumbling at my feet,
They have not yet had time to grow afraid,
"Tum kis ka Baba?" once I stopped to ask,
They rose at once, "Huzur ka saice"—they said.

To-day my saice has asked for leave to go,
I will not give it. He begins to cry,
"My bhai is dead."—I knew it would be so!
At each parade my saice has lost a "bhai."

He joins his hands, "Huzur, the truth I speak,
I put him in the earth—I come back soon"
I don't believe a word, but still, "Oh! well,
"Go if you like—but mind you're back by noon."

Digitized by Google

"Your honour, thanks, and may your honour be
A great lord sahib—may your honour's son,"
"Oh bus,—enough!" Its plain enough to see
The man's excuse is not a truthful one!

I grumble off and hurry to parade,
I see the saice's children in the sun,
With dainty steps my Arab skirts them by,
Surely there used to be another one?

I pause and turn. With low salaams they rise,
But in the mists of memory I see
Another pair of shining, twinkling eyes,
A grimy fourth amongst the grimy three.

"Where is the boy? there *was* a boy?" I say,
And all at once, the little voices shout,
"Huzur they put him in the earth to-day,
"Amroo is dead!" Ah, yes—my saice is out!

They roll again upon the dusty grass,
And make small gardens in the neem-tree's shade,
I watch them planting blossoms as I pass,
Selim and I must hurry to parade.

I hope one would not feel so much regret,
On six rupees a month—that one was dead!
Well with the child? I hope it is, but yet,
I wish I had believed what Suntoo said!

G. B.

STARGAZING.

Draw a line from Procyon to Sirius and produce it about the same length and it will pass through the constellation of Columba containing one principal star "a" columbæ a star of the second magnitude.

The "Ship" containing nine principal stars. This splendid constellation is to the south-east of the "Great Dog." Canopus, the brightest of all the stars after Sirius, is in this constellation.

To find Canopus. A line from "Rigel" through "a" Columbæ and produced about half the same distance will terminate near Canopus.

It will be noticed that five stars belonging to this constellation and to the east of Canopus are nearly in a straight line. Canopus is not visible in England.

The "Lion" containing four principal stars.

*D

*G

*B

*A

in the form of a quadrilateral. They are situated below the Great Bear on the side opposite to the Pole star. A is a star of the first magnitude and is called "Regulus" and is in the Lion's heart; B is in the tail and is called "Denebola."

To find Regulus and Denebola a line drawn from A to B in the Great Bear, the stars which point out the Pole star in the opposite direction, and produced about twice the length of the constellation of the Great Bear, will pass near Regulus and G "Teonis." To find Denebola draw a line from the last star in the tail of the Great Bear through Cor Corali (mentioned in August number) and produce it about twice the distance of this from the tail star of the Great Bear and it will terminate near Denebola.

The constellation of the Hydra is of considerable length and contains "Alphard," a star of the first magnitude, which is in the Hydra's heart.

To find Alphard. Draw a line from G to A, the stars forming the western side of the quadrilateral of the constellation of the Lion and produce it about twice that distance, and it will terminate near Alphard.

"Acherner" in the constellation of Eridanus is a star of the first magnitude, it cannot be seen in England, but if my readers will look towards the south about 8 P.M. and draw a line from B to A of Pegasus through a point a little to the north of Fomalhaut and produce it about the same distance as A of Pegasus is from Fomalhaut, it will terminate near this star.

The Whale contains two principal stars, "Menkar" and "Mira."

To find Menkar. A line from "B" Andromeda, through Hamel in the constellation of the Ram (mentioned in October number) and continued a little more than the same distance will terminate near Menkar which is in the head of the Whale.

To find Mira. A line drawn from the stars forming the eastern side of the square of Pegasus and produced about twice the distance, will pass through Mira.

(To be continued.)

2ND EAST KENT REGIMENT.

A memorandum on the field firing of the 2nd Buffs has been issued this week. The battalion defended Cæsar's Camp from an enemy represented by dummy targets arranged in three successive positions. The practice was intended to illustrate the effect of inclined fire. The furthest row of dummies was distant 530 to 550 yards; the second from 320 to 330 yards;

Digitized by Google

the third from 70 to 150 yards. The angle of depression in the first case was about 15 degrees; in the second case about 20 degrees; in the third case about 30 degrees. The result of the shooting showed 73 hits on the first row, or 5.72 per cent; 232 hits on the second row, or 12·19 per cent.; and 492 hits on the third row, or 28·94 per cent. The official remarks on the firing were as follows:—The fire was carefully controlled. The distance of the second row was at first over-estimated. The dummies representing the enemy were from 2 ft. to 3 ft. in height. The ground upon which the bullets fell when firing at the furthest and second rows of dummies was falling ground, therefore the margin or dangerous space was *nil*. On the other hand, the ground upon which the third row of dummies stood was rising ground, and therefore compensated for error in estimating distance. When firing down hill or up hill it is even more important to know the correct distance than it is on level ground.

One copy only of the October "*Dragon*" arrived by the last mail and that was for the Sergeants' Mess. After its partial perusal by one of the members I overheard the following: "Who brought this paper here?" "Why, the postman of course; the Indian mail came in to-day." "Oh is it the *Dragon* then?" "Yes, can't you see the animal on the front page?" "Well I'm blowed, so it is. Why, I really thought it was the *Temperance Record* I'd been reading. I certainly must have opened it at the wrong page." Now I and others do hope Brother Honesty will leave off grumbling and offering advice and feel very happy and satisfied that he has had the good old *Dragon* mistaken for a well-known temperance journal.

A little news for any Oddfellows that may be in the Battalion. A Military lodge of Oddfellows has been formed here and in a very short space of time has over 70 members, it is worked (or seems to be) on very sound principles and will I am sure certainly flourish. If any of the Battalion belong to an Oddfellows lodge in India, and are likely to be transferred to Canterbury, they must not forget their transfer certificates. Some of the odd gentlemen are confident they will out-rival the "Trowel and Mortar" Lodge in a short time.

Good Templars are also hard at work in the barracks, at present these worthy brothers and sisters hold forth in the infant school room, but why thick curtains are put up at the windows I cannot make out. Surely there is nothing they are afraid of us old soakers seeing.

It was with feelings of the deepest regret that the news of Mr. Stuart's death was received and the officers at the depôt have gone into mourning.

Mr. Ellis, who was formerly Sergeant-Major of the 2nd Battalion has recently been awarded the medal for meritorious conduct, also an annuity of £10. Sergeant R. Ellis (son of above) has arrived home and been posted for duty to the 2nd Battalion

Quarter Master Sergeant (O. R. S.) Tressler and Colour-Sergeant Gatrell are about to take their discharge on completion of their period of limited engagement.

1621, Lance-Sergeant R. Watson has been discharged as "unfit" and awarded a conditional pension of 10 pence a day for 12 months conditionally. Captain Chippendall arrived home on the 6th instant and has proceeded on leave until 1st January '90. Your draft under Major Hind and Lieutenant Pearson (son of Colonel Pearson, who formerly commanded the 2nd Battalion) left England on the 20th instant in the *Malabar*, and should arrive about same time as this letter. A batch of 17 recruits left here on the 15th instant for Aldershot and joined 2nd Battalion. I don't think Mr. D'Aeth will rejoin you until the end of trooping season. Pay Master Sergeant Clent has been granted rank Colour-Sergeant from 9th November 1889. Quarter Master Sergeant H. S. Firm, 3rd Battalion, has prolonged his service to complete 12 years with the colours. Colour-Sergeant Kesby, 3rd Battalion, has "taken on" for another 5 years. Sergeant Summers, Privates Shanley, Birch. and Rogers have arrived home andhave been transferred to the Army reserve. The following have also been transferred to the reserve:—647, F. Matthews; 668, E. Copeland; 1906, Private Street (formerly a Drummer in 1st Battalion); 862, G. Murrell, and 2106, J Macro. Privates Castle, Milgate, and Saunders left the depôt early this month and joined 2nd Battalion for purpose of proceeding to India with the draft. The eldest son of Private James Morrow (late of "G" company, 1st B) has been enlisted and posted to 2nd Battalion. Mr. Herbert, who was once your Regimental Master Shoemaker, was here a few days ago looking remarkably well. He has a good leather business at Folkestone and is patronized by several old officers of the Buffs. I am not quite sure, but I think he

Digitized by Google

is in the running for the Town Council next election. I cannot get any news from 2nd Battalion for you. I have tried my best; but the promises of some people are like the proverbial "pie crust," so have given up in despair, but perhaps your old Editor, who I think is due in India next month, has arranged with a "special" at Aldershot. First fall of snow this season took place on 27th instant.

"OLD BUFF."

Musketry.

LETTER "A" COMPANY.

Range Individual 142·85.

Figure of Merit :—

Independent and Volleys 74·88.

Classification :—

Marksmen	26
First Class Shots	23
Second ,, ,,	27
Third ,, ,,	16
Total completed	92

Gold guns as best Marksman of Company :—

No. 1817, Pte. J. Adams, score 222.

Worsted guns as Marksmen in order of merit :—

1992,	Pte. W. Dunham,	score	222
1977,	,, T. Mansell	,,	214
2884,	Lce.-Cpl. G. Sale	,,	206
1052,	Pte. J. Cafferty	,,	197
1887,	,, J. Saunders	,,	197
2046,	,, W. Smith	,,	196
1360,	,, E. Judge	,,	194
1512,	,, F. Hamilton	,,	193
1070,	Cpl. E. Locke	,,	193
149,	Sgt R. Montgomery	,,	192
1612,	Pte. A. Cronk	,,	192
1876,	,, G. Gordon	,,	191
2862,	Pte. A. Saxon	,,	186
1715,	Lce.-Cpl. G. Leek	,,	188
786,	Lce.-Sgt. H. Pay	,,	187
839,	Pte. C. Owens	,,	186
2641,	,, P. Burke	,,	183
1355,	,, W. Fidler	,,	183
1506,	,, W. Hooker	,,	182
1854,	,, R. McCalla	,,	180
798,	Col.-Sgt. T. Cheal	,,	174
1792,	Pte. A. Matthews	,,	171
1440,	,, J. Etherington	,,	168
2063,	,, H. Moore	,,	168
1667,	,, G. Ellis	,,	166

LETTER "D" COMPANY.

Figure of Merit :—

Range Individual	151·94
Independent & Volleys	66·89

Classification :—

Marksmen	33
1st Class Shots	29
2nd ,, ,,	20
3rd ,, ,,	6
Total completed	88

Gold guns as best Marksman of Company—No. 1762 Col.-Sergt. H. E. Featherstone, score 214.

Worsted guns as marksmen in order of merit :—

522	Sgt. C. Gray	score	208
540	Pte. C. Clements	,,	208
571	,, F. Bellchambers	,,	203
1558	,, S. Barrett	,,	203
914	,, E. Wilson	,,	196
422	,, W. Hawkins	,,	195
1675	,, A. Roberts	,,	194
1815	,, A. Hasaldine	,,	192
740	,, F. Goodwin	,,	192
2140	,, A. Austin	,,	188
2188	,, W. Skinner	,,	188
965	,, H. Blackwell	,,	187
1587	,, E Wynne	,,	184
1199	,, C. Newport	,,	184
1933	,, W. Parker	,,	112
2088	,, J. Pearson	,,	180
597	Corpl. W. Day	,,	178
860	Lce.-Cpl. J. Prince	,,	178
1735	Pte. C. Hickmott	,,	176
1151	Dr. P. Breen	,,	174
1175	Pte. H. Goddard	,,	173
1451	,, H. Price	,,	173
1670	,, E. Young	,,	173
642	,, G. Turner	,,	172
1628	,, A. Dallaway	,,	171
1592	,, J. Evans	,,	170
1384	,, W. Westley	,,	170
812	,, A. Horscroft	,,	168
920	,, E. Jordan	,,	168
915	Lce.-Cpl. J. Davis	,,	167
1497	Pte. W. Beeslee	,,	165
1441	,, J. Gray	,,	165

THE BAND.

Figure of Merit, Range Individual Firing 156·97 Independent and Volleys combined 83.63. Classification :—Marksmen 16, first Class shots 6, 2nd do. 11, 3rd 2, Total 35.

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with *cl. vi.* para. 216 British Musketry Regulations, 1887. Gold Guns as best marksman of Band, "A" Company, No. 1308, Corpl. M. Roach, score 258.

Worsted guns as marksmen in order of merit.

"B"	Coy.	1713	Pte. W. Gilbert,	score	238
"C"	,,	819	,, F. Woods,	,,	222
"G"	,,	1303	Cpl. W. Tozer,	,,	217
"C"	,,	534	Pte. W. Greaves,	,,	202
"G"	,,	1342	,, T. Hammond	,,	201
"F"	,,	771	Lce.-Cpl. P. Edwards	,,	198
"H"	,,	503	,, J. Sheed,	,,	194
"A"	,,	2986	Pte. G. Clarke,	,,	179
"D"	,,	1480	Pte. E Appleton,	,,	175
"A"	,,	1334	,, F. Howe,	,,	173
"D"	,,	2045	,, R. Pierce,	,,	173
"A"	,,	1250	,, J. Wells,	,,	171
"H"	,,	1963	,, H. Shepherd,	,,	169
"C"	,,	467	,, J. Hindmarsh	,,	168
"B"	,,	1232	,, W. Hasler,	,,	166

Digitized by Google

LETTER "C" COMPANY.

Figure of Merit, Range Individual Firing 160·94· Independent and Volleys combined 79·80. Classification :— Marksmen 41, First Class Shots 26, Second Class Shots 14, Third Class Shots 2. Total completed 83.

Gold guns as best marksman of Coy., No. 342 Lce.-Corpl R. Golds, score 238. Worsted guns as Marksmen in order of merit :—

No.	1598	Pte.	H. Marshall score	234
,,	76	Corpl.	J. P. Reynolds ,,	223
,,	472	Pte.	A. Patterson ,,	216
,,	723	Sergt.	J. H. Dray ,,	214
,,	1461	Pte.	T. Hartley ,,	213
,,	1107	,,	E. Richardson ,,	207
,,	406	Dr.	C. Michell ,,	206
,,	2587	Pte.	J. Towers ,,	206
,,	1542	Lce. Cpl.	J. E Hall	202
,,	935	Corpl.	G Moon ,,	198
,,	950	Pte.	J. Reynolds ,,	192
,,	1189	,,	F. Wilson ,,	192
,,	1640	Sergt.	E. Keeler ,,	191
,,	948	Lce.-Cpl.	J. A. Wilcox	190
,,	1750	Pte.	A. Taylor ,,	190
,,	835	,,	A. Page ,,	189
,,	1421	,,	R. Price ,,	188
,,	679	,,	R. Stringer ,,	188
,,	1000	,,	W. Varney ,,	188
,,	947	,,	R. Byford ,,	187
,,	1247	,,	F Brenchley ,,	185
,,	956	,,	H. Knight ,,	185
,,	1057	,,	J. G. Froggott ,,	184
,,	1946	Or. Sgt.	J. J Butler ,,	181
,,	329	Pte.	E. Carter ,,	180
,,	1563	,,	F Santer ,,	180
,,	1229	,,	G. White ,,	178
,,	1686	,,	C. Elvey ,,	177
,,	2294	,,	A. Midwinter ,,	177
,,	1262	Dr.	E. Letchford ,,	175
,,	1042	Pte.	G. Askew ,,	173
,,	851	,,	T. Scott ,,	172
,,	1695	,,	W. Googe ,,	171
,,	1774	,,	W. Castle ,,	170
,,	970	,,	W. Gower ,,	170
,,	889	,,	A. Beeden ,,	167
,,	1770	,,	J. Dartnell ,,	167
,,	1676	,,	T. Holbrock ,,	166
,,	1556	,,	C. Court ,,	166
,,	1227	,,	W. Garner ,,	165

Cricket Match.

Played at Dum-Dum on 28th November 1889, between Band and "D" Company, and resulted in a win for former by one innings and two runs.

THE BAND.

Gilbert, c and b Moth	...	5
Howe, b Manville	...	0
Lawrence, b Moth	...	19
Greaves, b Manville	...	8
Knight, l-b w, Horscroft	...	9
Bowden, c Price, b Moth	...	24
Wilson, b Moth	...	3
Hasler, b Moth	...	2
Cooper, c Hills, b Moth	...	2
Sheed, c Page, b Horscroft	...	0
Ward, not out	...	0
Extras	...	8
Total for Innings	...	80

"D" COMPANY.

	1st *Innings.*		2nd *Innings.*	
Moth, c and b Gilbert	4	c and b Howe		7
Evans, b Gilbert	0	b Gilbert		5
Hills, b Howe	18	b Gilbert		1
Pennells, run out, b Gilbert	4	b Gilbert		0
Price, b Gilbert	1	b Gilbert		0
Davis, c Hasler, b Gilbert	2	c Ward, b Howe		1
Page, c Gilbert, b Howe	0	b Howe		4
Manville, b Gilbert	0	b Gilbert		0
Petitte, c Hasler, b Howe	0	b Howe		2
Skinner, not out	14	not out		4
Horscroft, b Gilbert	3	b Gilbert		0
Extras	4	Extras		4
Total for Innings	50	Total for Innings		28

Varieties.

Mr. Thomas Atkins (who has been studying hard for a first-class certificate slightly inebriated. Tesh Galilio, Hic ! your quite right, hic ! the world *is* round b'leive it now, hic ! (reels and falls down)—Fact ! seen and heard outside the canteen.

An Editor. observing "that the census embraces seventeen million women," asks, "Who wouldn't be a census ?"

Overheard at our *open air* bathing tank.

Corpl. in charge (to 2 Hibernians in the water) "Come on you men, time's up."

Pat. "Come on, Mick, the Corporal wants to lock up the bath."

Foul Play—A cock fight.

Company on military training goes out to encamp on selected site for cholera camp.

Distinguished officer who inspects them is loud in praise of situation and sanitary advantages. A crowd of natives is noticed round two small cottages in centre of site and enquiry made as to reason of gathering.

Reason. Curiosity owing to four men having died there of cholera within the last twenty-four hours.

Exit company rapidly from selected camp.

Corpl. to one of our compositors, How much are you going to charge for the Buffs' Almanac.

Comp. 4 annas.

Corpl. Why I can get a penny one for less than that.

Digitized by Google

Answer to last month's acrostic :—

F O B
O carin A
O I L
T A I L

Correct answers received from *The Printer's Imps, Nosegay, Featherbed* and *Daring*.

Captain Salthorse (to landlady): Mrs. Hashetter, can you tell me where I can purchase a large quantity of this butter?

Mrs. Hashetter (gushingly): Now, my dear captain, what can you want of a quantity of that excellent butter?

Captain S.: I intend arming my marines with it in place of cutlasses, as my experience with it here convinces me its a great thing to repel boarders.

* * * * *

Those Thompsons are a bad lot. Three out of the four ought to be in prison.

What of the fourth?

He is there.

* * * * *

Hooligan.—So you do bees tellin' me that Brannigan was murthered by burglars.

Mooney.—Yis, begorra, it's a fact.

Hooligan.—And did they get his money.

Mooney.—Divil a ha'penny. Sure he had it hid safe an', barric losing his life, Brannigan kim out wid a whole skin.

* * * *

AT LAST.

Lay away the little shirt-waist
That our darling boy once wore;
In the rag-bag gently shove it
He won't need it any more.
With a pair of red suspenders
We must soon our boy endow
For the fact is most apparent,
Papa's pants fit Johnnie now.
Lay aside the knicker-bockers
With the fringe around the knees,
Take the marbles from the pocket
All the strings and nails and keys.
Buy him socks instead of stockings,
Or the boy will make a row,
For our darling has been growing—
Papa's pants fit Johnnie now.

* * * *

Giddings.—That young Smith that got married the other day is a mighty nice fellow.

Peyton.—Don't know. Saw him treating his wife the other day as I would not treat my dog.

Giddings (excitedly.)—Is it possible? And she so lovely. What was he doing to her?

Peyton (calmly.)—Kissing her.

* * * *

Old lady (to boy caressing dog).—That's right, little boy; always be kind to dumb animals.

Little boy—Yes. When I've got him quiet I've a nice kettle to tie to his tail.

* * * *

Advice to Bathers.—Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal. Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue, or from any other cause. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration. Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if after having been a short time in the water, it causes a sense of chilliness with numbness of the hands and feet. Bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water. Avoid remaining too long in the water; leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach. The young, and those who are weak, had better bathe two or three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, or those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first asking the doctor.

* * * *

"What becomes of the old moons, papa?" asked the inquiring child. "The old moons, my son?" answered the parent, "why, they die of newmonia, to be sure."

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

East Kent Chronicle.

VETERI FRONDESCIT HONORE.
1572

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 34. DUM-DUM, JANUARY 31st, 1890. [Price 2 Annas.

NOTES.

Our visit to Calcutta is over and finished and as a regiment we may congratulate ourselves on having done well all round. We have lined the streets, marched past continually, showed off our Clubs and our Band, and everything that has been said of us has been of a pleasant nature. The gentleman- from his appearance he followed the sea as a profession—who shouted at us "you take the cake you beauties" after we had passed the saluting base on Proclamation Day was the mouth-piece of the *vox populi*, and remarks to the same purport, put in a different way of course, have fallen from higher authorities.

* * *

The Musical Clubs "caught on" with the Calcutta public, and Lady Wilson who was the managing spirit of the second *Tamasha*, the proceeds of which were divided amongst three charities, especially asked that the Clubs might be included as one of the attractions. The Band succeeded in obtaining from that part of Calcutta society that strolls in Eden Gardens some very genuine rounds of applause, a feat which the o'dest inhabitant says has never been achieved before.

The Camp Concert was also a great success—*vide* the glowing account in the *Pioneer*—and there seems to be a very general regret that we did not give bolder advertisement to it. We held our own well at the Assault-at-Arms and though we were fairly and squarely beaten by the Gunners it was a defeat that was so nearly a victory that the sting is taken out of it. The battery was no ordinary one, for at Malta, where the garrison is much larger than Calcutta, they had met and pulled over every Corps they were drawn against. However next time the two teams meet, we believe that we shall be able to chronicle a victory instead of an honourable defeat.

* * *

Sergt. Eaton established himself as the best man at arms in the garrison, the Musical Clubmen performed twice—the second time at the special request of the Viceroy, and H.R.H. the Prince, the Duke of Connaught, the Duchess, the Viceroy and Lady Lansdowne honoured the Officers' tent by going there to take tea.

* * *

And now after this amount of patting our noble selves on the back we may be allowed an editorial grumble. The circulation of this paper has gone down somewhat in the last few months, and this should not be. The Company at

Digitized by Google

Barrackpore seems to be the most unsubscribing of the number. They send us no news of themselves and they don't seem to care for information as to how the rest of us are getting on. *The Dragon* is a very good two anna's worth—though we say it, as shouldn't—for it tells all the good people at home our news and movements out here.

* * *

In Messrs Thacker and Spink's last published brochure *The Surprize of Calcutta*—why spelt with a z ?—the name of The Buff's crops up pretty frequently. The little book tells how Prince Serge Woronzoff and General Kolpakofski with a Russian naval and military force besieged Calcutta after bombarding Fort William, (we are thinking ourselves of publishing extracts from the diaries of Pte. Serge Atkinsoff and Lce.-Corpl, Alfredski Montgommeryski, giving the other side of the question) and it also tells how The Buff's and the Volunteers made it warm for the Ruskis.

* * *

Keeping within the fair limit of quotation, for the whole book is well worth reading and will repay the expenditure of the ready rupee, we give the account of the skirmish, when The Buff's and the Volunteers attack 800 men sent against them. The 800 is weak, for if 1000 Buff's couldn't eat up 800 Russians in ½ an hour, times must have changed. The Russians tell the tale.

"As such a movement on the part of the troops from Dum-Dum had been foreseen, a column consisting of 800 infantry and two guns was sent to drive back the enemy and pursue him to his cantonments, This was however not accomplished so easily as was anticipated, for The Buff's left the main road clear, on which our artillery had to advance, and advanced in close skirmishing order through the gardens and enclosures on each side, and kept up a heavy fire from every point of vantage, such as the railway embankment, walled gardens and the admirable cover which the suburbs abounded in. Our men proved to be no match for the English troops in accuracy of fire, nor were our Lebel rifles equal to the English Martini Henry, though the magazines gave our men a considerable advantage in rapidity of fire. A small body of picked marksmen, including the Volunteer Reserves, and who were crack shots, were so posted as to command the road by which our guns had to advance, and their fire was so rapid, accurate, and deadly, that the guns could not be served, and had to be withdrawn and sent to the rear. Our officers were greatly surprized at finding these volunteer soldiers such formidable antagonists, for they had been taught rather to despise volunteers: this tendency arising in a great measure from the knowledge that the Indian Government themselves seemed to set but little store by this civilian force, and our *amour propre* was somewhat wounded when we found our men at a disadvantage with them, whether at long rifle range or when the troops came bayonet to bayonet in the streets; but as we afterwards learnt, this Reserve Corps, in especial, was composed largely of trained soldiers in civil employ, and, in fact, as many of them were non-commissioned officers in the army, chosen for service in the better-paid branches of the civil departments connected with the service, they were indeed the elite of the army. The Buffs fully sustained the reputation won on the fields of Blenheim, Ramillies, the Peninsula, the Crimea, and the later affairs in China and South Africa; so rapid were their movements, so heavy their fire, and so furious their attacks, that instead of our driving them back, we were compelled to remain on the defensive, and to hold the line of the Circular canal, when night fell, and compelled a cessation of hostilities."

A little bird, that impertinent little bird that is always interfering in other people's affairs, whispers in the Editorial ear that the author of *The Surprize of Calcutta* has been seen lately in Volunteer uniform not far from Dum-Dum House.

———:o:———

CORRESPONDENCE.

———:o:———

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

NORTHBROOK VASE.

Dear Mr. Editor,

In the old volume of *The Dragon* (of which I think you have a copy in the Officers' Mess) and in the December 1874 number, the following appears under the head "Depôt News."

"The Depôt Companies are anxious to know if they may compete for the Northbrook Vase." Also in the following number, published in Jan. 1875, I find:—

"Canterbury, 1st Dec., 1874"

"The Depôt Companies of the Battn., have been informed that they may compete for the Northbrook Vase." Another reference to the same subject is made in the April, 1875 number.

Now Mr. Editor, as these paras do not appear to have ever been cancelled, may I ask through the same old *Dragon* whether the 1st Battn. Officers, N.-C.O's. and men at present serving at Canterbury can compete for the Vase?

Captain Porter, whose name is a sufficient guarantee that the competition will be conducted strictly regulation, has kindly consented to superintend if we are privileged to compete. I ask the question on behalf of such well known shots

Digitized by Google

as Capt. Porter, Q.M.S. Boon, Col-Sgts. Bennell, Braham, Baker, and Breen, and Sergt. Bovenzer (coming here I believe.)

Yours obediently,
H. C. CUMBER, Sergt.-Major
3rd Regtl. District.

Canterbury,
26-12-89.

HOME NEWS.

Dear Mr. Editor

The 14th December 1889, was quite a memorable day at the Depôt, and should I think take a place in your Calendar, as it was the inauguration of a series of paper chases, got up by Corpl. Graham, lately joined from the Home Battalion.

The meet was a first on record for us *Depôtians*, and we mustered about fifty all ranks, all dressed in the regulation jersey and drill overalls, except Color-Sergt. Breen, who appeared well got up in a splendid pair of puttees and a regulation forage cap, but why he persisted in keeping his cap on, no one knows, perhaps it is because he is becoming like the remainder of us, slightly "Heliography" on top. The run was very successful, the party going to Littlebourne and back. We are promised one a week during the winter months. Much to every one's regret Color-Sergeant Bennell was unable to put in an appearance, he having an engagement at a Billiard Handicap, to be followed by a Boxing Tournament, however, he hopes to be at the next meet, and also to catch the hare (hair?)

Writing of Billiard handicaps reminds me that one has just been played in the Sergeant's Mess here, and after a series of well played games, was won by P.-M.-Sergeant Clent, who beat Sergeant Major Cumber by the points the latter conceded him, viz 15. The best game in the handicap was played between a Color-Sergt. and Orderly Room Sergeant, the former finding he was getting behind, tried the Singapore stratagem (Sergts. *v.* "E" Company for cricket shield) viz, of pouring ale and whiskey down his opponents throat, but he noticed that after each glass the said opponent imbibed, a double figure break was the result; but after sundry halves had disappeared, it suddenly struck J. B. that his antagonist was an Irishman, and also as a rule that as all Irishmen love a little "Kinahans" or "John Jamesons," he came to the conclusion that he had better stop the supply, which he did, but too late, the scribe landed an easy winner.

A great many of the Battalion who have passed through the Depôt, no doubt remember Sergt. Swindell, he has just taken his discharge after a continuous service of over 37 years. Enlisting into the Rifle Brigade on the 18th February, 1852, he served in the Crimea, and was present at the battles of Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, and siege of Sebastopol, for which he received the Crimean medal and four clasps, also the Turkish medal. On completing his 21 years with the Rifle Brigade, he was granted a pension of 2s. a day for life, he then joined the permanent staff of the East Kent Militia and has now completed 16 years with them, for which service he is entitled to another eight pence a day, in addition to his former pension. He has gone to Yorkshire to finish his days, and is no doubt a fine specimen of the old type of British Soldier. He leaves four sons and I think a couple of daughters in The Buffs.

I certainly should have sent you a few items for your calender, but naturally thought you would get plenty of stuffing from the old Buffs who are at present serving in both Battalions, however as you have given me a gentle reminder in November's *Dragon*, I will try and send you some items for your next year's calendar.

Undermentioned have arrived home, and have been transferred to the army reserve. Sergeant Brain, Privates Dyke, Pearce, and Taylor. The following discharged time expired, first period, Ptes. Muldoon, Webb, and Connolly. No. 1629 A. Ford, 1106 Threadgold have both been transferred to the army reserve.

Lieut. Eustace, has arrived, and proceeded on leave of absence to the end of January. Lieut. Booth will probably leave for India in the last Troopship.

Sergt. Braham has been transferred to the 3rd Battalion, and promoted Color-Sergeant vice Gatrell discharged to pension, 16th Dec., 1889.

You will be pleased to hear that some of the young Buffs are keeping up the credit of the old corps, as the following results of a recent examination by the Science and Art Examiners, South Kensington, will show:

CHEMISTRY—H. S. Cumber, 1st Class, E. C. Boon, 1st Class. MATHEMATICS—E. C. Boon, 1st Class. THEORETICAL MECHANICS—H. S. Cumber, 1st Class, E. C. Boon, 2nd Class. MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY—H. S. Cumber, hon. mention certificate for Mathematics. Boon, hon. mention certificate for languages and writing.

Digitized by Google

At a competitive examination held on the 30th November, 1889, Arthur Boon, aged 12½, was successful in obtaining a Scholarship in the Simon Langton School, value £45, and tenable for three years. This is the second Scholarship by sons of the Qr.-Mr. Sergeant.

CANTERBURY, Yours faithfully,
XMAS DAY, 1889. "OLD BUFF."

Dear Mr. Editor,

You remember in the old *Dragon*, the Regimental records were published up to about the Crimean War time, and the Editor stated at some future time he hoped they would be enabled to complete them up to date, could you not suggest to the present Editor that he should try to do this, if he cannot complete, perhaps he would start them afresh; it is now some 11 or 12 years since they were last published, and it would come as fresh reading to the majority of the Regiment, and would be far more interesting than the I. O. G. T. letters which take up a great part of the paper.

Faithfully yours,
A. E. C.

[We will look the matter up and see what can be done. Regimental Records are not the lightest of reading, but are interesting, of course, to the Regiment.—ED.]

FOOTBALL.

The men of the 2nd Battn. have caught the football fever, and almost every afternoon The Buffs Secundi may be seen on the Queen's Parade Aldershot. hard at work perfecting themselves in the dribbling game, which was quite new to them three months ago. Under the able generalship of their excellent Sergt-Major who is always to the fore, not only on the drill ground, but also on the cricket and football field, they have turned out a very good Regimental team, and although on several occasions they were easily defeated early in the season, they are now fast becoming quite adepts at the game, and have succeeded in beating Farnham by two goals to love, and also defeated Mr. Colley's team by the same number of points. If they only continue to improve, we must not be surprised if in a couple of seasons time, the Army Cup is obliged to seek shelter under the wings of *The Dragon*.

A. E. C.

DEPOT FESTIVITIES.

The absence of Head Quarters in Calcutta has not deterred those left at Dum-Dum from enjoying themselves, although the Station *is* so quiet, that one jumps if an unusual voice is heard. Two courageous warriors have tied the gordian knot to relieve the monotony. As a rule the sweet nothings usually spoken in one anothers tender embrace before the fatal day is named, were in these instances whispered across the ocean, but seemingly with the desired effect, for both ladies came from England at their sweethearts requests. The first was Pte. Brooker on Christmas Day, but as every body was so busy with himself on that day looking after his own amusements, we don't know how that affair went off. but that of Col-Sergt. William Watts on the 2nd inst, to Miss Sarah Peskett we did witness, and a very pretty little affair it was too. The church was well attended, considering the paucity of troops in the Station, and while the usual documents were being signed in the vestry, the pair of milk white ponies were removed from the carriage which was dragged up to the church door by the men of the Regt. here. The happy and blushing pair came out, looking for a loop hole to escape the inevitable rice and boots, but one trooper, more enthusiastic than the remainder, had taken off his well studded "ammunition"—with a diabolical intention no doubt—and as escape was impossible, they entered the carriage for safety, which was run round the barracks amidst deafening applause until their bungalow was reached where a munificent champagne breakfast was discussed. The honeymoon, we believe, was spent in Calcutta.

This quietness was again disturbed the other day by an alarming outbreak of fire in the Sudder Bazaar, bugles sounding, bells ringing, men and women shouting &c., at 2 o'clock in the morning. The whole of the troops turned out and succeeded in extinguishing the flames in about three hours, after about 6 dirty little houses had been destroyed. The fire-engine was on the spot, but could not be used owing to the narrowness of the street where the the fire occurred, consequently the troops had to line the streets to the nearest tank and pass buckets of water backwards and forwards for and with water. This of course was a very slow proceeding but was the only means under the circumstances. The Cantonment Magistrate was so pleased with the way the men worked that he gave them each a

Digitized by Google

pint of beer (ninety in all).

There have been several cricket matches played between scratch teams, but one in particular, N.-C.O's. *v.* Men, proved the greatest success, and although the N.-C.O's. had the services of Sergt-Major Campbell of the P.V.R.B. and Sergt. Boulter the Canteen Steward, the match finished in favour of the Privates by about ten runs, the non-coms. however had the disadvantage of playing 2 men short. There are two or three fairly good cricketers amongst the last draft who will be useful to their companies clubs.

Corpl. Sale has had a fall from a pony and his face is so disfigured that his most intimate friend could not possibly recognise him, but it is nothing serious, although he had to go to hospital.

The return cricket match was played on the 23rd inst., between the N.-C.O's. and Privates, and this time the Non-coms. had it all their own way. The scores are on another page. SPY.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

MARRIAGES.

BROOKER—SHERWOOD. At Dum-Dum on the 25th December 1889, No. 306 Private James Brooker to Miss Mary E. Sherwood.

WATTS—PESKETT. At Dum-Dum on the 2nd inst., Color-Sergeant William Watts to Miss S. Peskett, of Plumstead, Kent.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

Leave in extension on recommendation of a Medical Board has been granted to the undermentioned Officer, from 3rd December 1889, to 20th February 1890.

Lieut. R. H. D'Aeth.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to approve of the following provisional appointments. To be acting Lance-Sergeants without pay,

1070 Corpl. H. Locke,
998 „ P. Godfrey,
1178 „ G. Cork,
1144 „ J. Peach,
632 „ J. Smith,
76 „ P. J. Reynolds.

To be acting Corporals

342 Lce.-Corpl. R. Golds,
948 „ A. Wilcock.

To be acting Lance-Corporals without pay.

2404 Private T. Tennant,
1424 „ G. Bryan,
1768 „ G. Bailey,
1052 „ J. Cafferty,
1758 „ W. McGee,
1368 „ J. Greenwood,
1473 „ H. Edwards,
1967 „ H. Brown,
2016 „ C. Webb,
2046 „ W. Smith,

The undermentioned Officer has been granted an extra Pachmari Musketry Certificate:

Lieut. B R. K. Tarte.

Dated Army Head Quarters Simla, 22-12-89. By order of the Adjutant General in India.

The undermentioned N.-C. O's. and Men have become entitled to Good Conduct pay, at rates and from dates as specified.

1166	Pte.	A. Merrall	2*d*	3-12-89
845	„	H. Pearce	2*d*	10-12-89
2931	„	W. Sheppard	1*d*	17-10-89
802	„	H. Cheesman	1*d*	24-12-89
1157	„	E. Sayer	2*d*	29-11-89
2070	„	G. Williams	1*d*	19-12-89
2312	„	A. Williams	1*d*	20-12-89
733	„	C. Yeo	1*d*	14-12-89
2403	„	H. Dartnell	1*d*	26-12-89
1687	„	J. Hardy	2*d*	14-11-89
2370	„	J. Jarvis	1*d*	3-12-89
197	„	W. Reese	2*d*	2-12-89
665	„	G. Strawson	1*d*	17-8-89
1161	„	W. Austin	2*d*	1-12-89
1273	„	J. Brewer	1*d*	2-10-89
1173	„	F. Broom	2*d*	31-12-89
930	„	F. Marchant	2*d*	3-12-89
1233	„	A. Parsons	2*d*	13-12-89
1058	„	A. Sadler	2*d*	4-10-89
1103	„	F. Williams	2*d*	11-10-89
1167	„	G. Bing	2*d*	4-12-89
1102	„	J. McGirr	2*d*	13-10-89
1181	„	A. Hurd	2*d*	21-1-90
1190	„	J. Willis	2*d*	31-1-90
1184	„	E. Crapnell	2*d*	28-1-90
2426	„	S. Dangerfield	2*d*	9-1-90
1182	„	G. Stanford	2*d*	22-1-90
1189	„	F. J. Wilson	2d	31-1-90
2411	„	E. Collins	1d	9-1-90
2397	„	G. H. Cork	1d	3-1-90
422	„	W. Hawkins	2*d*	10-1-90
1177	„	H. Mobley,	2*d*	15-1-90

Digitized by Google

2396	Pte.	W. Pettitt	1*d*	2-1-90
1047	,,	G. Munday	1*d*	28-1-90
2405	,,	T. Haydon	1*d*	29-12-89
2394	,,	F. Keeler	1*d*	30-12-89
876	,,	F. Stokes	1*d*	12-12-89
2601	,,	A. Bailey	1*d*	24-1-90

The undermentioned officers having landed in India on the 17th December 1889 with a draft of 108 N. C. O's. and men, are taken on the strength of the Battn., from that date accordingly.
Major Jo W. Hind, 2nd Lieut. R. F. Pearson.

The undermentioned officers are posted to Companys for duty as under
2nd Lieut. A. G. Trollope, "A" Company.
,, ,, L. I. B. Hulke, "D" ,,

Lieut. and Adjutant R. Bayard has been granted leave to England for 9 months on urgent private affairs,. This cancels G. O. C. C. dated 18th November 1889, granting that Officer 12 months leave.

The undermentioned transfers from 2nd Leicester Regiment have been assigned territorial Nos. as under

Private	E. Hamshar	E. K. 3013
,,	H. Reed,	,, 3014
,,	C. Stone,	,, 3015
,,	T. Williams,	,, 3016

The undermentioned man having embarked for England in H. M. S. "Malabar," 28th Dec. 1889, is struck off the strength from that date.
No. 615 Insane H. Spencer.

The undermentioned officer is posted to the Battn. embarked for India about the 1st inst.
2nd Lieut. F. W. B. Dyne.

The undermentioned officer has been removed to the 2nd Battn. Lieut. W. Rayden.

The undermentioned recruit having enlisted on the 17th inst. is taken on the strength from that date John Patrick Brennan.

The undermentioned N. C. O. discharged by purchase on 20th inst. is struck off the strength of the Battalion from that date. No. 648 Corpl. A. Wilcock.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotion To be Orderly Room Sergeant vice Col. Sergt. and O. R. C. F. Butler transferred to Army Reserve 22nd Dec. 1889: No. 362 Lce.-Sergt. J. Barnes.

The undermentioned officer has been permitted to proceed to England on leave, in anticipation of the leave which will be hereafter granted to him by the Commander-in-Chief.
Lieut. F. D. J. Annesley.

ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

This was held on the Maidan on the 9th, and was a great success. Our men carried off their share of the prizes, and Sergt. Eaton secured Brigadier-General Auchinleck's prize for the best man-at-arms, with three first prizes. Our being beaten in the Tug-of-War was rather a jar. It is true some of our team had done a lot of work before the event came off, but so had some of the Gunners. If there had not been some mistake about the coach, and the men on the rope had known there was only one more Gunner to pull over in the first rush, we might have done the trick. The Gunners stayed longer and pulled better at the end, and the best team won. We hope to have another go at them soon, and Corpl. Leek must take the team in hand again with his usual energy.

The Musical Clubs were much appreciated, we hope Sergt. Eaton feels repaid for all the trouble he took; enticing each performer to practice, when he wants to go for a walk with the girl of his heart, is not so easy as it seems. We really should try and keep this performance up to its present standard. That they were asked to repeat at the Assault-at-Arms and were engaged to perform at the Maidan Tamasha should encour- the men to come to the front well next time. Col. Harrison very kindly presented the performers in the Tug-of-War and the Musical Clubs with a jersey and Dragon, which added the little touch of uniformity so necessary to make men look nice.

We do not propose to give in detail the whole of the events, but we shall confine ourselves to recording the winners in The Buffs:—

Lance (mounted) *v.* Bayonet (dismounted) Sergt. Eaton.
Bayonet *v.* Bayonet (dismounted) Sergt. Eaton.
Lc.-Corpl. Price 2.
Sword (mounted) *v.* Bayonet (dismounted) Sergt. Cork

Digitized by Google

Sabre *v.* Bayonet (dismounted)	Lc.-Corpl. Price.
Single Sticks	Sergt. Eaton.
Foils	Sergt. Cork.
Marching-Order Race (440 yards)	Corpl. Davies 2.
Best Man-at-Arms	Sergt. Eaton.

THE DUM-DUM CANTONMENT.

It is a somewhat vexed question as to the origin of the name Dum-Dum. It is generally believed to be derived from a Persian word *Dum-Dummah*, signifying a raised mound. From 1783, the year when it was first marked out as a Cantonment by Colonel Patrick Duff, of the Bengal Artillery, down to 1853, it was the Head Quarters of the Bengal Regiment of Artillery. The plain on which the cantonment was established had been used as the Artillery practice ground from 1775. The laying out of the cantonment was quite a family arrangement, all in the Regiment; each officer apparently selected his plot, and Colonel Duff marked it out for him, and thus it is we find all the old names associated with the early possesson of the bungalows. Duff, Pearse, Horsford, Hardwicke, Hind, Rakan, Pollock, Swiney, Smith, Stone, Ochterlong, Popham, D'Oyly, &c.

Colonel Patrick Duff was a man of great courage and splendid physique, he was known in those days as Tiger Duff, a name which he is said to have acquired in the following way :

Dum-Dum was a very jungly station, the Sunderbund jungles extending much nearer to it than in these days, and tigers were not at all scarce in the neighbourhood, and it is said that as Duff was coming out from the Mess Bungalow late one night, he was met by a prowling tiger which sprung upon him; Duff nothing daunted thrust his hand into the beasts mouth, seized its tongue and tore it out, tearing the jaws asunder! a feat worthy of Samson. There are wonderful tiger stories told of those days, we never hear the like now! Probably the present generation are less imaginative, or shall we say more truthful? which reminds us of an old Officer well know in this Station, in years gone by who was noted amongst other eccentricities as being the "greatest liar" in the sevice. P——s, crammers were just of the very tallest and we should not be very much suprised to hear that Duff's tiger anecdote was one of them. Two of P——s other peculiarities were a passion for all sorts of animals and birds, cats, monkeys, jackals, parrots, etc. which were kept in a large godown adjoining his bungalow, and a fondness for quoting scripture or rather putting the affairs of every day life into scriptural language. P——like many others was considerably in debt to Calcutta native dealers, who found it difficult to get any money out of him. On one occasion a native came to his bungalow as he was enjoying his evening cheroot and very pressingly demanded payment of his bill. Come next week said P——No sar ! said the native, Master never paying, if not now paying will put master in Court of Request; and put in jail. You infernal scoundrel said P—— in a rage, I'll court of request you, so seizing him by the scruff of the neck he kicked him across the compound to his menagerie godown, pushed him in and locked the door, leaving him all night among the howling, screeching, biting vermin. When the untortunate wretch got out next morning almost dead with terror he at once laid his complaint before the Commandant who called upon P——for an explanation in writing. This was too grand an opportunity for P——to lose ; so sitting down with a sheet of foolscap he indited the following.—

" Sir. In reply to your communication of this date, I have the honor to state as follows:—I stood at the door of my tent at even; and I lifted up mine eyes and lo! there stood before me a Bengali; and I said unto him 'what seekest thou ?' and he said, 'behold, him that I seek standeth before me; thou, even thou art the man:' and he said 'moreover pay me that thou owest:' and I said unto him 'have patience and I will pay thee all,' but he said 'nay, thou shalt pay me now, or I will deliver thee to the Judge, and the Judge will deliver thee to the Officer, and thou shalt straightway be cast into prison.' Then mine anger was kindled against him, and I arose and smote him, even as Moses smote the Egyptian ; and I cast him into outer darkness, where there was weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth." What the result of the explanation was, the chronicler has not recorded.

There are some queer histories attaching to some of the bungalows at Dum-Dum, or to their former owners. Few people who walk down the Jessore-road and pass No 29, the bungalow with the tall cansarina trees in front, and which adjoin the Mess, know of the tragic fate which overtook the family which owned and lived in it before the father of the present owner became its purchaser in 1837.

The former owner was Captain Thomas

Digitized by Google

D'Oyly of the Bengal Artillery, a younger son of Sir John D'Oyly, Bart., and brother of the then Baronet. Sir Charles D'Oyly senior member of the Board of Customs Salt and Opium. In 1835, Captain D'Oyly with his wife and child, a boy of two years of age named Charles, sailed from Calcutta in the barque "Charles Eaton." The vessel was wrecked in the Torres Straits, and all the passengers and crew were supposed to have been lost. In the following year, however, it was rumoured that five of the crew had escaped and that two more were believed to be in the hands of natives; and on enquiries being instituted by Commander W. Igglesden of the H. E. I. Coy's. Ship "Tigris" it was discovered that over forty of the crew and passengers had been murdered and eaten by the Cannibal Islanders of Boydaney, one of the Six Sisters group. The only survivors of those who tell into their hands being an apprentice lad, John Ireland aged ten, and the child Charles D'Oyly, aged three; these children had been preserved by the women, and had been carried off by the natives of Murray Island, from whom they were purchased by Captain Lewis of the Colonial schooner "Isabella." Little D'Oyly is said to have parted with great reluctance from his sable naked foster-mothers and nurses.

The only relic of the unfortunate passengers and crew that was discovered on "Boydaney," was the gigantic figure of a man's head ornamented with forty-two human skulls, some of which had been terribly fractured and exposed to the action of fire.

Little Charles D'Oyly, so wonderfully preserved, succeeded his uncle in the Baronetcy and is a retired Major-General in the Indian Army.

A LAY OF MODERN CALCUTTA.

"Ho! bang upon the cymbals
Play up the fifes and drums,
Proclaim to all the people
Prince Albert Victor comes;
He comes to see the nations
Whom he shall one day rule,
And he that will not welcome him
Shall be set down a fool."
So spoke the Lord of Lansdowne,
As on the appointed day
He bade his Aides-de-camp ride out
East and West and round about
To summon his array,

The Old Buffs and The Young Buffs
Turned out to line the street,
And all the local big-wigs
Came down the Prince to greet.
And lo from every quarter
In crowds the people pour,
Until throughout the city
There was no room for more.
From Chitpore where the Afghan.
Deals in the spavined crock,
From Alipore where convicts
Dwell, under key and lock.
From Cossipore and Howrah,
Belghurria and Dum-Dum,
From Barrackpore and Kidderpore
And many dozen bustees more,
The cry is still they come.

Then the black man pushed the white
And the white man shoved the black
Until they filled the city
As full as it would pack,
As you have seen a barrel
Packed full of herrings red.
So over all that wide maidan
There was no room for any man
His arms abroad to spread.

And now the Prince is landed
And as he moves along
The great ones of the city
Around the carriage throng,
Around him throng the big-wigs
And there in foremost place
Rides great Sir Steuart Bayley
Who saved us from disgrace,
For, when a solemn conclave
Met in the city hall,
To counsel how to welcome
Their Prince into Bengal.
Then black Surendro Babu
By all his gods he swore
That entertaining princes
Is a stupendous bore,
By all his gods he swore it
And brought his schoolboys in
To drown the elders voices
With their ill-mannered din.

Then rose Sir Stewart Bayley
The ruler of Bengal,
In face of all the tumult,
He stood erect and tall,
"To hearken to Surendro"
Said he "were sin and shame,
It were a blot for ever
On this fair city's name.
Shall it be said that Babus,
Were cowed by senseless noise?
Now who is he will follow me,
And whip me back these boys?"

Digitized by Google

Then back recoiled the schoolboys
Not daring to oppose
For each one had a wholesome dread
That he might get a broken head
If it should come to blows.

So now Surendro Babu
May sit abashed and glum
And each defeated schoolboy
May suck his little thumb,
For never has Calcutta
Beheld before or since
So goodly and so great a show
As this wherein both high and low
Did honour to their Prince.

Henceforth whene'er are gathered
The Babus of this land,
When round the hubble bubble
Is passed from hand to hand,
When they have done discussing
Of annas and of pice,
About the price of atta
And dall and ghee and rice,
When all their themes are ended,
Then sire to son shall tell
How on that day at Princeps' Ghat
Calcutta did the thing she ought
And did it deuced well.

OUR CAMP FIRE CONCERT.

Acting on the journalistic principle of never doing anything that anybody else will do for us we clip from the *Pioneer* the very complimentary account of the camp-fire concert.

Ot the large number of entertainments which have taken place in Calcutta during the last fortnightthere is one which, on account of its novelty, picturesqueness, and altogether charming character, calls for special mention. No subscription was asked for, no tickets were issued: all were invited to attend ; it was unique. Although not graced by the presence of royalty it was a distinct success.

On Friday night, 10th inst. at about 9 p.m. from the road lying between the racecourse and the camp a ruddy glow might have been seen suffusing the sky, and if curiosity to ascertain the cause had promoted the observer to trace the phenomenon to its source, he would have found that a huge bonfire was blazing away immediately to the east of The Buffs' encampment: and at a short distance from the fire he would have noticed a stage raised some 5 feet from the ground, decorated with greenery and illuminated by six large lanterns, three on a side, and flanked by the music stands of a band. In a semi-circle immediately in front of the stage he would have perceived a large and expectant crowd, some seated and some standing, composed for the most part, though by no means exclusively, of the troops now stationed in Calcutta. If the observer was of an artistic turn of mind, he would have been struck by the picturesque effect of the firelight flickering on the faces and uiforms of the crowd, and the background of tents and the star-spangled deep-blue canopy above. A campfire concert was about to be givenby The Buffs.

Soon after 9 p.m. the magic tap-tap of the *bâton* of the bandmaster, Mr. Birkhead, called the band to the music-stands as the officers of the regiment and their guests emerged from the neighbouring mess-tents : and after Brigadier-General Auchinleck, commanding the Presidency Division, and Major-General Elles, C.B., the Adjutant-General who had dined with the regiment, had been accommodated with seats in the front row of the stalls, the show began with the march "Camp Life," by the band. Then followed two songs, "Ti Hi tidelly Hi" and "Yeave Ho," given by Pte. Hills and Col-Sergt. Andrews respectively, accompanied by the band. The accompaniment by the band of all the songs was a distinct feature of the entertainment, and owing to skill with which the accompaniments were rendered contributed very greatly to their success. Major Newnham-Davis then recited "The Private of The Buffs," a stirring poem, which tells how a Kentish lad of the regiment, a prisoner in the hands of the Chinese, quietly and firmly chose death rather than dishonor and fell—a hero. This recitation was applauded loudly and long, but not more loudly nor longer than the excellent delivery deserved. "It always comes round to me," by Sergt. Eaton, produced much merriment and the chorus went with a capital swing. Then after Sergt. Avis had obliged with an Irish comic song—"Mrs. Phelan's Child"—the band struck up with the grand military fantasia "Episodes in a soldier's life." Rumours of war were appropriately indicated by the air "Come if you dare," and the assembly of the troops by "For England, Home and Beauty;', Bugle call—"The Assembly," "The British Grenadiers, "The Buffs," "Garry Owen" and "The Highland Laddie,"

"The girl I left behind me," "The anchor's weighed" and "Good bye" unmistakably pointed to embarkation, while the voyage to the seat of war, was musically described by "The lass that loves a sailor" and a variety of hornpipes

Digitized by Google

(with side drum solo). The "Last Post" brought the scene to *terra firma*, and then amidst the explosion of firecrackers was sounded the "Advance" then came "The British Grenadiers" and "The Charge." The music indicative of the engagement was succeeded by "Cease firing" when naturally followed "See the Conquering hero comes," "Rule Britannia" and "God save the Queen." This fantasia was the *pièce de rèsistance* and was admirable. "White Wings" by Lieut. Hulke, who has a sweet crystal voice, was enthusiastically received.

"I couldn't" by Pte. Hills was followed by a capital step-dance by Private Terry and "Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket" by Sergt. Short; and a most excellent programme was brought to an end with "Just fancy the Missus in tights" by Sergt. Dray, which was received with roars of laughter. Then to the strains of the National Anthem the crowd melted away, and a most enjoyable and successful evening's entertainment came to an end.

The highest praise is due to Mr. Birkhead for the great proficiency attained by the band, and Calcutta is to be congratulated on having had the advantage of listening so often to it of late.

It is to be hoped that another camp-fire concert may be got up by the Regiment before it returns to Dum-Dum, and if so, it is to be hoped that the fact may be advertised more widely than on the last occasion.

Besides an account of the Tournament on another page, from the pen of our Special Correspondent, we give some extracts from the *Englishman* of Friday January 10th.

AFTERNOON FINALS

By 2.30 the Stand was crowded from roof to ground, and the Maidan presented a sea of heads as far as the eye could reach. The Stand erected for soldiers and competitors was also crowded The first event that claimed attention was the Balaclava Mêlée, for which the 31st Field Battery Royal Artillery. The Buffs, and East Surrey had entered four officers each. but the last did not put in an appearance. The Buffs were represented by Captain Philips and Lieuts. Parry, Trollope, and Cobbe; the Artillery by Lieuts. Bennett, England, Alexander, and Percival. The former were distinguished by red and the latter by white badges. This was a most amusing affair for the spectators, but not quite so much so for the competitors, as numerous sore knuckles and headaches must have resulted from the hard blows exchanged. The event ended in a draw, Captain Philips and Lieutenant Parry being left in for The Buffs, and Lieutenants Percival and England for the Artillery, with their plumes unscathed.

Next came the display by the Naval Volunteers, which consisted of bringing the guns into position firing a round, then dismounting and spiking them and retiring, then advancing and mounting them again and firing another round, after which they went off the ground. There were three guns in this, No 1 doing remarkably well and leading throughout. This display was again repeated at the request of Sir Frederick Roberts, when No. 3 gun took the cake. Then came Musical Clubs by 36 men of The Buffs, who went through the exercise to waltz music, in splendid style. This is a speciality introduced by The Buffs, and was very good indeed, as the repeated rounds of applause testified, and they were really well deserved. This performance was again repeated at the request of the Viceroy, who appeared to take a great interest in it.

Then came the Victoria Cross competition, for which the following entries were made:—Calcutta Light Horse, Sergeants Sinclair, Henry and Lee; Royal Artillery, Lieutenant Bennett and Sergeant Dolan, of whom Sergeant Dolan took the first prize, Sinclair the second, and Lieutenant Bennett the 3rd. Of the Native entries, Trumpeter Gopal Sing took the first, Lance Duffada Rutti Ram the second (both of the 2nd B. C.) and Havildar Abdul Karim, of the Body Gaurd, the third prize. The competition consisted in jumping a hurdle in face of rifle firing, picking up a dummy, and returning over another hurdle. This caused a great deal of amusement, the dummies proving rather unmanageable burdens. Next came the Lance Exercise competition, which was contested by the 2nd B.C. and Body Guard, the latter winning, as they went through the performance with more regularity than their opponents, who however went past at a better pace. The Artillery Driving competitions were entered for by three subdivisions, Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of the 31st Field Battery R. A., No 3 winning, with No. 1 second. This consisted in first driving between four pair of pegs 5 feet 10 inches apart, and afterwards through two pairs of gate posts, 6 feet apart. This, as may be imagined, needed most careful driving, and the winning team were loudly

Digitized by Google

applauded. Then came the riding and jumping competitions, for which Captains Turner and Gordon, Lieuts. James, 2 B.C., England and Bennet, R.A., Troop Sergt.-Tajor Sinclair, Sergt. Henry. and Trooper Barrow, C.L.H., Sergeant Dolan, Bombardier Rosamond, and Trumpeter Moan, R.A., besides entries from the 2 B.C. and Body Guard. The course consisted of, 1st, a hurdle, then a mud wall, next another hurdle, followed by an "in-and-out" for the successful candidates, a further course of posts and rails, an imitation mud and an imitation brick wall. These proved serious obstacles to the C. L. H., whose horses were unaccustomed to face such curious looking obstacles, and therefore promptly declined. The officers' prize was taken by Capt. Turner, that for British troops by Sergeant Dolan, while Havildar Abdul Karim, of the Body Guard, took that for Natives.

The Barebacked Wrestling next claimed attention. Two teams of the 31st Field Battery, right against left, half the former wearing red and the latter white badges, was won by the right or red side, amidst roars of laughter. The object was to dismount your opponent, and some amusing incidents occured. In the same competition for Natives the Viceroy's Body Guard, yellow, tried conclusions with the 2nd B.C., white, the Body Guard winning. Owing to want of time the Marching Order Race was left out and the Tug-of-War was proceeded with.

This was really grand, the finals being The Buffs *vs.* Artillery, 20th Battery Southern Division, Barrackpore. At the begining The Buffs had the best of it, and almost succeeded in pulling the R. A. over ; in fact there was only one man to be got over the mark, but they became exhausted. They were pulled along by the gunners, making however a protracted and very successful resistance, but were eventually pulled over. It should in fairness to The Buffs team be mentioned that five of their men had been twice through the Musical Clubs, which was a severe and exhausting strain.

OUR MILITIA BATTALION.

The annual dinner of the 3rd Battalion East Kent Regiment (The Buffs) was held on Saturday night Nov. 9th '89, at Limmer's Hotel. General G. A. R. Raines, C.B., presided, and there were present General Bingham, C. B., Colonel H. T. Howell, Colonel Maxwell, Colonel Carlyon, Colonel J. E. Beales, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Herbert Perrott, Major Walker, Major Williamson, Major Bury, Captain Colley, Captain Blaydes, Captain Collier, Captain Porter, Capt. Mathieson, Capt. Carter, Capt. A. D. Stevenson, and Messrs. Egerton, Eves, Graystone Haslewood, and Cummings.

STAR GAZING.

The Northern Crown containing one principal star Gemina. The Northern Crown is situated between Vega and Arctarus, it is composed of six or seven stars forming a remarkable semi-circle, the principal of which is called Gemina a star of the second magnitude.

The Dragon (Draco) containing three principal stars, this constellation never sets in England.

To find "A" Draconis.

A line from G to D of the Great Bear and produced nearly three times their distance will give the position of "A" Draconis a star of the second magnitude.

To find B and G Draconis.

Draw a line from Vega to Dubhe and at one fourth the length of this line from Vega, and a little to the north of the line is a cluster of stars forming the head of the Dragon, the two largest of which are B and G, stars of the second magnitude.

In concluding this article on star-gazing I wish to point out nearly all the finest start in the heavens can be seen about 10 o'clock this month viz, Capella, Aldebaran, Arcturus, Spica, Orion, The Twins, Regulus, Sirius, Procyon, Alphard, Acherner and Canopus, and if any of my readers have followed the rules I have written for finding them, they can be easily distinguished. The writer will be glad to let any subscriber to "The Dragon" (on applying to the Editor) have a chart of the stars of the heavens which are made on 6 maps, on the gnomonic projection principal. They are easily understood and will be found a great help to the star gazer.

No. 1725 Pte. W. Gilbert (better known as HOLLY left us on Satuaday last the 25th inst., and every body was very sorry indeed to lose an old soldier, who altho' 22 years in the Regiment (nearly tho whole of which with B Company) was as good an all round sportsman as there was in the Regiment. His name as a cricketer is so widely known that it is superfluous for us to say anything about it. In recognition of his services as a cricketer in B Company, he was presented with a watch appropriately inscribed, and in civilian life we wish him all sorts of good luck, and hope from time to time to hear of his success. The Band also, with him, lose a thorough musican and a most useful man. He left the Battn. to the strains, by the Band, of Auld Lang Syne.

Digitized by Google

CRICKET.

CORPORALS THE BUFFS
v.
CORPORALS EAST SURREY REGT.

Played at Fort William on the 16th inst., and after a most enjoyable game, resulted in a win for The Buffs by 79 runs. After which all adjourned to the Corporals' Mess where a spread was provided, to which, as usual, all did ample justice. Appended are the scores: The return match will be played at Dum-Dum, shortly.

CORPORALS—THE BUFFS.

Leek, c Goodwin b Tweedle	9	b Golding	26
Davies, c Lipscombe b Golding	28	absent	
Price, b Lawton	4	b Golding	0
Hilderbrand, b Tweedle	1	„	0
Brown, b Golding	14	run out	11
Marshall, b Tweedle	1	c Bartlett b Goodwin	19
Else, b Tweedle	0	b Lawton	7
Read, b Tweedle	0	not out	39
McKeating, c Keegan b Tweedle	6	b Nicholls	19
Hall, b Golding	0	b Lawton	0
McGee, not out	0	b Tweedle	4
		Extras	10
Total	63	Total	135

CORPORALS—EAST SURREY.

Golding, b Reed	4	b Leek	0
Tweedle, „	17	c Sub. b Hilderbrand	5
Armitage, „	3	run out	0
Lawton, b Marshall	5	not out	11
Goodwin, b Reed	1	b Hilderbrand	0
Bartlett, c Price b Reed	1	c McGee b Hilderbrand	0
Owen, b Reed	0	b Hilderbrand	5
Keegan, c Hilderbrand b Leek	31	„	2
Davis, run out	13	b Leek	0
Lipscombe, c Price b Reed	4	c McGee b Hilderbrand	0
Nicholls, not out	0	b Hilderbrand	0
Extras	9	Extras	8
Total	88	Total	31

PRIVATES *v.* N.-C.O's. OF THE DEPOT.

NON-COM. OFFICERS.

Corpl. Davies, c Wilson b Hunt	1
Sergt. Reynolds, b Newing	53
„ Stonebridge, b Ford	2
Corpl. Hilderbrand, not out	80
„ Baker, c & b Hunt	4
„ Evans, b Newing	0
„ Wilcox, c Hagell b Hunt	10
„ Gaunt, b Newing	2
„ Bailey, st. Hagell b Hunt	0
„ Alderton, b Newing	0
Sgt-Maj. Campbell, c Corner b Hunt	6
Extras	10
Total	168

Corpl. Hilderbrand secured the seven runs required, with one hit, a splendid on drive.

PRIVATES.

Wilson, b Hilderbrand	25	b Reynolds	0
Corner, run out	0	„	9
Hunt, c & b Davies	1	„	8
Vine, c Baker b Hilderbrand	0	c Baker b Reynolds	4
Hagell, c Reynolds b Davies	0	b Reynolds	2
Ford, b Hilderbrand	1	c Baker b Reynolds	20
Joy, c Reynolds b Hilderbrand	3	c & b Davies	22
Jingle, b Hilderbrand	0	b Davies	0
Bates, run out	7	b Reynolds	2
Newing, c Reynolds b Davies	6	„	19
Wraight, not out	10	b Hilderbrand	5
Extras	13	Extras	17
Total	66	Total	109

LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT.

Some years ago, soon after my arrival in India, business took me to Gawhali in Assam, and as at that time there were no Grand Hotels on the shores of the Brahmapootra, and I was not a globe-trotter with a handle to my name, having nowhere else to put up, I put up *at* the dâk bungalow, and put up *with* every discomfort that a dâk bungalow could well afford.

"Muskeeters are a game bug," shrewdly says Josh Billings, "and a muskeeter at three hours old, is just as reddy and anxious to go into bizzness for himself az ever he iz, and bites the first time as sharp and as natgral as red pepper duz. Muskeeters must be one of the luxurys of life, they certainly aint one of the necessarys, not if we kno ourselfs." Josh Billings knew what he was writing about, but he had not a personal acquaintance with the "muskeeters" at Gawhati in July, or he would have recorded the fact that he attains there the size of a doormouse, is striped like a tiger, and that three of them could easily drown the efforts of as many highland pipers on St. Andrew's day. I had seen, heard, and felt the "luxury" before, but the Gawhati variety, to my mind, is entitled to the cake, and if he had it then, and eaten it instead of me, I should have been truly thankful. Curries I had already eaten and enjoyed, but the Gawhati curry was a revelation. It was curry because the Khansamah said so. Lumps like India rubber formed islands in a sea of tawny juice, and the patriarchal goat that died that I might feast, must have been seventy if he was a day, and a veteran warrior to boot. The heat was appalling, and punkah wallahs, as far as I could judge, "out on strike," anyhow, I only succeeded once in tempting, as I suspect, a "blackleg" to pull for me at night, and then he insisted on getting one rupee eight annas, which was I thought, rather too much of a good thing, as he managed to sleep about twice as well as I did, and when it rained, came inside my room, and

Digitized by Google

awoke me with the delicate perfume he exhaled, woke me from a dream in which I fancied myself frantically struggling to pull myself out of a vat of patent chemical liquid manure.

At last the eve of the day of my departure, to my intense delight arrived, and with it a considerable sum of money. The money was all in rupees, made up in canvas bags, and as the Treasury was closed for the day when the bags arrived on a bullock cart, and there was no room for them in my portmanteau, there was nothing to be done but to stow them away under my bed until the morrow, when I could exchange the silver for notes, and in that convenient form take the money entrusted to my care away with me to my destination.

I gave up my evening stroll, not caring to leave the money, for which I was responsible, to the care of the Khansamah, and at length retired to bed, if not to rest, feeling, I must confess, some uneasiness from the fact that the heat rendered it impossible for me to take the precaution of shutting the jilmils.

There was not a breath of air, and the very mosquito net seemed more covering than I could endure. I tossed and groaned and longed to deliver myself from the meat-safe in which I was imprisoned. The melancholy croaking of the frogs in the neighbouring tank and the car-splitting grasshoppers whirring away like a factory full of sewing machines in full swing, nearly drove me mad. The only variety in the sounds which jarred upon my irritated nerves was the going of the police guard striking the hours and half hours, and now and again the diabolical and discordant yells of a band of dissipated jackals.

It must have been about 2 a.m., when to my other troubles was added that uncanny feeling which will sometimes creep over one, fight against it as one may. The intolerable heat, sleeplessness and nervous irritations had, I felt it, quite upset me. I held my breath and listened, I strained my eyes and peered into the darkness; I would not move lest I might miss some sight or sound—I knew not what. Then I fancied I heard someone breathing, breathing laboriously near me, breathing as if after a prolonged effort to abstain from doing so. Then I heard the chair at the foot of my bed move, distinctly move—then silence—I counted, mentally, ten, twenty, thirty. Then I was certain I heard a dull sound against the table, as if someone was feeling its way along it in the darkness towards my bed-head. Noiselessly I raised myself, inch by inch, to a sitting posture. Still holding my breath that no sound made by the intruder might escape me, (I must have been well nigh black in the face by this time) I clutched the net and prepared for a mighty spring; a moment thus I waited, then with a wild yell intended to unsteady the nerves of the assassin whom I had now located within striking distance of my pillow I flung myself mosquito net and all out of bed and bore him to the ground. I was determined he should not escape me. I seized him with an energy which I felt, taken as he must be at a considerable disadvantage, would enable me to emerge the victor from the struggle.

* * * *

We were very much mixed up, I and the Khansamah's calf in the wreck of the table and the mosquito net and poles. He emitted a very apologetic "moo" and made every effort to regain the verandah and the grass plot beyond, where reclined his venerable mother, on three legs over which he managed to maintain control, and in less time than it takes to tell I restored to him possession of the fourth which I had convulsively grasped, and then feeling several per cent more foolish than the other calf, cleared the wreckage, rigged up my net, returned to my couch and slept the sleep my prowess had so well earned.

VALLOMBROSA.

HOW I GOT MY STRIPES.

By Private Fitzgerald—translated from the original "brogue" by Lieut. Charles Phledgeby of the ——th Foot, with notes and additions by the translator.

Private Fitzgerald was a good soldier but he drank. These two qualities seldom go hand in hand—at least not in my humble experience—because you never can depend as a rule on a drunkard. But Fitzgerald was essentially soldierly and that made all the difference. Spotless kit and accoutrements, obedience, respectfulness, handiness, truthfulness, and——drunkeness, when off duty were the chief items of poor Fitzgerald's soldier life: the last item of which ruined the whole and prevented him ever getting the stripes which he otherwise richly deserved. Yet the Regimental Teetotal Society had a good friend in him; for when he saw young hands in the Canteen taking too much, he used simply to hunt them away or shame them into sobriety of

Digitized by Google

habits by inimitable volleys of chaff, accompanied sometimes, I *believe*, with chastisement, when any rebelled against his fatherly authority.

One day however, when the Regiment was on service in a certain forest-clad jungle-land, Fitzgerald found himself one of the picquet detailed to watch a bridge that the Engineers were building. The bridge was to be a quasi permanent one, and took two or three days to build; and as it was a full mile away from any village or camp ground, a picquet was left nightly to guard the works. The alarm signal for the picquet to the sappers and half company in the nearest village was to be three shots or volleys in rapid succession—Pte. Fitzgerald shall tell the rest.

Well, Sir, a dirty night it was—By the time the sun went down, the rain came down too; and put our bit of fire out, and forced us all into the tent we had, barring the sentry who stood over against the bridge a dozen yards away, and tried to see what he could in the black rain—the tent was a poor bit of a pâl, Sir, but at first 'twas dry enough; but by-and-bye the boys kept coming in from sentry-go like wet sponges, and blunderin' about int he dark, scrapin' the wet canvas with their heads and shoulders till the whole tent was drippin' inside like an April shower. My turn came about midnight, an' out I went. Phew! how it rained! but I tucked my firelock under my arm and went and stood under a tree near by; not for shelter for there was none, but for company d'ye see. And then I began to think of all the bad nights ever I spent in Afghanistan and everywhere else that ever I was. And I looked at the black water running at my feet and the great piles the Engineers had been drivin' risin' out like ghosts from the water. and it put me in mind of a "shweet little sthrame that runs in a place I know in ould Oireland;" and of the banshee that crouches in the bog corner there, and moans and wails ye evil tidings of death ; and so I thought and thought, when suddenly I heard a noise like the pushing ot some one through the bushes opposite. Sorr, if I'd been tellin' lies all my life, it's the truth I tell ye this minute, when I say that as I canted my firelock over to the port, an' listened again, I was *afraid*! Sorr, tho' it's meself as sez it, I've seen them ragin' tearin' Paythans comin' on at Ahmed Kheyl wid their * "Aylee! Aylee! and Din! Din!" (an' din enough, yer honor) wid a sthout heart an' confidinse; an' I've followed the ould Major, whin he led us wid the baynits at an Afghan sungah, an' niver a thought but that I might be first in! an' I've stood an' laffed to hear an Afghan bullet sing past ne in the night time trying to frighten me and to pick me off; but this was differint somehow. The rain seemed to lull a bit, but it was as dark as pitch, the wind came soughin' through the tall grass an' trees an' makin' queer noises like moans an' smothered cryin'. The big trees bowed and bent, and everything seemed movin', an' swayin', an' takin' strange shapes. The rain pattered quietly down, and the black water rushed beneath me, whilst every now and then, great pieces ot earth plashed down from the banks into the nullah. And so I listened, while my heart thumped hard, an' my hair seemed to rise wid horror and cold. At last I heard it distinctly again.—"Halt, who goes there" ! yer murtherin thief ! sez I, for my blood began to run warm again at the sound of my own voice. There was a regular rush through the bushes. "Picquet, turn out" ! roared I, and ran to the head of the bridge that stood half built there in the water. Out the boys came, and out came the Sergeant. I told him quick what had happened; As we spoke, the stealthy sound was heard again. "The picquet will take cover to command the road," sez the Sergeant quietly, "No one will fire widout orders from me. Down with you now ! three or four behind that log, two to each of these trees here and there. Now silence ! steady." He and me slipped into the bushes.—"Who goes there!" shouted the Sergeant, no sound ! still we waited, and the rain pattered down, and we held our breath to listen. Then on a sudden the crashing noise came again, and the Sergeant seized my arm and pointed to the grass near the bank on our side of the nullah that seemed to be moving, "There's somethin' there Sergeant," sez I, sliding my thumb along my breech block to make sure of the cartridge bein' there.—"No one else pull trigger" shouts the Sergeant—"Fitzgerald, Fire!" I fired sthraight and thrue, and there went up a yell like the howl of a wild devil, an' a scratchin' and growlin' and roarin', the like of which I never heard before—we peered through the smoke in vain for a long time, an' then as we crept nearer, we saw somethin' lyin' there near the water's edge, a beast of some sort it was and silent enough now, but the Sergeant wouldn't let us go near it, an' we hadn't a light. So we passed the remainder of the night in some

* AH! AH!

Digitized by Google

impatience, wondherin' what it was at all, till in the early grey we found there a big wet tiger, wid my bullet hole bang through the top of the small of his back, and his spine broken. 'Twas a good shot for a dark night, Sorr, though it's meself that sez it, and that's the only "sthripes" I ever got or am likely to get, savin' yer honor's prisince. C. P.

VARIETIES.

Query—Was Milton a prophet, and did he contemplate the recent school inspection at Dum-Dum, when he wrote

"A gentle brace.
The goodliest of the forest, Hart and Hind."

Overheard in Calcutta.

Q.—What did you think the finest sight at the Tamasha, The Cuttack Dance, the Nautch, The Thibetans, or what ?

A.—The finest sight I saw was The Buffs' band-boys pitching into Peliti's sweets.

Appropriate song for a musical tripe and trotter dresser "Oh wert thou in the cowheeled blash."

Minister (after a long and dreary sermon): "Language, brethren, fails me." A voice:"Thank Heaven."

What a kind hearted sympathic gent'eman our Paymaster must be! you can nearly always draw R.T.R. (a tear) from him.

Lucky man, the sentry on No. 3 post! *he* can always see where he's going, for if the moon is invisible the stores (stars ? Ed.) are always there.

"I take my text this morning," said a coloured preacher, "from dat portion ob de Scriptures whar de Postol Paul pints his pistol to the Fesions."

Johnny had been carefully brought up, any body could see that. One day he sat upon his father's knee in a crowded tram-car. A young lady entered, "Madame," he said as he rose to his feet "take my seat."

Scions of an illustrious race among the rank and file are considerably rare, Serge on Atkins (Sir John) a noble specimen of the "Miles Vulgaris" is but an illustration of that classic precept, "Exceptio probat regulam."

THE CANNIBAL MAID AND THE LOVE-SICK MISSIONARY.

A cannibal maiden loved too well
A Missionary good,
And he loved her, but dare not tell
His love—for thus it stood:
A cannibal she, and a clergyman he,
And their creeds were wide apart;
And how could he take, for sentiment's sake,
A cannibal to his heart?
Oh, 'twas a problem vexing, very,
For the cannibal maid and the Missionary—
Indeed it was.

But the cannibal Maiden's love grew bold,
For she was a simple thing;
And thus her love to her lover she told!
"Oh, marry me! Be my King!
For I love you, my sweet, well enough—oh, to eat!
'Tis a terrible thing, I know;
But I must be your bride, or encompass you fried—
Oh, I must, for I love you so!"
Oh 'twas a problem vexing, very,
To the Maid, but more to the Missionary—
Indeed it was.

He looked in the depths of her dark brown eyes,
With their wealth of love and trust,
And he cried in the flush of a glad surprise.
"Ah, well, if I must, I must!"
They were wed on that day; for 'tis ever the way
That passion must conquer creed;
And a happier pair it's remarkably rare
To discover—it is indeed!
And so 'twas settled nicely, very,
For the cannibal Maid and the Missionary—
Indeed it was.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

While with us he did stay.
The town kept holiday.
But now he's gone away.

1. I dont know how to put this light in rhyme,
But we've all been there before many a time.
2. A street there is in Paris famous
If you guess right this light its name is.
3. Read I as One and you will find
The earliest year of all mankind.
4. The wily fowler knows it is absurd
To spread this in the sight of any bird.
5. Upon this mount the famous M. Blanc
For enterprising travellers, keeps a bank.
6. This light I think will earn the readers curses,
Unless he chooses to reject these verses.

Digitized by Google

THE BUFFS ALMANAC.

PRICE 4 ANNAS.

IS NOW PUBLISHED AND IS OBTAINABLE FROM THE SUB-EDITOR "THE DRAGON," DUM-DUM.

The Calendar, besides an Almanac for the present year, gives much valuable information on matters concerning the Regiment.

ALLEN AND GINTER'S WELL KNOWN CIGARETTES.

50,000 NOW ON HAND.

OPERA PUFFS, LITTLE BEAUTIES, VIRGINIA BRIGHTS, DIXIE. They are 10 in packets, each containing photos of either description, DANCING GIRLS, RENOWNED ACTRESSES OF THE DAY, GYMNASTS, and FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS.

JUST RECEIVED per s. s. "KHEDIVE."

FROM THE BEST AND WELL KNOWN HOUSE OF LONDON, HUNDRED DESCRIPTIONS OF TOBACCONISTS SUNDRIES.

NOW ON SHOW, INSPECTION INVITED.

Please send for our illustrated catalogue, Post Free.

T. KERODE & Co.,

Wholesale Tobacconists, Tea Dealers, & General order suppliers

2 CHOWRINGHEE ROAD, CALCUTTA.

THE BUFFS'

REGTL. WORKSHOPS.

Every description of work performed by Regtl. Artificers:

PRINTING,
BOOK BINDING,
CABINET MAKING,
PAINTING,
GLAZING, &C., &C.

For further information apply to the Non-Commissioned Officer in charge.

Printed at The Buffs' Regimental Press, Dum-Dum.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 35. **DUM-DUM, FEBRUARY 23th, 1890.** [Price 2 Annas.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.

HARTFIELD,—At Dum-Dum, on the 3rd inst., the wife of No. 1211, Pte. W. Hartfield, of a daughter. (Emma Teresa).

BRAHAM.—At Canterbury, on the 3rd January 1890, the wife of Col-Sergt. Braham, 2nd Battn. The Buffs, of a daughter.

FOGARTY.—At Canterbury, on the 24th January 1890, the wife of Drmr. Fogarty, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BRUCE—SHAW.—On the 14th January 1890, at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, by the Rev. Henry White, M.A., Chaplain of the Savoy, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, assisted by the Rev. E. G. Gordon, M.A., Curate of St. Margaret's, Westminster, James Comyn Lewis, late of The Buffs, youngest son of Lewis Bruce Knight Bruce, of Sunbury-on-Thames, and grandson of the late Sir James Knight Bruce, to Millicent, third daughter of Anthony Shaw, of Congleton, Cheshire.

HOLLANDS—SPILLETT.—On the 23rd January 1890, at St. Paul's Church, Canterbury, by the Rev. R. Wall, Sergt. C. Hollands, The Buffs, to Alice Catherine, third daughter of Stephen Spillett, both of Canterbury.

TACCHI—CARTER.—At St. Peter's, Farnboro' on the 14th January 1890, Sergt. William Tacchi, The Buffs, to Jessie E. C., eldest daughter of Mr. W. Carter, late Sergeant-Major The Buffs.

SWAN—JELL.—At St. Peter's, Canterbury, on the 2nd January 1890, Sergt. F. Swan, The Buffs, to Maria E. R. Jell, of Dover.

DEATH.

PATTERSON.—At Dum-Dum, on the 2nd inst. No. 2455, Pte. George Patterson, of "Abscess of the Liver."

NOTES.

AFTER the fitful fever of our Calcutta trip, last month was naturally a quiet one. The hot weather has been creeping upon us by almost imperceptible strides, and punkahs will soon be a necessity. The atmosphere of dust that is raised by those never ending bullock trains with hideously creaking wheels, and the dense fog that has hung nearly every morning over the Maidan, and has made musketry impossible until the sun be well risen, have been two minor discomforts. Our only military event of importance has been the Brigade Field Firing at the Salt Lakes where, in company with the three other regiments of Calcutta garrison, we demolished the screens which represented the enemy. As to our amusements: the Croftons came over from Calcutta and played "Delicate Ground" and two scenes from "School for Scandal," and Mrs. Macdonald organised a very successful sacred concert in aid of the Wesleyan Chapel extension fund.

* * *

SIKKIM has exemplified the old proverb of the mountain bringing forth the mouse. Last year two hundred Buffs were held in readiness to support the Sikkim field force, and the men of the selected companies had already begun to think whether the red and green of the frontier

Digitized by Google

medal ribbon would be becoming to their complexions. This year the "shave" that a wing would go to Gnatong was very generally accepted; but now that the route has come it turns out that we are only to find a one Company detachment up amongst the snow of the Sikkim highlands. Three Companies of the Connaught Rangers have started on their homeward journey and we relieve the fourth at the end of March. We hope that the Company that is going into temporary seclusion will not come back to us regular Rip van Winkles.

* * *

THE football season has been opened, a game between the Sergeants and Officers being the first of the regular season. The Sergeant-Major donned the blue and white jersey on the side of the N.-C.O's., and for the Officers, three of the majors, not without misgivings, joined the fifteen. There were no casualties; but the President of the Institute went a bit short for a few days afterwards, and says, that Sergt. Eaton is an unpleasantly hard person to run up against.

* * *

SIR E. SULLIVAN has, in a home paper, been writing on the "Reform of the Army," and—as a civilian might be expected to do—has made a considerable mess of his subject. He has gone out of his way to vilify the rank and file of the British Army, and in doing so has cast a slur upon that coat that we are all so proud to wear. "The scum of the earth," the Private of to-day most certainly is not. Regiments vary of course, and in some the rank and file is of a higher type than in others; but if Sir Edward had ever seen anything of a good regiment and had been about amongst the men when they were off duty, and watched them at their amusements, he would not have insulted, as he has, a body of men who are honest, respectable and decent. Tommy has not wanted for champions, and many writers have defended his good name in the press; but we as a Regimental paper, speaking with a special knowledge of the subject, wish to record our protest on the subject.

* * *

WHAT is known as the "Dum-Dum murder case" is over, and the man who fired the shot is probably to expiate his brutality on the scaffold. No temperance sermon could be half so effective as the record of the proceedings of the court with its solemn ending. It is a matter of regret that the regiment should have had, through the misconduct of one of its members, even an indirect association with the drunken frolic that had such tragic consequences.

* * *

LET us get to a brighter subject. The Dum-Dum Gymkhana is to be held on the 6th March on the magnificent course behind the butts, and the following are the races. Capt. Philips is the Honorary Secretary, and anyone wanting information should apply to him at his official residence in Fort William.

PROSPECTUS.

FIRST RACE. About 3 furlongs, For C. B's 14 hands, others 13-3 and under, that have never won a hurdle, steeplechase, or flat race, value Rs. 50 or more. Weights. C. B's 14 hands, and others 13-3, to carry 11 st. 7 lbs. W. I. Entrance.—Rs 5. Rs 50

SECOND RACE. Hurdle Race. About 1 mile over 5 flights of hurdles, for C. B's 14 hands, and others 13-3 and under. Weights.—C. B's 14 hands, and others 13-3, to carry 11 st. 7 lbs., W. I.
Penalties.—Winners of a race of any value, once 7 lbs., twice 10 lbs. oftener 14 lbs.
Entrance.—Rs 5. Rs 50.

THIRD RACE. About 5 furlongs. For C. B's 14 hands, others 13-3 and under, the *bonâ fide* property of Warrant Officers, Non commissioned Officers and Men, and employés of the S. A. A. Factory. Weights. C. B's 14 hands, others 13-3, to carry 12 st. 7 lbs. W. I. Rs 50,

FOURTH RACE. About 3 furlongs. For all ponies 13-3 and under, that have been bought by their present owners for not more than Rs. 300 including winning contingencies, if any. Weights.—13-3 to carry 12 stone. W. I. C. B's allowed 14 pounds. Penalties, as in No. II.
Entrance. Rs 5 Rs 50

FIFTH RACE. Hurdle Race. About 1 mile over 5 flights. For C. B's 14 hands, and others 13 3 and under that have never won a hurdle, steeplechase, or flat race of the value of Rs. 50 or more. Weights. C. B's 14 hands, and others 13-3, to carry 11 st. 7 lbs., W. I. Penalties, as in No II.
Entrance. Rs 5. Rs 50.

SIXTH RACE.—The Buffs' Regimental Challenge Cup.—About 5 furlongs. For ponies the property of Officers of The Buffs. C. B's 14 hands, others 13-3 and under. Weights—C. B's 14 hands, and others 13-3, to carry 12 st. W.I. Entrance Rs. 5 Rs 50

SEVENTH RACE—About ½ mile. For ponies, C B's 14 hands, others 13-3 and under that have never won a hurdle, steeplechase, or flat race, value Rs 50 or more. Weights C B's 14 hands, others 13-3 to carry 11st 7lbs W I. Penalties, as in No II. Entrance Rs 5 Rs50

CONDITIONS.

1. Entries close to Hon. Secy., Feb. 28th; starting declarations, 12 noon, 5th March.

2. Nos. 2 and 4 are open to Barrackpore Gymkhana, garrisons of Dum-Dum, Calcutta, and the Body-Guards only

Digitized by Google

3. All entries go to the Fund.
4. Gentlemen riders only.
5. Lotteries at The Buffs' Mess on Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.
6. Certificates of any recognized Meeting or Gymkhana accepted; other ponies will be measured at the Mess, Dum-Dum, at 9 a.m. on 5th March or before.

* * *

We hear—it is that little bird again—that there is to be a week's holiday, as soon as the final big parade of the inspection is over, when there will be held athletic sports, rifle matches and the Northbrook Vase will once more be shot for.

* * *

Col. Sterndale in his interesting letter, last month, speaks of "Tiger" Duff, and tells us of one story of the origin of his name. We, the Editor had a great uncle who was at one time in John Company's service and knew the redoubtable Colonel well. His version—as far as the remembrance of a story told to a child holds good—was as follows: Duff, while at a picnic, had, with another officer, wandered away from the others of the party, and was seized and carried off by a tiger. He regained consciousness to find himself frightfully mauled and in the animal's lair. He, either with a knife or a pistol, "went for" the tiger, and, single handed, killed it. The other men had reported him as killed, and the officers when Duff, pale as a sheet and covered with blood, strode into the mess, thought it was his ghost.

* * *

We have this month taken advantage of Messrs Thacker and Spink's and Mr. R. Kipling's kindness, and publish "The Daughter of the Regiment," one of the military tales taken from the book *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

* * *

We also beg to thank the Editors of our contemporaries who have sent us their various papers. It is always a pleasure to read of the doings of other regiments, and under the heading of "Our Contemporaries," we intend, after this issue, to give a short summary of the contents of the various regimental papers.

* * *

The Almanac again—Bless it! some of our readers will say. Don't all together forget it, and remember that at any time of the year contributions will be thankfully received

MARCH (AT HOME).

Sunny and smiling you come to the earth
With promise of pleasanter days,
Waving the banner of blossoms and mirth
Far out into the golden haze;
Blue-eyed and tender, you bend o'er the beds
Where the little soft buds lie asleep,
Stirring and coaxing, till tiny bright heads
From out the brown mould-quilt creep;
Then with a frown and a wrathful eye
You cover them up in the snow to die.
Cruel old March!
Greedy and grim with your heartless wiles—
Crushing the beauty you won with your smiles.

Brightly you sit on the bare peach boughs,
And feel for the pulse of the flowers,
Whispering falsehoods over their brows
Of golden and bright green hours;
Warming their blood with your treacherous breath
And swelling the soft pink bloom.
And then with your frost work chill them to death,
And whistle and rant o'er their tomb;
Yet in the gold of the April sun
You sob and sigh for the mischief you've done.
Silly old March!
Fickle and false, with your cheats and arts,
You are type of some who have souls and hearts.

Extract from "May's Aldershot Gazette," 21st January 1890:—

2ND BATTN. THE BUFFS.

It is announced that this fine Battalion will be moved from this station at an early date. The Battalion under Colonel Kerr is in a highly efficient state, fit to enter upon active service at a days' notice.

CORRESPONDENCE.

:o:

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

While reconnoitring in the neighbourhood of "Dum-Dum House," in the *disguise* you refer to; and when I seem to have been 'spotted,' by the 'impertinent little bird' who carries tales to your 'Editorial ear;' I came across a copy of *The Dragon* of January 31st in which I found a

Digitized by Google

critique on *The Surprize of Calcutta*, if you will still permit me to call it so; one or two points of which I will be obliged, if you will allow me to clear up in your columns.

You refer, apparently with 'surprize' to the spelling of the word with a 'z.' It is no doubt usual for English writers to spell it with an 's,' being the more modern way: but 'surprize' or 'surprise,' is one of those words of doubtful orthography, for which Webster and other good authorities give both modes of spelling; and some forty years ago the Russian student of English was taught to spell the words 'surprise,' 'enterprise' etc., with the 'z' as being more in accordance with their phonography. In my translation of the Diaries therefore, I have adhered to early teaching.

As to your remark that 'the 800 is weak, for if 1000 Buffs couldn't eat up 800 Russians in half an hour, times must have changed;' now Sir, although allowances should be made on either side for national pre-dilections, and I may not, from the Russian point of view, admit, that even 1000 Buffs—gallant fellows as they are—would eat up such a tough morsel as 800 Russians in so short a time as half and hour; I think you have somewhat miscalculated the relative strength of the opposing forces.

It is stated that the Dum-Dum 'Commandant marched with 600 men of The Buffs (not 1000), and a small detachment in reserve,' (which could not have exceeded twenty men, to meet a force of 800 Russian infantry, two guns, and some mounted Cossacks, with—it must be remembered—strong reinforcements at hand. The force available from Dum-Dum could not have exceeded 600 in all, for out of a Battalion of 1000 men, in the month of June, a very considerable proportion would be away at the Hill Depôt; an entire Company absent at Barrackpore, a number of men sick in hospital, and a considerable portion of the strength would have to be left for guards and garrison in the station itself.

The credit given to The Buffs therefore, in forcing an enemy numerically stronger than themselves, armed with magazine rifles, supported by Artillery and mounted skirmishers, and with a strong main body at their back, to retire, and remain on the defensive, in rear of a strong position, "the Circular Canal" is surely sufficient to satisfy the most jealous upholder of the name and credit of the Regiment; for which every Russian soldier who remembers Sebastopol must have the greatest respect. IVAN BATIUSHKA.

OUR HOME BATTALION.

Dear Mr. Editor;

I'm really very sorry after the promise I made you, to disappoint so soon, but I took advantage of the furlo' season, and my "Locum Tenens" either through timidity or Influenza, forgot to write, or rather postponed doing so until too late; anyhow, as I shall be on the spot for the future, all doubts can be cast aside, and you can rest assured that though chains bind your correspondent, at least one column per mensem shall be forwarded without fail.

Our Football Club at present has not been very successful, but that is not surprising, considering that the Clubs they have played are all old hands at the game, and as of course it must be admitted the first season is generally a poor one so far as victories are concerned.

Christmas passed off very well, and as usual the Companies Rooms were very tastefully decorated, amongst the various devices and mottoes being one as follows: "Success to our 1st Battalion Comrades in India," showing that "Out of sight out of mind," is an out of place adage in "The Buffs."

The Sergeant's Mess was decorated very tastefully, a sumptuous repast provided, and the number that sat down was four, consequently dyspepsia prevailed amongst the select few.

Of course you have all seen the reports about the Influenza scare, well the Rifles (2nd 60th,) and Devons (11th) have suffered very severely, but the "old resurectionists" have escaped very well indeed, only a few having visited their medical adviser, and as an orderly was heard to say confidently to another "Influenza be blowed they're suffering from too much 'Armonic Club!."

Qr.-Mr. Sergt. and O. R. C. Tressler, and Lce. Sergt. Wheeler, were both invalided last month, and Sergt. Trydall transferred to A. R., Sergt. Ellis has returned from furlough, and is posted to "B" Coy., I hear on good authority that Sergt. Tressler fell into the hands of Philistines, who probably ere now, have enjoyed themselves on his deferred pay.

The men of this Battn. are now in possession of the new rifle, and everybody is sad, its' quite pitiful to see N.-C. O.'s walking sadly about head bent and muttering, everyone seems preoccupied, you can get nothing out of anyone now

Digitized by Google

but, cut off levers, extreme range sights etc., The Manual Exercise is much more simple and, the Regt. is pretty well proficient in the new drill. A new musketry exercise has been issued, and we are hard at that now, so we are busy enough at present.

Another new style of drill is being practised here. The idea I believe emanated from the Gymnastic Staff, it's called "obstacle drill" in vaulting and jumping over barriers, trenches, etc. of different heights and width, running up planks placed on an incline and crossing over poles à la Blondin, climbing over high palisades and mounting a perpendicular wall nine feet high, the front and rear rank men of a file assisting each other. This takes place two days per week, and takes the place of an afternoon parade, so you see we have plenty to occupy our time.

I am very sorry that "Old Buff" did not receive an invite to the Sports, though he should have known that anyone connected with the Corps, past and present, are always welcome and I am sure it was known in the Depôt a long time before the event took place, and our running men would have been delighted to show the Depôt representatives up as they did before, in Dover, but if funds permit at the next sports, we'll try and make amends by hiring a Pulman Car to bring them.

I regret to have to announce the death of the infant son of Sergt.-Major Aherne, aged seven months, who died on the morning of the 19th inst.

Although the change of stations are out, and The Buffs are not mentioned; a rumour is current that we are for Cork in March; I give it for what it is worth.

With best wishes from all here for a happy New Year to all

Aldershot, 23-1-90. I remain NOBBY.

OUR DEPOT.

Dear Mr. Editor.

Influenza and the muzzling of dogs seems to be the universal topic in Kent at the present time. The former has certainly been amongst us, but happily without any fata results. The London daily papers used to publish startling telegrams (bogus ones I fancy) something like this:— "Troops at Canterbury suffering very much from influenza," "Great increase of the Influenza at Canterbury," "Temporary huts have been erected on the Barrack Square at Canterbury for the reception of the Influenza Cases," and dozens more like the above, too numerous to detail. The recruits of both Cavalry and Infantry have been having high times during the "In flew en czar" scare, by reporting sick, and in all cases being admitted to the non-dieted hospital, swallowing medical comforts and sleeping for a few days *ad lib*, which they found much more comfortable than four hours a day at the proverbial "Arf right or Arf left turn" of the drill instructors.

The dogs do not enjoy their muzzles it is evident, as on New Year's Day they were to be seen performing some remarkable gymnastic feats, such as standing on their heads, tails, and in fact on any portion of their body except their feet. One gallant officer took his dog and muzzle (the dogs' muzzle of course) to London, when somewhere in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall: (ACT I.) The tyke commenced turning sommersaults in the middle of the road, (ACT II,) Police rushing up with drawn truncheons and with murderous intent, swore the dog was mad etc., etc., (ACT III.) Dog and master bundling into a Hansom and cabby ordered to drive to the devil or anywhere out of Pall Mall, which he did for the small charge of half-a-crown.

Volunteer Instructors seem just now to be at a premuim, as three are required for the 2nd Volunteer Battalion, and only one being available in the Home Battalion and Depôt. Act. Sergt.-Major Smith, Sergt. Instructor Hill and Sergt. Instructor Aspinall are about to take their discharge to pension. Color.-Sergt. Harris from the Depôt fills one vacancy, and the other two will go begging to some other corps. Col.-Sgt. Harris and Sergt. Instructor Sweet are both in for the Sergt.-Majors appointment, and I will tell you in my next letter the result. There are also several vacancies on the Permanent Staff of the Militia, and how they are going to be filled no one seems to know, it will result probably very soon "in those available but not desirous of being transferred" having to go. Capt. Hamilton has taken over the duties of Adjutant to the 2nd Volunteer Battn. from Major Spens, who our old friend "Rumour" says, is about to say good bye to the service.

The annual christmas tree and tea for the children took place on the 16th inst. in the Gymnasium, and such a gathering of young Buffs

Digitized by Google

never before was seen, it seemed as if numbers of them were specially built for the occasion, as no one seemed to know who owned half of them, however everything passed off very well. Col. and Mrs. Hobson, Major and the future Mrs. Jackson, Capt, and Mrs. Porter, Capts. Chippindall, Colley, and Collier, and Lieut Marriott were all there and very busy tending to the wants of abont 150 children. The usual magic lantern followed the tea, after which the elder folks indulged in a "Nautch" to the music of our smart little band under the able leadership of Drum-Major Smith.

Lieut. Booth sails early next month (February) he goes out in command of a draft of the Lincoln Regiment. Undermentioned invalids have arrived home, Ptes. Rye, Comley, Stokes, Fullford, H. Williams, George, Duddy, and McDonald. The following have arrived home and transferred to the reserve, O. R. Sergt. Butler, Sergt. Greenland, Sergt. Underhill, Ptes. Belcher, Bevan, Bryant, Caffery, Copeland, Edwards, Kent, Freakes, Honeysett, Howlett, Moon, Stinchcombe, Walker, White, and Williams. Corpl. Greenland was transferred to 2nd Battn. and has since purchased his discharge. Ptes. Fullford and Stokes have been discharged unfit for further service. Col.-Sergt. Gatrell has been awarded 2s. 6d. a day for life, and O. R. S. Tressler 2s. 9d. a day for life. No. 1754 Pte. Jackson (formerly of 1st Battn.) has been convicted of fraudulent enlistment and held to serve in the 1-5 Fusiliers. Ptes. Fullford and Stokes have been awarded 6d. a day for 12 months final. Sergt. I. of Musketry Geddes 3rd Battn. has been discharged to pension. Sergt. Hemsworth has been promoted Sergt.-Instructor of Musketry vice Geddes.

The following is a list of old Buffs who have lately died, they were well known in the Battn.

No. 1170	Drummer D. Dewan,	13-11-89
,, 507	Private T. Mead,	12-12-89
,, 1857	Corporal H. Neal,	21-11-89
,, 2665	Private A. Harvey,	7-11-89
,, 1621	Lce.-Sergt. R. Watson,	9-1-90
,, 1233	Private R. Eyres,	2-1-90

I cannot give place or disease.

Sergt. F. Smith, 3rd Battn. is about to take his discharge after 22 years service; Sergt. Lee has been posted to 3rd Battn.

In spite of the Influenza, numbers of weddings have taken place amongst past and present Buffs, I enclose you no less than four announcements, perhaps it is a cure or a preventive of the prevailing disease, if it is, you Mr. Editor had better try it when the Influenza gets to India.

Canterbury, Yours faithfully,
25-1-90 OLD BUFF.

OUR DETACHMENT.

Barrackpore has at last awoken to a sense of its responsibilities in the matter of contributions to the Dragon, and having acknowledged the justice of the Editor's remarks in the last issue, hopes that the following news may be acceptable to him, although seemingly asleep, it has only been so in a literary sense. We have been remarkably wide awake in other things. At present we are completing our annual course of Musketry, and the range being at least 3 miles from barracks, we can fairly say that we have done our fair share of route marching this winter, the course has now lasted over 3 weeks, and as we are about halfway through it we have some hopes of finishing by Xmas next. Since our arrival here we have played several matches both at cricket and football, and have been victorious in all. The first match "E" Coy., *v* Medical College Calcutta resulted in a decided win for the Coy., by 10 wickets, Pte. Kluckner's innings of 45 being the top score of the day. We have also played our first match for the shield with "F" Coy., which we won. In addition to these we have played in several garrison matches against the Barrackpore C. C., the detachment finding the major portion of the team; in one of these matches Captain Dauglish and Pte. Straw made capital scores, the former 72 and the latter 81 not out. In our second Garrison match, the Garrison went in first having won the toss. The match commenced at 10 a.m. and at six having disposed of 6 of the Garrison batsmen the Barrackpore team left in disgust. Our football matches have not been numerous nor brilliant we having only played 2, one against the 21st Battery which ended in the Buffs scoring 3 goals to nil, the second game was against the Garrison which was a harder struggle, but ended similarly. In this match some of our staff distinguished themselves exceedingly, one by his falls, and the other by his frequent and ferocious charges at the Garrison goal keeper, seriously damaging that unfortunate individual on one occassion when ball, players, posts, and all, went over the line. We have also had some Garrison Sports here; a lady of the station having given the prizes, most of which were taken by

Digitized by Google

the detachment, our noted "flyer" Stanton securing both the 100 yards and marching order races, closely followed in each by Mewitt. The quoit competition was won by the detachment also. (Holbrook and Mewitt.) An event which excited much interest was a tug of war between an Elephant and 40 men, which (the day being Wednesday) one of our local wags christened Bully Beef *v* Sugar Cane day. To prove the sustaining power of the much abused "Bully" we need only say that at the first strain the ropes broke and 40 muscular British warriors lay sprawling on the Maidan, the Elephant meanwhile calmly trotting off home; he was however brought back and more ropes being attached the word was given, at first the *hathi* had the best of it but after a time "bully" began to pervail and after a good struggle the Elephant gave in and was pulled clean over.

The tug of war between the Artillery and the detachment was won by our team after a splendid pull against the Field Battery. Another pull then took place between The Buffs and the Garrison Battery for a special prize; this was the the same team that defeated our Regimental one at Calcutta, and proved too strong for us, although our men made a good stand and had they not been exhausted by their previous efforts would perpaps have won. ('M yes perhaps, Ed.)

And now having posted you up in all our doings at Barrackpore during the last two months and having no more to say.

I remain

Dick Swiveller.

SACRED CONCERT.

A Sacred Concert was given in The Buffs' Theatre on Friday February 21st. by the members of the Wesleyan Church, assisted by some Calcutta Amateurs, in aid of the Wesleyan Church extension Fund.

The concert opened with the Cantata entitled "Under the Palms," in which about twenty-five voices competed, the majority of whom were men of The Buffs, and which was rendered in first class style, the choruses were sung well, and showed that great care had been taken in rehearsing, whilst the Solos, Duets, and Quartettes were all extremely well rendered.

The second part consisted also of Solos, Duets and Quartettes, of which too much cannot be said, for they were all sang with great spirit, and fully deserved the applause they received.

The promoters are to be congratulated upon the proficiency of the singers and the success of the enterprise, and we hope to hear of another Concert at some future date.

"Dykens."

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

Jain 'Ardin' wus a Sarjint's wife,
A Sarjint's wife wus she,
She married of 'im in Orldershort
An' comed acrost the sea
(*Chorus*) 'Ave you never 'eard tell o' Jain 'Ardin' ?
Jain 'Ardin' ?
Jain 'Ardin' ?
'Ave you never 'eard tell o' Jain 'Ardin' ?
The pride o' the Compance?

Old Barrack-Room Ballad.

"A GENTLEMAN who doesn't know the Circassian Circle ought not to to stand up for it; puttin' everybody out." That was what Miss McKenna said, and the Sergeant who was my *vis-a-vis* looked the same thing. I was afraid of Miss McKenna. She was six feet high, all yellow freckles and red hair; and she was simply clad in white satin shoes, a pink muslin dress, an apple-green stuff sash, and black silk gloves, and she wore yel'ow roses in her hair. Wherefore I fled from Miss McKenna and sought my friend Private Mulvaney who was at the cant—refreshment-table.

"So you've been dancin' with little Jhansi McKenna, Sorr—she that's goin' to marry Corp'ril Slane? whin you next conversh wid your lorruds an' your ladies, tell thim you've danced wid little Jhansi. 'Tis a thing to be proud av." But I wasn't proud. I was humble. I saw a story in Private Mulvaney's eye; and, besides, if he stayed too long at the bar, he would, I krew, qualify for more pack-drill. Now, to meet an esteemed friend doing pack-drill outside the guard-room, is embarrassing, especially if you happen to be walking with his Commanding Officer.

"Come on to the parade-ground, Mulvaney it's cooler there, and tell me about Miss McKenna. What is she, and who is she, and why is she called 'Jhansi'?"

"D'ye mane to say you've niver heard av Ould Pummeloe's daughter? An' you thinkin' you know things! I'm wid ye in a minut' whin me poipe's lit."

Digitized by Google

We came out under the stars. Mulvaney sat down on one of the Artillery bridges, and began in his usual way: his pipe between his teeth, his big hands clasped and dropped between his knees, and his cap well on the back of his head:

"Whin Mrs. Mulvaney, that is, was Miss Shad that was, you were a dale younger than you are now, an' the Army was dif'rint in sev'ril e-senshuls. Bhoys have no call for to marry now-a-days, an' that's why the Army has so few rale, good, honust, swearin', strapagin', tinder-hearted, heavy-futted wives as ut used to have whin I was a Corp'ril. I was rejuced afther-wards—but no matther—I was a Corp'ril wanst. In thim times, a man lived *an'* died wid his regi-ment; an' by natur', he married whin he was a *man*. Whin I was Corp'ril, Mother av Hivin, how the regimint has died an' been borrun since that day!—my Colour-Sar'jint was ould McKenna, an' a married man tu. An' his woife—his first woife, for he married three times did McKenna—was Bridget McKenna, from Portarlington, like misilf, I've misremembered fwhat her first name was; but in B. Comp'ny we called her 'Ould Pummeloe' by raisin' av her figure, which was entirely cir-cum-fe-renshill. Like the big dhrum! Now that woman—God rock her sowl to rest in glory—was for everlastin' havin' childher; an' McKenna, whin the fifth or sixth come squallin' on to the musther-roll, swore he wud number thim off in future. But Ould Pummeloe she prayed av him to christen them after the names av the stations they was borrun in. So there was Colaba McKenna, an' Muttra McKenna. an' a whole Presidency av other McKennas, an' little Jhansi, dancin' over yonder. Whin the children wasn't bornin', they was dying; for, av our childher die like sheep in these days, they died like flies then. I lost me own little Shad—but no matther. 'Tis long ago, an' Mrs Mulvaney niver had another.

"I'm digresshin. Wan divil's hot summer, there came an order from some mad ijjit, whose name I misremember, for the regimint to go up-country. May be they wanted to know how the new rail carried throops. They knew! On me sowl, they knew before they was done! Ould Pummeloe had just buried Muttra McKenna; an', the season bein' onwholesim, only little Jhansi McKenna, who was four year ould thin, was left on hand. Five childher gone in fourteen months. 'Twas harrd, wasn't ut?

"So we wint up to our new station in that blazin' heat—may the curse of Saint Lawrence conshume the man who gave the ordher! Will I iver forget that move? They gave us two wake thrains to the regimint; an' we was eight hundher and sivinty strong *thin*. There was A B C and D Companies in the secon' thrain, wid twelve women, no orficers' ladies, an' thirteen childher. We was to go six hundher' miles, an' railways was new in thim days. Whin we had been a night in the belly av the thrain—the men ragin in their shirts an' dhrinkin' anything they cud find, an' eatin' bad fruit-stuff whin they cud, for we cudn't stop 'em—I was a Corp'ril thin—the cholera bruk out wid the dawnin' av the day.

"Pray to the Saints, you may niver see cholera in a throop thrain! 'Tis like the judgmint av God hittin' down from the nakid sky! We run into a rest-camp- as ut might have been Ludi-anny, but not by any manes so comfortable. The Orficer Commandin' sent a telegraft up the line, three hundher mile up, asking for help, Faith, we wanted ut, for ivery sowl av the fol-lowers ran for the dear life as soon as the thrain stopped; an' by the time that telegraft was writ, there wasn't a naygur in the station exceptin' the telegraft-clerk—an' he only bekaze he was held down to his chair by the scuff av his sneak-in' black neck. Thin the day began wid the noise in the carriages, an' the rattle av the men on the platform fallin' over arms an' all, as they stud for to answer the Comp'ny muster-roll before goin' over to the camp. 'Tisn't for me to say what like the cholera was like. May be the Doctor cud ha' tould, av he hadn't dropped on to the platform from the door av a carriage where we was takin' out the dead. He died wid the rest. Some bhoys had died in the night. We tuk out siven, and twenty more was sickenin' as we tuk thim. The women was huddled up any ways, screamin' with fear. Sez the Commandin' Orficer whose name I misremember:—'Take the women over to that tope av trees yonder. Get thim out av the camp. 'Tis no place for thim.'

"Ould Pummeloe was sittin' on her beddin'-rowl, thryin' to kape little Jhansi quiet. 'Go off to that tope,' sez the Orficer, 'Go out av the men's way!'

"Be damned av I do," sez Ould Pummeloe, and little Jhansi, squatting by her mother's side squeaks out, be damned av I do tu. Then Ould Pummeloe turns to the women an' she sez:—'Are ye goin' to let the bhoys die while you're picnickin', ye sluts?' sez she. 'Tis wather they

Digitized by Google

want. Come on an' help.' Wid that, she turns up her sleeves an' steps out for a well behind the rest camp—little Jhansi trottin' behind wid a *lotah* an' string, an' the other women followin' like lambs, wid horse-buckets and cooking *degchies*. When all the things was full, Ould Pummeloe marches back into camp—'twas like a battle field wid all the glory missin'—at the hid av the rigiment av women. 'McKenna, me man!' she sez, wid a voice on her like grand-roun's challenge, 'tell the bhoys to be quiet. Ould Pummeloe's acomin' to look afther thim—wid free dhrinks.' Thin we cheered, an' the cheerin' in the lines was louder thin the poor divils wid the sickness on them. But not much.

"You see, we was a new an' raw rigimint in those days, an' we cud make neither head nor tail av the sickness; an' so we was useless. The men was goin' roun' an' about like dumb sheep, waitin' for the nex' man to fall over, an' sayin' undher their spache:—'Fwhat is ut? In the name av God, *fwhat* is ut?' 'Twas horrible. But through ut all, up an' down, an' down an' up, went Ould Pummeloe an' little Jhansi—all we cud see av the baby, undher a dead man's helmut wid the chin-strap swingin' about her little stomick—up an' down wid the wather an' fwhat brandy there was. Now an' thin, Ould Pummeloe, the tears runnin' down her fat, red face, sez:—'Me bhoys, me poor dead darling bhoys!' But, for the most, she was thryin' to put heart into the men an' kape thim stiddy; and little Jhansi was telling thim all they wud be 'betther in the mornin'. 'Twas a thrick she'd picked up from hearin' Ould Pummeloe whin Muttra was burnin' out wid fever. In the mornin'! 'Twas the iverlastin' mornin' at St. Pether's Gate was the mornin' for siven an' twenty good men; and twenty more was sick to the death in that bitter burnin' sun. But the women worked like angils as I've said, an' the men like divils, till two doctors come down from above, and we was rescued.

"But just before that, Ould Pummeloe, on her knees over a bhoy in my squad,—right-cot man to me he was in the barrick—tellin' him the worrud av the Church that niver failed a man yet, sez:—'Hould me up bhoys! I'm feeling sick!' 'Twas the sun, not the cholera, did ut. She misremembered she was only wearin' her ould black bonnet, an' she died wid' McKenna, me man, houldin' her up, an' the bhoys howled whin they buried her.

That night a big wind blew, an' blew, an' blew, an' blew the tents flat. But it blew the cholera away, an' niver another case there was all the while we was waitin'—ten days in quarintin' Av you will belave me, the thrack av the sickness in the camp was for all the wurruld the thrack av a man walkin' four times in a figur-av-eight thro' the tents. They say 'tis the Wandherin Jew takes the cholera wid him. 'Faith, I believe ut.

"An' *that*," said Mulvaney illogically, "is the cause why little Jhansi McKenna is fwat she is. She was brought up by the Quarter-Master Sergeant's wife whin McKenna died, but she b'longs to B Comp'ny; and this tale I'm tellin' you—*wid* a proper appreciashin av Jhansi McKenna—I've belted into ivry recruity av the Comp'ny as he was drafted. Faith, 'twas me belted Corpl. Slane into askin' the girl!"

"Not really?"

"Man, I did! She's no beauty to look at; but she's Ould Pummeloe's daughter, and 'tis my juty to provide for her. Just before Slane got his wan-eight a day, I sez to him:—'Slane,' sez I, 'to-morrow' twill be insubordinashin av me to chastise you; but, by the sowl av Ould Pummeloe, who is now in glory, av you don't give me your wurrud to ask Jhansi McKenna at wanst, I'll peel the flesh off yer bones wid a brass huk to-night. 'Tis a dishgrace to B Comp'ny she's been single so long!' sez I. Was I goin' to let a three-year-ould preshume to discoorse wid me; my will bein' set? No! Slane wint an' asked her. He's a good bhoy is Slane. Wan av these days he'll get into the Com'ssariat an' dhrive a boggy wid his——savin's. So I provided for Ould Pummeloe's daughter; an' now you go along an' dance again wid her." And I did.

I felt a great respect for Miss Jhansi McKenna; and I went to her wedding later on.

Perhaps I will tell you about that one of these days.

REGIMENTAL BADGES.

Badges have been gained or given to Regts. at various times and in various ways. Some of the most noticeable are, The Dragon, granted to The Buffs for valor in 1707, a Mural Crown, granted to the 13th Regt. for their gallant defence of Allalahbad. Others are simply the crest of the county from which the Regt. takes its name, such as the 11th Regt. which has as its badge the Castle of Exeter; Others again require no ex-

Digitized by Google

planation, as that of the Prince of Wales's Volunteers, who of course carry the Prince of Wales's Plumes; the Duke of Edinburgh's Regt. who carry the Duke's Coronet, and Cypher. All the Imperial Crests with one exception are singly represented as the Lion, Shamrock, Rose etc., the one exception being the Unicorn, and why this animal should be left out in the cold, when the Antelope and the Cat are 'let in,' seems curious. There are some startling contrasts in Badges—take for instance that of the 4th Kings, 'The Lion,' and that of the 2nd Queen's a 'Lamb,' again the 71st have as a badge, the 'Elephant,' while that of the 91st is a 'Cat.' Most common of all badges is the Egyptian Sphinx, borne by no less than twenty four Regiments; on the other hand 'Britannia' is borne by the 9th Regt. alone. Other well known badges are the White Horse, The Rising Sun, Castle and Key, and the Skull and Cross Bones, the famous badge of the 17th Lancers. Some badges have various shapes, as for instance the Dragon, which is borne in three forms, 1st the Green or English Dragon, as carried by The Buffs, 2nd, the Red or Welsh Dragon, borne by the 3rd Dragoon Guards, 10th Hussars 12th Lancers and 23rd Regt.; 3rd, The Yellow or Chinese Dragon, borne by those Regiments who were engaged in our China Wars. Only two Regiments bear foreign badges, *i.e.*, the 14th Hussars, who carry a Prussian Eagle, and the 18th Regiment who bear the Arms of Nassau, and only one Regiment carries the arms and crest of a distinguished personage other than Royalty, *i.e*, the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. It is worthy of remark, that our Soldier Prince the Duke of Connaught, is the only one of Her Majesty's sons who has not a Regiment called after his name. In point of number of badges, the 23rd and 87th lead the way with five each, and after them comes the 12th Lancers, 18th, 25th, and 42nd Regiments with four each.

When one remembers that the Queen, The Prince of Wales, and other English Royalties, are Honorary Colonels of Regiments in foreign armies, it seems curious that no foreign personage is Colonel of, or gives a name to any of our Regts., if we except Prince Henry of Battenburg, Colonel of the Isle of Wight Volunteers. When numbers were worn on forage caps, Regts. were easily distinguished, but now that badges have taken their place, it is not so easy, how very little is conveyed to the mind at the sight of a forage cap, with a badge of a Cat on it, and how much more explanatory the same cap would be with the number 91st on it; but 'times are changed.'

BUFFKIN.

SOFTY.

A PEN AND INK SKETCH.

Poor fellow.! He was generally accepted as the fool of the Regiment, and hardly a day passed but the wag of his Barrack room christened him with some new and opproprious tittle—all, no doubt thoroughly deserved—but Softy was what he generally answered to.

I saw him on the first day that he entered the Service, and I saw him when he had paid the great debt that every soldier owes, and had carried arms for his Sovereign for the last time.

* * *

His first appearance upon the military stage was not a propitious one.

The Colonel of the Depôt was not in one of his best humours. The storm signal had been passed by the Adjutant to the orderly room clerk and no papers likely to annoy the great man, or give him an excuse for the wealth of language he had in reserve on these occasions, were to be put before him that morning:—The Colonel, I have said, was not in the best of tempers; he had made some forcible remarks about the draughts, about the shortcomings of the office fireplace, had consigned the Minister for War to a warm futurity, and was letting off steam by drafting a letter, pointing out that the recent reduction of half an inch in the chest measurement for Militia Engineers was ruining the physique of the Service. when a giggle outside the door of the orderly room, grew to a laugh, and then to a roar.

'Go and see who is making that d——d row' said the Colonel, who had been interrupted in cogitations as to whether 'fallacy' was spelt with one or two l's; and the Adjutant went at the double. Outside, in the passage, he found the Sergeant-Major—whose nearest known approach to mirth before had been an appreciative smile at one of the Colonels' grim jokes when he told off a prisoner—the Quarter-Master Sergt., and a recruiting Sergeant, all in fits of laughter, while opposite to them, with his back against the white-washed wall, his fingers twiddling his cap, and on his face a sheepish grin, stood the object of their laughter: an undersized lad with long arms and clumsy hands, a face scarred with small-pox, a gash of a mouth, watery blue eyes,

Digitized by Google

and a head of sandy hair which looked like a worn-out scrubbing brush.

'What's all this noise about'? said the Adjutant. 'Beg pardon Sir'! said the Sergeant-Major, suddenly recovering his dignity, 'but this recruit wants to shake hands with the Colonel when he's brought in. Says he's told it's the correct thing, Sir', 'Well'? said the Colonel who had at last arrived at the 'Your most obedient servant' stage of the letter. What's the matter'? 'a friendly recruit, Sir, who thinks that it is the etiquette of the Service to shake hands with you when he comes up to be attested.' 'Have him in', grunted the Colonel, and in the lout was shoved by the Sergt.-Major, halted and fronted, his hands brought down to his sides and his shoulders pressed back, with the true professional touch, before he knew where he was.

'What's your name'?

The recruit gave a sheepish grin, sniffed, and looked to the Sergeant-Major for help.

'Thomas Smith,' suggested the Sergeant-Major; and so, with much prompting, and after many blunders, Thomas Smith, *alias* Softy became one of Her Most Gracious Majesty's servants.

'I suppose.' said the Colonel, with fine sarcasm, as T. Smith was laboriously making his mark on the attestation paper 'you've enlisted because the girls paid you too much attention.' "Noa, the only girl I was sweethearting's took up wi another chap,' and then no doubt we should have had a new version of that old, old, story which has sent so many men, gentle and simple, to become food for powder, had not the Sergeant Major promptly checked the lovesick one's conversational tendency and marched him out of the room. 'Do you think he's all right here'? said the Colonel, tapping his forehead. 'Oh yes, sir, he's all right,' replied the Adjutant and so Softy was handed over to the tender mercies of the Drill Sergeant and introduced to the luxury of a barrack room.

A rollicking time of it Softy had. The legend is still handed down in that Depôt, of the day when Softy was induced to go over to the Troop Sergeant Major of a Cavalry detachment and ask him for the loan of his spurs to wear on Church Parade. Was it not Softy who, at the dinner hour, told the Orderly Officer that his mess wished to change their greengrocer and pastrycook? Who, but Softy would ever have been fool enough to go over to the Officers Mess and ask for his ration of beer?

(To be continued.)

WHITE WINGS.

(A NEW VERSION,)

Roll home as straight as an arrow
Roll home in the line of the bee,
Roll home in a blooming wheel-barrow
To where my old woman is waiting for me.

Roll home from a jovial meeting,
Roll back to the pleasures of home,
Roll home to a conjugal greeting
With the business end of a mop or a broom.

Wives tongues they never grow weary,
Of nagging and railing at their spouse,
When he comes home a little bit beery
Trying on all fours to enter the house.

NEW WINDOW AT ST. ANDREW'S UXBRIDGE.

During the past week, Messrs. Fassnige & Son, of Uxbridge, have been engaged in putting in another stained-glass window at St. Andrew's Church. The window, which is in the south aisle to the west of the main entrance, is to the memory of the late Captain W. Coombes, whose death, it will be remembered, occurred in April of last year and it has been erected by his brother, Lieut. and Quarter Master J. W. Coombes, The Buffs, of Dum-Dum. The design represents the baptism of Christ. *Ex. Uxbridge Paper, 11-1-90.*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions to this journal for the year 1890 are due and will be thankfully received.

In India (including postage) ~~Rs~~ 2.
Out of India do. do. ~~Rs~~ 3.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

2nd Lieut. R. Sweetenham has been posted to the Battalion.

The undernamed man has changed his name to Albert George Wilton:—

No. 2044, Pte. G. Miller.

The undermentioned N.-C.O. was appointed Librarian on the 10th inst.:—

No. 953, Sergt. E. Clifton.

Digitized by Google

The undermentioned N.-C.O. reverts to Private from this date, at his own request:—
Corpl. Josiah Wells.

Cecilia Hill, daughter of Mr. Hill, pensioner, Ordnance Department, has been appointed Monitress to the schools of the Battn. 1-2-90.

The undermentioned recruit was attested on the 8th inst., taken on the strength of the Battalion, and posted to letter A Company.—
John Shircore.

Lieut. R. E. Marchant, of the 2nd (the Weald of Kent) Volunteer Battn. The Buffs, has been promoted to Captain; and 2nd Lieut. J. M. Mace to be Lieut.

The undermentioned man is transferred to the Battalion from 2nd Field Battery R.A. with effect from 28th February 1890, and posted to letter G Company:—Gunner Frederick Cozens.

Capt. D. F. Lewis, has had conferred upon him by the Khedive of Egypt the insignia of the third class of the Order of the Medjideh.
Lieut. B. R. Mitford has received the appointment to the fourth class of the Order of Osmanieh.

The undermentioned men were awarded 3rd Class School Certificates of Education on the 10th February 1890:—Ptes. W. Sharply, W. Beeney, E. Sayer, W. Alderson, G. Hodge, W. Elvey, J. Pretty, C. Hutchinson, R. Ridgeway and W. Howland.

The undermentioned N.-C.O. has been awarded a certificate of competency in Boot-Making, from Messrs. Cooper, Allen & Co., Army Boot Factory, Cawnpore, and is qualified to perform the duties of Master Shoemaker in a Regimental Workshops:—No. 983, Lc.-Corpl. A. W. Marlow.

The undermentioned woman having been married at Ramsgate, Kent, on the 11th January 1890, to Pte. Frederick Summerhayes at present serving with the Regimental Depôt, Canterbury, she is taken on the strength of the Married Establishment of the 1st Battalion from that date accordingly:—
Agnes Georgina Rose Summerhayes.

The C. O. has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments:—
To be Sergeants:—

Lce.-Sergt.	F. C. Cook	vice	Brain	12-12-89.
,,	J. Patten	,,	Greenland	22-12-89.
,,	J. Buckley	,,	Smith	14-1-90.

To be Lce.-Sergeants with pay:—

Lce.-Sergt.	C. Peters	vice	Cook	12-12-89.
,,	C. Carnell	,,	Patten	22-12-89.
,,	T. Green	,,	Buckley	14-1-90.
,,	J. H. Pay	,,	Stonebridge	25-1-90.

To be Lce.-Sergeants without pay:—Corpls. H. Locke, J. Peach, J. Field, A. Behrens, P. Godfrey and G. Cork.

To be Lce.-Corporals:—Privates T. Hartley, A. W. Marlow, T. Saunders, J. Read, D. Revell, A. Peeling, Drmr. S. Pickett, Ptes. G. Sherrard, G. Fuller, J. Wilson, W. Marsh, W. Clarke, H. W. Smith, H. Marshall, Drmr. A. Dillon, Ptes. T. Tenant, G. Bryant, W. Davis W. P. Castle and H. Edwards.

Ex-Sergt.-Major Richard Ellis, of the 2nd Battn., formerly of the 1st Battn. 21st Foot, has this year been granted, after 33 years recommendation, the medal for meritorious service, which carries with it an annuity of £10 in addition to his pension. Mr. Ellis, whose uncle was an Adjutant of the 12th Foot, enlisted in January 1841, at the age of 18 years. He served in the East Indies from July 2nd 1841, to January 15th 1848, in Turkey from August 15th 1854, to May 10th 1855, and at Malta from May 11th 1855, to March 31st 1862. He was severely wounded at the battle of Inkerman on November 5th 1854, and is in possession of the Crimean medal, and clasp for Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol; the Turkish war medal for Distinguished Conduct in the field; and also the Sardinian war medal and Turkish Crimean medal. For twenty years past the veteran has been living at Canterbury enjoying well-earned rest after his active and gallant career.

The undermentioned men have become entitled to Good Conduct pay, at dates and rates as specified:—

1202	Pte. A. R. Beard	2d	19-2-90
1197	,, H. Darby	2d	9-2-90
1039	,, J. Redman	1d	20-2-90

Digitized by Google

1206	Pte.	J. Stutely	2d	29-2-90
1961	,,	W. Beckett	4d	2-2-90
1162	,,	J. Mansfield	1d	23-2-90
288	,,	F. Pidgeon	2d	28-12-89
2440	,,	E. Stone	1d	30-1-90
2462	,,	C. Sherwood	1d	23-2-90
2387	,,	E. Bunn	1d	15-12-89
1175	,,	H. Goddard	2d	3-1-90
2454	,,	A. Grainger	1d	1-2-90
2375	,,	H. Kemp	1d	7-12-89
1201	,,	R. Martin	2d	18-2-90
1199	,,	C. Newport	2d	13-2-90
1155	,,	J. Arthur	2d	22-11-89
2448	,,	J. Bax	1d	8-2-90
2270	,,	J. Setterfield	1d	5-8-89
857	,,	G. Spencer	2d	4-7-89
1203	,,	A. Baker	2d	19-2-90
2389	,,	J. Ballard	1d	20-12-89
2382	,,	H. Childs	1d	30-11-89
1143	,,	R. Hillman	2d	18-2-90
1204	,,	T. Richards	2d	22-2-90
868	,,	W. Stevens	2d	31-1-90
2373	,,	W. Burstow	1d	18-2-90
2458	,,	J. Maskell	1d	15-2-90
1092	,,	S. Cullen	2d	4-12-89
2420	,,	J. Strood	1d	26-1-90
1438	,,	W. Moriarty	1d	5-2-90
2379	,,	G. Townsend	1d	8-12-89

MUSKETRY.

The figure of merit of letter H Company is as follows:—

Range Individual Firing:— 131.06.
Independent and Volleys:— 83.04.
Classification:—Marksmen 13; 1st Class Shots 21; 2nd Class Shots 30; 3rd Class Shots 16; total 80.

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with cl. VI. para. 215, B. M. Regulations 1887:—Gold Guns as best Marksman:—Lce.-Corpl. T. Tennant score 196.

Worsted Guns as Marksmen in order of merit:—

Pte.	J. Leabourne	score	189.
Lc.-Corpl.	C. Crumby	,,	180.
Pte.	J. Malkin	,,	180.
Lc.-Corpl.	J. Pickett	,,	177.
Sergt.	E. Clifton	,,	173.
Pte.	J. Smith	,,	169.
Lc.-Corpl.	Hannaford	,,	163.
Pte.	G. Mears	,,	168.
,,	C. Williams	,,	168.
,,	E. A. Beilby	,,	167.
,,	H. Redsell	,,	166.
Lc.-Sergt.	P. Godfrey	,,	166.

The following prizes for the Musketry Season 1889-90, having received the sanction of the Brigadier-General Commanding the District, are awarded to the N.-C.O's. and men as under:—

"A" Company.—No. 1817, Pte. J. Adams best shot of Company £2 10s.

Ten Per cent best shots of Company, each 10s. Ptes. W. Dunham, T. Mansell, Lc.-Corpl. Sale, Ptes. J. Cafferty, J. Saunders, W. Smith, E. Judge, F. Hamilton. Col.-Sergt. T. Cheal, section commander best section in *e* & *f* field practices 10s.

Best section *e* & *f* practices combined, each 3s. Ptes. W. Barnes, P. Burke, J. Colvin, H. Darby. J. Etherington, G. Gordon, J. Hewitson, F. Lake, T. Mansell, C. Milgate, C. Osborne, Lc.-Corpl. G. Sale, Ptes. J. Stutley, and J. Wilson.

"D" Company.—Pte. C. Clements best shot of Company £2 10s.

Col.-Sergt. H. Featherstone best shot of Sergeants, £1.

Ten per cent best shots of Company each 10s. Ptes. F. Bellchambers, S. Barrett, E. Wilson, W. Hawkins, A. Roberts, A. Haseldine, F. Goodwin, A. Austin. Lc.-Corpl. Price, section commander, best section in *e* & *f* practices 10s.

Best section in *e* & *f* field practices combined, each 3s. Ptes. F. Bellchambers, R. Coe, F. Davis, F. Goodwin, C. Hickmott, A. Horscroft, G. Lehane, C. Newport, J. Pearson, G. Turner.

"C" Company.—Lc.-Corpl. R. Golds best shot of Company £2 10s. Sergt. J. H. Dray best shot of Sergeants, £1.

Ten per cent best shots of Company each 10s. Pte. H. Marshall, Corpl. J. Reynolds, Ptes. A. Patterson, T. Hartley, E. Richards, Drmr. C. Michell, Pte. J Towers. Corpl. J Reynolds section commander best section in *e* & *f* field practices 10s.

Best section *e* & *f* field practices, each 3s. Privates J Croft, A Dartnell, C Elvey, W Googe, E Hartley, A Humphrey, G Kent, J Lambert, F Midwinter, E Price, J Scott, T Truscott.

Second Party of Recruits.—"A" Coy., Pte. A J Gordon best shot 3s. "F" Coy., Pte. F Howden, 2nd best shot 2s.

Digitized by Google

CRICKET.

"D" COMPANY *v.* "H" COMPANY.

This match was played at Dum-Dum on the 21st February 1890, and resulted in a victory for "H" Company by 108 runs and 8 wickets on the first innings.

"D" Company went in first and were dismissed for 48 runs. Corpl. Davies and Pte. Pennells making half the runs themselves, the remainder doing nothing much towards raising the score. Sergt. Godfrey bowled well for his Company, taking 6 wickets, backed up by the good all round fielding of the team. Sergt. Godfrey and Pte. Adams opened the innings for "H" Company, Pte. Adams getting into double figures before he was dismissed, Ptes. Wardle and Tizzard played well, Godfrey sent up his century, and the innings was declared closed for 156 runs.

Scores were as follows:—

"D" COMPANY.

Corpl. Davies, run out	14
Pte. Horsecroft, b Godfrey	0
„ Pennells, c Tizzard b Godfrey	10
„ Petitt, run out	1
„ Beck, b Godfrey	0
„ Moth, c Pickett b Godfrey	0
„ Vickers, b Godfrey	4
Lce.-Corpl. Price, b Godfrey	0
Pte. Page, b Wardle	9
„ Hills, b Wardle	0
„ Manville, not out	2
Extras	8
Total	48

"H" COMPANY.

Lc.-Sergt. Godfrey, not out	101
Pte. Adams, b Pennells	18
„ Wardle, c and b Horsecroft	25
„ Tizzard, not out	11
„ Malkin.	
„ Harding,	
„ Pickett,	
„ Simpson,	Did not bat.
„ Richards,	
„ Hall,	
„ Wilson,	
Extras	1
Total	156

"B" COMPANY *v.* "H" COMPANY.

This match was played at Dum-Dum on the 6th February, 1890, and resulted in a win for the latter Company by ten wickets.

The former Company having won the toss, elected to bat and were quickly disposed of for 51 runs. "H" Company opened their innings with Sergt. Godfrey and Pte. Adams, the last named being caught for three, Sergt. Godfrey kept his wickets up until he had scored seventy, and the innings closed for 122 runs.

On "B" Company going in for their second innings they realized 82 runs, thus leaving "H" Company twelve runs to get to win, which they managed without the loss of a wicket.

Scores are as under:—

B COMPANY.

Baker, c Sub. b Adams	0	c Adams b Pickett	6
Palmer, run out	3	b Godfrey	3
Ware, c Hall b Adams	17	c Hall b Pickett	4
Raward, c Harding b Adams	0	run out	10
Benton, st. Tizzard b Adams	17	c Godfrey b Adams	7
Patten, c Hall b Adams	11	run out	2
Williams, b Godfrey	0	c Pickett b Adams	5
Sageman, c Harding b Adams	0	b Godfrey	14
Russell, b Godfrey	0	c Simpson b Godfrey	10
Hasler, not out	0	b Godfrey	0
Champion, b Godfrey	0	not out	3
Extras	3	Extras	18
Total	51	Total	82

"H" COMPANY.

Godfrey, b Russell	70		
Adams, c Raward b Ware	3	not out	4
Malkin, st. Raward b Williams	15		
Tizzard, c Champion b Russell	6		
Tennant, st. Raward b Williams	2		
Harding, c Hasler b Ware	18		
Pickett, b Russell	1		
Simpson, b Williams	0		
Greenslade, run out	2		
Hall, not out	5	not out	10
Cronin, c Sageman b Russell	0		
Extras	0	Extras	0
Total	122	Total	14

"C" COMPANY *v.* "D" COMPANY.

This match was played at Dum-Dum, on the 30th January 1890, and resulted in a win for "D" Company by an innings and 42 runs.

Owing to want of space the scores could not be published.

Digitized by Google

VARIETIES.

Of course Solomon was the wisest man. A fellow with 700 wives has a chance to get instruction.

"Watts, I hear you are going to start housekeeping?" "Yes, old man, I am." "What have you got towards it?" "A wife."

Trifling injuries.—Footlall player (feebly): "Did we win?" Sympathising comrade: "We did, old fellow." Football player (excitedly): "Never mind that dislocated thigh, doctor. Take these broken teeth out of my mouth so as I can holler?"

The Rev. Champagne Charlie to Pte. Beer-swilling Badgeless, in durance vile. "Here again my man I see, whatever induces you to get so hoggishly drunk on that vile canteen porter?" "Cos it don't run 'Cliko' on a quid a month and stoppages sir."

Angry Col.-Sergt. to dirty recruit:—
Col-Sergt. What's your name you dirty d——l?
Recruit. Maclean.
Col-Sergt. Maclean is it, Mac*dirt* you mean.
And Mac Dirt it is, he is known to everyone by the latter name and will be until his seven is in.

A distinguished Irish officer once said that the only difference between Ireland and India was that in the one the paddy makes the riot, while in the other the ryot makes the paddy. But it is to be feared that the contrast will not hold good for Ceylon. There, the paddy-tax is so unpopular among the natives that there is some danger of paddy raising riot there also.

Why did I enlist eh? Well I'll tell you. One day we had some friends to our customary evening banquet. The champagne had been round once, and some more was required. My big sister actually had the bad taste to ask me to open a bottle. I was so disgusted at being asked to do such menial work when the *room was full of servants*, that I rose and went out, and the next day I enlisted. That's the reason!

A gorgeously dressed officer was walking down Grafton Street, Dublin, on a sunny afternoon in his full dress, when he was met by two Irishmen fresh from the country. Quite staggered at the glittering and gorgeous apparition clanking towards them, they riveted their eyes on the blazing gold, blue, and crimson figure, and, with a wondering gaze, the one exclaimed to the other with a sharp nudge in the ribs and a look of exquisite fun:—

"Begorra, wouldnt I like to pawn him?'

An Irish soldier on sentry duty had orders to allow no one to smoke near his post. An officer with a lighted cigar approached, whereupon Pat boldly challenged him, and ordered him to put it out at once. The officer, with a gesture of disgust, threw away his cigar, and no sooner was his back turned than Pat picked it up and quietly retired to his sentry box. The officer happening to look round observed a beautiful cloud of smoke issuing from the box, and, turning back, he at once challenged Pat for smoking on duty. "Smoking! is it sir?" said Pat, "Bedad, and I'm only keeping it in to show the Corporal when he comes, as evidence against you."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Near Naini Tal these stations lie,
One's fairly warm the other's high.

1. This is usually drunk when the ladies you toast,
   Your thoughts on the fair one that you have loved most.
2. A difficult subject taught always at schools,
   A real stumbling block to all dunces and fools.
3. It's not often seen, which in no way disproves it,
   And its strawberry tinge, to my mind improves it.
4. This ancient man whose death was a warning,
   To climb not on gates by night or by morning.
5. This describes where you come from, you'll find it in Scott,
   And in some English writers as often as not.
6. If you call a Doctor this, he'll think that you're mad,
   And when its fast on you of a Doctor you'll be glad.
7. A common plague in sunny lands,
   They go about in cloud like bands.
8. A race it enjoys, and fatigued will be never,
   Without saddle or bridle it will go on for ever.

BUFFKIN.

Answers to last months Acrostic.

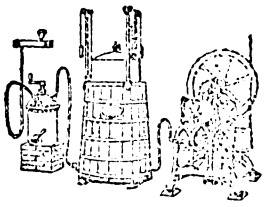
P	A	V
R i v o l		I
I	B	C
N	E	T
C a	R l	O
E d i T o		R

Correct answers received from A. T. C., the Printers' Devil, and Sevenoaks.

Incorrect answers received from Donkey.

Digitized by Google

The Buffs' AERATED WATER FACTORY.



Every description of Aerated Waters supplied at 10 annas per dozen all round, every day except Sunday.

ORDER BOOKS SUPPLIED FREE ON APPLICATION.

THE BUFFS' REGTL. WORKSHOPS.

Every description of work performed by Regtl. Artificers:

PRINTING,
BOOK BINDING,
CABINET MAKING,
PAINTING,
HORSE-SHOEING,
GLAZING, &c.,

For further information apply to the Non-Commissioned Officer in charge.

"THE DRAGON"

The whole of the back numbers are ready and can be obtained on application, single copies annas 2 each, or

BOUND IN THE LATEST STYLE RS. 6.

Apply to the Sub-Editor at the Regimental Workshops.

T. KERODE & Co.

2 CHOWRINGHEE ROAD,
CALCUTTA.

TOBACCONISTS, TEA DEALERS, & GENERAL AGENTS.

A large stock of cigars always on hand, of the best qualities and brands at current market prices:

FLOR-DE-JAVA, BAHADUR,
SUPERS,
BEACONSFIELD, RANDOLPH,
SALISBURYS,
MORNING WHIFFS, FAUST,
OLD JACK (BURMAHS.)

FRESH ARRIVALS OF LATEST DESIGNED PIPES &C.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION

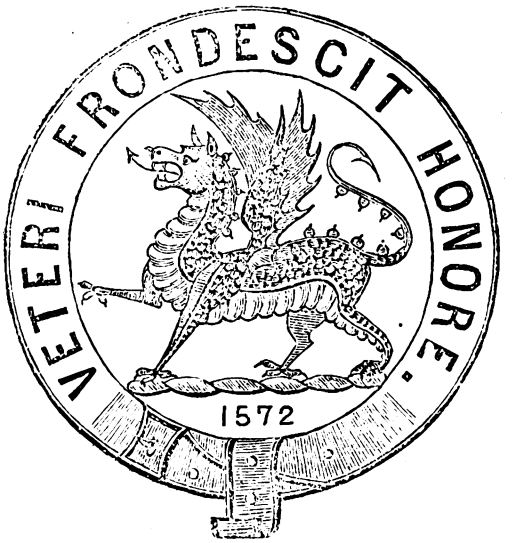
TRIAL ORDER SOLICITED.

Printed for the Editor at The Buffs' Regimental Press—Dum-Dum.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 36 **DUM-DUM, MARCH 31st 1890.** Price 2 Annas.

NOTES.

Even the most cheerfully constituted minds cannot make believe that we are still enjoying the cold weather. The creaking punkahs worked by those imps of darkness the *punkah wallahs* have began to go day and night; mosquito curtains have been discarded; the brain fever birds and hot-weather birds are in full song, if the obnoxious noises they make can be called song; the swimming bath is well patronized; the patient fishermen crouch on their little platforms waiting for those bites that seem so rarely to come; Darjeeling and the advantages and disadvantages of being selected as a "weak and sickly man," are subjects of conversation; first, second, or third leave is the conundrum most in favor in the Officers Mess, our brows are wet with that exudation so coarsely described in the Village Blacksmith; in fact the hot weather with its attendant train of disagreeables is once more upon us.

Bye the way our No 1 Fisherman reports the capture of a *bectie* in one of the tanks, a fish in our ignorance we had always believed only to swim in the sea. There is no limit now to the possibilities, and if patient Tommy does not secure mackerel, soles, herring, etc., fresh for breakfast we shall be dissapointed. There is of course a dark side to the picture, for sharks and sword-fish will probably make their appearance in the bathing tank and a whale and some walruses in the tanks by the Factory might upset all the fire-engine arrangements.

H. E. the Commander-in-Chief paid Dum-Dum an informal visit of inspection on Saturday the 15th accompanied by General Elles. A. G. and General Auchinleck. H. E. in the afternoon went to the hospital, the temperance room, the palatial Officers Club. and the Institute. In the evening he dined at the Officers Mess, and afterwards drove back to Calcutta.

Dum-Dum was the C-in-C.'s first station when he joined in India and was then a much more important place than it is now. The *Maidan*, now cut up by ranges and swamps and bad ground, was then a smooth Artillery Manœuvring Ground, Ash Grove was the General's quarters, and the Institute was the Officers' Mess of the Bengal Artillery. H. E. visited the Institute twice, once in the afternoon when everbody was prepared for him and on their best behavior and the *mæstro* at the piano ready to receive him with a choice selection of music, and once just before dinner when the suppers were being served, and found some difficulty under its changed aspect in recognising the rooms as he had known them long ago. He also drove to take a look at the small house, next to Major Ommanney's, in which he lived during his subalternhood. After dinner H. E. sent for Mr. Birkhead and spoke to him some well deserved words of praise on the efficiency of the band.

The Dum-Dum murder case has ended in the quashing of the first finding and sentence, on a point of law, and O'Hara has gone back to his regiment. There is

Digitized by Google

not likely to be a fresh trial, nor will any of the prisoners be tried for any of the minor offences ; but they will be sent home to England to be discharged. It is not in our province to comment on the abortiveness of the trial ; but we trust that the four men implicated will as soon as possible cease to wear Her Majesty's uniform, which they have disgraced by their drunken brutality.

Sikkim is not to have the pleasure of the company of The Buffs after all ; for the Amban, with a peacock's feather and a little button on the top of his head, has come down to Calcutta, with a tag rag and bobtail following, and has signed a treaty by which the Pekin Court binds itself to keep the Thibetan Lamas from interfering in Sikkim affairs. This being so, the hundred Buffs, who were to be sent to bar the way of the Thibetans if they tried to pass the Jelap Pass, will have to be steamed at Dum-Dum instead of being frozen at Gnatong.

Calcutta is to be our next station, not a very long move. We are not likely to be kept more than a year there, and the exchange of quarters between ourselves and the East Surrey is chiefly made in order that each Regiment in the command should have its share in the guard work of Calcutta, which is rather heavy. To compensate for the extra work however there are all the amusements of the capital.

The Dum-Dum gymkhana may be written down as a great success. The Calcutta ladies braved the disagreable drive and the mid-day heat and paid the Officers the great compliment of coming in force to the Mess to lunch. After lunch the whole party, either in breaks —sent down for the occasion—or in their own carriages, went down to the course. The *shamianas* pitched there gave a pleasant shade, and a cool breeze (which had evidently been ordered for the occasion by Captain Philips) blew throughout the afternoon keeping the temperature at quite a reasonable point. The best race of the day was for the challenge cup which was won by Mr. Cobbe's "Blue China" ridden by Mr. Bertie-Clay. The native book makers turned up in force,—the bland Hindoo is still a bit vague as to the correct odds against a horse and thinks that giving even money all round in a field of 7 starters is quite fair—and there were no accidents, not even an exiting finish amongst the soda water bottles of the Officers tent like that ridden last year by one energetic jockey. Some of the horses attached to the breaks could hardly be called quiet to drive, even in a newspaper advertisement ; and the proprietor of *Hayes Sporting News*, his principal contributor (who sat tight very pluckily and did'nt scream) the editor of this noble journal, and Valombrosa, were all within an ace of being disqualified from inking paper for an indefinite time.

Very few of us know much about the interior of the Small-Arms-Ammunition Factory, and yet it is a most interesting place to go over. Until the process has been watched it is difficult to understand what care is taken in the making of the Martini cartridge. At every point of its manufacture the cartridge is most carefully tested and gauged, and it is hard to see how any of the jamming can be the fault of the ammunition. There is now in the factory one of the new magazine rifles, which looks strange with its attachment. It has a wooden casing over the barrel to keep the hand from being burnt and has an arrangement for extreme distance sights at the side by which the foresight is lowered as the distances increase. 3500 yards is now the longest sight. The cartridges are thin, solid-drawn affairs that look as if they belonged to some rook rifle.

LORD HARRIS AND KENT.

Lord Harris, (who, as all our readers probably know, is coming out to India as Governor of Bombay), alluded to the Regiment in his speech at the banquet given in his honor by the Notables of our county. It was an excellent speech, and but for lack of space, we should have published it in full. However, we give our readers an extract from it:—

"In their own old county of Kent they were all very proud of the county. (Cheers.) They were firmly convinced that there were no regiments in the British Army like The Buffs and the Royal West Kent, and he was sure it was only necessary to go over the Canterbury ground in the 'week,' or at the most to some of the matches there, and to see the men gathered together from every part of the county ; glad to meet each other, and thereby rendering the social life of the county better, to show that, although it was only a game, they did take an interest in the county itself. (Hear, hear.) In the old days of the Kent eleven, Wenman used to say they were like a lot of brothers. He (Lord Harris) could say so now; and he and they had played together a good many years. (Cheers.) The same good feeling prevailed in other institutions of the county, civil and military; and that being so, they were bound to bring the county to the front. Of course they had their little local differences. In all probability, they would find that the Isle of Thanet pointed a finger of indignation at Tenterden, and declared that was the cause of all the wrecks over it's cliffs. The dwellers on the London clay would say it was far better to have wealth than health; and those who went to live a little higher up the hill would say that wealth without health was not worth having; and those who lived on the Greensand Down in the weald, more fortunate than either,

Digitized by Google

would declare that wealth and health combined are, after all, the great *desiderata*. (A laugh.) Perhaps the differences would extend even to the County Council, and his honorable colleagues would say that Chatham was extravagant, while those from East Kent would say that Barming was antiquated. (Laughter.) Very likely Romney Marsh would express an absolute ignorance of the existence of the Hundred o' Hoo, and the Isle of Sheppey would say that both of them were out of England. But whatever their differences among themselves, against a common enemy they would be united (hear, hear); and all were proud of the county's traditional invulnerability. They believed the rhyme to which the Yeomanry trotted past every year to be absolutely correct. They believed that—

'When Harold was invaded, and falling lost his crown,
And Norman William waded in blood to pull him down,
The counties round, in fear profound, to mend their sad condtion,
Their lands to save, base homage gave,—
Bold Kent made no submission!'

(Laughter and cheers.) He was perfectly certain that was absolutely correct. The authority might be veiled in the clouds of antiquity, but they were certain that authority dated back to one still greater. Julius Cæsar, in his 'Commentaries,' declared that Kent was 'the most civilised place in all this Isle; sweet is the county, people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy."

CORRESPONDENCE.

———:o:———

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

To the Editor of "The Dragon."

SIR,

Sometime in November last there was a Silver Watch and a Cup put up by an Officer of the Battalion for competition in the drop and place kicking respectively. The competition started some four months back, but on account of darkness was not finished on the one evening, so was postponed to some future date. The said future date not having yet arrived, I should be glad if you would kindly let me know through your valuable columns when it is likely to be forthcoming.

A COMPETITOR.

DEPARTURE OF AN OLD BUFF.

Col-Sergt. J. J. Butler, whose health had for some time past been failing, left Dum-Dum on the 5th inst, invalided, having served in the Battn. over 20 years (out of which, 12 years were spent in Bengal.) Previous to his departure he was presented by the Sergeants with a gold ring bearing the following inscription:—

"Presented to Col-Sergt. J. J. Butler by the Warrant Officers, Staff-Sergts. and Sergts. of the 1st Battn, The Buffs as a mark of esteem on his leaving the Battalion." It is almost superfluous to say that the time-honored-jolly-good-fellow business shook the rafters of the Sergeant's Mess, and that the speeches were of a most heartrending type, and we are only sorry that want of space prevents them from being given in full. It is sufficient to say that Col-Sergt. Butler was always to the fore in assisting and promoting sport in the Regiment, and the Sergeants can ill-afford to lose from their Mess a comrade of his convivial and good natured character. We wish him the best of good luck wherever he goes, and hope that he may regain his wonted health with the change to England. As a further mark of the respect in which he was held, his Company, Letter "C," also presented him with a wrist-watch and a valuable gold Masonic signet ring inscribed as follows:—

"Presented to Col-Sergt. J. J. Butler by the Officers, N.-C.O's. and men of Letter "C" Coy., 1st Battn. The Buffs."

NOTES ON THE RACES,

At the races, friend Bell, all the backers looked shy on ye,
Long odds were given against your bay mare Hermione,
And of *meum* and *tuum* slack notions were shown
For the Bookmakers, all of them, called 'Her my own.'

For the cup, you astonished them all, Mr. Cobbe
By the way your pony accomplished the job,
Yet this came about in a natural way
For the best of Blue China is made out of Clay

H.B.

Digitized by Google

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

Sergt. J. Laing has been appointed Canteen Steward vice Sergt. D. Leary, 28th February, 1890.

The undermentioned recruit enlisted on the 19th inst. and was posted to Letter A Company.
Walter Larkin Joseph Walker.

The undermentioued N.-C. O. proceeded on the 29th inst. to take charge of the temporary rest camp at Sahibgunge:
No. 76. Corpl. J. P. Reynolds.

The undermentioned N.-C. O. was discharged at Dum-Dum on the 12th inst., on completion of his second period of limited engagement.
No. 220 Corporal J. Hyatt.

Second Class Certificates of Education were awarded on the 10th ultimo to Lce.-Corpls. J. Crowson, J. Davies, J. Price. E. Hartley, Ptes. T. Webbe, G. Lehane, W. Smith, E. Askew, and H. Lindsay.

The undermentioned N. C. O. is employed in the Barrack Department at this Station on probation with effect from 1st inst.:
No. 2982 Sergt. G. W. Boulter.

The C. O. has been pleased to make the following appointments to be Lce-Corpl. during the time that he is employed in the shoemakers shop. No. 858 Pte. F. Palmer.

The undermentioned Officer has taken over command and payment of Letter "A" Company from Captain A. H. Tylden-Pattenson:
2nd Lieut. J. Hasler.

The undermentioned man has been appointed Lce-Corpl for the purpose of being employed as senior school assistant in the Regtl. Schools.
No. 1642 Private W. Littlemore.

2nd Lieut L. I. B. Hulke has taken over command and payment of Letter "D" Company.

The undermentioned were awarded 1st class certificate of education on 30th October 1890: No. 149 Sergt. R. Montgomery, 1070 Corpl H. E. Locke, 771 Lce-Corpl. P. Edwards.

The undermentioned Officer rejoined from the Depot on the 20th inst., and has taken over command and payment of Letter "B" Company from Major A. E. Ommanney:
Lieut W. H. Booth.

The Commander-in-Chief has approved of the following postings to do duty at Hill Depôts during the summer season of 1890.
Darjeeling Depot, Schoolmistress E. McCartney.
Kasaul Depot, Schoolmaster G. A. Steele.

The undermentioned N. C. O. is appointed 1st Class Sergt. Instructor to the E, Indian Railway Volunteer Rifle Corps, and will under the orders of the General Officer Commanding Presidency District, be directed to proceed to Jumalpore for duty:—No. 1711 Sergt. Georg Avis.

The undermentioned men have been declared illegally absent since the 12th February, 1890, and are struck off the strength of the Battn. as deserters from that date accordingly:
Nos- 1100 Dr. G. Johnson, 1224 Dr J. Strutt.

The undermentioned men (transfers from 2nd Norfolk Regiment) have been assigned territorial numbers as under:

Private	Josiah Wells,	East Kent	305
,,	James Stacey,	,,	,, 306
,,	John Reeve,	,,	,, 307

At an examination for 1st class certificats of education held at Dum-Dum on the 30th Oct., 1889, No. 786 Lce.-Sergt. J. H. Pay, qualifid in the undermentioned extra subjects, which wi be added to the certificate already in his possess ion:—English History and Geography.

The undermentioned have been selected to attend the next class for instruction in Army Signalling at the Central School Kasauli, and should reach Umballa not later than 2nd April next:
Lieut B. R. K. Tarte, and Lance-Sergt. Cork.

The undermentioned men have become entitled to good conduct pay at rates, and from dates specified.

No.	1232	Private	W. E. Hasler,	2d 26-3-90
,,	2377	,,	G. Hodge,	1d 6-12-89
,,	1117	,,	H. Lovesay	2d 23-2-90
,,	1867	,,	C. Cheeseman	4d. 2-1-90

Digitized by Google

No. 2608	Private	J. Clarke,	3d	5-3-90
„ 1187	„	P. McNally,	2d	28-1-90
„ 2406	„	T. Sheeran,	1d	5-1-90
„ 1303	„	A. Smith,	1d	30-1-90
„ 1116	„	J. F. Gates,	2d	18-2-90
„ 2417	„	A. Oliver,	1d	23-3-90
„ 1222	„	J. McKeating,	2d	20-3-90
„ 2477	„	H. Sales,	1d	1-3-90
„ 2464	„	C. Fidgo,	1d	28-2-90
„ 1214	Lce-Corpl	E. Gouge,	2d	14-3-90
„ 2449	Private	W. Pert,	1d	13-2-90
„ 512	„	J. Scott,	2d	28-2-90

MUSKETRY.

LETTER "G" COMPANY.

Range Individual Firing, 160.80. Independent and Volleys 92.86. Classification:—Marksmen 40, 1st Class Shots 20, 2nd Class Shots 16, 3rd Class Shots 3, Total 79.

Gold guns as best Marksman of Company, Lc-Corpl. J. McKeating, score 230. Worsted guns as Marksmen in order of merit:—Pte. T Boyles score 207, Col-Sergt. Watts 205, Ptes. W Bing 204. S Golder 204, F Wilmott 201, F Collett 201, Sergt. J Laing 200, Lc-Corpl. T Lynch 199, Corpl. J Stirke 198, Ptes. H Nevving 197, W Russell 195, Lc-Corpl. F Hilderbrand 193, Ptes. F Naylon 192, J Beard 191, J Mundry 190. Lc-Sergt. T Ward 189, Ptes. J Keeler 189, S Prickett 189, J Cassidy 187, T Hickmott 187, C Adams 185, J Billing 184, E Grant 184, J Christie 181, T Hammond 180, F Nash 179, A Brown 179, C Lawson 176, W Rigden 175, A Hussey 175, J Hobbs 174, T Ford 174, J Coppard 173, Lc-Corpl. T Else 172, Ptes. J Costin 171, J Belsey 170, J Gates 169, Lc-Corpl. W Marsh 167, and Pte. J Hickey 165.

LETTER "F" COMPANY.

Range Individual Firing 140.41. Independent and Volleys 70.26. Classification:—Marksmen 23, 1st Class Shots 25, 2nd Class Shots 26, 3rd Class Shots 8, Total 82. "E" Company (attached):—Marksmen 5, 1st Class Shots 6, 2nd Class Shots 5, Total 16.

Gold guns as best Marksman of Company—Col-Sergt. F Andrews score 221.

Worsted guns as Marksmen in order of merit:—

Corpl. Donnelly	F Company	score	217
Pte Mitchell	„	„	217
„ Benge	„	„	216
Sergt Boulter	E Company	score	215
Lc-Corpl Marlow	„	„	213
Pte. Wraight	F Company	„	210
„ Davis	„	„	201
„ Williams	„	„	199
„ J Sayers	„	„	198
„ Sadler	„	„	197
„ Sayers	„	„	196
„ Cross	„	„	195
„ Brown	E Company	„	189
„ Nicholls	„	„	189
„ Richards	F Company	„	187
„ W Cross	„	„	186
Sergt Turner	„	„	181
Pte Hallet	„	„	180
„ Clarke	„	„	179
Lce-Corpl Jubb	„	„	177
Pte Gunner	„	„	177
„ Clarke	„	„	172
„ Clifton	„	„	172
„ Knight	„	„	172
Corpl Stevens	„	„	171
Pte Munday	„	„	168
„ G Pack	E Company	„	163

LETTER "B" COMPANY.

Range individual firing 147.09. Independant and volleys 70.59. Classification:—Marksmen 20, 1st Class Shots 29. 2nd do. 31, 3rd do. 3, Total 83.

Casuals. Marksmen 11, 1st Class Shots 7, 2nd do. 6, 3rd do. 2, Total 26.

Gold guns as best marksman of Company, Corpl A. H. Baker, score 208. Worsted guns as marksmen in order of merit:—Pts. Chapman score 207, Ward 201, Childs 200, Reed 193, Martin 193, Sgt. Patten 191, Pts. Ware 191, Blackborrow 187, Lce-Corpl Crowson 186, Pts. Hurd 184, Barton 184, Goodwin 182, Stokes 181, Coley 180, Sergt Levasor 179, Pts. Stacey 177, Lce-Corpl Hurrell 175, Pts. Larkins 175, Saunders 171, Taylor 171. Stenning 171, Dedman 171, Gamble 169, Yeo 168, Lce-Corpl Montgomery 168. Pts. Scutts, 168, Beckett 167, Cox 166, Wilson 166, Mayton 165.

BIRTH.

NICHOLAS.—At Dum-Dum, on the 19th December 1889, the wife of Qr.-Mr.-Sergt. W. H. Nicholas of a son—Arthur John.

DEATHS.

NIELD.—At Hilbury Hall, Shropshire, 21st January 1890, Herbert Stoddart Nield (of Kent House, Clapham) late of The Buffs, and Major 45th Sherwood Foresters, aged 45.

MURRAY.—At Station Hospital, Gosport 14th February 1890, No. 1339, Lc.-Corpl. Timothy Murray, The Buffs, of Pneumonia.

BREWER.—At Dum-Dum on the 24th March 1890, No. 972, Pte. T. Brewer, of Heat Apoplexy.

Digitized by Google

COCCI OF CRIME
OR
DOCTOR McMINNIS'S MICROBE.

"You see Mac, my maiden case is scarcely likely to raise me materially up the ladder of forensic fame, it is too much of a forlorn hope, and I almost wish that I could Pontius Pilate-like wash my hands of the whole affair."

The speaker was young Charlie Elton, Barrister-at-Law of six months standing *ætatı suo* twenty-two, and uncommonly juvenile in appearance, his companion, McMinnis four or five years his senior, a rising medicine man, with an expanding practice and general air of prosperity, listened to Elton's lengthy jeremiad with a humorous twinkle in his eye.

The two were old schoolfellows, the younger man had fagged assiduously for McMinnis at St. Ulmos in the years gone by, Mac had been an easy going master and a friendship cemented at college had continued unabated ever since.

With genial glass and fragrant weed the chums were hobnobbing after the heats and burdens of the day, the fledgling barrister just favoured with his initial brief could talk of nothing else, he had been entrusted with the defence of a wholesale shoplifter and purloiner, stained with the disgrace of two previous convictions. rather a desperate case and not much to our sucking luminary's liking, in mournful accents he expressed to his friend his regret at accepting the thankless job.

"Nil desperandum mon ami" remarked McMinnis the ever sanguine, with an airy laugh, "Go in and win man, put not so direful a countenance on the matter, I have a theory, here is a magnificent opportunity of ventilating it to our mutual satisfaction, this man Isaacs you say is a hardened unmitigated scamp, well known to the police, the kleptomania plea, (good old sheet anchor for many a deep dyed villain,) failed I understand in a previous case to get him off, and you observe that evidence of an overwhelming character confronts him in the present instance.

We must my friend summon to our aid the 'viewless armies of the air,' the ubiquitous bacilli must be retained for the defence, every disease to which suffering humanity is heir to is obtaining through the praiseworthy exertions of investigating savants its own particular patron microbe, the Cholera gentleman, the Influenza Bacillus, the Diphtheria Bacteria, and so forth; now for my theory.

If every bodily ailment is communicated to unfortunate mortals by means of these microscopic pest, may not crime or moral disease in other words, be engrafted in the human heart by a similar agency?

Is the Microbe of Murder impossible? why not the Kleptomania bacillus?

Depend upon it that man Isaacs is in a dangerous state of moral trichinoscis, he shall be subjected to a root and branch diagnoscis, I also undertake the ill-starred burglar's cure with potent remedies, proprietary articles the composition of which are known only to myself."

In such a strain did the lively young doctor run on, his enthusiasm was irresistable and the desponding Elton throwing carking care to the winds, joined in his companion's mirth, the two friends filled each a brimming bumper.

"Success to McMinnis's microbe" said the elated doctor as they raised their goblets "May we through the lilliputian agency of Cocci Bacteria and Co., ascend to fame and distinction in our respective followings of law and medicine."

In due course, the double-dyed scamp Isaacs was furnished with his cues and acquainted with the novel scheme devised for his redemption, he also underwent, like a lamb, the stern medical examination to which McMinnis thought fit to subject him, and swallowed without murmur the drastic nauseous compounds administered to him by that youthful savant.

McMinnis of course declared him to be a victim of moral disease communicated by "Cocci Criminales" his own newly discovered Microbes, and after a reasonable period pronounced him completely cured of his mysterious ailment.

At its appointed time, the trial of Isaacs, for burglary came on. and in the teeth of crushing evidence to the man's guilt, the bold bad blackguard escaped scot-free.

In a masterly and eloquent speech Elton pleaded the cause of his virtuous but unfortunate client representing the prisoner battling nobly against fearful odds and only succumbing to vice when overpowered by force of invisible numbers.

'The unique case of my ill-fated client', said he 'is one to draw tears of sympathy from the lachrymal glands of the most hard hearted, we have here a well meaning law abiding citizen pursuing the even tenor of his way along the path of rectitude forced by the malign influence of sinister animalculæ to deviate from his peace-

Digitized by Google

ful course till no longer master of himself, he attempts a forcible entry into a private house, is caught *in flagrante* and convicted, emerging from his temporary retirement he is again capcured red-handed with stolen property, and once more retires awhile from public life, and now for the third time he stands under the ban of a grave accusation of burglary.

'Notwithstanding all these damaging features in my client's career I make bold to say that he is no more a criminal in the true sense of the word than an innocent and helpless babe, the learned Dr. McMinnis will testify to the condition of the accused, and will I trust convince you that the prisoner is the unfortunate victim of a fell disease which is the author of all his calamities.'

The doctors' opening had arrived and he made full use of his opportunities, elaborately explaining his discovering of Cocci Criminales and commenting on the curious case of the prisoner Isaacs in a most eloquent and scientific manner.

Sympathy for the accused prevailed throughout the court, tears flowed like water from optics male and female, and when McMinnis, in his conclusion, modestly observed that he had succeeded after herculean labours in restoring his patient to complete health both corporal and mental, a partially suppressed ovation awoke the echoes of the court.

Complete success crowned the united efforts of barrister and physician, Isaacs, the virtuous housebreaker was dismissed without a stain on his character and cheered to the replication, a subscription was set afoot for him as some small solatium for his two periods of unjust incarceration.

Elton and McMinnis, lions of the hour, had to endure the "monstrari digito" for many a day and night modestly did they wear the laurels of deserved success.

Briefs rolled in of the youthful legal luminary, patients flocked to the clever distinguished Physician, many a time and oft did the chums congratulate one another on their joint success, and drink long life to McMinnis' *El Dorado* of a bacillus.

On the advent of sweet September our latter-day Damon and Pythias closing the one his office, the other his surgery, started for a brief holiday on the continent, and for a fortnight disported themselves in foreign climes with all the abandon of two-year olds.

All good things in this life, alack, too rapidly come to an end, with bitter regrets our worthies returned to town on the expiration of an enjoyable recess.

As Elton drove up to his neat little semi-detached in the suburbs he was astonished to discover a crowd of goodly proportions hanging around in the immediate vicinity of his humble home, and was still more astounded when on alighting from the 'Growler' he received the unwelcome intelligence from a constable that his premises had been broken into the night before and a daring and successful robbery committed.

On inspection the enraged barrister discovered that a pretty clean sweep of his lares and penates had been effected by the burglars, the old woman left in charge of the premises had slumbered peacefully all through the night undisturbed by the nocturnal depradations of the unknown scamps.

As he stood in the midst of the general wreck and confusion, in rushed McMinnis breathless and excited "Elton old man, a burglary has been committed on my premises, the beggars last night carried away all they could lay their villainous hands on even to a case of valuable instruments." "I pity you my friend" replied Elton "but you are no worse off than I, look round you, I also have been robbed."

Lost in speechless astonishment, the two young men stood motionless, at length both burst into a loud and hearty guffaw, there certainly was a comic element in the case. "So we are destined to be companions in misfortune" said McMinnis "even as we have together achieved success, well, skilful detectives must be procured instanter and put upon the track of the blackguards, no pains must be spared to bring the scamps to justice."

The services of a "tec," renowned for his thief tracking abilities were secured and both housebreaking cases placed in his experienced hands.

After a careful survey of the respective houses the Oracle expressed his opinion that both crimes had been perpetrated by the same gang.

After the lapse of a few days Elton was surprised one afternoon by the entry of the detective into his office in company with two attendant myrmidons of the law.

"Can you spare an hour or so," said the "tec" "we have tracked our man, and can at this moment lay hands on the villain who, I believe,

Digitized by Google

is responsible for both burglaries, he disposed of a case of surgical instruments at a pawnshop the other day, the property—I am convinced—of the doctor's, for the case bears the initials of that gentleman. Only a few streets from here one of my men tracked the same scamp to a Silversmiths, ascertained that he was in treaty with the shopman for the purchase of a quantity of fiddle-patterned spoons, silver forks &c., a portion of your missing possessions I am almost certain.

Secret instructions have been conveyed to the Silversmith to haggle with the man over the goods, and thus detain him pending his arrest by me with the assistance of my two men here. Let us now sally forth and secure our bird, Sir.

Despatching a message to McMinnis who speedily joined, the party wended their way to the shop in high spirits, the limbs of the law entered the establishment, the friends remaining outside, a few moments elapsed, the door reopened, lo and behold! *the man Isaacs* in close custody!

Recognising his saviours, the hardened old culprit made an elaborate bow. "Ah, how do Doctor," he remarked airily, "you see your cure was not so complete as you thought, my old complaint has broken out again, them bacilli are all over me far worse than before, and how do Lawyer, I'm afraid you'll not be able to take up my case this time and make the ladies weep."

"A cab at once," said McMinnis to one of the assistants to the detective, "take him to my house before we proceed any further with the matter."

"You villain," said the Doctor when the party got indoors, shaking his fist in the burglar's face, "have you been guilty of such foul ingratitude as to treat your deliverers in this base manner?"

"Now Doctor, don't carry on in that way" replied the unabashed Isaacs I'm surprised at you, I am indeed, and knowing my constitution so well too, think of them Cocci or whatever you call them."

A hurried consultation followed. "Its plain" said Elton "that if we prosecuted the blackguard we would bring down on our heads such a torrent of ridicule that our joint lives would not be worth a moment's living, we would both be undone for evermore."

"Yes," replied McMinnis, and my professional reputation would most infallably go to the dogs, fancy being held up by an independent faculty to the scoffing public as a humbug and charlatan, a pest on those internal 'Cocci Criminales,' there is no help for it but to let the scamp go about his business."

The bewildered detective was informed of the friends' disinclination to prosecute, and in consideration of a heavy bribe, released the gaol bird Isaacs.

The burglar preparatory to his departure, took a humorous and affectionate farewell of his generous deliverers. "Well, *au revoir* gentlemen," was his parting shot. "If I feel queerish again Doctor I'll not forget to patronize you, this is the second cure you know, ta ta Elton."

Sadder and wiser mortals were the two young men after this awful catastrophe, they are still as firm friends as ever and continue to prosper in their respective professions, they occasionally hob nob as of yore over a social glass, but never from that day to this has a bumper been filled to the success of McMinnis's Microbe.

OSWALD KENDAL.

ONLY A POOR LITTLE SAUSAGE.

Only a poor little sausage—
Remains of unfortunate dog—
Brought to this Whitechapel cottage
By the son of a dealer in hog.
Ah, Sir! turn not from me with loathing,
Because I'm but eight pence per pound;
A masher, in tight fitting clothing,
When I should be under the ground,

Only a poor little sausage—
Once a respectable pup—
"Rolling stones gather no massage,"
(A proverb stuck in to fill up.)
Gentle Sir! pray do not despise us
Because we've a mission "to fill;"
We can say to whoever buys us,
Tho' young, we have been through the mill,

Only a poor little sausage—
Fragments of pepper and pup—
Wearied by life's cruel tossage,
Feelings completely "cut up,"
Tho' to dose me with pepper was spiteful,
I freely forgive 'em for that,
The thing which is ri'ing me frightful—
I'm mixed up with pieces of cat!

OUR DEPOT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

The vacancies on the Permanent Staff of the 3rd Battalion which I told you of in my last, have been filled up in rather an unexpected way, an order was received this week that 2 Companies of the 3rd Battalion were to be broken up, and their staff absorbed as vacancies occur. The 3rd

Digitized by Google

Battalion now consists of 8 companies instead of 10 as heretofore. The two Col-Sergts. Clements and Parfitt are to be transferred to the 2nd Volunteer Battalion The Buffs and will be appointed Sergt. Instructors *vice* Hill, and Aspinall discharged. Color-Sergt. Harris from the Depôt is to be Sergt-Major of the same Volunteer Battn. *vice* Smith discharged. Sixteen of the Magazine Rifles have been received here, and we are up to our eyes in the new manual and firing exercises. The "Present" with the new rifle puts one in mind of the style the Madras Sepoy used to present arms at Qualla Kungsa. The range of the new rifle appears unlimited, as at Aldershot last Wednesday a labouring man was shot through the thigh by a magazine bullet fired at a distance of 1½ miles away.

The Sergts. have played a series of Billiard Matches with the members of Foresters Lodge here, and up to present the games stand level, both sides having scored two wins. I don't know how long this series of "Tamashas" is going to last, but it seems likely to extend over a long period as the evenings are generally finished up on the "Jolly good fellow" principle.

The new para in Queen's Regulations of 1890, that N. C. O's (staff excepted) are not to be kept at the Depôt for more than 3 years, has taken effect in one or two cases here, Corpl. Swindell having rejoined the 2nd Battn., Sergt. Kennett about to be invalided, rather than go to Aldershot, and Sergeant Lee having been transferred to the 3rd Battalion. Sergeant Bovenzer arrived home, and has been posted to the Permanent Staff 3rd Battn. and is doing duty in Col-Sergt. Braham's Company. Col-Sergt. Braham is, I am sorry to say, in hospital very ill with Pneumonia. A party of 24 recruits under command of Capt. Chippindall proceeded to join the 2nd Battn. on 14th inst., Pte. Curley the man who came home with Lieut. Green, is about to be invalided with heart disease. Sergt. F. Smith awarded a pension of 2s 1d per day for life. Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry Geddes 2s 5½d a day for life.

Sergts. Batty, Greigg, Corpl Smith. Pts. Bailey, Chesson, Eldridge. Powell, Barden, Tweed, Tebboth, Jordan, Martin, Stampton, Munson, Cooper, and A. Smith, arrived home on the 8th and were transferred to the Reserve on the 9th inst.. Pte. Spencer (insane) arrived at Gosport on 28th January last.

I enclose you a description of a very old Buff; I don't think an older one can be found.

Pte. Older, born on 18th July 1803 served 16 years and 9 months in The Buffs, discharged to pension at 7d per diem on 23rd June 1841, and has been an inmate of Petworth (Sussex) Workhouse since 1865. The old gentleman is still in very good health. OLD BUFF.

THE CORPORALS.

Yet another link in the chain of good-fellowship which binds together the hearts of the old and young Buffs was forged on the 8th inst., when the Corporals of the East Surrey Regt. were the guests of their brothers in rank at Dum-Dum. After contending in friendly strife on the cricket ground, where the mature Buffs secured the victory (particulars of which will be found elsewhere) an adjournment was made for tiffin. The various meats and drinks provided by an experienced and efficient caterer were of sufficient quantity and solidity to satisfy the most mammoth of appetites, and to observe that full justice was done to them by the jovial partakers, would be a platitude of the very first water.

When the shades of evening had cast their sable shadows o'er the scene, the commodious little Mess of the Corporals was packed on the sardine principle with Buffs young and old and all on festive thoughts intent.

The task of putting down alcoholic liquor was carried out most zealously, in torrents Niagarian, the seductive brewings of Caledonia, stern and wild, retailed by the reliable well known firm of Featherstone, Hingham, Laing and Co., flowed down quenchless Oliver Twistan throttles, ever demanding more.

Nor was music wanting to cast an ennobling influence over the Corporal's Symposium, for nearly everyone contributed a song or recitation, those incapable of vocal or elocutionary efforts, yelled, howled, broke glasses, and filled the startled welkin with convivial ululations.

The mystic midnight hour brought the rejoicings to a termination, and as the parting guests took a warm farewell from their friendly entertainers, one and all expressed a hope that a speedy meeting on the same terms would be arranged. On the following Saturday an amicable shooting match was brought off, neither party were at their full strength, several sterling shots being conspicuously absent. A close and exciting contest, owing no doubt to the merciless wind blowing, resulted in another win for the E. Kent, but only by four points. "SPY."

Digitized by Google

SOFTY.

(A PEN AND INK SKETCH.)

(*Concluded.*)

He bought a dog from an old soldier—which dog the old soldier had probably met in someone else's back garden—and whenever he was not in a scrape on his own account, he was in one on his dog's. The dog, finally so distinguished himself by jumping up at a Major's nervous horse, on marching-past parade, that he was rewarded with a military execution, and poor Thomas wept some very bitter tears over the body of what had seemed his only friend.

His love story of course was easily got out of him—he was even induced, by the pretence of deep sympathy, to read a crumpled dirty scrawl he carried about with him, the only letter he had ever received from his girl, to an inwardly grinning crowd—and a fine fresco of a female with a chignon the size of a balloon on the top of her head, and the thumb of one hand pressed against her nose, labelled "Softy's Sweetheart," survives to this day in the ball-alley as a memorial of the respectful symyathy tendered him by his comrades.

On parade he was no more lucky than in his barrack-room. His blacking had an unfortunate trick of getting on to his facings and his pipeclay dribbled down upon his newly cleaned boots; his belts were the despair of the old soldier in whose charge he was put, and the bayonet-exercise never would come right. "It's that there Softy" was never out of the mouths of his Color-Sergeant and his Drill Sergeant, and he was brought up before an officer more often than any other recruit at the Depôt. Nobody however could really be very hard on the poor fellow for his appealing grin disarmed the sternest martinet, and though—next time—he was always threatened with the direst pains and penalties, that next time was continually being postponed.

In due course of time Softy, having passed his drill, was sent abroad to a battalion of his regiment, in South Africa, where, though he got into many scrapes, and occasionally over-estimated his capacity for spirituous liquors, yet he turned out a first class rifle shot, and the woolen cross rifles on his arm made up, in his Captain's opinion, for the dirty sleeve they were worn on. It was found, too, that he had a smattering of veterinary knowledge—having at one period of his career been stable-boy to a veterinary surgeon, and so, to his great delight he was made kennel-huntsman to the regimental pack and spent his time, dressed in most disreputable mufti, between the boiling house and the kennels, with the additional felicity of exercising an old bucking Australian, belonging to the Master, who always had to have a little of the stiffness taken out of his legs the day before he was hunted. It is needless to say that Softy at once became an oracle on all horsey matters, and his company were strongly of opinion that it was he, and not the sporting Captain who hunted the hounds.

Softy had joined his corps during that year of peace between the Kaffir campaign and the breaking out of the Zulu war. The first rumblings of the coming storm were already making themselves heard through the land, and as tidings came week by week of insulting messages sent by the King to the High Commissioner, of thefts of cattle on the border, and of the calling up of the regiments to the head kraal, it became evident that the great struggle of modern times, between the white man and the black was on the point of being fought out. Every man who could hold a rifle in Natal was being enlisted into some irregular mounted corps, and three columns were formed on the border for that marching on Ulundi which received so fatal a check. Softy's regiment sent its quota of volunteers for the Imperial Mounted Infantry (who were camped on the heights facing the first great fold of the Zululand hills and the rocky crag of Isandlwana, ready to cover the advance of the central force when they began their expected triumphal promenade through the country) and Softy, owing to his horsey reputation, was one of the men selected for this special service and was distinguished above all his comrades by reason of the superlative dirtiness of his battered helmet and the raggedness of his corduroy breeches.

* * * *

It was the night of the Isandlwana fight, if fight it could be called; where the steel-fringed mass of barbarians in one irresistable rush swept off the scattered red coats from the plain. and the tired force, which all day long had been vainly striving—ignorant of the great tragedy which was being played out ten miles—away to close with an enemy who never waited for the attack, had returned through the gathering dark, which descended like a cloud on the horors of the battle-field, to rest for the night admidst the debris of the camp, in a bivouac where every other man

Digitized by Google

was a corpse. Behind, on the slope of the Natal hills the burning farms showed where the plundering bands had passed, and Rorke's Drift, hidden in the valley, threw the reflection of its blazing hospital on the mist which, stirred by the night wind, curled and eddied along the mountain tops. The deadened rattle of the musketry from the desperate struggle by the Blood River, the challenge of the sentries, and the deep roar of the Zulu War-song, rising and falling from the victorious multitude who crowned the heights all around, scarcely constituted a lullaby and every man lay watching, what he believed to be his death watch by the weak light of the watery moon, waiting for the war yell to herald the rush of the enemy.

Softy with about a dozen of the other mounted infantry men had been left in camp. With his usual bad luck he had given his horse a sore back during one of the reconnaissances in which the mounted troops scoured the country and, very unwillingly he had been left behind when his comrades had started out for, as they hoped, a successful fight. The cold night with its false alarms passed, and in the first grey light, the picquets were drawn in and the start made for Rorke's Drift: but before we left the accursed place we found Softy.

He was lying, his face turned up to the sky, with a gash in his side where the broad blade of a stabbing assagai had pierced to the heart; across the stiffened fingers of his left hand was the mark were the heated barrel of his carbine had burnt deep; his bandolier was empty and the cartridge cases lying around showed that he had fought desperately before he gave up his life. At his feet lay a huge Zulu, whose white cowhide shield marked him as belonging to one of the Royal regiments, with a thin cut in his throat, the mark of a sword bayonet.; another heap of brown limbs and fur had been shot through the brain, and the blood-stains blackening the trampled grass showed what Softy's life had cost the enemny.

Where he fought he died, his face to his foes. We bade him farewell in silence and covered up his face.

Sometimes in those quiet back reaches of thought, which come to the busiest or most careless of us, that pale, pock-marked common face, seen greyly in the misty dawning light with that peaceful smile on it which follows the quick agony of a blow to the heart, rises before me as the memory of a man of simple birth who met the certainty of death with true courage and who without hope of reward did his duty to the bitter end

The long grass, green in the rains and russet in drought, bends and sways to the African wind over Softy's unmarked grave, his name has been forgotten in the little village where the foam of the cherry blossom marks the crest of the hill: but when the last great bugle call thunders through the gorges of the Zulu hills, if there is a reward for duty rightly done, Softy need not be afraid to answer "HERE!" N. N.-D.

DUM-DUM GYMKHANA.

A very pleasant meeting, promoted by the Officers of The Buffs who opened their doors and spread out their canvas to receive their numerous guests, was held at Dum-Dum on the 6th inst. All Dum-Dum was present, and a great portion of Barrackpore and Calcutta; and where these foregather will be found the nucleus of a day's racing. Below are the details of a day's capital sport. Punctuality was the order of the day, and the racing witnessed was of a tip-top order, speculation at the well patronised lotteries held in the Mess was brisk, the course was in excellent order, and the arrangements may be classed as on a par with the best. The knights of the pencil were numerous but did not appear to do much, the Totalisator on the other hand took a great deal of money viz Rs 6. The band of the Regiment played during the intervals, Captain Philips as Honorary Secretary deserved the thanks of all for the smart and business like manner in which his numerous duties were performed; and we trust that his popular win in the first race repaid him for some of his trouble.

1st RACE.—For C B's 14 hands and others that have never won a hurdle, flat or steeplechase value Rs 50. About three furlongs Rs 50.

Captain Philips' b c b m Madge. Owner.....1st.
Mr. Stanley-Clarke's b a m Lady Annie. Owner...2nd
Mr. Annesley's b c b p Peter. Mr. Tarte.....3rd
Mr. Cobbe's g a p Blue China. Owner.....0
Mr. Kegan's b Aus. m Poor Lass. Mr. Dangerfield...0
Mr. Trollope's b c b p Crown. Mr. Bertie Clay.....0

Digitized by Google

The flag dropped to a fair start, Madge cut out the running from the start, was challenged by Lady Annie in the straight, but shook her off and won comfortably by three lengths.

2nd RACE.—For C B's 14 hands and others 13-3 and under. Hurdle race about 1 mile over 5 flights of hurdles. Rs 50.

Mr. Parry,s b c b g John Bull, 10-8. Owner.....1st
Mr. Nolan's Sweetheart. Mr. Bennett.....2nd
Capt, Blackburn's g c b m Daphne. Capt, Philips...fell

John Bull going to the front at the start maintained this place throughout, and won in an exercise canter by a street.

3rd RACE.—For C B's and others the *bona fide* property of W.O's N.-C.O's and Men and employés of the S.A.A. Factory, 5 furlongs. Rs 50.

Corporal Baker's b c b m Erato. Owner.....1st
Col.-Sergt. Featherstone's b c b g Tommy. Pte. Cox...2nd
Q.M.S. Nicholas' b c b m Annie. Owner.....3rd
Sgt-Major Cook's b c b p No Name. Sgt. Varley.....0
Mr. Bonus' b c b m Nellie. Owner.....0
,, McIntosh's c c b m Jessie. Owner.....0

Annie was the favourite at 6 to 4 on, while 2 to 1 could have been got about the winner, Erato forced the pace throughout, Tommy and Annie lying handy, and these three getting clear of their field ran a good race home, Erato winning easily by about three lengths, 2 lengths between 2nd and 3rd, rest nowhere.

4th RACE.—For all ponies 13 3 and under. that have been bought by their present owners for not more than Rs. 300. Three furlongs. Rs. 50.

Capt. Turner's b c b p Darogha. Owner.....1st
„ Philip's g c b m Chance. Owner.....2nd
„ Tylden-Pattenson's b c b m Kitty. Mr. Parry...3rd
Mr. Cobbe's g c b m Bargain. Owner.....0
P.M.S. Tomsett's g c b m Reprimand. Mr. Pratt.....0
Mr. Hulke's bl c b p Kalaboy. Mr. Tarte.....0
Mr. Parry's c c b p Lucifer. Mr. Dwyer.....0
Mr. Bell's b c b m Hermione. Owner.....0
Mr. Layton's g c b m Peppermint. Mr. Dangerfield...0

Reprimand made the running and appeared to be winning up to a furlong from home, Darogha, Kitty, and Chance, lying handy, but here he died away, Darogha challenged Kitty and Chance, and getting the best of them won by a length, half a length between 2nd and 3rd. rest close up.

5th RACE.—Hurdle race for C B's 14 hands and others. About 1 mile over 5 flights. Rs. 50.

Capt. Blackburn's bl c b p Tommy. Mr. Bertie-Clay...1st
Mr. Cox's b c b g Mikado. Mr. Pratt.....2nd
Capt. Hayes' bl Aus. g Table-top, Mr. Tarte.....3rd

All got off together at the drop of the flag but Tabletop having refused the 2nd hurdle was quite out of the race, Tommy going to the front and taking the hurdles in grand style. The race was never in doubt and Tommy won as he liked by 10 lengths.

6th RACE.—The Buffs Regtl. Cup. For ponies the property of Officers, The Buffs. C B's 14 hands and others 13.3 & under. 5 furlongs. Rs 50.

Mr. Cobbe's g a p Blue China. Mr. Bertie-Clay.....1st
Capt. Philips' b c b m Madge. Owner.....2nd
Mr. Parry's b c b m Winnifred. Owner.....3rd
Mr. Parry's b c b p John Bull.Mr. Bennett.....0
Mr. Annesley's b c b p Peter. Mr. Tarte.....0

The flag dropped to one of the best races run on the course, Peter shewed in front for nearly half the journey, when run out, Madge seemingly going strong, and Captain Philips sitting back made the running a length in front of Blue China when well into the straight Mr. Clay brought the latter up, and with consummate judgment made a famous rush and landed a popular win at the post by half a length.

7th RACE.—For ponies C B's 14 hands and others 13-3 and under, that have never won a race. About half a mile. Rs. 50.

Mr. Stanley-Clarke's b a m Lady Annie. Owner.....1st
Mr. Kegan's b a m Poor Lass. Mr. Dangerfield.....2nd
Mr. Trollope's b c b p Crown. Mr. Bertie Clay.....3rd
P.M.S. Tomsett's g c b g Reprimand. Corpl. Baker...0

After 1 false start caused by that docile animal Reprimand the field was let go without him, Lady Annie early assumed the lead and running strong throughout won with ridiculous ease by 8 lengths.

THE BARON.

The result of the N.-C.O's. race in the above Gymkhana brought about a match on the 11th inst., between the first and second ponies for a small stake. The conditions were that the same jockeys were to ride, but this time at catch weights, and over half a mile, thus slightly handicapping "Erato." The ponies were sent on their journey to a good start by Q.-M.S. Nicholas, but "Tommy" soon showed signs of distress, and "Erato" won comfortably by about three lengths. Lieut & Qr-Mr. Coombes kindly acted as judge.

EXTRACT FROM MAY'S ALDERSHOT CAMP GAZETTE, 29TH JANUARY 1890.

I have been informed that this Battn. of The Buffs, the old Holland Regiment, will be moved from Aldershot to Cork in exchange of Stations with the 2nd Welsh Regt. (late 69th foot) which occupied the lines (then huts) now in possession of The Buffs, a quarter of a century ago.

Digitized by Google

CRICKET.

G COMPANY THE BUFFS *v.* G COMPANY EAST SURREY.

The above match was played at Dum-Dum on the 5th of March, and after a very pleasant game, ended in a victory for the home team on the first innings by 80 runs. After the match the teams adjourned to G Company's bungalow, where a spread was prepared which was welcomely discussed; after which a game of Football was played (Association), this ended in a draw, both teams secured one goal each. The young Buffs' Company returned to Fort William after a very enjoyable outing about 7.30 p.m.

G COMPANY THE BUFFS.

Russell, b Tweedale	18
Lawrence, b Tweedale	9
Hussey, run out	7
Hilderbrand, c Nethercot b Gregory	18
Golder, c & b Wild	7
Christie run out	7
Else, b Belcher	49
Stirke, b Keefe	0
Want, c Nethercot b Belcher	12
Else, not out	1
McKeating, absent	0
Extras	18
Total	145

G COMPANY EAST SURRY REGIMENT.

Bettles, c Golder b Hussey	1
Wild, c & b Hilderbrand	0
Keefe, b Hussey	0
Tweedale, run out	3
Nethercot, run out	14
Gregory, l. w. b. b Christie	18
Belcher, c Lawrence b Hilderbrand	0
Emmott, l. b, w. b Christie	10
Hunt. b Christie	0
Yeatman, not out	7
Willcox, b Hilderbrand	3
Extras	10
Total	66

H COMPANY *v.* E COMPANY.
(FINAL TIE FOR THE SHIELD).

This match was played at Dum-Dum on the 13th inst. and resulted in an easy victory for H Company. Sergt. Godfrey and Pte. Wardle bowled well for H Company, and soon dismissed their opponents. H Company then went in, Sergt. Godfrey and Pte. Adams opened the innings the latter being caught for seven runs, Tizzard then went in, and before he and Godfrey were parted the score was 101. Wardle and Harding then followed on, both men getting into double figures before they were parted, and the innings closed for 181, leaving H Company 106 runs to the good on the first innings.

E Company showed up a little better in the second innings scoring 135, but H Company only wanting 30 runs to win, E Company threw up the sponge.

The scores were as follows :—

E COMPANY.

Wickins, b Wardle	7	c Wilson b Hall	2
Simmonds, b Wardle	15	run out	18
Straw, c Godfrey b Wardle	1	b Wardle	4
Kluckner, b Godfrey	10	c & b Godfrey	9
Ambrose, st. Wardle	8	c & b Wardle	51
Smee, b Godfrey	1	b Godfrey	6
Talbot, b Wardle	11	b Godfrey	26
Waters, b Godfrey	1	c Wardle b Godfrey	9
Dillon, b Godfrey	0	b Godfrey	4
Roberts, run out	4	not out	0
James, not out	8	b Godfrey	2
Extras	9		4
Total	75		135

H COMPANY.

Godfrey, c Kluckner b Wickens	56
Adams, c Roberts b Wickens	7
Tizzard, c Smee b Simmonds	51
Wardle, c Wickens b Simmonds	21
Harding, c Ambrose b Simmonds	32
Wilson, c Dillon b Simmonds	1
Hall, st. Simmonds	4
Martin, c Ambrose b Simmonds	4
Simpson, not out	2
Cronin, b Simmonds	0
Slaughter, st. Simmonds	0
Extras	3
Total	181

CORPORALS, OLD *v.* YOUNG BUFFS.

The Corporals of the East Surrey Regiment came from Calcutta on the 8th inst. on the invitation of the Corporals of The Buffs at Dum-Dum, and the day's amusement was commenced with the Cricket Match detailed below. An adjournment was made at 1 o'clock for tiffin, and the match wound up about 4.30 p.m. in a victory for the Dum-Dumites by 78 runs.

OLD BUFFS.

Davies, c Baldwin b Tweedale	0
Edwards, l.b.w. b Tweedale	52
Sale, run out b Tweedale	6
Smee, b Tweedale	0
Leek, b Tweedale	29
Price, run out b Tweedale	24
Marshall, b Lorton	16
Reed, c Owen b Lorton	1
Golds, l.b.w. b Keegan	0
Pickett, not out	0
Hilderbrand, c Baldwin b Keegan	3
Extras	7
Total	138

Digitized by Google

YOUNG BUFFS.

Vallalay, c Edwards b Reed	2
Tweedale, c Edwards b Davies	12
Keegan, b Edwards	0
Armitage, b Edwards	2
Baldwin, b Davies	6
Nicholls, c Marshall b Sale	22
Owen, run out	0
Lipscombe, c and b Sale	3
Mockford, b Sale	4
Lorton, b Davies	0
Bartlett, not out	0
Extras	9
Total	60

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

H Coy. THE BUFFS *v.* H Coy. E. SURREY.

This match was played at Dum-Dum on the 17th inst. As soon as the ball was started it was taken up by The Buffs right wing, and passed over to the left when it was shot through by Sergt. Godfrey within a minute from the start, the same man scoring two more goals in quick succession. The play after this was more even for a short time until our forwards went down the field in fine style. and Evans scored a fourth goal. After the change of ends, our forwards continued to give the Surrey's backs plenty of work and shortly after, again scored. From this up to the finish, our forwards were very busy in front of their opponents goal, and three more goals were scored before the whistle blew, thus leaving us the winners by 7 goals to nil.

H COMPANY THE BUFFS *v.* DETACHMENT EAST SURREY REGT.

This match was played at Dum-Dum on the 21st inst. and resulted in a victory for The Buffs by three goals to one. As soon as the ball was started it was taken up by Cork who centred the ball, and Godfrey getting up at the right moment was enabled to score the first goal. The play was very even for a short time until the ball was taken down the field by the visitors and a good goal was shot by Hughes, half time being called immediately afterwards. On play being resumed, The Buffs at once attacked, but could not break the defence of the visitors for some time, till Evans got hold of the ball and made a splendid run, and passing to Godfrey at the right moment he was enabled to score again for the home team. On the ball being started again the play was very even until just before time was called, Evans, by another good run was enabled to score the third goal for The Buffs.

SHOOTING.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS OF "E" COMPANY, *versus* THE REMAINDER OF THE COMPANY.

A shooting match came off on the 11th inst., between the above teams, and resulted in a win for the Good Templars by 34 points.

There were no very good scores made on either side on account of the wind (*of course*) which was blowing half a gale at the time.

Pte. W. Percival headed the score for the Good Templars with 76, whilst Color.-Sergeant M. Talbot with a score of 95 was best for the Company.

"BUNG."

THE NORTHBROOK VASE.

The competition for this vase (which was presented to the Battn. by Lord Northbrook, Viceroy of India, in 1874) took place at Dum-Dum on the 24th inst. Color-Sergt. Andrews being again at the top of the tree. No grand totals were made, owing to the strong wind blowing on the range, but Pte. Seager—who secured second place—made 24 out of a possible 25 at 500 yards, and had his last shot at 600 yards been anything but the outer he shook on, his name would have been inscribed on the vase this year.

Conditions:—5 rounds at 200 yards (standing) and 5 rounds at 500 and 600 yards (any military position) Wimbledon targets and marking. Entrance fee Rs 1, Minimum pull off 6lbs. Any competitor failing to score a total of 30 points (mags) at 200 and 500 yards to fall out.

1st Prize 50 per cent of entrance fees.
2nd „ 35 „ „ „
3rd „ 15 „ „ „

A 4th prize for the greatest number of bulls-eyes in competition. The names of those left in at 600 yards and their scores are appended in order of merit:—

Color-Sergt. F. Andrews,	59 points.	Pte. Mepham,	47 points
Pte. J. Seager,	58 „	Cr.-Sergt. H. Featherstone,	46 „
„ J. McGinnell,	56 „	Pte. Cafferty,	45 „
Major Ommanney,	53 „	Lc.-Corpl. Marshall	45 „
Color-Sergt. T. Oheal	52 „	Pte. T. Boyles,	44 „
2nd Lieut. Dyne,	51 „	Sergt P. Godfrey,	41 „
Corpl. A. H. Baker	50 „	Pte. E. A. Beilby,	39 „
Pte. J. Adams,	50 „	„ Stacey,	37 „
Corpl. G. Sale,	49 „	„ Darby,	37 „
„ W. A. Donnelly,	48 „		

The 4th prize was obtained by Pte. Seager with 6 bulls eyes.

Digitized by Google

VARIETIES.

Matters of course—Horse races.

A man who has had his nose pulled doesn't relish any allusion to the past tweak.

Why are Sergeants the worst conducted men in the Regiment?

Because they are in a *mess* every day of the week.

A criminal recently executed protested his innocence on the scaffold, and his last words were he was a good and faithful subject of the Queen. The subject then dropped.

Soldier (to wife who is colored). Here! sew this button on!

Wife (one week married). Not dirzey! only Mem Sahib, buss!

At the fish dealer's. "Please send up to my house to-morrow a couple of nice bass." "Yes Sir," "And by the way, be sure they are bass I'm going off for a day, and er—er—the last time I went I told my wife it was for trout fishing, and you sent up fresh mackerel. These little errors of yours are causing straided relations in my family.

A DAM be it known is an Oriental copper coin of the value of one sixteen-hundredth part of a rupee, and, of course, there is nothing vulgar in expressing one's self in Hindustani if one cares to. All the same, it sounds so jolly odd when a pretty girl runs a pin into her finger to hear her say, "Oh-Oriental-copper-coin-of-the-value-of-one-sixteen-hundreth-part-of-a-rupee-it"

An editor of a down East paper, getting tired of paying his printers, resolved to diminish his help and put his own shoulders to the wheel. Here is a specimen of his first efforts at setting type:—

Wə tqinq ⋖ɔ shAlʔ dC mosq oF OUr oʌn seqtiNg tƳPe heaeaftɹ—ɖrintərS may tALk aqouq iTs bEing diffiᵓUlt to s⊏t typə, but i donq eXperienɔe ⋿uch dIIfFIcᵓlty."

The Minstrel now to his work has gone,
In the burnt-cork ranks you'll find him;
His father's jokes he has taken on,
Which the old man left behind him.

A Staff-Officer interviewed a sentry the other day for the purpose of finding out whether he was acquainted with the orders, when the following dialogue ensued:

S. O.—"What would you do if the General was to pass your post?"

S.—"Turn the guard out and present arms, sir."

S. O.—"And if the Field Officer was to come this way, what would you do?"

S.—"Turn the guard out and present also."

S. O.—"And suppose a drunken man attempted to pass your post, what would you do?"

S.—"I'd turn out the guard and present to him as well."

S. O.—"What! to a drunken man?"

S.—"Well you see, sir, he might be the General in plain togs."

He was a young and thin recruit,
A five feet lad in six feet suit;
He seemed to be all cap and boots,
Escaped from out a pillory!
Folks said 'Oh my! What is that guy,
"Is it a thing at which you shy
"A stick or ball? Lor no! that—why
""It's a driver of Artillery."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first the "Peoples Caterer" is reckoned,
For he provides us monthly with my second,
For which we watch with eagerness each month,
Its date is usually the thirty oneth.

1. It is not usual to begin with this,
   That we have done so take it not amiss.
2. I'm called almighty; for men cross the sea,
   And go as far as to Hongkong for me.
3. An earthly Hades this; and yet 'tis known,
   As "a bright jewel in the British crown."
4. When autumn comes he visits India's clime,
   And through the winter has a pleasant time,
   At springs approach he flees; yet says 'tis rot,
   To talk about the climate being hot.
5. A Moor, in a town built on piles in the water,
   Is a thing that can only be seen on the stage,
   This one ran away with a senator's daughter,
   And ended by twisting her neck in a rage.
6. This is a piece of gear thats made of leather,
   Long may Victoria do it, (not the weather.)

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S ACROSTIC.

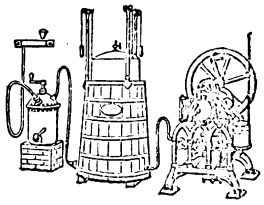
B	u	m	p	e	R
A	l	g	e	b	r	A
R	o		a		N
E			l		I *
I			l		K †
L	e	e		c	H
L	i		c		E
Y	a	c	h		T

*"And he fell over a gate backwards and broke his neck.—(Bible). †"Of that ilk."

Correct answers received from NANTI, A.W.C., and A.E.C.

Digitized by Google

The Buffs'



AERATED WATER FACTORY.

Every description of Aerated Waters supplied at 10 annas per dozen all round, every day except Sunday.

ORDER BOOKS SUPPLIED FREE ON APPLICATION.

THE BUFFS'

REGTL. WORKSHOPS.

Every description of work performed by Regtl. Artificers:

PRINTING,
BOOK BINDING,
CABINET MAKING,
PAINTING,
HORSE-SHOEING,
GLAZING, &C.,

For further information apply to the Non-Commissioned Officer in charge.

"THE DRAGON"

The whole of the back numbers are ready and can be obtained on application, single copies annas 2 each, or

BOUND IN THE LATEST STYLE RS. 6.

Apply to the Sub-Editor at the Regimental Workshops.

T. KERODE & Co.

2 CHOWRINGHEE ROAD,
CALCUTTA.

TOBACCONISTS, TEA DEALERS, & GENERAL AGENTS.

A large stock of cigars always on hand, of the best qualities and brands at current market prices:
FLOR-DE-JAVA, BAHADUR,
SUPERS,
BEACONSFIELD, RANDOLPH,
SALISBURYS,
MORNING WHIFFS, FAUST,
OLD JACK (BURMAHS.)

FRESH ARRIVALS OF LATEST DESIGNED PIPES &C.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION

TRIAL ORDER SOLICITED.

Printed for the Editor at The Buffs' Regimental Press—Dum-Dum.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1908.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 37 **DUM-DUM, APRIL 30th 1890.** Price 2 Annas.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTH.

TURNER—At Dum-Dum on the 28th March, 1890, the wife of Sergt. E. Turner of a daughter. Florence Ellen Jane.

MARRIAGES.

POLLARD—HOLLOWAY.—At Barrackpore on the 9th of April, 1890, Dinah Holloway, relict of the late Corporal T. Holloway, R. A., to No. 1588 Private Thomas Pollard, "E" Company, The Buffs.

CHAPMAN—BLACK—At Dum-Dum on the 22nd April, 1890, No. 62 Pte. James Chapman. Letter "E" Company, to Miss Kate Black, (Dublin.)

DEATH.

BROWN—At Dum-Dum on the 20th inst., No. 1560 Pte. Alexander Brown, Letter "G" Company, of Heat Apoplexy. Aged 27 years, (true name A. McKonochie, of Woolwich. Local papers please copy.)

NOTES.

It may be perhaps superfluous to inform our readers that the great man who edits this paper has been translated to Simla. The intelligent reader will find that out for himself before he has read much farther.

* * *

The chief event of the month was the General's Inspection on the 2nd. Coming so late in the year, it was very warm work, but we have survived it, and, we hope, with credit as usual.

* * *

Since then a profound peace has prevailed, the only other event of importance being the Regimental Sports. These came too late, we fear, for our friend *Slasher* to take any of his prize money to *Blighty*, but, as will be seen from the account published elsewhere, they came off well enough in spite of this drawback.

* * *

Will no charitable person offer a reward for the biggest number of brain fever birds killed in Cantonments. Last year we remember, two annas a tail was given for pariah dogs, with the result that no mans best friend was safe. Brain fever birds are a worse pest, and there is less risk to life and property in shooting them.

* * *

We would caution men returning from the range against the danger of strolling across the polo ground during the game. Any man who gets killed doing so, is entirely answerable for

Digitized by Google

his own death. and no blame can be attached to the players.

* * *

Besides the danger, there is the discourtesy of it. If a party of Officers were to stroll across the football ground during a game, what would you think of their manners?

[N. B.—This is not a riddle, but a question for serious consideration.]

* * *

Our Barrackpore friends promised to send us a line now and then to let us know how they were getting on. Why dont they? Are they unwell, or only lazy?

* * *

We understand some of our readers are dissatisfied, on the ground that we give too much space to Regimental Items, or as they would put it "'The Dragon' reads like a blooming Order Book." We would point out that this is just the part of the paper that most interests those of our readers to whom the said Order Book is not accessible in the original.

* * *

We re-print the following from the *Indian Daily News*:

"Lord Stanley of Alderley has placed the following upon the notice paper of the House of Lords :— 'To ask the Secretary of State for India what measures the Indian Government has taken to improve the discipline of the Regiments recently quartered in Dum-Dum; and what compensation it has made to the widow of the man shot by one of four soldiers who went out of barracks without leave on the night of the 6th November last; also to ask the Secretary of State for India if he will take steps to provide temperance canteens as accessible to the soldier as the canteens for intoxicating liquor.'

Lord Stanley of Alderley does not appear to be aware of what has been already accomplished in this latter direction through the exertions of the Army Temperance Association, with the cordial approval and assistance of Sir Frederick Roberts."

We think it is a pity that his Lordship didn't take the trouble to know what he was talking about. Whose discipline exactly does he desire to improve?

* * *

BEER *versus* WATER—The programme of the Kings Royal Rifles Athletic Sports at Allahabad the other day, included a tug-of-war Beer *versus* Water. The *Pioneer* sporting reporter describing the event says :— "The superiority of beer over water—at any rate in matters in which thews and sinews are involved—was clearly proved in this case. 'Beer' pulled 'water' over with little or no trouble amidst shouts of delight from the surrounding crowd of admiring beer-drinkers."

CORRESPONDENCE.

:o:

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

OUR HOME BATTALION.

Dear Mr. Editor,

At present everything here is very quiet, not much being done in the way of drill etc., as the season has hardly begun; next month musketry will begin, and the month after, Brigade drills, and then of course Divisional field-days and manœuvres will be the order, which of course means hard work. The weather has been simply delightful and with the exception of a couple of slight falls of snow which almost immediately disappeared and a few cold days, there has been nothing of a winter.

The 1st Bedfordshire Regt., which has been brigaded with us, left on the 15th inst. for Malta, and their lines are now occupied by the (93rd) A. & S. Highlanders who arrived on the 18th inst. from Ireland. They were entertained by us on arrival, their beds being filled by our men and fires lighted in their huts, and each Company of ours provided a substantial meal for the corresponding Companies of theirs, the Sergeants being entertained separately, and also the married families.

The Bicycle Club has again commenced their runs, the roads being very favorable for riding.

A draft of twenty-four recruits joined on the 21st inst., and were posted to "G" (Capt. Stewart-Saville's) Company.

The first party of recruits have finished their course of range practice with the new rifle, and the result obtained is very good. The average at Individual range practice being 171.52, (one section at 500 yards making the possible), percentage at Volley and Independent 82.40, so the rifle appears by the result to be a good weapon.

Digitized by Google

The Sergeants and Corporals had a match at Wimbledon targets 200 and 500 yards, the Corporals winning by three points.

Whilst on the subject, the new rifle is causing alarm to the civilian population in the vicinity of Aldershot, last week a laborer working in a field at Hale, a village about 1½ miles from Aldershot, was struck by something, which upon inquiry turned out to be a bullet fired from some one's rifle at Cæsar's Camp ranges; and several old ladies also declare their windows have been broken in a like manner. A Court of Enquiry has been held, and the result is two ranges have been closed. It is confidently believed at Hale, that the new rifle will have to be condemned.

Several football matches have been played with local teams, and the club shows a decided improvement. A very evenly contested match took place between the Sergeants and Corporals, and ended in a draw with 4 goals each; during the progress of the game Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry, J. Smith, fractured his collar-bone but by the time you get this letter I expect he will be alright again as he is doing well.

On the 11th inst., a detachment consisting of 1 Sergeant, 3 Corporals and 27 Privates, proceeded to the R. M. College, Sandhurst, for duty, also a Sergeant as Drill Instructor to the Cadets, this party will probably return at Easter.

This is about all the news I can find this time so will conclude with best wishes to the 1st from the 2nd Battalion, and remain yours,

Aldershot, NOBBY.
25-2-90.

☞ This was not recived by us until the 3rd inst., so was too late for last issue—ED.]

Dear Mr. Editor,

Since I last wrote, life in Aldershot has not been very eventful, so you will not get much news on this occasion, but I expect by next month the reverse will be the case.

The weather has entirely changed and the proverbial March winds have not kept up their reputation for roaring and destructiveness. but on the contrary have been very light, and the sun has been very considerate, appearing daily & giving one an idea of early summer, the only disagreeable feature being the showers which make their appearance more this month than in April.

By the Musketry returns. just published, our recruits figure of merit (sent you last month) heads the list against five other corps. but the great feature is, there are no third class shots amongst the whole lot, so evidently the shooting appears better with the new rifle. Owing to the accident I told you about at Hale, an inspection of the ranges has taken place with the result, that Musketry is practically suspended.

To-day the Battn. takes part in a Divisional field day augmented by the Public Schools Battalions, so a good days' work is expected, the scheme is as usual one of invasion and defence followed by a March Past, and on the 18th April the Duke of Cambridge is to inspect the Division, so we have a slight indication of coming events.

One Officer, one Sergeant, one Corporal and eighteen men have proceeded to South Camp to undergo a course of instruction in Military Bicycling, and one Sergt. has also proceeded to the Auxiliary School of Instruction South Camp, as Assistant Sergeant Instructor.

Nothing in the shape of football matches with other clubs has taken place, and the season is drawing to a close, the team work well together now, and it's generally considered by the members that the Army Cup for '91 will find it's way to the abode of the Dragon, time will prove.

Owing to the bad state of the roads bicycling is almost at a standstill, nothing beyond a little practice being attempted.

As might be expected in a Garrison like this Sergeant's dances are very plentiful, and on the 21st inst., The Buffs' took place in the Gymnasium, North Camp, it was well attended, and the most fastidious had no cause for complaint.

NOBBY.

Aldershot,
25-3-90.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WANT TO KNOW.—A Dragon is a fabulous animal, represented as a winged serpent, or lizard, having enormous claws. The Dragon is found in mythologies of most races. The Griffin is also an imaginary animal, said to be generated between the lion and the eagle. These two animals are described in every English Dictionary.

LANCE-CORPORAL.—Socrates was also asked "is it better to marry or not?" and he replied "let a man do which he pleases, he will repent." We cannot do better than use his words.

BRICK—The word "Reverend" only occurs once in the Bible, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th psalm, and there are no words or names in the Bible of more than six syllables.

Digitized by Google

Subscriptions have been received from the undermentioned entitling them to copies of The Dragon from date up to and for the numbers mentioned against their names:—

The President Officers Mess,
The Buffs, Canterbury. (No. 51.)

Capt. D. A. Hamilton,
2nd Vol. Battn. The Buffs,
Staplehurst, Kent. (No. 51.)

Capt. D. F. Lewis,
Comdg. 11th Soudanese Battn.,
Wady Halfa. (No. 88.)

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

The undermentioned Officer has been granted leave to England for 12 months, on private affairs. Major C. E. Reeves.

The undermentioned Officer joined the Battn. on the 24th ultimo and was posted to Letter E Company for duty: 2nd Lieut. R. Swetenham.

The undermentioned man was appointed Soldier Assistant in the Regimental Schools on the 24th ultimo. No. 1481 Pte. G. Lehane.

The undermentioned N.-C. O. was appointed acting Schoolmaster to the Battalion from the 24th ult. No. 786 Sergt. J. H. Pay.

Mrs. Smith (wife of Corpl. Smith) was appointed acting Schoolmistress to the Battn. from the 25th ultimo.

The undermentioned N.-C. O. was appointed Acting Pioneer Sergeant with the rank of Provisional Lance-Sergeant. from the 25th inst.
No. 234 Corpl. A. H. Baker.

The rate of exchange for the pay and remittances of British Troops serving in India during the year 1890-91, has been fixed by Her Majesty's Government at 1s. 5d. the Rupee.

The undermentioned Officer and N.-C.O. proceeded to Kasauli on the 28th ult., for the purpose of attending a class of instruction in army signalling:—Lieut. B. R. K. Tarte and Lc.-Sergt. G. Cork.

The undermention man proceeded, on the 29th ult., to Darjeeling, to act as Armourer Sergt. at the Convalescent Depôt during the ensuing hot season:—No. 1774, Pte. H. Melia.

The undermentioned N.-C.O. and man were awarded 2nd class certificates of education at an examination which took place at Barrackpore on the 18th March 1890:—No. 991, Corporal S. Thorne and No. 1356, Pte. A. Smith.

Lieut. R. H. D'Aeth has re-joined from the Depôt, and has taken over command and payment of Letter "H" Company.

Privilege leave, from the 15th April to 15th June 1890, has been granted to 2nd Lieuts. C. C. Cobbe and L. I. B. Hulke.

General leave, from 15th April to 15th Aug. 1890, has been granted to Capt. A. H. Tylden-Pattenson.

Privelege leave from 15th April to 13th June 1890, has been granted to Major A. E. Ommanney.

The undermentioned Officer passed, on 23rd March 1890, the higher standard in Hindustani, new test:—Capt. G. V. Dauglish.

It has been officially announced that the Battalion will move in relief from Dum-Dum to Fort William by route march at the end of the present year.

The following promotions and appointments have been approved of by the Comdg. Officer.

To be Sergts.:—

945,	Lc-Sergt	C. Peters	8-2-90
1191,	„	C. Carnell	9-2-90
786,	„	J. H. Pay	9-2-90

To be Lc-Sergts. with pay:—

1070,	Lc-Sergt.	H. E. Locke.	8-2-90
1144,	„	J. Peach	9-2-90
1154,	„	A. Adley	9-2-90

To be Lc-Sergts:—

1308, Corpl. M. Roach
1208, Corpl. F. Staunton

To be Corporals:—

155,	Lc-Corpl.	E. Bing	8-2-90
2884,	„	J. H. Sale.	9-2-90
935,	„	G. Moon	9-2-90
234,	„	A. H. Baker	9-2-90

To be Lc-Corpls. with pay:—

490,	Lc.Corpl.	E. Heffren	8-2-90
1860,	„	T. Atkins	9-2-90
1744,	„	G. Jubb	9-2-90

Major N. Newnham-Davis proceeded to Simla, on the 13th inst., to join the Intelligence Branch, Qr.-Mr.-General's Dept.

The undermentioned Officer has been granted

Digitized by Google

leave in extension from 19th March to 6th June 1890, on Medical Board:—Lieut. L. G. N. Eales.

The Commanding Officer has made the following appointment. To be Provisional Lc-Sergeant for the purpose of proceeding to Pachmari to undergo a course of instruction in Musketry:- No. 1233, Lc-Corpl. A. Parsons.

The undermentioned Officers have arrived at Dum-Dum for duty in the Station Hospital:
Surgeon-Major J. Riddick.
" J. Harran.
" F. R. Newland.

Lieut. E. C. M. Parry is appointed Adjutant of the Battalion *vice* Lieut. R. Bayard, with effect from the 11th April 1890.

The Sergeants of the Battn. have now started a Bicycle Club, and it is at present in a very flourishing condition; twelve machines have been sent to England for, and they are expected out here in a couple of weeks. Already the Club musters about 20 members, and more are expected to join. Next month we will probably give a report of the Club's doings, if the machines arrive in time. The uniform, (a blue nickerbocker suit. the coat with a turn down buff collar, and buff dragon on outside pocket) has been approved of, and sanctioned by the C. O., and looks very well.

Another of those enjoyable moonlight concerts is in perspective, and will probably come off about the 9th May. Mr. Birkhead would like any young blood willing to take part in these concerts to come forward and render any help they can. Singing and dancing, is not alone required, but anything in the way of variety would no doubt meet with approval.

REGIMENTAL SAVINGS BANK.

The following deposits and withdrawals have taken place during the year ending 31st March, 1890.

	DEPOSITS. Rs. A. P.	WITHDRAWALS. Rs. A. P.	REMAINING Rs. A. P.
A Coy.	3317 0 0	1956 0 10½	5965 5 0½
B "	3768 0 0	2015 10 8½	6334 7 4
C "	3113 0 0	3997 1 3	3087 10 5½
D "	2475 0 0	2752 9 11½	4074 14 0½
E "	3621 8 0	3310 15 8	3804 5 19
F "	2767 0 0	2448 2 6½	3384 9 10½
G "	3122 0 0	2981 6 6½	4305 2 4½
H "	2731 0 0	2906 9 11½	1620 0 1

QUADRILLE PARTY.

A Quadrille party was held in the Theatre on Friday evening the 11th inst., by the members of the Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Club, Dum-Dum, connected with the Outram Institute, and was a great success, although the weather was very warm the dance-room was made cool by the punkahs, and the fact that the room was utilized for dancing only tended to keep it so. The Committee (of which Mr. Headwards, S. A. A. Factory, was President) deserve great credit for the Admirable manner in which the arrangements for the comfort of all were carried out. There was a very fair gathering present, and there is no doubt, but that a greater number would have accepted the invitations if the Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Club at Fort William had hot been holding a Quadrille party the same evening. However, all present seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves, dancing being kept up with great spirit until 2 a.m. Col-Sergt. Featherstone officiated as M.C., and the Band of the Battn. provided the music which was performed in an excellent manner, and was greatly appreciated by the visitors. H. E. F.

CRUEL CLEMENTINA,
OR
THOSE CONFOUNDED CIGARETTES.

I am an active energetic member of the Anti-Narcotic League, a tobacco-phobish of the most blatant type, the terror of youthful indulgers in a surreptitious puff, an object of the bitterest hatred to all purveyors of the fragrant weed. Fragrant indeed, faugh! And yet, but two short years ago I smoked my ounce per day in cigarettes with the regularity of clockwork.

Miss Clementina McHoney, a lovely blonde of eighteen summers, possessed in stock exchange phraseology, a "corner" in my affections for over eighteen months; I loved her to distraction, I was about to say destruction, for I lavished upon her jewellery and gew-gaws of every description, a fearful drain on my slender salary of thirty shillings a week, but what pleased her pleased me, and I frequently lived a fortnight on bread and cheese to procure for my rather exacting sweetheart some expensive trifle which she "seemed to fancy."

An unexpected rise in my pay enabled me

Digitized by Google

after fourteen months of ardent courtship to suggest to Clementina, matrimony, my angel reposing her exquisitely shaped head with its auriferous nimbus of hyacinthine locks on my manly breast murmured y-e-e-s in the good old approved hesitating andante style. The engagement ring, procured by easy weekly payments of 2/6 from Silverstein & Co., I proudly placed upon her finger, osculations followed as a matter of course, my cup of bliss seemed full.

And so all went merrily as a marriage bell, we were to have been united in the summer, and now *infandum renovare dolorem.*

Reposing after the heats and burdens of the day in my comfortable arm-chair by a roaring fire I surrendered myself one evening to the *dolce far niente*, cigarette in mouth thinking of Clementina and other pleasant topics. I must have thought more of Clementina than the other 'little beauty' for it went out, I felt far too lazy to rise for the matches on the mantle-piece, and lit a strip of old newspaper to set my cigarette going again, the paper flared up, I was bending down, and my eyebrows and lashes encountered the flame, both got frightfully singed, as I had nothing but my own carelessness to blame, I swore the more.

Looking in the glass next morning when shaving, I was horrified to discover that brows and lashes had almost completely disappeared.

Under pretence of illness I remained at home a fortnight, expending many a shilling on hair renewers and ointments, growing gradually accustomed to my odd appearance, for I visited the mirror about six times an hour in hopes of discovering an improvement, I at length ventured abroad again, visiting my beloved one.

They say that love is blind, nonsense! as soon as I appeared before my Clementina I observed a smile upon her countenance, not the smile of affection, but of amusement, as for her little termagant of a sister, a girl of thirteen, she laughed, in fact the whole family appeared provided with food for endless merriment.

An unexplainable change had come over my darling, she treated me in a breezy flippant manner that I did not at all like.

In the evening I was called upon for a song, my voice is a sympathetic tenor not so strong as Sims Reeves' but richer and sweeter in tone; I selected that charming sentimental melody from the Bohemian Girl "And you'll remember me" warbling the first verse with true artistic feeling.

Commencing the second verse—"When coldness or deceit shall slight, the beauty now they prize" I was most rudely interrupted by Clementina's little sister with an extemporaneous line of her own "And wonder why no lashes grow upon your gummy eyes."

Clementina was laughing with the rest! dashing the roll of music on the ground, I left the house in bitter dungeon, never to return.

My quondam angel married an opulent contractor three months after our rupture.

As for me I still remain single, the man who offers me a cigarette, stands in imminent danger of paying the penalty with his life.

Oswald H. Kendal.

LIFE AT JALAPAHAR.

We, the first batch of convalescents of The Buffs, started on our travels on the 26th of last month, arriving safely at our mountainous destination on the afternoon of the following day.

Our journey by sea and land was unfraught with vicissitudes, we were bitterly disillusioned when hungry and faint we boarded the steamer at Saraghat, there was gratis tea on hand, but nothing to eat, and sandwiches at two annas a time were brought round by persuasive niggers, veritable cenotaphs meatless and unappetizing, they of course did not command a very extensive sale.

The railroad apotheosis from the foot of the hills to Ghoom was brimful of interest, awful anabasis around altitudinous ascents!

It is a fearful pleasure to skirt khuds and skim like a bird along the extreme edge of yawning ravines, the wild Alpine salvator rosaesque type of scenery is sufficiently grand to stir up poetic thoughts and fancies even in the kharki covered breast of a thoughtless "beer swillin' Tommy."

Talking about beer, twelve annas the bottle exclusive of the corkscrew, and a tiffin is the prevailing price of "perkin" all along the line, and even this prohibitive price did not hinder thirsty Atkins' from procuring supplies of the heady and seductive tipple.

Weary and generally dilapidated we arrived at Ghoom, the terminous of our railroad peregrinations, what posseseed the poet to warble "Be it ever so humble there's no place like *Ghoom" it is impossible to conjecture, for the ramshackle broken down bazaar is sufficiently uninteresting andcommonplace to nip any feelings save of aver-

Digitized by Google

sion in the bud.

After a stiff uphill walk of two miles we reached our bungalows at Jalapahar.

As we have now been established three weeks on the hills we are qualified to pass an opinion on our temporary home, we don't like it!

Influenza has played havoc with our numbers since our arrival here, fever and ague cases, with ills aggravated by severe coughs and colds, drag their weary limbs up dizzy heights; "khudfound* the khuds and hills" remarked discontented convalescents "why ever did we leave Dum-Dum for these inhospitable regions."

Hope springs eternal in the human breast however, and we look forward to better times when that fell influenza has abated.

It was football under difficulties the other day when a team of the Depôt played an Association match with the Mountain Mule Battery on the ground of the latter, the ground unfenced and unprotected is surrounded on all sides by sheer khud, and every few minutes impelled by a nemesis of a wind, the ball rolled down the valley a thousand feet or so, great delay being caused in seeking for and returning with the erratic globule, neither side scored anything, and everybody felt gratified when the curious game came to a termination.

There is weeping and gnashing of teeth in the camp of the beer drinking fraternity, a pint at twelve and a pint at night is the maximum quantity of "lush" permitted, this is however only a temporary measure till influenza has quieted down.

The keen air of this elevated location is a powerful tonic to appetite, we are all developing into trencher-men of the first water notwithstanding the unusually tough quality of the ration meat.

A certain pachydermatous individual is credited with the feats of demolishing four loaves of *roti* at a sitting, he still breathes and is ready at any time for a small stake to repeat the unique trick.

OSWALD KENDAL.

* Does Corpl. Kendal meditate a sojourne to Bhawanipore? If he continues in this strain, we are certain he would pass in unquestioned.—[ED.

MUSKETRY.

The following prizes for the Musketry season 1889-90, having received the sanction of the Brigadier-General Commanding the Dist,, have been awarded to N.-C.O's. and men as under:—

"B" COMPANY.

Corpl. A H Baker £2 10s. best shot of Company. Sergt. J Patten £1 best shot of Sergts.

Ten per cent best shots—Ptes. Ward, Childs, Reed, Martin, Ware, Blackborrow, Lc-Corpl. Crowson, Ptes. Hurd, Barton and Goodwin, 10s. each.

Lc-Sergt. C Peters section commander of best section in *(e)* and *(f)* practices, 10s.

Best section in *(e)* and *(f)* practices, 3s each:—Lc-Corpl. W. Hurrell, Ptes. Bainbridge, Blackborrow, Chadwick, Cox, Finch, Hatcher, Larkins, Raward, Smith, Terry and C Williams.

"E" COMPANY.

Pte. J Seager £2 10s., best shot of Company. Col-Sergt. M Talbot £1, best shot of Sergeants.

Ten per cent best shots:—Ptes. Holbrook, Percival, Griffin, Taylor, T. Smith, Newing, A Smith and Ashelford, 10s. each.

Lc-Corpl. Holmes. section commander 10s. Best section in *(e)* and *(f)* practices 3s. each:—Ptes. Ashelford, Dungey, J Hunt, Kenny, Lovesay, Newing, Pollard, Seager, T Smith, J Taylor and Welsh.

"F" COMPANY.

Corpl, W A Donnelly best shot of Coy. £2 10s. Col-Sergt. F Andrews best shot of Sergts. £1.

Ten per cent best shots:—Ptes. W Mitchell, W Benge. A W Marlow, G Wraight, W Davis, F Williams, J Sayers, A Sadler, E Cross and B Sayers.

Section commander best section in *(e)* and *(f)* practices 10s.—Lc-Sergt. J Peach.

Best section in *(e)* and *(f)* practices 3s. each:—Ptes. W Bates, T Copeland, L Gunner, S Hallett, F Hobbs, F Kingsford, F Matthews, G Munday, J Read, C Spinner, G Veal and A Baker.

"G" COMPANY.

Lc-Corpl. J. McKeating best shot of Company £2 10s. Col-Sergt. W. Watts best shot of Sergeants £1.

Ten per cent best shots of Company.—Ptes. T Boyles, W Bing, S Golder, T Wilmott, F Collett, Lc-Corpl. T Lynch, Corpl. J Stirke and Pte. H Newing 10s each.

Best section in *(e)* and *(f)* practices 3s. each:—Lc-Corpl. Hilderbrand, Ptes. J Hobbs, S Milgate, F Palmer, W Rigden, J Wilson, T Hickmott, H Anderson, H Belsey, J Cassidy, T Ford, E Grant, E Hogben, and Lc-Corpl. T Lynch.

Section commander, best section in *(e)* and *(f)* practices 10s.—Sergt. A Jesshope.

Digitized by Google

"H" COMPANY.

No. 2404, Lc-Corpl. T Tennant best shot of Company £2 10s. Sergt. E Clifton best shot of Sergeants £1.

Ten per cent best shots of Company:—Pte. J Leabourne, Lc-Corpl. C Crumby, Pte. J Malkin, Drmr. J Pickett, Pte. J Smith, Lc-Corpl R Hannaford, Ptes. Mears and Williams 10s each. Section commander of best section in (*e*) and (*f*) practices 10s.—Sergt. J Buckley.

Best section (*e*) and (*f*) practices 3s. each:—Ptes. A Bailey, A Bloomfield, F Cameron, J Crump, Featherstone, R Gardiner, R Hemsley, A Keable, C Williams and G Stevens,

"E" COMPANY.

The classification and figure of merit of the above Company is as follows:—

Figure of merit:—

Range Individual	128.18.
Independent & Volleys	62.14.

Classification—Marksmen 12, 1st class shots 21, 2nd class shots 23, 3rd class 21, total 77.

Gold guns as best Marksman of Company—1249, Pte. J E Seager. Score 211.

Worsted guns as Marksmen in order of merit:—

1555,	Private	W Percival	score	192
1791,	"	W Griffin	"	189
1126,	"	J Taylor	"	186
1706,	"	T Smith	"	176
332,	Col-Sergt.	M. Talbot	"	174
1463,	Private.	A. Newing	"	174
1356,	"	A. Smith	"	169
2060,	"	A. Ashelford	"	168
1009,	"	W. Kenny	"	168
989,	"	J. Straw	"	167
1588,	"	T, Pollard	"	166

The following is the result of the annual course of Musketry for 1889-90. Figure of merit and classification of Companies in order of merit:—

Coy.	Range Individual.	Field Practices.	M	1	2	3
"G"	161.78	53.19	49	25	20	6
"C"	158.31	48.05	51	25	26	7
"D"	150.87	45.34	45	33	24	14
"B"	150.28	45.48	29	35	34	4
"F"	148.61	47.42	34	28	29	9
"A"	145.66	44.21	39	31	31	20
"E"	138.36	44.03	27	33	35	24
"H"	134.31	46.38	21	27	35	20
Battn.	148.36	46.73	295	237	234	104

The Sergeants of Letter "G" Company, best shooting Company of the Battalion, will wear on the right forearm, a badge of Crossed Rifles and Crown worked in gold.

Best shots of Companies in (*c*) field practice, 10s each:—Pte. C. Cronk, Sergt Patten, Pte. Mitchel, Sergt. Gray, Pte. Straw, Bensted, Christie, and Cronin.

Best shots of Companies in (*g*) field practice:—Ptes,. Gordon, Briggs, Lce-Corporal Hartley, Ptes. Newport, Lovesay, Williams, Cassidy, and Col-Sergt. Hoar.

Sergt. J. Jesshope section commander 10s.

Best section of Battn. in (*f*) field practice, percentage of hits 95. 71 5s each :—Lce-Corpl. Hilderbrand, Hobbs, Millgate, Palmer, Wilson, Rigden, Hickmott, Anderson, Belsey, Cassidy, Ford, Grant, Hogben, and Lc-Corpl. Lynch.

Sergt. Jesshope section commander 10s. Best section of Battn. (*l*) practice, percentage of hits 96.66 5s. each:—Lc-Corpl. Holmes, Ptes. Swift, Paine, Richardson, Dawson, Starkie, Setterfield, Drmrs. Dillon and Wittering.

Corpl. M. Roach best shot of Battalion £4. Pte. Gilbert, best shot of Casuals £2 10s.

Ten per cent best shots:—Pte. F Woods, Corpl W Tozer, Ptes. E Sayer, H Mitchell, W Buckwell, J Dunk, W Russell, Lc-Corpl. F Hilderbrand and Pte. F Nailor 10s. each.

A team of ten N-C.O's. and men fired on the 26th ult., for the Commander-in-Chief's prize, but as the scores were all so very bad they are not recorded here.

SHOOTING MATCH.

A friendly match was fired on the rifle range belonging to the S. A. A. Factory, on the 5th inst., between the Sergeants of The Buffs and the employès of the Factory, result—a hollow beating for the Sergeants by 79 points, the registers have been conveniently mislaid so individual scores cannot be produced. A nice tiffin was supplied by the S.A.A. Factory, who also found all the paraphernalia. A very pleasant morning was spent, and the return match is eagerly looked forward to. The Sergeants intend having a lot of practice now, and are determined to score a win next time (perhaps).

Digitized by Google

HOW THE COLONEL'S HORSE GOT FARCY.

In the January number of *The Dragon* I told you how Pte Fitzgerald won his stripes. Well, when I was informed of his good shooting, I rode out to see the remains of his nocturnal visitor, and got home just in time to catch my Major limping painfully on two sticks over to the hut which acted—apologetically—as our Mess. The Major (by the way did I say it before?) had been shot in the ankle some while ago by a Burman at a range of ten yards or so, the slugs used being bits of telegraph wire hammered up round, and he was still on the sick list.

The quietest and most gentlemanly of men was my Major; always intensely polite, always cool and unflurried; quiet in words and shrewd in thought, and full of a pleasantness and sense of humour which seemed to keep his grey eyes always smiling, a smile which would ripple over the whole of his face whenever anything pleasant or amusing was going; and yet withal he rarely laughed outright, whilst the big loud guffaw which makes itself heard above all the hum of mess table talk seemed literally to hurt him. No one liked to talk scandals and such things when the Major was present; he had a way of fixing such inconvenient babblers with a look of courteous wonder, that was eloquent as the practical Apostles' exhortation to his people, not to be 'busy-bodies' in other men's matters.

Though it be a digression, I am tempted beyond resistance to relate how once, and only once, I heard my Major say a rude thing. It was to Private X——. The man had had 'drunk' after 'drunk' until at last his usual crime had led him to a miserably filthy unsoldierly condition, and the Provost had a long and wretched story to bring up about him. The Major listened to the recital quietly, and then, with a quick flush of color, said "Pte. X——, you're a drunken beast!" whereat Pte. X—— was so flabbergasted that I never remember him coming up for drunkenness again.

When I met the Major this particular morning, he said "well, Phledgeby, I hear Pte. Fitzgerald has been doing some more shooting by night." "Rather Major," answered I, "and a ripping shot he made of it; but what do you mean by *more* shooting?" The Major laughed gently, "haven't I ever told you?" he said, "come in and let's get some breakfast, and I'll tell you all about it; the story ought not to be lost." We went in together, and during breakfast he told me the following tale:—

It was up in Afghanistan in '79, we were stationed in a hole of a place where the gentry of the neighbourhood used to appear nearly every night to try and steal our transport cattle or to 'snipe" our sentries; and more than once they succeeded in one amusement or the other.

We used to serve out buckshot cartridges to the sentries to use at close quarters, as more likely to be effective at night. I was Adjutant of the regiment at the time, and I used to live in a tent which was built close to one of our guards. Well, one night there came on a big storm, rain and thunder and lightning all going at once in the most tremendous style; so of course I couldn't sleep, and as I lay there listening to the roar of the elements outside, and to my unfortunate servant stirring uneasily amongst pots and pans and camp kit of sorts under the indifferent shelter of the fly of my tent outside, I distinctly heard the crack of a rifle from the direction of the guard. However, nothing more happened, so I lay still until I heard a relief go slushing past over the wet ground; and then I shouted out to the Corporal whom I knew was in charge. He came to my tent-door, and stood dripping in his cloak, holding up the flap of the tent, his square burly figure standing out sharply against the now clearing sky. "Who fired that shot, Corporal?" I asked, "Pte. Fitzgerald, sir, and by my own horders, sir. Three or four Paythans, sir, apparently wishin' to rush the post. They made orf, sir." "All right Corporal." "Good night, sir." "Good night, Corporal." And off I heard the relief tramp in the distance, and I turned over and slept and forgot all about the incident.

The next morning was bright and clear; the routine work of the morning was over, and I was going off to get some breakfast, when, passing the Colonels' tent, I saw that gallant Officer with a book in his hand examining his charger, a 14 hand country bred, looted from the enemy, which had replaced the stately old black Waler mare on which the Colonel had started for the wars. "Ha, you brute you!" muttered the Colonel, "loose again, were you, you budmash? Why can't you *bando* him *barabba*, you chattering jackass!" he went on, turning fiercely on a shivering syce, who, holding the noble animal, was pouring forth voluble stories of his woes and

Digitized by Google

his integrity of character, especially in regard to his conduct towards this particular quadruped. "Oh, I say, Spence," shouted the Colonel, as he saw me passing, "I wish you'd come here a minute. This wretched beast of mine was galloping all over the camp last night, tumbling all over the tent ropes and making a general nuisance of himself: And I believe the brute's got farcy now; just look here, suspicious looking ulcers—you know—all over the neck and shoulders," there you are! only the book says yellow, and these ain't yellow they're red rather—"dirty yellow discharge—there you are! possibly flecked with blood or ichorous, or like *fetid serum*. "I don't know what 'Ichorous or *fetid serum*' mean, I'm sure, but the discharge is flecked with blood, right enough, look! and then it says 'the discharge in any case is offensive,' offensive! the whole horse is offensive, the brute! he smells like a badger, I don't know what to make of him at all." I looked carefully at the "ulcers." Queer little round red marks on one shoulder and on the neck and one right on the bony part of the nose, all were watery and flecked with blood, whilst from the one on the nose, a thick glue like discharge flecked with thin streaks of blood, was oozing. I thought, and I wondered; but I didn't know, and don't know now, much about horses. Suddenly a thought struck me and made me feel hot all over in my effort to keep from laughing. "I tell you what," said the Colonel, "there's one of those gunner fellows, they know all about horses, don't they." "I don't know, sir!" said I, "they always *bukh* as if they did." A gunner sub of cheery countenance was by this time with us, hailed by the Colonel. "Oh, I say, Joyce," said the Colonel, "has this brute of mine got farcy, look, yellow edged ulcers etc., eh?" The gunner sub. looked. "No, tever," he muttered to himself. I got behind the Colonel and made grimaces at our volunteer vet. He wouldn't look at me. "Why Colonel," he broke out, "this ain't farcy; but I tell you what it is, why, someone's been sho——;" he caught my eye just then, and continued—"surely giving him dirty gram or something. It's nothing at all, Colonel, really sir, nothing at all! any beast might get it out in this place; our Farrier will put him all right in a couple of days or so." "What did you say it was from?" said the Colonel, "well, I said bad food." said poor Joyce feeling uncomfortable, "but I don't know that it's that, it's general want of care, sir, that's all; he'll be all right; I'll tell the gunner to take him over to our lines."

So we changed the subject and walked away whilst the Colonel, quite grateful, went off to his tent. "Who did it" said Joyce to me, as we walked on. I was bursting with laughter. "Keep it dark," I said, "there's a good fellow! it was one of our men last night, who thought the brute was 'three or four Pathans.' I say, I didn't know you could get so many buckshot into one cartridge." C. P.

The next Soldiers' Industrial Exhibition will be held at Rawal Pindi, with Sir T. D. Baker, K.C.B. as President. Preparations have already begun, and we believe the Committee have their circulars in the Press. From all accounts it is to be a much bigger affair, and in every way more attractive than such exhibitions usually are. It will be open in November next for a week or 10 days, and will, it is hoped, take place in the new Institute about to be built for the public by Sirdar Sujan Singh Rai Bahadoor.—*Civil and Military Gazette.*

The following tradition has been extracted from the Historical record of the 31st, Regiment and may be interesting to our readers. It occurred at the Battle of Dettingen which was fought on the 27th June 1743:—

"The facings and breeches of the THIRTY-FIRST being of the same colour as those worn by the *Third* "*Buffs*," King George II. mistook it for the latter regiment, and called out "*Brave Buffs*," with a view of animating the men to further gallantry; and when reminded that is was the THIRTY-FIRST, and not the "*Old Buffs*," His Majesty then rejoined, "*Brave, young Buffs*," and this name, valuable for the time and manner of its being conferred, has been since retained by the Regiment."

OLD BUFF.—We have just this corner left to apologize for the non-insertion of your valuable letter. As we were closing our columns it has arrived by the Mail; we will publish it in our next issue.

CHESS TOURNAMENT.

A very interesting Chess Handicap Tournament was held in the Band bungalow during the past month. There were eleven competitors, and it is to be regretted that a few others who can play were absent from taking part in the Tournament.

There were some very fair specimens of play, and, though the stronger players were very

Digitized by Google

heavily handicapped, they managed to hold their own throughout. The following is the result:—

Lc-Corpl.	E P Edwards	17½
Private	T Scot	14½
,,	A Lawrence	13½
Lc-Corpl.	J Wilson	10
Private	J Quillinan	9
,,	W Hasler	9
,,	W Garner	8
,,	G Watson	7½
,,	J Mitchell	5½
,,	F Woods	4½
,,	J Cox	3

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

The competition for the two prizes of Rs 50 each, given by the Commanding Officer, for the best Company at Physical Drill with and without arms, was very keen, and our Colonel is to be congratulated on getting so much drill out of the men on the quiet. The competition started with A and B Companies, result—B Coy. not in it. Then followed in order C and D, C being best with arms, and D without arms. E and F, E was thrown out, and H had a bye.

Second round.—A was best with arms, and H without arms.

Final.— A, C and G (with arms). C Company being judged the best, was awarded the prize Rs 50.

D, G and H without arms. D Company winning amidst great applause, was awarded the other prize Rs 50, but H Coy. ran them very close. (Hard luck of course).

Major Reeves, Lieut. and Adjt. Parry, and Sergt-Major Cook officiated as judges, and their impartial judgement gave general satisfaction.

Drill with arms by music is not new to The Buffs, as will be seen from the following extract from the "Historical Records of the Regiment."

"It used to be related among the old officers of the regiment with great satisfaction, as a mark of the independence and superior tact of Colonel Biddulph, who commanded the regiment in Minorca (1763), that on an occasion of review he did not present the Governor with the usual card. The Aide-de-Camp was sent to Biddulph for his note of the movements to be performed, and he replied, he had no prescribed movements; The Buffs were competent to execute any manœuvre the General might be pleased to order. A practice of that day with The Buffs was to go through the Manual Exercise with music, the band regulating the time."

FOOTBALL.

G Coy. The Buffs *v.* G Coy. East Surrey.

The above Companies played their return match at Association Football on the 15th inst., in Calcutta, and after a very friendly game the result was a victory for G Coy. The Buffs by one goal to nil.

After the game, both teams adjourned to the Dalhousie Barracks where a most sumptuous repast was provided by the East Surrey Company to which ample justice was done. The usual flowing bowl kept the Company in a jovial turn of mind till 9 o'clock, when The Buffs had to return to Dum-Dum, all leaving under the impression that they had spent a jolly good time of it

PLACE-KICKING COMPETITION.

A place kicking competition for a silver watch presented by Lieut. Colonel Harrison, took place on the football ground on the 19th inst., Out of 20 entries, only five qualified for the second stage, one goal each. In this stage 4 succeeded in adding another to their score, and in the final only one goal was kicked and that by Pte. Evans "D" Company. Result:—

		1st	2nd	3rd	total.
1	Pte. Evans	1	01	1	3
2	,, Russell	1	1	00	2
3	,, Howarth	1	1	00	2
4	Corpl. Marshall	1	1	00	2
5	,, Leek	1	00	—	1

Two attempts were allowed at each stage. The watch (a fine half hunter lever) was presented to the winner, on the ground, by Lieut. A. L. Lynden-Bell amidst considerable applause. The Band was not present during the competition, owing to their being engaged on the association field in friendly strife *versus* the Sergeants, which was deeply regretted. Spy.

ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The 318th anniversary Regimental Athletic Sports were held at Dum-Dum on the 3rd, 5th, and 7th insts. The programme stated "on the Barrack-square," but as the first four events were swimming and diving competitions, many conjectures were rife, as to how this was to be done, as the monsoons had not even then commenced, but so that the Regiment will not be disappointed, our rugby team has promised to comply with that part of the programme this

Digitized by Google

football season, and have a diving competition on the Barrack-square the first opportunity! and those who witnessed football matches last year will agree with me that this will not be an impossibility.

The Bathing tank then was the scene of the first part of the programme, and to save the ground from being too much cut up, nearly all the events, except running, took place in the most convenient places, and as the weather was very hot in the sun, morning and evening was the only time that the different events could be contested.

On the 3rd day (the big day) the garrison Cricket-field was nicely laid out by the hard working Committee. There was however something wanting! the ground didn't have its usual festive appearance, its holiday clothing as it were, and I didn't see "Aunt Sally" of The Buffs' Sports renown. The Band was also doing a "mike;" the first time, I think, that the Sports have taken place in the Regiment without *The Dragon's* sporting contributor's "the Band discoursed sweet music throughout etc," or words to that effect, and there was also a dearth of the gentle sex, whose gay raimants and merry laughter always goes so far to enliven the appearance of the ground, and the spirits of the multitude. Perhaps this was the something wanting!

On the whole however, the Sports may be put down as a great success, the events were all keenly contested, and the holiday which the Commanding Officer so kindly granted the Battn., during which to celebrate the occasion, was very acceptable and the men turned out *en masse* to enjoy it, and they did. I am sorry the Band didn't play, because talking about how beautifully the Band played always helps so easily to fill up.

The events opened for the Garrison, failed to attract many competitors from other fields, and the Garrison Tug-of-War went "fut," it was reduced to a tug between the Regimental team and a team selected by Col.-Sergt. Hoar who ornamented (and augmented) the end of the rope with his august presence. It is a pity the Gunners didn't turn up. Our team after being beaten at the Calcutta Assault-at-Arms were eager for revenge, but perhaps the R. A. didn't relish the idea of relinquishing the laurels they won on that occasion, so sensibly kept away.

Corpl. Davies is certainly the best man in the short distances, and Russell runs the longer ones really well, both men winning the Garrison events as well as the Regimental ones. There does not seem anyone hereabouts able to come anywhere near our champion Woodings, he won the Garrison mile again with ridiculous ease.

The Gymnasium Staff this time did not have an opportunity of displaying their skill at arms, as the programme was already so long, but they had their share of prizes in Calcutta.

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS AND PRIZE WINNERS.

Humane Society Race.—A dummy to represent a drowning man is thrown into the water, whereupon one of the competitors jumps into the water, seizes and swims with it round a post and then to shore. Judged by time.

Pte. Hagell 2m. 17s. 1st.
Lc.-Corpl. Bryant 2m. 20s. 2nd.
6 entries.

This was a very amusing event as the dummies were continually falling to pieces, and after getting very wet also become very difficult to steer.

Long Diving.—Judged by length of dive.

Pte Cronin 1st Pte. Hasler 2nd
6 entries.

One competitor remained under the water a very long time and came up eventually, almost in the same place he started from.

Diving for tin plates.—The competitor who brings up the greatest number of plates to be adjudged the winner.

Pte. Beeney 10. 1st
„ Hasler 9. 2nd.
9 entries.

The plates being round scattered in the water and were very difficult to recover, as the bottom of the tank is very weedy.

Swimming Race.—Across the tank to a boat, manned by the Sub-Committee, and back.

Pte. Hagell 1st. Pte. Adams 2nd. Pte. Hicks 3rd.

This was an easy win for Hagell. The second man was completely done up when he reached the steps, and could I think with a little exertion on Hicks' part have been beaten for 2nd place. Only 3 started.

Throwing the Cricket ball.—

Pte. Veal 107ft 3in. 1.
„ Golder 2.
„ Haseldine 3.
8 competed.

Veal's throw was certainly a good one. Wardle was out of form or should have been amongst the first 3.

Long Jump.—

Pte. Cronin 17ft. 6in. 1st.
„ Nash 2nd.
The favourite was beaten. 13 entries.

Digitized by Google

Pole Jump —
Pte. Nash 8ft. 8in. 1st.
„ Freed 2nd.
The winner afterwards cleared 10ft., an exhibition jump. He is a pretty Pole jumper.

Putting the 24lb Shot.—
Lc.-Corpl. Leek 30ft. 5in. 1st.
Private Veal 2nd.
„ Munday 3rd.
This shot was afterwards found to weigh 28lbs. Corporal Leek gave an exhibition throw 31ft 9in.

High Jump.—
Pte. Hasler 5ft. 2in. 1st.
„ Cronin 2nd.
„ Castleman 3rd.
11 entries.
Pte. Hasler afterwards cleared 5ft 4in. He has a good idea of jumping and would cortainly take a lot of beating.

Half mile Race, Regimental.—
Pte. Woodings 1st. Pte. Russell 2nd.
Pte. Weathersby 3rd.
18 entries.
A good race won by a couple of yards. Third man close up.

120 Yards Race, Privates.—
Pte. Gallagher 1st. Pte. Cheseman 2nd.
Pte. Castleman 3rd.
11 entries.
Getting away nicely together, Gallagher secured the lead, and won easily. Half a yard between 2nd and 3rd.

120 Yards, Corporals.—
Corpl. Davies 1st Corpl. Price 2nd.
Corpl. Marshall 3rd.
10 entries.
A beautiful start after 3 or 4 breaks away, and Corpl. Davies gradually getting the lead, won by 2 yards. Almost a dead heat for 2nd place.

100 Yards, Regimental.—
Corpl. Davies 1st. Pte. Gallagher 2nd.
Pte. Russell 3rd.
9 entries.
This was a pretty race. Davies jumped away at the start, and increasing his lead at every stride, won by about 3 yards.

100 Yards Race, Boys.—
Boy Campbell walked over.

100 Yards Race, Sergeants.—
Lc.-Sergt. Godfrey 1st. Col.-Sergt. Talbot 2nd
Sergt. Hunt 3rd.
If Col.-Sergt. Talbot had taken off his coat he might have won.

One Mile Flat Race, Regimental.—
Pte. Woodings 1st. Pte. Wilson 2nd.
Lc.-Corpl. Price 3rd.
11 entries.
This race was Woodings' before they started. There is no one else in the Regiment who trains sufficiently for this distance.

Tug-of-War, Companies.
1st Round.— F beat D. E beat A.
G „ B. H „ C.
2nd Round:— G „ F. E „ H.
Final:— E beat G.
Mainly due to the coaching of Color-Sergt. Talbot, who seems to have his team so well in hand. The best team won!

120 Yards Handicap, Veterans.
Pte. West 1st. Pte. Hartfield. Pte. Palmer.
West had a big start from the other "old hands" and kept it. 6 Entries.

Quarter Mile Flat Race. Regimental.
Pte. Russell 1st. Pte. Weathersby 2nd.
Pte. Castleman.
A splendid race between the first two, neck and neck all round, but Russell had the inside place, and Weathersby couldn't pass him. 12 Entries.

120 Yards Marching Order Race.
Pte. Cheeseman 1st. Pte. Keeler 2nd.
Pte. Want 3rd.
After a dead heat, Cheeseman won anyhow. 9 Entries.

120 Yards Hurdle Race, (6 Flights.)
Corpl. Davies 1st. Pte. Nash. Pte. Gallagher.
Gallagher with a good lead fell over the 4th fence and brought Nash down also; then Davies "walked."

Three-Legged Race, 80 Yards.
Corpl. Davies and Pte. Gallagher 1st
Pte. McElligott and „ Palmer 2nd
There was a fearfully big field started for this race, amongst which I noticed Major Newnham-Davis and Major Ommanney linked together, and Capt. Daughish and Captain Pattenson, but they weren't in it.

Obstacle Race, about half a mile.
Pte. Gallagher 1st. Corpl. Price 2nd.
Pte. Weathersby 3rd.
Gallagher and Price manipulated the obstacles best, and Gallagher won on the running. There was considerable excitement for 3rd place. 21 Entries.

Rugby Football Race—Football placed on the ground 30 yards from competitor who was required to pick it up and run with it round a post and back.
Pte. Nash 1st. Corpl. Marshall 2nd.
Pte. Castleman 3rd.
This would have been more interesting if posts and balls had been supplied for each man, instead of judging the result by time, each competitor separately.

Dribbling Race.—Competitors to dribble an Association ball 200 yards, judged by quickness and style, ball never to be more than six yards from competitor.
Pte. Evans, ("D" Coy.,) 1st. Pte. Mears 2nd.
Pte. Witham 3rd.

Digitized by Google

This was also judged by time and was also rather tame, altho' at times some erratic dribbling caused chaff, amusement and laughter. 13 Entries.

100 Yards, Garrison.

Corpl. Davies, The Buffs, 1st. 11 sec.
Pte. Nash, " " 2nd.
Corpl. Baldwin, E. Surrey 3rd.

Corpl Davies won again in very nice style by about 4 yards, 2nd and 3rd close together. 8 Entries.

Quarter Mile, Garrison.

Pte. Russell, The Buffs, 1st. 58 sec.
" Weathersby do. 2nd
Corpl. Baldwin, E. Surrey, 3rd.

Another race between Russell and Weathersby with the same result. 11 Entries.

Tug-of-War, Open.

The Buffs beat Color-Sergeant Hoar's team, although their rope was so heavily weighted at the end.

One Mile, open to Garrison.

Pte. Woodings 1st. Pte. Walker 2nd.
Pte. Wilson 3rd.

Woodings left his field very quickly, and won by about a lap—time 5 min. 11 sec. The remainder following in at intervals of something under five minutes. 15 Entries.

8th and 9th April, 1890.

On completion of the above, the excitement was removed to the Rifle Range, where everyone had an opportunity of distinguishing himself as a shot, for a sufficiency of prizes were offered, to enable everybody to get something.

The first two days were devoted to Pool Shooting at 600 yards. Every man belonging to the Regimental Rifle Club was allowed ten rounds free. Prizes amounting to Rs 239 being given to those who made bullseyes and centres at annas 8 and 4 respectively. The total amounts won by Companies are appended, as space will not admit of the individual prize winners being detailed.

A	Company	60	4	0
B	"	30	4	0
C	"	24	4	0
D	"	21	4	0
E	"	52	4	0
F	"	7	8	0
G	"	22	0	0
H	"	21	4	0
		Rs. 239	0	0

On the 10th April, three prizes were offered to be competed for by Marksmen and 1st Class Shots, conditions, Wimbledon targets, marking and scoring, 200 yards (standing) 500 and 600 yards (any Military position) seven rounds at each distance.

Lce.-Corpl. Gouge,	1st	score 75, a Watch and Rs. 50
Color-Sergt. Andrews,	2nd	", 74, Rs. 40
Lce.-Sergt, Roach,	3rd	" 73, Rs. 20

I mustn't forget to mention Corpl. Gouge's score at 500 yards, he missed his first shot and followed with six solid bullseyes, a feat, considering how the wind blew. He however didn't do so well 100 yards further back.

11th April. The same conditions for 2nd Class Shots.

Lce.-Corpl. Edwards, 1st	Score 80, a watch and Rs. 25,
Pte. Freed, 2nd	" 75, Rs. 20,
" Knight, 3rd,	" 62, Rs, 15.

Corporal Edwards made good shooting at 500 and 600 yards, and for a 2nd Class Shot, 80 is passable. It's a pity he didn't enter for the bigger prize.

12th April. The same conditions again for 3rd Class Shots.

Pte. Brazier, 1st	Score 48 a watch and Rs. 15,
" Sewell, 2nd	" 48 Rs. 10
" Day, 3rd	" 23 Rs, 5

No *very* big scores were made, 23 out of a possible 105 is not bad shooting though.

The Regiment will now fully realize the advantage of belonging to the Regimental Shooting Club, and as it is intended to have a Rifle Meeting Annually, the same as Regimental Sports, according to the manner in which the prizes are distributed, everyone stands a good chance of winning, no matter how bad a shot he may be. I mention this because a little bird has been whispering to me that this Club has not been appreciated as it deserves to be.

14th April. If the 3rd day was called a big one, what then should the last day be called? when an eager crowd collected in a ring around a little table which was groaning under the weight of enticing square envelopes we all knew to contain the prize money, and cases containing the watches? Colonel Harrison opened the ball with a few appropriate remarks in which he reminded the assembly that the Rupees would be much safer in a Bank than in the mens' pockets, especially at the present rate of exchange, and after the Northbrook Vase was exhibited by him, name after name was called by Major Ommanney and Mrs. Ommanney very graciously presented the prizes to the winners, who trooped up with eyes glittering and mouths watering. The usual three cheers were given for Colonel Harrison, Major and Mrs. Ommanney and Officers of the Regiment, and the most successful weeks holiday known in the Regiment for a great many years came to a very satisfactory end.

SPY.

Digitized by Google

VARIETIES.

Isn't it curious? Before a pig can be cured he has to be killed.

"Young man, I always eat the cheese rind," said the master. "I know," said the boy, "that's why I'm leaving it for you."

A little boy who had been used to receiving his older brother's old toys and clothes, asked his mother. "Will I have to marry his widow when he dies?"

Bishop (reproving delinquent page): "Wretched boy, who is it sees all we do, and before whom even *I* am but a crushed worm?" Page (innocently) "The Missus, my lord!"

142,857 is a very curious number. Multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, it gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by 7 it gives all nines as the answer, and multiplied by 8, 1,142,856 remains, the first and last figures of this then added together leave 142,857 the figures originally started with.

A man took his wife to the beach,
And to bathe she her spouse did beseech,
But while in, the tide rose
And the waves took their clothes
And carried them far out of reach.

If a bobby meet a body
Duly filled with rye,
If the bobby club a body
Need a body cry?
Every bobby treats a body
So, and here's the rub—
Where's the harm of introducing
Fellows to his club?

A lover called upon a miss,
And thought she looked bewitching,
He longed so much her lips to kiss,
He chased her round the kitchen.
But fell against the red hot stove
As soon as he had kissed her,
And tho' he thought the kiss was bliss
He found the burn the blister.

It may be useful to those who think of going in for the Higher Standard, that the Hindustani for "Step short" is *eri anguthe ke pas rakh dhere kadam chalo*, and for, 'Mark time" *apni jagah thare ho kadam utha, o.*

Q.—Why is the hot weather a good time to find lost books?
A.—Because they go turning up in every corner.
Q.—What possible comparison is there between honey, and a drunken man?
A.—One is the produce of the bee, and the other the produce of the beer.
N.B.—There's a superlative be-ast somewhere!
Q.—What surgical operation is a detective always empowered to perform on a deserter?
A.—Tracheotomy (Track your Tommy).

Neighbour.—How is your husband to-day Mrs. Jones.
Mrs. J.—He's very ill indeed.
N.—Worse than he was?
Mrs. J.—Oh yes! the nurse says he is beyond the reach of doctors now.
N.—I'm glad to hear it.
Mrs. J.—What?
N.—I'm glad to hear it. Now if you can only keep him beyond their reach I think he will get well rapidly.

Women are naturally truthful, especially when they are talking about another woman that they don't like.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

At the approach of Spring,
Do these begin to sing.

1. In speaking, should I chance the truth to miss,
   You might be rude enough to call it this.
2. The hero of a novel by Lord Lytton,
   If you are clever, you his name may hit on.
3. When Hindoo gods were born upon the earth,
   This was the name to signify their birth.
4. Now the hot weather has begun, we think,
   This is the way we mostly like our drink.
5. Now let me ask you one conundrum more,
   What is a door when it is not a door?

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S ACROSTIC.

E D I T O R.—D R A G O N.

E n D
D o l l a R
I n d i A
T G
O t h e l l O
R { e i / e i g / a i } N

Correct answers received from A. W. C., Tip, Crab, Barrel, and Jimmie.

Digitized by Google

The Buffs'

AERATED WATER FACTORY.

Every description of Aerated Waters supplied at 10 annas per dozen all round, every day except Sunday.

ORDER BOOKS SUPPLIED FREE ON APPLICATION.

THE BUFFS'

REGTL. WORKSHOPS.

Every description of work performed by Regtl. Artificers:

PRINTING,
BOOK BINDING,
CABINET MAKING,
PAINTING,
HORSE-SHOEING,
GLAZING, &C.,

For further information apply to the Non-Commissioned Officer in charge.

"THE DRAGON"

The whole of the back numbers are ready and can be obtained on application, single copies annas 2 each, or

BOUND IN THE LATEST STYLE RS. 6.

Apply to the Sub-Editor at the Regimental Workshops.

T. KERODE & Co.

No. 2 CHOWRINGHEE ROAD,
CALCUTTA.

Wholesale Tobacconists, Regimental Mess Contractors, and general order suppliers

TOBACCONISTS, TEA DEALERS, & GENERAL AGENTS.

A large stock of cigars always on hand, of the best qualities and brands at current market prices.

JUST ARRIVED:

MANILLA CIGARS of the finest quality and prices.

BROSBY'S CHURCH WARDEN PIPES, ~~Rs~~ 2 per doz.

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

FRESH ARRIVALS OF LATEST DESIGNED PIPES &C.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION.

TRIAL ORDER SOLICITED.

Printed for the Editor at The Buffs' Regimental Press—Dum-Dum.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 38 **DUM-DUM, MAY 31st 1890.** Price 2 Annas.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.

SWEET.—At Biddenden, on the 26th March 1890, wife of Sergt. Instructor D. Sweet 2nd Volunteer Battn. The Buffs, of a son.

TOOP.—At Aldershot, on the 28th March 1890, wife of Col.-Sergeant Toop, 2nd Battn. The Buffs, of a daughter.

FRIEND.—At Canterbury, on the 13th April 1890, wife of Sergt. Friend, Permanent Staff 3rd Battn. The Buffs, of a son.

HIND.—At Barrackpore, on the 8th May 1890, wife of Major J. W. Hind, The Buffs, of a daughter.

BENNELL.—At Canterbury, on 23rd April 1890, wife of Col.-Sergt. J. Bennell of a daughter.

DEATHS.

FOLEY.—At Canterbury on the 1st March 1890, infant daughter of Sergt-Major Foley, 3rd Battn. The Buffs, of Bronchitis.

BERTRAM.—At Jalapahar, Darjeeling, on the 1st January 1890, James Joseph Bertram, Sergt-Major, Bengal Unattached List, aged 42, of Peritonitis acute.

JONES.—At Farnborough, on the 14th February 1890, Benjamin Jones late Sergeant The Buffs, aged 60 years.

STEWARD.—At Brighton, on Easter Monday 1890, Major-General H. H. Steward late Commanding 3rd Regtl. District, Canterbury.

NOTES.

The encampment of Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd in this neighbourhood gives a certain interest to life in these dull times. One has to go about like a reconnoitring patrol "all eyes and ears" to avoid crossing the line of fire of some unexpected camera just at the critical moment. The heroism and perseverance with which the men of the Regiment practise "forming groups" under a close fire from these deadly instruments is touching to behold.

The men of the Battalion can now have no excuse for not sending their photograph to their sweethearts and wives.

* * *

"Pelican" tells a tale in *Hayes' Sporting News* entitled "H Company's Pay Day." It commences "The Col-Sergt. stood at the door of his tent," goes on to state that the Company was at a camp of exercise, and later on informs us how Pte. Sniffkins received his pay and was kicked very hard as he went DOWN THE STAIRS.

* * *

Some of our Military geniuses are about writing a treatise on encampments, and would be much obliged to Pelican for a plan, section, and elevation of the Col-Sergeant's tent, which would give a new and original character to their work.

* * *

The Pioneer, in a recent issue, makes sneering reference to the modern British Subaltern "whose drink is a lemon squash, and who likes that weak" and hints that he cannot rise to anything more athletic than lawn tennis. It is also a favourite theme for all the newspapers to talk of the weedy boys of whom the British Army is made up, or words to that effect. All the same we doubt if, ten years ago, a regiment could be found to put into the field in one day a Rugby team, an Association team and a Polo team.

Digitized by Google

We did this the other day, and all three teams acquitted themselves creditably. And this in Bengal in May.

* * *

There is a tradition in the Regt. that the present Drum Majors' Staff (we beg its pardon the Sergt. Drummers Staff) was lost in the Crimea. It re-apppeared in the Regiment, it is thought about 1862, when we were quartered at the Tower of London. Can any of our readers inform us, how it came back, where from, and how long it has been in the Regiment. It is a handsome staff and its history deserves keeping. Mr Carey (a civilian) who was Band Master of the Battalion for many years would know something about this. Mr. Carey by the by used to say that one of his fore-fathers composed "God save the Queen." * * *

It is curious in what different lights precisely the same conduct on the part of a friend or an enemy may be regarded. Thus 'judgement, resource, and enterprise' on page 274 of the Drill Book, become 'prying curiosity,' on page 275.

* * *

We print the following extracts from a letter from the 2nd Battn. " Things are going on fairly comfortably here so far, but next month is the commencement of the 'Hell' season, three or four field days a week, and each one 'bigger'n any four field days oughter be' as Mark Twain says. They turn you out at midnight (and at two hours notice) march you 12 or 15 miles to some blighted common, when you get there, make you do a fight that lasts till midday, and then you have a nice afternoon walk home, which beats anything on record in the way of slave-driving. The young soldiers (and there are nothing else in the Home Battalions nowadays) falling out in *heaps* by the roadside."

* * *

"The Brewers say we are to go to Cork next autumn, and they are generally about right. I think most of us would welcome the move, I see few points about this place, but no doubt it is a good place to be in for a Regiment that can shew the way a bit.

* * *

"Captain Connellan's company of Mounted Infantry made up of four divisions of about 30 men each from ourselves, the Royal Scots, the East Surrey and the West Kent, was complimented as having attained the highest standard of efficiency reached by any company hitherto trained. The Buffs' division under Mr. Williams beat the recor in every detail, riding, shooting, general turn ou and smartness."

* * *

"Everything is pretty flourishing in the Battn now ; we have a good many polo players, and I fancy can beat any other Regiment in the Division Cavalry or Infantry, barring the 16th Lancers. Our cricket which was at a low ebb ought to improve a good deal this summer. We have engage a good professional, and Captain Green rejoins shortly from the Volunteers."

* * *

A Subscriber to *The Dragon* would like to know the name of the soldier who was in the Regt., and what has become of him who shot a leopard, and a fine one too, with No. 4 shot behind the Rifle Butts in Meerut, in some wheat, in 1867. He was a plucky fellow, and had to close with the leopard or the leopard closed with him before he could kill it. No. 2 (Letter B) Company should know something about this?

* * *

It is talked of to the present day in the Regt. that when the veteran and gallant Colonel, Sir James Dennis, an old Peninsular Officer, commanded The Buffs in 1834 and 20 years afterwards, that when driving in his trap with his soldier orderly behind, in uniform, so great was his horror of seeing soldiers with long hair (which was never to be seen in The Buffs) that if he saw any soldier walking out, no matter to what regiment he belonged, failing in this respect, he would pull up and order his orderly to go and tell the soldier to get his hair cut. This may be an Irish yarn, as we are told it happened in Cork.

:o:

CORRESPONDENCE.

:o:

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertio must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of eac month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing an correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need n be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but th correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

OUR DEPOT,

Dear Mr. Editor,

Everybody concerned still hard at wor with the magazine rifle, and before this lette reaches you, will be quite ready to drill the firs batch of reserve men who are expected to put in an appearance after the 15th April. The author

Digitized by Google

ities are very condescending to the reservists as they have allowed them to put in a certain number (12) of the drills in a "go as you please" fashion, between 16th April '90 and 31st March '91. By putting in all these drills they will receive four-pence per drill when they have completed twelve, and by not putting them in they will not receive any deferred pay and render themselves liable to prosecution. They can also come into barracks and do their 12 drills right off in three days, of course receiving rations, pay of their rank and lodgings. Uniform is not to be issued to them, so there will be some very interesting looking squads at drill.

Cricketers and gardeners are commencing to look up their various implements of torture, the weather no doubt enticing them, as the last two or three days of March were quite equal to some of the days in a June month.

March has certainly verified the old saying about "coming in like a lion &c." as on the first few days of this month there were very heavy falls of snow, while the last two or three days of the month were delightful.

I enclose you the announcement of the death of two old Buffs: Sergt.-Major Bertram's I extracted from an Indian paper a short time ago and did not send it sooner as I expected to see it in *The Dragon*, so am afraid your correspondent at Darjeeling is getting very slack. Sergt-Major Bertram was well known in The Buffs, he used to be Col-Sergt. of "H" Company 1st Battn. and relieved your present Quarter-Master as Sergeant Instructor on the East Indian Railway Volunteers about 1872 or 73, from there he was transferred to Naini Tal as Quarter-Master Sergt. and afterwards promoted Sergt.-Major of Naini Tal depôt. He was transferred to Darjeeling in 1888 where he died on New Years Day, leaving a large family.

Sergt. Benjamin Jones served 21 years and 9 months in The Buffs and was discharged to a pension of 1/7 per day, on the 9th July 1867. He served with the Regiment in Malta, Greece, Crimea, India and China, and was in possession of the Crimean, Turkish and China medals. He died at Farnborough on the 11th February 1890 aged 60 years.

The 3rd Battn. The Buffs (East Kent Militia) go to Shorncliffe for their annual training on 5th May next, and are to be dismissed on 31st of same month. Capt. Chippindall is at School of Musketry Hythe, for a course. Lieut. A. R. Eustace is on leave until end of April. Lc-Cpl., Duddy and Pte. H. Williamson have been posted to 2nd Battn "as fit for duty." No. 615 Pte. H. Spencer (insane) discharged on 25th March 1890. The following pensions for life have been awarded Sergt. Instructor (Acting Sergt. Major) W. Smith 2s. 7d., Sergt. E. Hill 1s. 6d. modified & Sergt. Instructor Aspinall 2s. 7d. per day.

Major J. B. Backhouse has joined the Depôt for duty *vice* Major A. C. Jackson re-joined the Home Battn. A batch of 30 recruits under Lieut. Marriott and Sergt. Major Cumber, left here for Aldershot on the 1st inst. No 19 Sergt. E. Ongley joined the Depôt, and has been promoted Color Sergt. *vice* Harris posted to Volunteers as Sergt. Major. Color Sergts. Clements and Parfitt have also been posted to the Volunteers. Pts. George and Cunningham have been discharged on completion of their first period of Service. The undermentioned have been transferred to the Army Reserve, Sergeants Short, and Strutt, Corporal Day, Pts. Dangerfield, Carpenter, Swift, Patterson, E. Smith, Ryan, Odell, Gibbs, Wigley, Hammond, Clements, Sheehy, Chaderton, Eardley, Jackson, Aust, Heath, Turner, Bloxham, Ford, Lebannon, Ryan, Raven, Matson, Stringer Perry, Collins, Rowling, Court, and Phillips.

Holly Gilbert was here a few days ago looking remarkably well considering he was very ill coming home.

Yours faithfully

OLD BUFF.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I enclose you a letter from a gentleman in answer to a query you asked some time ago with reference to "Hickey of the Buffs," but I do not quite agree with him as he seems to think Hickey never existed. When I enlisted into The Buffs there was a "Paddy Hickey" at the depôt (where I joined) he held the responsible and important office of being in charge of the recruits' receiving-room, and also hair cutter to the depôt. He enlisted about 1846 or 47 I think, and was a fine looking stamp of a British Soldier.

The recruits very soon found him out or he very soon found the recruits out, as at those times we used to receive £1 bounty on enlistment and our friend Hickey would tend to the recruits' wants very carefully until the bounty was gone. Such items as hair cut 6d, fatigue coat 2/6, ditto trousers 2/- fatigue towel 6d, and very often a softy would buy a fatigue rifle for half a sovereign, and when he had found he was sold, dare he speak about it, certainly not! or else he would

Digitized by Google

have had a very uncomfortable time of it. As Mr. Colley says recruits were often told "Hickey" had something belonging to them, but I know the recruits used often to be sent to "Hickey of The Buffs" to draw the Company's gas, or the eggs and bacon for their squad's breakfast, but you did not catch a recruit going to Hickey the second time on one of those journeys, as he usually threw a boot, poker, or anything convenient at the unfortunate "rooky." Sometimes "Hickey" would pass the youngster on to "Mackey" and from him on to some cranky old Lance-Corporal with five badges who would frighten the life out of him talking about fifty lashes, or penal servitude, or some other frightful punishment. Unfortunately those good old days are gone, as all the recruit, and the old soldier at the depôt are good for now is munching jam tarts all day and trying to shirk their work.

Our 1st reservists for instruction in the magazine rifle turned up on the 23rd inst in the shape of Sergt. Greig, he has also applied to re-join the Colors and is willing to pay back his deferred pay. Pte. Edmunds (Totty) also made an application to re-join under same conditions but was refused by the War Office authorities.

We played our first cricket match this season —last week—and were successful, beating the Medical Staff Corps on the first innings, I enclose score if you have a spare corner please insert it.

The undermentioned old Buffs have died lately, I send you the names of men of both battalions as probably there are some now serving who may remember them:—

1909,	Pte.	J. Newbury	discharged	1860	died 30-1-90
1331,	„	T, Lee	„	1876	„ 20-2-90
1724,	„	H. Sheppard	„	1887	„ 18-2-90
693,	„	H. Harrold	„	1879	„ 5-3-90
3709,	„	M. Foley	„	1874	„ 18.3-90
746,	„	G. Morgan	„	1878	„ 1-4-90
1528,	„	T. Wight	„	1886	„ 5-4-90

Pensions have been awarded to Pte. Gilbert (Holly) at the rate of 11½ pence per day for life, 1618, Pte. Davis (Col. Hobson's servant) 1/1½ per day for life.

The claim to pension of Ptes. Cowley and H. Spencer have been rejected. No. 1376, Pte. T. Curley has been discharged invalided. No. 448, Pte. O. Taylor who came home recently for transfer to Army Reserve has been found unfit for further service, and is about to be discharged from the service.

Sergt. Stonebridge and Corpl. Evans have been transferred to the Reserve.

Yours faithfully.

OLD BUFF.

OUR HOME BATTALION.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Your very welcome paper to hand, and apparently my letter did not reach altho' it was posted correctly and in time, but to prevent accident I will forward earlier in the month.

Already there are signs of activity here, for the last month field days have been the ordre and last week (16th) we had a Divisional Parade under General Sir E. Wood. (Marching order 4 hours) As usual the Battn. came in for praise and after, General Napier who was there as a spectator, addressed the Battn., praised us for what he had seen us do and also spoke in complimentary terms of the 1st Battalion.

On the 17th the Duke of Cambridge arrived with the intention of reviewing the Division on the 18th, but the weather being so rainy it was postponed. H. R. Highness was the guest of General Wood and our band was selected to play during the dinner at night, I have enclosed programme ; Mr Kelly was afterwards complimented on the efficiency of the Band.

PROGRAMME.

1. OVERTURE.....Giovanna D'Arco,.....VERDI,
2. LANDLER.....Grossnütterchen,.....LANGER
3. GRAND SELECTION Lucia di Lammermoor, [DONIZETTI
4. WALTZ...Nos Bonnes Gens De Village...CZIBUILKA
5. SELECTION OF.....Spanish Melodies.....RELLE
6. POLONAISE.....MONIUSZKO
7. CHARAKTERSTUCK Die Wachtparade Kommt [EILENBERG.

On the 21st General Sir C. K. Pearson visited the Regiment, and during the day visited the Sergts. Mess and stayed for some time conversing with the Sergts. whom he knew, before leaving he promised them his photo ; on the 23rd the Battn. was photographed with the intention of presenting him in return.

The late Sergeant Doe has been here, he is in a business near Sandhurst and has the appearance of doing well.

The huts of the Battn present quite a smart appearance, the windows being filled with spring flowers of every description, held in cork covered boxes, still Tommy is sad, and why ? because the edict has gone forth that his canine pet of many breeds has to be destroyed, and only 10

Digitized by Google

per Regt. allowed to remain and these, muzzled and name and address on collar ; needless to say the best breeds have been kept, especially in the Bull, Retriever, Collie, and Terrier class, altho' if some of these could speak, they could boast of their *Four* Fathers.

BICYCLING. The season commenced on Good-Friday when 15 members of the "Dragon Cycling Club" had a good run to Alton, a small town about 15 miles south of Aldershot, and after a most enjoyable run and tea, the return was made by moonlight, in about two hours, including stoppages. On Easter Monday another run was made to Guildford, and since then generally on Sundays, runs have been made to various places within a radius of 30 miles. On Whit Monday its' the intention of a few to run to Portsmouth. A curious fact, but when we arrived in Aldershot there was hardly a Club, or in fact machine here, now a Sergts. Mess is not considered the thing without its' Bicycle Club.

CRICKET. Preparation is being made for this game, and a professional has been engaged as coach for the season. Aldershot trembles!

FOOTBALL. I might mention that the last match played (return) The Buffs were successful by 4 to nil against the team they drew with in the commencement of the season.

MUSKETRY. B, D, E, and F Companies commenced musketry on the 25th they can only fire up to 600 yards, and then the Battn. will in all probability go under canvas at Bisley to complete. On Monday 21st, the Sergts. (10) shot the N.C. O's 1st Life Guards, a match with carbines, and beat them easily with their own weapon.

We are all very pleased with Almanack, and we are now collecting notes for next years.

NOBBY.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

SIR.

Barrackpore just at present is very quiet, you complain in your last issue of getting no news from us, we are like the proverbial knife grinder we have none to tell. The Station is comparatively empty, every one who could possibly do so, having departed for the hills leaving us less lucky mortals to envy their good fortune, and drag through the long weary summer as best we can, whilst longing for the land "where the prickly heat ceases from troubling, and the punkah is at rest." Our means of killing time here are neither numerous nor very varied, football of course at which we have not been very lucky, having played several matches with the R. A. most of them ending in draws, they managed to beat us, however, in the last match by 1 goal to nil, although our people had much the best of the game, the ball being around the R. A. goal the latter half of the game, but somehow they failed to score. Fishing too is in full swing the bank of the Motee Jheel being lined at "early morn and dewy eve" with a crowd of enthusiastic anglers intent upon capturing the wily *machi*, who, however is'nt built that way, for I have not seen any results in the way of fish. Then for the musically inclined, there is the Park where the N. I. Band discoures *sweet* music twice a week, and where if you do not care for the music you may find some amusement in watching the contortions of the Bandmaster when some unfortunate nigger gets astray. Speaking of the Park there are rumours floating around of huge pythons having been seen near Breezy Point, but as I have not seen anything of that kind myself, I am inclined to think that they were evolved from the imagination of some T. A. after an overdose of buns.

We have managed to get through our summer course of Military Training, and lost some of our superfluous *fat* tramping to Jaffipore to fire our field practices. A shooting match took place on the 22nd, between the Officers and Sergeants of the detachment, and the Officers and Sergts of 21 S. D. R. A. resulting in a win for the detachment by 59 points, the registers having been unfortunately mislaid, I am unable to give the individual scores; the conditions were 5 rounds each at 200 and 500 yards, our total score was 230 (teams of six). Having now posted you up to date,

I remain

Yours

Ah Sin.

HICKEY OF THE BUFFS.

Dear Sir,

A few days ago whilst conversing with a tradesman of this town who had served in the 24th regt., I asked him how it was that being a Surrey man joined the South Wales Borderers, he stated that having made up his mind to enlist and not caring in the least what regiment he went to, he got in company with several Recruit-

Digitized by Google

ing Sergeants, and as the first one he spoke to belonged to the 24th he decided to join that regiment, but if "Hickey of The Buffs" had asked him first he would have gone to The Buffs.

Remembering that some time ago you enquired who "Hickey" was, I asked the same query, the ex-Welsh Borderer was unable to enlighten me but stated for years past "Hickey" had always been a joke in the 24th. If a man loses his button stick and enquires who has my button stick? the invariable reply is "Hickey of The Buffs," and very often if a Corporal asks who is Orderly man to-day? he is answered "Hickey of The Buffs." My informant stated he has known men get confinement to barracks and pack-drill for answering Non-Commissioned Officers in this manner.

From what I could gather, I should imagine the renowned "Hickey" was never existant, but that many years ago, on a "wag" of the 24th being asked a certain question he replied "Hickey of The Buffs," and as the saying at the time was thought very funny, it has been handed down as a standing regimental joke. Your faithfully

Kingston-on-Thames, A. E. COLLEY.
22nd April 1890.

A SHOOTING STAR.

To the Editor of The Dragon,

SIR,

It may be information to some of your readers (Regimental) to know that the following challenge was put in the letter-rack of the W.O's. and Sergeants' Club, on the 11th inst:—

"SUB-CONDUCTOR J. J. HEADWARDS, S.A.A.F., is open to fire any man STANDS The Buffs, at 200, 500 and 600 yards, 7 shots at each range, and one sighting shot at each distance, for Rs 50 or upwards, on 21-5-90. Any Military position." Dum-Dum, 11-5-90.

(Sd.) J. J. HEADWARDS, s/c.
Witness *(Sd.)* P. McIntosh

The why or the wherefore that this challenge should have been put in such an out of the way place like the letter-rack of the W.O's. and Sergeants' Club I can't understand, however two representatives of the Regiment answered the challenge requesting to know under what conditions the match was to be fired.

1st. A Col-Sergeant accepted the challenge but could not fire on the 21st inst., and as the Sub-Conductor refused to fire on any other day, the match fell thro'.

2nd. A Lc-Corporal wrote to the challenger, and the Native that took the letter was told to *jao*, and the letter received no reply, a second letter was sent with the same result, but the N.-C.O. determined to bring the Warrant Officer to the front wrote to the President of the W.O's. and Sergeants' Club, and this time received a reply to the effect that if he wished to fire a Sub-Conductor it must be for Rs 100 a side and under the following conditions:—

1. The match to be for Rs 100 a side.
2. That it is to be fired on the S.A.A Factory Range.
3. That the match takes place at 4.15 p. m. sharp the 21st inst., unless either be sick, when it shall be fired off on the most convenient day after that date.
4. That the distances be 200, 500 and 600 yards.
5. Tatgets, marking and scoring—Wimbledon.
6. That 7 shots be fired at each distance and one sighting shot.
7. Pull-off must not be more than 6lb.
8. Foresights may be painted or coloured, and transverse backsights may be used.
9. If a tie, to be decided according to the B.P.R.A. Rules.
10. No one except natives holding umbrellas to be on the firing platform.

Our Lc-Corporal then replied that with one or two exceptions these conditions would suit, to which he was informed *on his letter* :—

"If Lc-Corporal Boyles wishes to fire me *he must comply with my conditions.*"

It is needless to add here that no match has been made.

Now Sir, I ask you, what do you think of the whole business? I am quite sure that if any of the employès of the S.A.A. Factory (or any other factory) sent a challenge through the proper channel expressing a wish to try their skill against ANY MAN STANDS THE BUFFS, they would be accommodated *ek dum se*, and I wish to say so.

In conclusion I sincerely hope this will not be the means of flooding your office with correspondence from your readers desiring to express their views on this or that, as I have not written to you with that intention. I merely wish to inform the men of the Regiment of one of the many things that take place in our little world

Digitized by Google

of Dum-Dum that they were not previously aware of.

Perhaps some of our 3rd Class Shots might like to win Rs-100. Yours faithfully,

FAIR PLAY.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Misther Dragon.

Will you plase tell me what has became of Sergeant Burke, who was Gymnasium Sergeant *when there was no Gymnasium*, twenty five years ago or thereabouts? Mr. Burke, (I suppose he must be Misther Burke now,) as I know he has left the Regt. long ago, was without exception the finest, smartest, and best set up soldier I ever saw carry a pack in the Old Corps. I think I can say he would measure six feet four inches in his stocking feet, and he had a chest measurement, so big that no tunic in the Quarter-Mr's. Stores was ever found big enough for him, and to see him fling a hammer or put a shot with or without a follow was a sight to be seen.

Now Misther Dragon if you will find him out, I'll send him your paper, and I am sure he will be pleased that he has not been forgotten in the Old Corps he loved so well.

ANOTHER OLD BUFF.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Misther Dragon.

I'm going to throuble you again. I want to ask you what has become of all those six footer soldiers there used to be in the Regiment when I took the shilling some time ago, and I think before you were born. When I listed and joined my company, No. 9, we had plenty of them sort of fine fellers in the company. They tell me you have not got so many in the Old Corps. now. What I want to know is the reason why? I forgets the name of my first Color-Sergeant, but I knows a right good man was he. He had four medals on his breast, and I'm thinking now one was the Punniar medal, one the Crimean medal, and one the Turkish medal, and one the long service and good conduct medal. To see that Color-Sergeant give advice to young soldiers was a treat, and I shall never forget him, altho' I misremember his name. My next Color-Sergt. was Color-Sergt. Pincott, and I think he had three medals. Our company's call was at that time *Pincott, Pincott, come along Pincott. Pincott, Pincott come along do.* How well I remember that call, but now they tells me that you have only eight companies in the Old Corps, so I suppose Misther Dragon, now you never hear that company call in barracks. My next Color-Sergt. was Color-Sergt. Donnelly, and he had a lot of medals, and a right good man was he also. I hear tell he has a son in the Regiment now, be this true? Now Misther Dragon as I served 21 years in the Old Corps and left with four good conduct badges, which I must tell ye took some getting in those days, and as I know you are pressed for room in your paper, I'll tell you the names of some more of my Color-Sergeants if you would like to know, next time.

ANOTHER OLD BUFF.

P.S.—Misther Dragon, when I think of all the good men and true I've seen and known in the dear Old Corps, I often say to meself, where are they now? Misther Dragon, cant *you* keep touch with them? and spare 'em your paper; and tell them to write something for it,

And you'll send them one free
Wherever they may be.

[The improvements in modern fire-arms have led to cutting down the height of the sealed pattern soldier. but we believe the present pattern to be fully as sound in wind and limb. We cant show so many medals now, because we haven't had the chance of earning them recently. Please send us the names of some more of your Color-Sergeants.—ED.]

NOTICE.

Papers addressed as under have been returned to us through being insufficiently stamped &c., and can be obtained from the Sub-Editor.

Pte. H. Donaldson,
Lincoln Regt., Cawnpore.
Sergeant's Mess,
2nd Hampshire Regt., Chatham.
Sergeant's Mess,
2nd Battn. The Buffs, Aldershot.
Mrs, H. Saunders,
Salford, Manchester.

DUM-DUM.

Air...Killaloe.

I happened to come to the Station of Dum-Dum.
And the time it was the merry month of June,
It rained all night and day, in a ceaseless kind of way
Till I thought that Noah's flood was coming soon.
So to pass the time away, through the long Indian day,
And for want of any better thing to do,
I hired a Munshi man, that they call Adalat Khan,
To teach me all the *bat chit* that he knew.

Chorus.

You may talk of *kush perwani*, you may talk of *mitha pani*,
In high flown Hindustani when you once have learnt the *bat*,
You may give all sorts of *gali* to kitmitgar or mali,
Qui hi—my eye—*kya kirta hai*—or anything like that.

Digitized by Google

When the Munshi came, begor, he walked in at the door,
And he never dreamt of taking off his hat,
And he said '*Salaam Huzoor*' but I thought he said '*you soor*'
So says I-'you beast what do you mean by that'?
Then I hit him in the eye. until he began to cry,
And I asked him what he meant by saying *soor*.
He mildly answered '*Ap hai hamara ma aur bap*
Khuda apko lord banawega Huzoor.'

Chorus.—You may talk etc.,

But I did not understand, so I laid a heavy hand
Upon him and I smote him in the ribs,
So he said I didnt ought, and he ran me into court,
And the magistrate he fined me fifty dibs.
Then a mighty oath I swore, that I'd learn the *bat* no more,
For it was a far too costly game for me,
And from that day till now, I've strictly kept my vow,
And that's why I dont talk the *bat* you see.

Chorus.—You may talk etc. H. B.

JALAPAHAR FARRAGO.

The departure of that arch fiend, the ubiquitous Influenza for some other ill starred locality, has done much towards dispelling the very heavy cloud of gloom and despondency which hovered for weeks on our horizon.

The animal spirits of the once dejected Buffs are rising with improved health, pallid cheeks are gradually mantling with the rubicund hue of rude vigorous condition, chests are expanding apace and the towels that artfully eked out the deficiencies of a degenerated torso have been discarded, being in the words of a popular comic song "Not Wanted."

We have not yet discovered an Elysium in Jalapahar, to appreciate the place an individual of the Mark Tapley type would be required, anyone deserves credit for being jolly in Jolly pahar.

Some mild excitement was furnished early last month by the departure from Darjeeling of the Amban or Chinese Ambassador for Sikkim, his Serenity, Celestiality or whatever else they call him held a reception at the gymnasium, all the *elite* of Darjeeling were present, the Military lined the road leading to the gymnasium, and the band discoursed in harmonious strains, plaintive melodies from that tuneful Chinese Opera 'Ching-Ching-ramram-hyayah' a graceful compliment which the Amban evidently appreciated.

The retinue of the oriental legate was numerous but a trifle frowzy withal, his baggage like that of the immortal Mr. Alfred Jingle was 'heavy, heavy.'

It was quite worth seeing when the big-wigs from the land of the rising sun arrived on the scene grinning and kow-towing before the ladies who smiled unutterable condescensions on the wriggling Jhonnies evidently regarding them as intelligent specimens of the highly educated ape, with the solitary exception of the Amban himself, the Chinese looked about as Simian visaged a lot as they make them.

The Ambassador appeared affable and pacific to a degree, he was conducted within the portals of the gymnasium, where refreshments of a solid and liquid nature were provided in profusion, report has it that he "waterlooed" a tin of Huntley and Palmer's peoples' mixed, being dead nuts on the sugared ones. The Amban is evidently of a humorous turn, if it really is a fact that he observed to an attendant Mandarin on rising to proceed on his journey "we had biscuit* on our road."

The legend that this genial plenipo' from China had left a thousand dibs behind him for distribution among the troops was freely circulated by some romancing unknowns, the hall mark of veracity unfortunately was wanting and so was the "posh."

And now a Jeremiad anent the life of a Lc-Corporal up here! existence is a positive misery for that amphibious type, half Private, half Non-Com., he is bundled about from morn till dewy eve at the beck and call of everybody, excuse the *ego*, but permit me to mention by the way that I have been on duty nearly five weeks, without a solitary off day, is the game worth the candle? †

Amusements of a histrionic nature are lacking up to date and nothing in that line is on the tapis, an Austrian String Band engaged the station theatre for a concert the other day, but did not sufficiently advertise the entertainment, they disbursed sundry rupees for the conveyance of their instruments up the steep hill from Darjeeling to Jalapahar, they also enlisted the services of two or three Tommies to assist them in placing chairs and benches in the theatre, these sanguine foreigners reckoned without their host. "If the men crowd the pit," they remarked, "we can pack them in the gallery," but no pittites arrived, nor an audience of any description, and the unfortunate minstrels were compelled to wend their way home very considerably out of pocket.

* Best get.

† We wonder our correspondents' imagination didn't make this Kendal, Ed.]

Digitized by Google

Spade and shovel work has absorbed the energies of the troops for the last few days, trenches being dug around the tents now occupied by the Band of The Buffs lately arrived from Dum-Dum.

These jolly fellows appear in excellent fettle, notwithstanding their experiences of a sultry two months on the plains, and played the Depôt band at football this afternoon, administering to them a sound drubbing to the tune of five goals to nil.

We are now in possession of good cricket and football gear, and look forward to many a contest with the various corps here located, several representatives of the Regimental rugby and association teams are up here, and without boasting we think we are capable of holding our own against all comers at Jalapahar.

16-5-90 OSWALD KENDAL.

ONLY A TOUCH OF THE SUN.

Bold Tommy rushed out from his quarters one day
With rifle and bayonet fiixed, ripe for the fray,
And corkscrewed a Sergeant who fell in his way,
He had captured a touch of the sun.
When brought to the bar of stern chieftains composed,
All thought that poor Tommy's career was *quite* closed,
But he got off scot free for the docter deposed
That he suffered from touch of the sun!
Only a touch of the sun
By jove that's the ailment for fun,
If you want to be gay without piper to pay
Why, capture a touch of the sun.

A poor Color-Sergeant whose name was McMinn,
Was collared, imprisoned. confined, and run in,
He mislaid 80 dibs of his Company's tin,
Through a very bad touch of the sun!
Well, they searched high and low for those shekels astray
But never have found them to this present day,
While the fund called Canteen the deficit did pay,
For McMinn had a touch of the sun!
Only a touch of the sun, etc.

Ye Tommys who pine in this country so drear,
Pluck up your sad hearts, there's a remedy near,
Go sick with all speed, hurry up, have no fear
With a genuine touch of the sun.
You can foam at the mouth, kill a mehtah and screech,
Complain of your head and discourse in queer speech,
Take my tip, in a trice dear old England you'll reach,
Oh, there's nought like a touch of the sun.

Only a touch of the sun, etc.

OSWALD KENDAL.

THE DUM-DUM, DERBY, 1890.

3rd May, 1890 was the date fixed for, what some facetious individual was pleased to style the Dum-Dum Derby, and the event caused quite a sensation. It was a mile race handicap open for ponies the property of W. O., N.-C. O's., and Men of the Regiment and Employés in the S. A. A. Factory. 13-3 to carry 11 st., w. i., winners once, 14lbs. penalty, twice or oftener 21lbs.

Although several ponies were available to enter, only three went to the post, and these the Adjutant had no difficulty in despatching on their journey—Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas at once took the lead followed by Tommy, Erato lying last. The 3 ran in this order for about 2 furlongs when Tommy took the lead, another furlong—the pace being rather warm—and Sergt.-Major Cook's pony was beaten, Erato then drew up with Tommy, and this pair ran together for about 3 furlongs; on coming into the straight Tommy was in difficulties, and altho' Cox rode all he knew, Erato drew away, and won rather easily.

Lc-Sgt. A H Baker's b c b m, "Erato" 11-4. Owner. 1
Col-Sergt. H. E. Featherstone's b c b g, "Tommy" 10-0. Pte. Cox. 2
Sergt-Major J. W. Cook's c c b g, "No Name" 10-0. Qr.-Mr.-Sergt. Nicholas. 3

Colonel Harrison very kindly consented to be Judge, and Lieut. and Qr.-Mr. Coombes did the necessary at the scales. Before the race Tommy was fancied as being the best thing, Erato being so heavily handicapped very few except "those in the know" thought she could carry so much lead over the mile.

As this was the "great" Derby we were surprised that the usual 2 to 1 bar 1 was not forthcoming, and cannot think why the "Fraternity" absented themselves when there was such a grand chance of making their fortunes.

SHOOTING MATCHES.

The Officers arranged a match the other day for five men and one officer of the Regt. to fire

Digitized by Google

five men and one officer of the S. A. A. Factory. Ten rounds at 200 yards, in any military position. It took place on the Factory range on the 26th ult., and after a very exciting finish, the Regt. lost by four points only. At the time the match was made however, it was not known that 200 yards was such a difficult distance for Lieut. D'Aeth, and next time we fire the Factory people we anticipate a different result. The following are the scores:—

THE BUFFS.			S. A. A. Factory.		
Lce.-Sergt. A. H. Baker	score	45	Sub-Conductor T. Wilson,	score	44
Pte. J. Seager	„	45	„ J. Chambers	„	44
Col.-Sergt. T. Cheal	„	44	„ J. Headwards	„	42
Corpl. J. Marshall	„	43	„ T Spooner	„	42
Lc-Sgt. M. Roach	„	42	„ W. Goodman	„	40
Lieut. R.H. D'Aeth	„	29	Lieut. N. S. Bertie-Clay	„	40
Total		248	Total		252

A shooting match between Col.-Sergt. Andrews and Sub-Cond. Wilson, S.A.A.F. took place on the Rifle Range on the 29th inst. for Rs 200 with the following result. After the fifth shot at 600 yds. the scores were even, but owing to the usual hard lines, Col.-Sergt. Andrews, with his sixth shot made an *outer*, and Mr. Wilson continuing with inners and bulls eyes, won a very exciting match by 3 points.

	200	500	600	Total.
Col.-Sgt. Andrews,	20	31	29	80
Sub-Condr. Wilson,	28	24	31	83

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

The undermentioned man has changed his name to George Quarterman. 1817 Pte. J. Adams.

The undermentioned man has changed his name to Edward Peter Dyer. 1473 Lce.-Corpl. H. Edwards.

The undermentioned man has been appointed Bandsman vice Lance-Corpl. P. Edwards promoted Corporal: 1365 Pte. J. Starkie, 6-5-90.

The undermentioned N.-C. O's. were awarded 1st Class Certificates for Gymnastics and Fencing on the 19th March 1890.—1860 Lce.-Corpl. C. Atkins, 1562 Lce.-Corpl. W. Farrell.

Another of those most enjoyable Moonlight Concerts was held in the grounds outside the Outram Institute on the 9th inst., and was a great success.

Sergeant Carnell returned from Chittagong on the 9th inst.

The undermentioned N.-C. O's. and man have been struck off the strength of the Regt. as deserters.

1188 Sergt. A. Jesshope. 362 Sergt (O. R. C.) J. Barnes, 794 Pte. W. Locke.

The undermentioned man has been appointed Drmr., vice Davis returned to duty as Private.

2178 Pte. R. Gray, 13-12-89.

The undermentioned man has been awarded a 2nd Class Certificate of Education by the Commanding Officer, Darjeeling. 859 Pte. G. Terry.

The Band, with Bandmaster Birkhead in charge, proceeded to Darjeeling on the 16th inst.

Sergt. C. Peters has been appointed Drill Sergt., vice Murray, 16-5-90.

The undermentioned men have been awarded certificates of proficiency in Telegraphy. 484 Private A. Goodings, and 1189 Pte. F. J. Wilson

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to permit Band Sergt. T. Steele to revert to duty, 17-5-90.

2884 Corpl. G. Sale has been appointed provisional Lance.-Sergt., whilst employed in the Station Staff Office.

The undermentioned N.-C. O. has re-engaged for 21 years with the Colors. 1587 Lce.-Cpl. E. Wynne.

Lieut. A. Lynden-Bell, The Buffs officiates as D. A. A. G. for Musketry, 1st Circle, during the absence of Capt. H. E. Irwin on leave to England, 26-5-90.

The undermentioned N.-C. O. has been granted a furlough for the purpose of visiting Poona, from the 30th May to the 29th July 1890 inclusive.

2084 Lc.-Corpl. J. Smith.

The undermentioned men have become entitled to Good Conduct Pay at rates and from dates, specified.

1236	Pte. W. Biers,	2d	29 4 90
1303	„ J. Hewitson,	1d	20 3 90
731	„ W. Ransley,	2d	13 4 90
2466	„ C. Burgess	1d	13 4 90
2524	„ E. Lawrence	1d	14 4 90
1231	„ W Needham	2d	23 4 90
2521	„ E Savin	1d	9 4 90
1257	„ G Smith	1d	10 4 90
1230	Lc.-Cpl. A Hall	2d	26 4 90
1225	Pte. Featherstone	2d	31 3 90
2504	„ W Ford	1d	22 3 90
2426	„ T Hames	2d	31 3 90
2502	„ W Joy	1d	21 3 90
1229	„ G White	2d	23 4 90
1174	„ G Pack	2d	1 1 90
2445	„ A Noaks	1d	6 2 90
2450	„ W Reeves	1d	25 2 90
2464	„ T Wilion	2d	30 1 90
2586	Lce.-Cpl. Else	3d	3 4 90
1940	Pte. G Keeler	1d	15 4 90
2526	„ G Gregory	1d	16 4 90
1916	„ H Knight	1d	26 3 90
2498	„ F King	1d	6 3 90

Digitized by Google

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

It is perfectly astonishing what a wonderful difference a few promotions make to a Sergt's Football Team. Last year scarcely a win was scored to them, and this year just because such notable players as Godfrey, Behrens, Cork, Stirke, Smith, and several others have mounted 3 stripes, they win nearly every match they play, and they are really getting quite cheeky on their success. Remarkable, isnt it? There is also someone called "Snowie," I can't quite make out who he is, as I know of no Sergt. of that name, but to judge by the cheers he is the recipient of, he is a most extraordinarily good player.

The following are a few of the principal matches played by the Sergts. team during the month, but as they play nearly every day it is hardly worth while mentioning them all:—

6-5-90 *versus*	The Corporals	Sergts. won	1 goal to nil
10-5-90 ,,	A Coy.,	,,	2 goals to nil
13-5-90 ,,	B Coy.,	B Coy. won	1 goal to nil
28-5-90 ,,	E Coy.,	Sergts. won	2 goals to nil

During the late Camera craze, the team was photographed outside the Sergts. Mess, it consists of: Sergt.-Major Cook (in the chair) Color-Sergts. Hoar, Talbot, Cheal, Patterson, Sergts. Eaton, Hunt, Godfrey, Baker, (waiting man) Smith, Stirke, and Peters.

OFFSIDE.

B Coy. *v.* 31st Field Battery R.A.

Played at Dum-Dum on the 30th ult., and won by B Company by three goals to one. After the match the teams adjourned to the Company's Barrack-room for a little jollification which was kept up unflaggingly until 9 o'clock p.m., when the Artillery returned to Barrackpore quite satisfied with everything, including their defeat.

B Coy. *v.* D Coy.

Played at Dum-Dum on the 19th inst., and resulted in a win for B, by 2 goals to nil.

B Coy. *v.* E Coy.

Played at Dum, Dum on the 21st inst., and resulted in a win tor B, by 2 goals to nil.

DISASTROUS FIRE AT DUM-DUM.

At about 12 noon on the 4th May a disastrous fire, the origin of which remains shrouded in much mystery, broke out on the premises of "Ashgrove," the fine old country seat of Mr. A. A. Apear.

This time honored mansion is worthy of notice, standing back some 60 yards from the Calcutta Jessore road, and within its own grounds, it appears to the casual observer to frown with independent grandeur on all around, whereas to those more nearly acquanted with its history the truth soon reveals itself.

The rent is too high! Alas! bold edifice! too clean and well ventilated for baboo habitation! you were nearly burnt to the ground on the 4th May 1890.

The official report reads as follows:—

Called about mid-day—Steamer despatched—arrived and in full play 15 minutes from time of first call—(cheers!) building 7ft by 4ft. destroyed—adjoining jungle one mass of flame—fire subdued in 10 minutes.

Fireman Baboo Syringo B—Hose, performed a feat of daring worthy of record, finding 7 lengths of tube insufficient to reach the extreme limit of the conflagration, he nobly, and at great peril of becoming momentarily wet, screwed on an extra length, the flames were thereby conquered.

It is also rumoured that the Superintendent of the Small Arms Ammunition Factory had a very narrow escape.

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

THE DUM-DUM DERBY.
(May 1890.)

For many a week, and many a day, the talk of all the place
Has been about a sporting theme, the Sergeant's pony race;
The entries were not over large, in fact they were but three,
But what they lacked in number, they made up in quality:
Their owners too, men staunch and true, were old'uns at the game
Who did not seek Rupees to sneak, but everlasting fame.
And all men knew by whomsoe'er the contest should be won,
That for his dollars or his "pint" he'd surely get a run.

In vain I tried from knowing ones, a friendly tip to seize,
Opinions all divided were about the rival gees;
The first one said "I know a 'cert,' grand mover, grander stayer,
So fear no hurt, but stake your shirt on Sergt. Baker's mare."
The next tout, a D Company man, said "Mines the Simon Pure
Pray back my Colour-Sergeant's tat, to win you may be sure."
The third one slyly shook his head, and said "I likes the looks
Of that bold steed, no Chitpore weed! of Sergt.-Major Cook's.'

See now they're going to the post, and Baker leads the way,
The Quarter-Master-Sergeant on Jonathan so gay,
Whilst Tommy, by his rider scores a point or two, 'tis clear,
In Private Cox, Newmarket Jocks are not too common here.
The sporting Colonel is the Judge, the Adjutant the starter,
And who at handling the weights than Master Willie, smarter?
They're off! bold Nicholas leads the way, but do not judge [instanter,
They're in the straight! They're riding now! "Erato" in a [canter!!!

SKIMMER.

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

We have been unavoidably compelled to hold over publishing the promotions and appointments made during the month. We are sorry, but will give them space next month.—ED.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OLD BUFF.—In this issue we have much pleasure in publishing your two letters, the first was received in our office on the 30th ult., too late of course for insertion last month.

Digitized by Google

CRICKET.

DEPOT THE BUFFS *v.* MEDICAL STAFF CORPS.

Played at Canterbury on 4th April 1890. Master Cumber bowled well, taking the last three wickets in four balls. The scores are as follows:—

THE BUFFS.

Sergt.-Major Cumber, b Barton	13
Master Cumber, b Barton	20
Lc.-Corporal Bangley, c Duncan b Barton	0
„ Walker, b Saunders	11
Sergeant Graham, b Saunders	0
„ Hobson, run out	0
Col.-Sergt. Ongley, b Saunders	2
Private Tusler, not out	2
Sergeant Williams, c Artlett b Saunders	0
Private Patterson, b Saunders	0
Sergeant Lusted, b Saunders	5
Extras	8
Total	61

MEDICAL STAFF CORPS.

Sergt.-Major Barton, b Cumber jun	2
Sergeant Cornwall, b „ „	5
Corporal Brown, c Hobson b Bangley	1
S. S. Duncan, b Cumber jun	2
Private Saunders, c Hobson b Bangley	0
Sergt. Raymond, c Walker b Cumber jun	3
Private Wright, b Bangley	9
„ Artlett, b Bangley	4
„ Escott, c Patterson b Cumber jun.	1
„ Rutherford, b Cumber jun	0
„ Allen, not out	0
Extras	7
Total	34

ON THE WANDER.

THE MAKING OF THE IRON RATION.

America does everything on a big scale, which is a platitude but true, she can show in California a paradise that no other continent in the world possesses, and each stopping place on the journey across the great republic has a distinct and surprising novelty to show; but of all American wonders Chicago is the most wonderful. It is a city of business and slaughter. The enormous piles of buildings twelve to eighteen stories high are nests of offices, each with some four elevators, lifts we call them, constantly moving up and down from top to basement, the strange looking men in villanous tall hats and bulgy frock coats who talk and spit in the halls of the hotels are all doing business, and anybody who is not interested in pork or wheat leads the life of an outcast, spending the day time in the club, where the waiters evidently think that anyone who has no business to attend to is a suspicious character, and, unless one can work up a fictitious interest in American politics, being left conversationless when the wheat and pork men come out from their offices.

Of wheat and pork I knew nothing and cared less; but I had stopped on my way across the continent to see what Fanny Davenport could make out of *La Tosca*, to look at the largest theatre in the world, a huge pile of stone almost as massive and imposing as the Roman Coliseum, and to see the making of the tinned "bully" beef with which we are all so well acquainted.

Armour & Co. were the people over whose yards I wanted to go, and having found out their particular building amongst the maze of overgrown houses I made the customary ascent in the lift, walked in and asked to see somebody in authority. Nothing could have been more courteous than the way I was received—I may be allowed to digress by saying that in no country that I have ever been in have I found such kindness and hospitality as I was the recipient of in America. The only class that I ever received anything like rudeness from were the shop boys, who seemed to think that being behind a counter necessitated an extra assertion of republican equality that at times was aggressive. I was given a card to take me over the yards, was told that any British Officer who wished to see things with his own eyes was always most welcome, and was shown a tin which had gone to the farthest point up the Nile in the futile attempt to rescue Gordon, had come back and had been sent to its native Chicago, where, when opened, it was found that the contents were as sound and wholesome as when they first left the packing shed.

It was a foggy cold day on which I entrained at a station, which was on a par with the usual London Underground edifices, and puffed out some eight miles through ugly suburbs, of houses with wooden staircases on the outside and blank walls with big advertisements on them, to the slaughter yards. Half melted snow; pools of muddy water; acres upon acres of wooden sheds, from whence came the mingled noises of many kinds of animals; men in slouch hats, wearing huge gaiters, riding lean horses with tails tied up with straw, and carrying in their hands formidable looking whips; these were my first impressions. I asked my way and was told to go "right straight along by the railway."

From afar I could hear the wailing and shriek-

Digitized by Google

ing of innumerable pigs, and marching towards the sound of my cannon, passing on the way long lines of refrigerating cars and some big wooden buildings into which cattle were being driven over covered-in bridges, I arrived at the large collection of three storied sheds in which Armour & Co. carry on their business. There was the smell of blood in the air and the squeals of the pigs had become almost deafening. Why is it, I wonder, that the sticking of a pig does not appeal to any human pity. We are more or less sorry when any other animal loses its life; but the killing of a pig is rather a pleasurable excitement, and yet no animal pleads more earnestly for its life; for a pig strung up by the hind leg gets more impassioned appeals for mercy into five seconds than any other animal does into half on hour.

I went to the office, presented my card, and was handed over to a sharp boy to be taken round. I told him that I wanted to see the Texan steers converted into tinned meat, and was informed that we should come to that presently, but I must go the usual round. Up rickety stairs and along passages we went with steam coming through the cracks in the flooring, with the ever present smell of blood in the air, and the chorus of squeaks growing more and more in volume, till I found myself on a platform overlooking a room with a stone floor which was one lake of foaming blood. Jets of steam burst in from an opening at one end of the room and at the other end were two large pens which were being filled with a crowd of steaming, shrieking, squealing porkers. In the middle of the bath of blood stood a fat man with a leathern apron, who was scratching his nose unconcernedly with a sharp pointed knife. The pens being full a pig was seized by two men, strung by one hind leg to a rail that ran over head across the room, and swung down to the fat man, who turned the squealing brute's throat gently towards him, put his knife into its windpipe and sent it on swinging, the blood pouring down, to the boiling water and revolving scrubbers that waited for it at the end of the room. Pig after pig was sent down with wonderful rapidity 16 to the minute being about the average. I asked the small boy how many hundreds a day were killed and he looked at me with astonishment. "Hundreds," he said "why we generally kill 12,000 a day, but this is an off day, and we shall only kill 5,000." I went down the long room in which the toilet of the dead pigs is done and so rapidly are the processes gone through that if one starts from the killing bench when a pig is grunting out its life, and walks slowly down the long room one arrives at the end, at the same time that that identical pig now turned into two clean, fresh-looking sides of pork is swung into the cooling room.

On through more passages and up and down more stairs till we came to the sheep killing pens where the men where skinning some dead sheep, while a dissipated looking, dirty wooled, old ram was watching the performance, blinking his eyes and licking his chops. "Fetch 'em in Billy," said one of the men, and Billy gave a toss of his disreputable head, trotted out, and came back leading in a crowd of frightened foolish sheep. If there is an inferno set apart for animals, Billy should find a nice warm corner in it, for the number of sheep he has led to the block must be something astounding, and the pleasure he takes in his wickedness is most undoubted. Then at last we came to the cattle. I went into the yard where the long horned steers were penned and looked at them as critically as my lack of knowlege would allow. Very different they are to our fat kine; but though they are rather ragged to look at they carry an enormous amount of beef, and many of the carcases I saw would have been given a place of honor at Leadenhall, and would have been an agreable surprise if produced at a ration stand. The cattle are driven into pens, and a man with a pole-axe strikes them from above, stunning them, they are dragged out their throats cut, skinned and cleaned almost as rapidly as the pigs were, and then sent to cool for a fortnight in the cooling room, where they are cut up, and afterwards cooked and stored in those tins with which we are so familiar. None of the meat is wasted, for the parts which are not suitable for canning are boiled down into essence of beef tea.

An idea of the enormous business done by Armour & Co. can be gained from the number of animals they kill in a year:—1,140,000 hogs, 561,200 cattle, 164,540 sheep was the total in 1888. Their buildings cover 40 acres and they emyloy 6,000 men. N. N.-D.

Extract from historical records of the regt.

About this period (1791) a new system of Military evolutions was introduced to effect a greater degree of celerity, and of uniformity of

Digitized by Google

movement in the Army. Previously to this period every Regiment had its own peculiar mode of formation and movements—few leading parti[illegible]ars only being general throughout the army. To prepare for a review was a work of time and study. A set of movements was determined upon, and repeated daily in the same drill order for several weeks; any deviation or error on the part of the exercising officer generally producing disorder if not inextricable confusion. A better order however now dawned upon the service.

Some progress had already been made in the system, and The Buffs was one of the corps selected to exhibit its superiority in a camp of exercise at Bagshot Heath in the summer of 1792 under the orders of the Duke of Richmond. The different corps of this camp were divided into two armies under separate commanders acting as opponents in the field, and the manœuvres, mock-battles, and other performances of the troops were witnessed with great satisfaction by King George III. and the members of the Royal Family.

Major Kelly's Departure from Barbados writes a Contemporary, continues to be the subject of regret in the journals of that island, and we are glad to see that a movement has been started to present him with a suitable testimonial in recognition of his constant efforts for the amusement of the public and the benefit of the local charities. With this aim in view, a meeting was held at the Bridgetown Club, the Chief Justice (Sir Conrad Reeves) presiding and many of the principal residents being present. The Chief Justice in a felicitous speech stated the object of the meeting, and spoke in very high terms of Major Kelly's histrionic ability, his unwearied exertions to provide amusement for the public, his personal worth as a man, and the goodness of heart which had promoted him to do all that he had done for the past three years, not alone for dispelling the *ennui* with which Barbadians in common with most West Indian communities, were afflicted, but also to raise funds for relieving the distress of respectable persons who had fallen in circumstances. The departure of Major Kelly, said his Honour, would be deeply felt by all classes of society, for "Take him for all in all they would never look upon his like again." He had very great pleasure, therefore, in presiding at a meeting whose object was to raise funds to present him with some substantial testimonial of the kindly feeling which was entertained for him in Barbados, and he was sanguine that a sum would be raised worthy not only of the occasion, but of the Island.—A resolution was passed "that a suitable testimonial should be presented to Major W. E. R. Kelly to mark the appreciation of the inhabitants of this Island of his successful efforts on behalf of charity and the amusement of the public." Another resolution named an influental committee to carry out the proposal.

A GHOST STORY.

At Pietermaritzburg, Natal, on or about the—(well never mind the date, I was a recruit then, so it must have been a long time ago)—I was Orderly Officer. The Regimental Shooting Club was holding its annual matches, so a lot of ammunition was kept on the range under a guard.

The distance from the Barracks to the range was about a mile and a half, and the road ran along a ridge of hills past the cemetery gate, and finally on a narrow path down a precipitous hillside, so, as the night was very dark, and there was not even the usual thunderstorm to light me on my way, I decided to go on foot. Accordingly about 11 p.m. I started with a lantern and a stout stick. Just as I was nearing the cemetery I heard a bell toll three or four times from the cemetery. This made me feel uncomfortable; however I pushed on until I got close up to the cemetery, the bell tolling gently all the while. Then I pulled up short with my knees wobbling under me, and the skin of my scalp tightening, for all round me there was a low moaning and sobbing. Still I felt that it would hardly pass with Col. Pearson if I sent in my report with 'I omitted to turn out the range guard, having met with a ghost on the way,' so I determined to reconnoitre.

I went forward cautiously all eyes and ears, and presently discovered a lot of little figures about three feet high with apparently very short legs and big heads. Matters were now getting desperate, so I hooked my lantern on to the end of my stick and banged it into the face of the nearest. The effect was instantaneous, and I had to sit down on the nearest stone to have my laugh out. For I had walked into the midst of a herd of sleeping cattle and their snoring had been the noise that alarmed me. The leading ox had been grazing somewhere near, and his bell had been tolling as he moved. Fossil.

Digitized by Google

VARIETIES.

A read organ—An eye.

'What do you raise on your farm Mr. Hayseed?'
'Mortgages chiefly.'

Color-Sergeant—'Whats become of your chest boy?'
Recruit—'Its gone to look for yours Sergt.!'

No breath of suspicion should ever be directed towards a woman. Young man, when you are going to kiss one, dont drink gin.

'Take a walk on an empty stomach,' said the doctor. 'Certainly,' said the patient 'but whose stomach am I to walk on'?

Trained dogs exhibit so much intelligence now that it probably wont be long before there will be in the market, sausages that can give their paw when asked for it.

[We think Band Sergt. Roche's dog fulfils this condition. —Ed.]

An intelligent Sergeant was heard to ask the other day whether a signaller could send a message quicker down hill than up—*he was sober at the time.*— (Would a question of this kind be excusable in an Irishman?)

When lovely woman buys a polly
Which she intends shall talk and pray,
How shocked she is and melancholy,
To find the parrot swears all day.

'How did your temperance lecture come off last night.'
'O, the lecturer spoilt it all by being so absent minded'
'Why, what did he do?'
'He would keep trying to blow the froth off his glass of water.'

Officer—'What's the charge against this man Sergeant?'
Sergt.—'Beg pardon Sir; this man Pte. Smith was very impudent on Church Parade yesterday, Sir.'
Officer.—'Why, what did he do'?
Sergt.—'Well you see Sir, Smith is a Roman Catholic, and he actually had the impudence Sir, *to fall in with the Christians.*'

Of all the humane family,
I love myself the best;
Kind providence take care of me,
And the Devil take the rest.

If Corporal Kendal is responsible for saying that he doesn't like Jalapahar because the climb-it doesn't suit him, he ought to be ki— forgiven.

A certain regiment at home has started a Debating Club. It met the other day to discuss "whether the R in Dorg should be pronounced or not?

"What will you have to drink old man?" "Whisky and *aqua fortis* please, nothing like pure water with whisky for me." *(Fact, Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Club, Dum-Dum).*

The poet in front of the editor stood,
And said with a little cough,
"I thought I would bring you a little thing
A thing I have just dashed off."

The editor rose from his ivory chair,
With passion his features wrought,
"I want no things that are just dashed off,
I want the results of thought."

He closed with a snap his ebony desk,
The poet he rudely gripped,
And bearing his load to the street below,
The editor blithely tripped.

He staggered beneath the load he bore,
But bravely kept his feet;
He carried the bard to the lower floor,
And dashed him into the street.

A stranger passing, the act observed
"Why, what is the row?" said he;
The editor said, "Tis a little thing,
I have just dashed off, you see."

Answer to last month's treble acrostic.

BRAIN—FEVER—BIRDS.

Beastly F i B
R i E n z I
A V a t a R
I c E D
N e g R e s S *

No correct answers received.

Incorrect answers received from Giles, R.W.G., and Midget.

* When is a door not a door?
When it is an egress.

Digitized by Google

The Buffs' AERATED WATER FACTORY.

Every description of Aerated Waters supplied at 10 annas per dozen all round, every day except Sunday.

ORDER BOOKS SUPPLIED FREE ON APPLICATION.

THE BUFFS' REGTL. WORKSHOPS.

Every description of work performed by Regtl. Artificers:

PRINTING,
BOOK BINDING,
CABINET MAKING,
PAINTING,
HORSE-SHOEING,
GLAZING, &C.,

For further information apply to the Non-Commissioned Officer in charge.

"THE DRAGON"

The whole of the back numbers are ready and can be obtained on application, single copies annas 2 each, or

BOUND IN THE LATEST STYLE RS. 6.

Apply to the Sub-Editor at the Regimental Workshops.

T. KERODE & Co.

No. 2 CHOWRINGHEE ROAD,
CALCUTTA.

Wholesale Tobacconists, Regimental Mess Contractors, and general order suppliers

TOBACCONISTS, TEA DEALERS, & GENERAL AGENTS.

A large stock of cigars always on hand, of the best qualities and brands at current market prices.

JUST ARRIVED:

MANILLA CIGARS of the finest quality and prices.

BROSBY'S CHURCH WARDEN PIPES, ~~Rs~~ 2 per doz.

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

FRESH ARRIVALS OF LATEST DESIGNED PIPES &C.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION.

TRIAL ORDER SOLICITED.

Printed for the Editor at The Buffs' Regimental Press—Dum-Dum.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle

VETERI FRONDESCIT HONORE. 1572

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 39 **DUM-DUM, JUNE 30th 1890.** Price 2 Annas

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTH.

STEVENS.—At Dum-Dum on the 14th June, 1890, the wife of No. 2973, Corpl. J. Stevens of a son. Henry.

DEATH.

COOK.—At Darjeeling on the 17th June 1890, the wife of Sergt,-Major J. W. Cook of "Hemorrhage from Stomach." Deeply regretted.

NOTES.

We are sure our readers will all join with us in expressing our sympathy with Sergt.-Major Cook for the sad loss which he has suffered, and which it is our mournful duty to record elsewhere.

* * *

In another part of the paper we give a detailed account of the two great shooting matches which came off during the month, and we must heartily congratulate the winners on their excellent scores. Report says that there is some likelihood of return matches being made, but the opponents of The Buffs will have to put together very much better scores, if they want to keep their "dibs" together. Is it yet decided where the best shots in Dum-Dum come from, or does this knotty question require more deciding?

* * *

Any attempt at polo now is hopeless, the ground being more like a swamp than anything else. The match we were going to play against the Fort did not come off, as although it was fine when the ponies started for Calcutta, it rained more or less the whole of the day afterwards, and they had their journey for nothing, so we are afraid we must give up this kind ot sport for the present, and take to football only, though it is a great pity that either of them should be impossible.

* * *

The following startling announcement appeared in Regimental Orders during the early part of the month :—"From 1st November next a professional examination will be compulsory before promotion to the ranks of Corporal or Sergeant." And all concerned are naturally anxious for the alterations in Queen's Regulations to be published, which should shew under what rules the examination will be carried out. Whether it will be in cricket, football, or some other athletic exercise, we cannot tell, but think it is hardly likely to be a professional examination in drill.

Digitized by Google

Will anyone send the Editor some acrostics for future Dragon. They would be received with thanks.

* * *

There was a great eclipse of the sun prophecied for the 17th of this last month, but more unfavourable weather to observe it in, would be hard to imagine, as the clouds hid everything, and it was raining "cats and dogs." It certainly grew rather dark about 6 p.m. but whether this was caused by the clouds or the eclipse, we cannot say, having a strong objection to star gazing with a young river running down ones back.

—:o:—

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

—:o:—

THE SHOOTING STAR.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

SIR,

In your last month's *Dragon* you inserted a letter from "Fair Play," and as I am personally concerned in it I wish to make this known to your readers in addition to what he said. Thinking that probably Sub-Conductor Headwards did not care to condescend to fire with a Lance-Corporal, I wrote out the following challenge and had it placed in the rack of the Warrant Officers and Sergeants' Club, and also in our Library, so as to get at him somehow, as he had ignored all the letters I wrote to him personally and I thought he would be compelled to reply to a public challenge:—

CHALLENGE.

"Hearing that Mr. Headwards, Sub-Conductor S.A.A. Factory, wishes to shoot any man that stands The Buffs, I am willing to shoot him at 200, 500, and 600 yards, 7 rounds at each distance and one sighting shot allowed at each distance, for Rs-50 aside between the 1st and 5th of June on either No. 1, 3, or 4 Range, Dum-Dum."

Dum-Dum, 20th May, 1890. T. Boyles, Lance-Corpl. W. Watts, Col-Sergt., Witness.

I enclosed a copy ot this to Mr. Headwards and a note to the effect that if he had any intention of firing me, I would form a committee of N.-C.O's. of the Factory and N.-C.O's. of the Regiment and form a match that way, so as to get fair conditions for both sides, and I patiently waited for the answer which was never written. Now Sir, I hardly think it fair that a Sub-Conductor should have treated me in this silent contemptuous manner. If ~~Rs~~-50 was not enough for him, I could have got him a 100 or even 500, but he certainly should have had the common civility to have answered my letters.

Anyhow he should have considered himself highly flattered to have been honored with a challenge from a thorough bred north of Ireland Irishman, and this soothing thought consoled me for the insult I received from him. Can't you, Mr. Editor, shame Mr. Headwards into explaining why he treated me like this, because I should very much like to know.

Yours faithfully,
T. Boyles, Lc-Corpl.
The Buffs.

[Perhaps it's just as well Mr. H. did leave you alone, for if you fired against him as well as you fired against Mr. Wilson the other day, he would indeed have received a drubbing. EDITOR].

OUR HOME BATTALION.

Aldershot
DEAR MR. EDITOR 25-5-90.

Since my last letter matters have been very much the same, nothing startling or of very much importance. We have been inspected by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, and I think satisfied His Highness as usual, and we also had a big day in celebrating Her Majesty's birthday, all the available troops in garrison taking part to the number of about 12,000 of all ranks, this took place in the long valley, but fortunately the rain had fallen the best part of the day before, so the dust was only moderate.

Sergt. Greig has rejoined from Army Reserve, and Sergt. Williams and 25 recruits have joined from Depôt, Sergt. Graham has proceeded to Depôt for duty, and Sergt. Barton goes on the 29th inst. for same purpose.

Sergt. Davis has joined the 2nd Volunteer Battalion for temporary duty as Instructor. Ex-Sergt. Keating has been for some time past civilian Master-Shoemaker to the Battalion, and wishes to be remembered to old friends.

Cricket has commenced, and a little bird tells me The Buffs won their first match by 90 runs

Digitized by Google

more about it next time. On Whit monday the Battn. played Blackwater on the Regtl. ground.

BICYCLING.—Everybody is more or less on the run as the roads are very nice, and the best wishes for the 1st in their new venture is expressed by all of us here, you'll find it most enjoyable when able to run.

And now Mr. Editor that's about all except that 28 Sergeants are to grace Ascot on the Gold Cup day, proceeding in two drags, and I hear the luncheon is to be a feature in the art of cookery.

NOBBY.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

SIR,

Hickey of The Buffs is so universally well known in the Army and is responsible for so much fun and devilment, even in regiments where there is no such individual, that I am inclined to think there never was. The writer can remember Hickey of The Buffs almost 25 years ago, and then he was so young in people's minds and did such wonderful exploits as are occuring in the present day, and will to the end of time. The renowned Paddy Hickey referred to by your correspondent, Mr. Colley, was the cat's paw of about 12 good old soldiers the names of whom I could give.

Knowing Paddy's weak point, that of a hasty temper, he was always the last man the recruits were sent to, to wind up a day's fun, and the poor recruit whom they might have the loan of, (as it was called,) learned a lesson that he never forgot during the rest of his service, in the shape of a blessing from Paddy, and the laugh of his comrades, so that ever afterwards it would take a good deal to send that gentleman on a fool's errand.

The recruits were not the only ones who came under the influence of the 12 bold soldiers referred to, but the whole Regiment, Officers as well as men.

I could illustrate many of their doings, and with your permission Mr. Editor, I will give you one:—During the Durbar at Umballa for the Amir of Cabul, a young Officer who had just joined the Regiment from home, was detailed for Court-Martial duty, and being his first duty as a soldier in the Regt., it was not thought gentlemanly that he should be allowed to go without being introduced to bold Hickey, who bye the bye was not in the Regiment at the time, so after a long debate, it was decided that the trousers of the young Officer should be taken possession of, so two of the bold warriors presented themselves at the Bâtman's tent, and in a most mysterious way got hold of two pairs of trousers which were quietly laid into the arm-chest of "H" Company (present "F"), with the bold 12 watching further proceedings.

The Officer sometime afterwards could be seen looking through the chick of his tent-door for the expected trousers, and as they were not forthcoming, the bearer was called to go for them, go he did, and returned in about five hours, after being sent round the Barracks of the 21st Hussars, 106th and 55th Regiments, looking for Hickey of The Buffs.

EX-BANDSMAN TOM.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Misther Dragon.

I'm allus a botherin ye, but will yer tell me if its true, as I've often heard tell, that The Buffs will never be quartered again in the "land o' cakes," I believe thats the country that they calls Scotland, them Scotch folks. Now Misther Dragon will ye please tell me how I've got this idea in my ead, certainly they used to talk about it in my old company, but I've never heard the right reason why, praps some of ye Scotch laddies can tell me, if *you* cant Misther Dragon. No one in my time could tell me, but then we hadnt a Heditor of a paper in them days to spin us old yarns about the Regiment.

ANOTHER OLD BUFF.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Misther Dragon,

When first I comed to India in The Buffs it was in a sailing ship, and how I ever got through that one hundred and twenty one days voyage is more an I can tell you. They called that good ship the "Nile." I think I oughter know she was a good ship because I knew every plank and rope of her, what with scraping lower decks, swabbing upper decks, shifting cargo, drawing water, cleanin of them brass fittings and turning her about to alter her course, in 121 days, if one has any sense at all, as I have said before, he must know if she was a good un or not.

Well we started from Kingstown, we did, and after sighting Madiera and St. Pauls Island, somewhere near the Cape, we did'nt see land again before we arrived off the Sand Heads at

Digitized by Google

the mouth of the Hooghly, so Misther Dragon you may say it was dullish work being on a sailing transport. During that voyage we caught 3 sharks and 21 different kind of sea birds, how we caught the sharks was with a hook as thick as your two thumbs and a piece of pork as big as yer head. Most of the birds we caught was with stoutish string hanging behind the stern of the ship, and them birds when a follerin the ship gets their wings tangled in the string and we catches them like that, and I dont mind sayin, there's just as much fun catching of them birds like that, as there is in catching a fish in any of the tanks in Dum-Dum, and I dont care what Mr. Coombes says !

The Albatross, which is the finest bird as ever I seed, and some other biggish birds, we caught with a hook, they would take a bate just like a fish and the hook caught in their bills, and we pulled them up. Mi hi ! but Albatrosses is fine birds, they had as much down on their breasts as would make a feather bed.

Of course, Misther Dragon, you knows the fuss those sailor chaps makes when they crosses the line, as they calls it, but I've never seed any line yet, and I've crossed it manys the time. Well I thinks them sailors like making all this to do, because the Capting gives them an oliday, and to us land lubbers who dont know anything about Misther Neptune, we think the whole thing is rot. But what these sailors like to do is to make you pay your footin for having crossed the line for the first time, they lets you off the second time you crosses it. Another thing the sailors do is to make you pay your footin if you go through the lubbers hole, but what for I never could tell.

Well what with salty pork and pease-pudden, and plenty of watch dooty, (and its something to do on a sailing ship,) we were all mighty glad to get a tug to bring us up the Hooghly, and you may thank your stars you young chaps, you hav'nt got to go to India in them sailing ships now.

ANOTHER OLD BUFF.

HOME NEWS.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Herewith a cutting from an Aldershot paper, the writer seems to be thankful for a present the 1st Battn. gave him while they were in Aldershot in 1882. I send it to you because I think these little incidents of good fellowship should be recorded in *The Dragon.*

Extract from May's Aldershot Camp Gazette.

"What shall I say of The Buffs? I certainly could write a deal of the "Old Holland Regiment," a regiment that enjoys many exceptional privileges for distinguished conduct in the field. I could give its history from the time it was placed on the British roll of regiments, two and a quarter centuries ago, were it not that the space allotted to the Camp Letter is defined and limited. I shall never forget The Buffs for their gallant conduct to me when I was lying on what was diagnosed by the parish doctor, as a death bed; so it would have proved, had not The Buffs sent me a handsome pecuniary present. This was the 1st Battn., then about six or seven years ago, quartered in the East Infantry Barracks,"

It is still on the tapis that the 2nd Battn. are to go to Cork after the drill season is over.

The following "Old Buffs" have gone over to the majority since my last letter:

No. $\frac{3rd\ Foot}{475}$ William Caulfield, enlisted on 8th November 1825 served 3 years in the 59th Foot, and 20 years and 5 months in The Buffs. He served 19½ years in the East Indies, and was in possession of the Bronze Star for Punniar, at which battle he distinguished himself. He was discharged to pension of 1s. per day for life on the 9th March 1847, and died at Athlone on the 15th February 1890, aged 82 years. He had drawn nearly £785 pension.

Michael Hickey 2–3 Foot, (regtl. number not known) died on the 3rd February, 1890, aged 60 years. He was invalided after nine years service in 1866, and granted a pension of 8d a day for life.

I saw, or heard of, the undermentioned "Old Buffs in London a short time ago, those I saw looked well and were in good situations, those I did not see, but heard of, are also in good billets. I saw Sergt. T. Burke, (H Coy.) Sergt. Johns, Sergt. Gatrell, Pte. Godwin, and these old soldiers told me of Sergt. Whyatt, Sergt. Williams, (Shah), Sergt. Freddy Smith, Color-Sergt. Smith, Pte. Noakes, (H Coy.) and Drum Major Osborne.

The *Daily Graphic* published a picture a short time ago in one of its numbers, I cut it out and forward it to you now. It is, as you will see, called "Our Regimental Paper," and I think favours *The Dragon* staff very much, except as regards yourself Mr. Editor, but perhaps you have entered into the holy bonds, if so, that accounts for it. Oswald is I am sure fairly rep-

Digitized by Google

resented under the head of "Our Poet." The likeness to your present Sub-Editor is admirable. "Young Buff" is hard at it on his mutinous letter, and where would you get a more faithful picture of a late Commanding Officer of The Buffs, and now a retired Major General, than the one of the officer saying "Mutiny Begad"! May I suggest you have it framed and give it as a prize to one of your able and efficient staff for an event open to them only at the next Gymkhana.

Pte. A. Parfitt has arrived home and has been passed to the Army Reserve. Dr. P. Sullivan and Pte. J. Smith discharged time expired 15-5-90; Pte. Featherstone posted to 2nd Battn. for duty; Pte. Goldsborough has arrived home; Sergt. Greig whom I told you in my last had applied to rejoin the Colors has been permitted to do so, by paying back his deferred pay in one sum, which he did, and has been posted to 2nd Battn.

Color.-Sergt. Butler, Lce.-Sergt. Cook, Corpl. Higgins, Lce.-Corpls. Dorrington, and Saunders, Ptes. Adams, Batt, Clinton, Cork, Davis, Douglas, Gravett, Miller, Moriarty, Reeve, Rudd, and Siggins arrived at Netley on 24th April '90. No. 2075 Sergt. A. Kennett has been invalided from the service. Sergt. R. Williams (Walham) and 24 recruits joined the 2nd Battn. from here on the 15th inst. Sergts. W. G. Graham, and Barton have joined Depôt from 2nd Battn vice Williams and Kennett.

Capt. Chippindall and Sergt. Winters returned from School of Musketry, Hythe. Extra musketry certificate for Capt. Chippindall has been received, and a certificate qualifying the Sergeant for S. I. of M. Capt. Chippindall is at present Adjutant *vice* Porter at the training with the Militia. No. 1892 Pte. F. Kershaw has re-engaged to complete 21 years service. No. 1849 Pte. J. Crouch extended his service beyond 21 years, under Section 85 Army Act 1881. 448 Pte O. Taylor discharged medically unfit 29-4-90 Pte. Curley granted 6 pence a day for 12 months conditionally. Sergt.-Major Cumber, Qr.-Mstr.-Sergt. Finn, Pay Mstr.-Sergt. Clent and Recruit Bangley were awarded First Class certificates of education, at the examination held in March last.

I enclose you scores of some cricket matches which the Depôt have taken part in, as you promised some time ago to publish if you had space, trusting you have

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
"OLD BUFF."

[Thanks for the picture, the characters are as you say lifelike. We will have it framed, and exhibit it at our office, for those who haven't had the pleasure of seeing it before. ED.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SNOWEY.—Dr. Tanner at New York in 1880 fasted 40 days on water only, He lost in weight 36lb.

ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.—The term "Almighty Dollar" originated with Washington Irving as a satire on the American love of gain.

R.A.P.—Phœnix Park is much the largest, it contains 1760 acres, and Hyde Park 400 only.

PINCHIN.—Why don't you send the Chess Problems for solution as promised? We can afford a corner for Chess every month.

Obituary.

MRS. JANE ANNE COOK.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we have to announce the death of Mrs. Jane Anne Cook, the beloved wife of Sergt-Major J. W. Cook of the 1st Battn. at the early age of 30 years. She had been for some time under medical care, and was on the 5th inst. sent to Darjeeling for change of air. Early on the morning of the 25th inst. a telegram was received announcing her serious illness, and later on a second message arrived stating she was dead. Her loss is mournfully felt by her two sisters (who are married in the Battalion) and her sorrowful husband. Mrs. Cook joined the Regiment in Calcutta in 1872—her father, Sergeant George Orr—came from the Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regt.) as Armourer-Sergeant—and she was married at Cawnpore on the 17th April 1878 to Sergeant-Major J. W. Cook (who was then Color-Sergeant of "G" Company) and leaves him with four children, who loved her so dearly, to mourn her loss.

DUM-DUM POINT TO POINT RACES.

On Thursday the 5th inst. the Officers got up a small Steeplechase. Considering the numbers present in the Station, there was a good field, the N.-C. O's. and Men showing up well. The course lay from the east end of the Factory wall

Digitized by Google

to the gun cotton magazine, then branched off to the right taking a circular track of about two miles, back again, passed the magazine to the centre of the rifle ranges, and then straight down to the west side of the Factory and so home. The jumps consisted of bamboo hurdles and mud walls, ditches and fences, the last two being, one in front of the Main Guard, and the other outside the Institute. This being the first thing of the kind, and several of the riders syces having forgotten to bees-wax the saddles, the pace taken was slow. There was one spill, and that thro' no fault of the rider, his stirrup-leather having broken.

On the following Thursday, another of these rides took place. The track was from No. 12 Bungalow, and thence across the country east of Cantonments, round to the left, past the gun cotton magazine on to the race course, down the range, and so home.

The rains having now set in, riding across country is out of the question, so our equestrians must now exercise themselves and their steeds along the roads.

THE GHOSTS OF DUM-DUM.

Calcutta and the district round has raised as many ghost stories in a hundred years as Scotland has in a thousand. Warren Hastings' house in Calcutta swarms with ghosts; but, to come nearer home, we have one or two very elegant gents of the same breed in Dum-Dum. Not to depreciate the Babu's rent we wont mention particular houses, but a gallant officer at mess has told the following story about his bungalow.

In the year 18—, three officers were sitting up one night, and in the same room with them was the dead body of another, which was lying on a bed. To drown melancholy, they started a game of cards, (old maid it was). To make the story clear, it should by stated that one was sitting facing the body, another sideways to it, and the third with his back to it.

After playing a short time, the first suddenly started up and left the room, and was followed a moment afterwards by the second. On comparing notes outside, these two both swore that they had seen the body sit up in bed, when suddenly a fearful shriek was heard, (Blue Fire —Ink I mean—here Mr. Printer, please). Rushing back they saw the corpse standing behind the third player's chair, with its arms round his neck. He was quite dead, presumably from terror. The story doesn't attempt to explain this extraordinary behaviour on the dead man's part, but he was really a corpse, beyond doubt, this time. This fearful death-embrace is still repeated year by year, on the anniversary! (blue ink again). This must be true, because two Engineers, who had taken the house, left suddenly one day without warning, and without paying any rent; their names also are not known. These are details.

The next ghost is more genial. In a bungalow situated not far from the above, is a bheestie who "walks." He is called the "Headless Bheestie," chiefly because he has no head; or rather, he has a head, but he dosen't put it on, he carries it under his arm instead. This is a cheap bungalow for the impecunious officer to live in, as he needn't keep a bheestie, for the "Headless Bheestie" is the Aryan brother of the "Lubber Fiend" of the North Country, who, when he has a bowl of cream set for him overnight, does the farmhouse servant's work for them before cock-crow; so with this gentleman, your bearer sets a bowl of curry bhât for him, and in the morning your bath is full. The narrator of this story says that he has often seen the empty bowl in the morning, but has never heard the water being poured into the bath during the night, strange to say, the narrator's bearer is fond of curry and rice, but this also is a detail. This story must be true, because there is a bricked up door in this house. What on earth a bricked up door has to do with a bheestie without a head, no one knows, but its part of the story.

There is another thing which strangely corroborates the above, showing also that the departed do not always find their spirit rations sufficiently substantial (forgive the old joke, but it is specially *a propos* here.) The writer knows a widow lady in England, who before retiring to rest, always pours out two glasses of whisky and water, one for herself, and one for the dear departed, and, sure enough both are drunk by morning. *

There are other ghosts in Dum-Dum, but enough has been written to show what a weird place we live in.

P. D.

[* Which? The two glasses, or herself and the dear departed.—EDITOR.]

Digitized by Google

We cull the following from the *Weekly Dispatch.*

Mr. Kipling's 'Departmental Ditties,' though numbering only a fisher's dozen, are tolerably representative. The satire is biting, and the verse is turned with accomplished facility. The prelude is pretty and almost touching. The other verses, which constitute the bulk of the volumn, are nearly all on Indian themes. The style is very fairly represented by—

PAGETT, M. P.

The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes.
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad.

Pagett, M. P., was a liar, and a fluent liar therewith,—
He spoke of the heat of India as the 'Asian Solar Myth';
Came on a four month's visit, to study the East, in November,
And I got him to sign an agreement vowing to stay till September.

March came in with the *köil.* Pagett was cool and gay,
Called me a 'bloated Brahmin,' talked of my 'princely pay.'
March went out with the roses. 'Where is your heat? said he.
'Coming,' said I to Pagett. 'Skittles!' said Pagett, M. P.

April began with the punkah, coolies, and prickly heat,—
Pagett was dear to mosquitoes, sandflies found him a treat.
He grew speckled and lumpy—hammered, I grieve to say,
Aryan brothers who fanned him, in an illiberal way.

May set in with a dust-storm—Pagett went down with the sun,
All the delights of the season tickled him one by one.
Imprimis—ten days' 'liver'—due to his drinking beer;
Later, a dose of fever—slight, but he called it severe.

Dysent'ry touched him in June, after the *Chota Bursat*—
Lowered his portly person—made him yearn to depart.
He didn't call me a 'Brahmin,' or 'bloated,' or 'overpaid,'
But seemed to think it a wonder that anyone stayed.

July was a trifle unhealthy,—Pagett was ill with fear,
Called it the 'Cholera Morbus,' hinted that life was dear.
He babbled of 'Eastern exile' and mentioned his home with tears;
But I hadn't seen *my* children for close upon seven years.

We reached a hundred and twenty, once in the court at noon,
[I've mentioned Pagett was portly] Pagett went off in a swoon.
That was an end to the business: Pagett the perjured, fled
With a practical, working knowledge of 'Solar Myths' in his head.

And I laughed as I drove from the station, but the mirth died out on my lips,
As I thought of the fools like Pagett, who write of their 'Eastern trips.'
And the sneers of the travelled idiots who daily misgovern the land,
And I prayed to the Lord to deliver another one into my hand.

SHOOTING MATCHES.

The defeat of Color-Sergt. Andrews by Sub Conductor Wilson was chronicled last month in these pages; the match emanating from that notorious challenge of Sub-Conductor Headwards' to fire "any man stands the Buffs." This month however "things is changed," for Mr. Headwards driven into a corner, could not say *no* to Corporal Marshall, who offered to fire him *on his own conditions.* This match then came off on the 19th inst., for ~~Rs~~ 100 in the presence of a large concourse of enthusiastic spectators, and much to everybodys (?) astonishment ended in a victory for Corporal Marshall by 13 points. Surely Mr. Headwards when he wrote out his challenge, didn't think 67, a score good enough to beat "any man stands The Buffs"! and then Corpl. Marshall isn't even the best shot of his Company! Perhaps in future *this* S. A. A, F. gentleman will think twice before throwing challenges out to the public gaze, and accept this (as O. K. would say) *In terrorem*, for he doesnt appear to be such a remarkably good shot, after all his "bogey" he actually missed the target altogether with his last round at 600 yards! perhaps General Funk had arrived! Corporal Marshall's 80 was a creditable score, as it was anything but a good day for firing, and the position at 200 yards was standing.

On the 21st inst. another crowd of enthusiastic Conductors and Buffs assembled on the range to witness another match (which caused even more excitement than the above) between Sub Conductor T. Wilson—the best shot in the S.A.A.F.—and Lance Corporal Paddy Boyles of G. Coy., Everybody appeared anxious to back his opinion and man, the favorite (Mr. Wilson of course) had many supporters, and bets of ~~Rs~~ 30 to 20 on, were freely offered and taken, one or two bets of 2 to 1 on, had been previously made, and the excitement was naturally intense, for Boyles who had thoroughly settled down to a severe training was much fancied by his Regiment, as he had been making some rattling good scores in his practice, and he was also quite confident of success. No delay took place and the firing commenced, Mr. Wilson being the steadier shot standing, came away 4 points in front of his opponent, who nothing daunted still cheered up his backers by encouraging them to continue betting on him, and to show that he had not lost heart, he made with his first five shots at 500 yards, 5 bullseyes, and the pair were level pegging leaving this distance. The excitement at 600 yards was consequently on the increase, Mr. Wilson found the bullseye with his first shot, and Paddy started with two mags, and afterwards made two inners and 2 bulls, up to this point the scores were *again even*

Digitized by Google

and everybody anxiously waited for Mr. Wilson's last shot, which was eventually signalled a mag. More excitement and in silence during which heavy breathing occasionally came from the platform, at last—bang ! what a long time they were signalling it—another bullseye !! and another win for The Buffs by 2 points. The noise of counting out the Rupees handing over, was drowned by the vociferous cheering which ensued, and the crowd wended their way homewards.

Rumours are rife that return matches will shortly be coming off between Color-Sergt. Andrews and Mr. Wilson, and also between Mr. Wilson and Lce.-Corpl. Boyles. Roll on time ! anything for "divarsion," and excitement ! !

The following are the scores of both matches which *The Dragon* has much pleasure in placing on record.

Lance Corporal Marshall.		Sub Conductor Headwards.	
200 yards	26	200 yards	25
500 „	28	500 „	26
600 „	26	600 „	16
Total	80	Total	67

Lance Corporal Boyles,		Sub Conductor Wilson.	
200 yards	26	200 yards	30
500 „	32	500 „	28
600 „	29	600 „	27
Total	87	Total	85

Color-Sergts Featherstone and Andrews (in a tum-tum) were so busy looking at the targets while *en route* to the firing point, that they did not see a ditch and wall in the way, and Tommy with his recent point-to-point-race-training made a jump at the wall, and of course turned the trap completely over, throwing out its occupants who arrived at the firing point looking very dirty and uncomfortable, but otherwise unhurt.

SPY.

MORE JALAPAHAR FARRAGO.

The watery deity whose sceptre regulates the continuous flow of *aqua pluvialis*, holds supreme dominion in these towering and precipitous realms, the monsoons are very much here indeed, and for the past few weeks there has been at Jalapahar a jalapahowerful fall of rain.

It was a sight to draw tears from the lachrymal glands of Seraphim, (if those nebulous fays are in possession of lachrymal glands), to see the splendid band of The Buffs, men and instruments, packed away on the sardine principle in tents, sardines but not á l'huile, for wending our way one evening towards the canvas quarters of the jovial fellows, we barked our hyper-sensitive shins against a tent peg, and had our perpendicularity rudely horizontalized amongst a maze of invisible ropes, to the serious detriment of our April sartorials; recovering our equilibrium we emerged from the hempen labyrinth to find the down-trodden instrumentalists sans lamps, kerosine, or wicks, plunged in exterior darkness. De-readful, de-readful!.

A species of lux in tenebris was furnished in one tent, by the highly polished surface of the euphonium which coruscated brilliantly, and by the glint of this mammoth instrument, a young and innocent lad was *saf karoing* his accoutrements, but enough, enough anent the band, I cornet pursue this subject further, my feelings are too much for me, I must fain *band-karo* or in other words shut up.

Oft as we pursue our chequered way adown, what Mrs. Gamp termed 'this pilgrim's progress of a mortal vale,' have we cause to regret our serious lack of avoirdupois, and devoutly wish that providence would add weight to our paltry 9 stone 2, and would clothe these attenuated limbs with gladiatorial thews and sinews, we have been presented gratuitously with one of those luckily evanescent ornaments, the *oculus niger*, contused optic or black eye, the donor pulls the beam at 12½ or thereabouts, hence our inability to carry war into the enemy's territory, it was the bard of avon who observed 'sermons in *stones* and good in everything,' he is quite correct, for your man of bodily weight is good enough to push his arguments anywhere sans sense or logic, down the throats of lighter and weaker brethren.

A delightfully short week of military training was put in last month by No. 3 section, but an immense amount of work was got through in the three days allotted to knot tying, tent pitching, trench digging, and all the other items included in the curriculum of a summer course.

Football is very heavily handicapped by unfavourable weather, nevertheless several matches have been played here, and our vaticinations anent the prowess of The Buffs, have been amply verified, as a glance at the enclosed list of victories will shew.

Fifty-two of the old corps arrived the other day from the plains looking very cadaverous and fever stricken, a month or two on these hygienic heights will no doubt set them on their legs once

Digitized by Google

more, and will tinge with a healthy bloom their wan and sickly faces.

Some amateur theatricals projected by the East Surrey Regiment passed off very successfully the other night, "Bitter cold," and "Turn him out" comprised the bill of fare, during the interval between the two pieces several volunteers from among the audience lent their vocal aid, Pte. Jago of ours in "Over the bridge" made full use of his powerful and resonant tenor voice, and rendered with taste and feeling the words of the pathetic ballad.

It is gratifying to find that our deferred two dibs compo' has arrived this month, discontent was rife among the convalescents concering the inexplicable elision of the rupees, but now that they *have* come, all goes well.

Talking about dibs; the currency of the rupee is astonishing and inscrutable, how is it that in India 8 annas is only worth about the same number of pence plus a fraction, while in our own dear land, eight (t) anners fetches four shillings, wet or fine? Will some wiseacre deep in finance enlighten us on this perplexing point?

OSWALD KENDAL.

Jalapahar, 15-6-90.

MILITARY TYPES.

THE RECRUIT.

A little group of men and youths in mufti lounging about the orderly-room is one of the daily sights at any of the brigade depôts which are scattered through the length and breadth of the country. They are the recruits who have successfully passed the necessary examination by the military surgeon, and are waiting for the final approval of the Colonel, and the little ceremony of attestation. The same types are almost always there; the big hulking fellow who is almost aggressively unmilitary in attitude and walk, but who has been spotted at once as an old soldier by everybody, from the sentry at the gate to the Sergeant-Major, and who will spend the night in the guard-room charged with an attempt to fraudulently enlist; the sharp cockney, who has probably done something which makes it expedient for him to disappear from the circles in which he usually moves; and the two or three stupid-looking yokels whom the reductions in the number of hands on a farm, or an unkind sweetheart, have driven to mount the ribbons and shoulder the rifle.

The oath taken, the seedy mufti changed for a stout suit of blue serge, the hair given the regulation crop, and then the Recruit, yokel or cockney, scamp or good fellow, begins to go through that course of drill and discipline which tones down whatever individuality he may have, and makes him into the regulation, seal patterned type of young soldier.

The recruit's life is not an easy one. From the time that the "Reveillè" wakes him in the morning to the time "Lights out" goes he is kept pretty steadily at work, and being work that he is unaccustomed to, he finds it very tiring. An hour of the goose-step is trying to anyone's muscle, and by the time that the recruit has done the four hours of drill which are required from him every day, has cleaned his belts and rifle, and facings, has washed the tables and forms, has done his share of grass picking, or gravel rolling, or coal carrying, he has not much energy left to expend on amusement. And even if he were anxious to spend his time in amusing himself he would have few opportunities; for the reading-room at the depôt, as a rule, is not made attractive to him, the canteen is a barn with a bar in it, and the delights of the low public-houses with their "free-and-easies," and of the low class music halls, which are always to be found in the slums which lay outside the back gate of the barrack, are only to be tasted on the rare occasions when he has money.

The recruit is supposed to get a shilling a day; but for the first few months he is very lucky if he can find the necessary pennies to pay for his daily smoke; for there are so many expenses for his cleaning materials, "groceries," badges, &c., to be met, that his daily shilling seems to melt away before he has fingered it. If he has any spare pence, they generally go to the old retired soldier, who has the privilege of selling buns and tarts in the barracks, for our recruit always has a schoolboy's liking for sweets, and, if it were not for his doubts as to the manliness of so doing, would often sooner spend his money on sweetmeats instead of beer.

Of course, having mounted the red coat, he feels it incumbent on him to have a girl to walk out with, and once or twice a week, got up in the most correct style, with a well-greased curl of hair combed carefully over his forehead, his Glengarry cap very much on one side of his head, and a short regulation cane in his hand, he swaggers down the main street with the lady of

Digitized by Google

his choice by his side.

The recruit's taste for female beauty and ideas of female adornment leave, it must be confessed, a good deal to be desired; no recruit feels satisfied unless his *inamorata* can appear in a velvet hat with an imitation ostrich feather in it, and a vivid red or blue is considered a very tasty colour for a dress. On the whole, the life a recruit leads is a very healthy and harmless one, and it is wonderful how soon the blotchy-faced Londoners and slouching country-boys become the fresh-faced, bronzed, well set-up youngsters who march and countermarch on the gravel of the depôt drill grounds.

One part of his drill the recruit takes to very kindly, and that is the new physical drill. The old soldiers rather feel that they are being made fools of when they have to go through movements which somewhat resemble the training of a ballet-dancer, the while they sing "Two lovely black eyes," and other popular tunes with full lung power; but the recruits delight in it, and the mornings given up to physical training are considered oasis in the wearisome round of everlasting drill.

The recruit always looks forward to the day when he will be drafted to the regiment. At the depôt he feels that he is still in the chrysalis state of soldiering; it he belongs to the county in which the depôt is, he is amongst people who know him, and from whom he generally wants to escape; the old soldiers patronize him, make him fag for them, and often get money from him to pay for their drinks, and he looks forward to the swagger and amusement that he knows he will find when he joins the regiment, and of which he sees very little at the depôt.

At last the end of his recruit days comes. He, with his squad, passes the examinatian in drill under the eye of the colonel on the staff; the route arrives; our recruit shoulders his black bag and marches down to the station, with the band playing "The girl I left behind me," and his beloved one in tears walking alongside him in the ranks; he is locked carefully into the carriage, and as the train moves off, which carries him to his new sphere of soldiering, he cheers vigorously for the Queen, the Colonel, the Sergeant-Major, and everybody else he can think of.

BIRTH.

ALLEN—At Meerut 26th March 1890, wife of Capt. A. J. W. Allen, The Buffs, A. D. C., of a son.

CRICKET.

DEPOT THE BUFFS, *v.* L. C. & D. R. COY. (FAVERSHAM.)

Played at Canterbury on May 17th. Score:—

The Buffs.

Sergt.-Major Cumber, c. Hempsil b Pinchin	10
Master Cumber, jun., b Pinchin	8
Corpl. Reynolds, b Howland	8
Sergt. Hobson, c Usher b Pinchin	5
Pte. Colver, run out	61
Sergt. Cornwall, b Barling	9
„ Graham, not out	45
„ Cornelius, b Port	2
Pte. Relf, c Howland b Pinchin	0
„ Tusler, run out	1
Corpl. Tester, b Port	2
Extras	9
Total	160

London Chatham and Dover Railway Company.

Mr. Barling, b Colver	1
„ Howland, b Cumber, jun	9
„ Kempsell, run out	0
„ Port, b Cumber jun	4
„ Edwards, b Colver	4
„ Pinchin, b Cumber jun	5
„ Freeman, b Colver	2
„ Davey, run out	1
„ W. Freeman, b Cumber jun	2
„ Walker, run out	0
„ Usher, b Cumber jun	0
Extras	3
Total	31

FORESTERS *v.* SERGEANTS' MESS THE BUFFS.

Played at Canterbury on May 22nd. Scores:—

Sergeants,

Sergt.-Major Barton, b Featherstone	2
Sergt. Cornwall, b Crowther	0
„ Cornwall, run out	0
Sergt.-Major Cumber, b Forrester	48
Master Cumber, b Featherstone	47
Sergt. Graham, l b w, b Forrester	8
„ Winter, run out	8
„ Hobson, b Forrester	1
„ Duncan, b Featherstone	20
„ Cornelius, b Forrester	28
„ Ongley, not out	4
Extras	12
Total	178

Foresters.

Mr. Featherstone, l w b, b Barton	1
„ Gosby, run out	1
„ Cullen, b Barton	2
„ Crowther, b Barton	3
„ Ridler, b Barton	3
„ Kaycole, c Ongley b Cumber jun	1
„ Sandford, c Ongly b Barton	6
„ Forrester, not out	4
„ Wells, b Barton	2
„ Rogers, b Barton	0
„ Hart, b Barton	0
Extras	6
Total	29

BEARDS AND MOUSTACHES.

The Afghans and many northern Indian tribes, till recent days, had no respect for a man who could not grow a beard and moustache, and in olden times the larger the beard, the more a man was looked up to by his countrymen in Afghanistan. It is said this peculiarity of how to gain the respect of the Afghans was first made known to the English at the beginning of this century, by a British soldier named Pansley, who had taken service with the King of Cabul, in some military capacity.

Digitized by Google

On one occasion an English traveller in Afghanistan, who had gained the greatest service from his long and patriarchal beard, when leaving the country, was accompanied by an Atghan, and as soon as he had left the country of beards he began to use his razor, and to profane his beard as the Afghan thought, so he,in a peremptory manner, asked him to stop shaving, but his request having no effect, and when he saw the beard gone, he said to him, of whatever country or cast you belong your disgrace is now complete and you look like a woman.

A Mission proceeding to Afghanistan about this period purposely grew beards to elevate themselves in the eyes of the court of the King of Cabul.

There is no doubt the origin of soldiers wearing beards in India dates from this time, the excuse being to gain respect of the natives.

Before the Crimean War infantry soldiers at home were not allowed to wear moustaches, no hair was allowed to grow on the face below a straight line from the nose to the bottom of the ear.

Fashions change rapidly, thirty years ago, one hardly ever saw a civilian wear a moustache, now one rarely sees a soldier with whiskers or even a beard in India, (a good thing too) and it is hoped the Afghans have learnt by this to respect British soldiers without beards, or it is nearly time they did.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

In the year 1857, it had been determined to improve the efficiency of the Native Army by the introduction of the Enfield Rifle, the cartridges of which required to be lubricated. They were made up for the rifles in the Factory at Dum-Dum. On the 22nd January, Capt. Wright informed Major Bontein, Commanding the Depôt of Musketry at Dum-Dum, that a very unpleasant feeling existed among the Sepoys who had been sent there for instruction, regarding the grease used in preparing the cartridges. It appears that a mechanic attached to the Factory had asked a Sepoy for some water from his lotah or brass water-pot; the Sepoy refused it on the ground that he did not know to what caste he belonged, when the mechanic immediately retorted:—

"You yourself will soon have no caste left, for you will be required to bite cartridges smeared with the fat of pigs and cows." However indifferent a Hindoo may be on the subject of his religious belief, he is a fanatic on any question of caste, and the man who would not hesitate to lampoon his gods for a consideration, would regard the attempt to touch his lips with a piece of beef as an inexpiable offence. It was discovered for the first time that a report had been disseminated through the native army, that it was the design of Government to destroy the caste of the Sepoys by constraining them to bite off the end of greased cartridges. The custom of biting off the ends of cartridges was afterwards changed to tearing them off with the forefinger and thumb of the right hand.

On the 19th February the mutiny burst forth at Berhampore, and the mutineers were ordered from Berhampore to Barrackpore, on the arrival of the 84th Regt. at Calcutta from Rangoon.

The Native Regiments at Barrackpore were however tainted with disaffection, and on Sunday the 29th of March, a Sepop of the name of Mugal Panday, infuriated with intoxiating drugs, rushed on the parade ground, and called on his comrades to come forward in defence of their religion. The European Sergt.-Major of his Regt. advanced to sieze him, while the Quarter-Guard witnessed the scene without moving. The Adjutant of his Regt. then came to the rescue, but the Panday shot his horse, and then commenced a hand to hand conflict, with both European Officers. The Sepoys of the Regt. instead of supporting their officers, attacked them from behind, and they must have fallen victims to this murderous onslaught, had not General Hearsay, Commanding the Presidency District rescued them by his personal resolution and gallantry.

Extract from "Memoirs of Havelock" by Marsham.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

With the monsoons, the football season has started in real earnest, matches on both grounds (Rugby and Association) are being played every evening, and practice is taking place in every available corner of the barracks. Everybody appears to take an immense interest in the game and whether raining or fine the spectators are always numerous and enthusiastic.

Two challenge cups, one for the Rugby Union game, and one for the Association game, have been obtained for open competition, the ties for which are given at the end of these notes.

Major Newnham-Davis has very kindly presented the Battn. with another Company Association Challenge Cup, for which we have to return our very best thanks.

Football arrangements for each week are now published every Saturday in Regimental Orders, this gives everybody a splendid opportunity of finding out what matches are going to take place during the week.

Digitized by Google

The Indian Daily News in commenting upon the match, "H" Company *v.* Dalhousie, speaks of "H" Company as "the crack Company team of The Buffs," and further says of the game "There was too much 'ballooning' play. The object of kicking is not to emulate Spencer, and the kicking was altogether too wild, the ball being too often out of play. The beauty of the Association game consists in a near approach to billiards with the feet."

We notice a lot of new faces among the Regtl. Rugby fifteen, several of last year's team who helped to beat the Calcutta Club, went home time expired during the last trooping season, their places are however well filled up, and we are inclined to think this year's team is quite equal to, if not better than the last.

This team have not yet played any regular matches, they are confining themselves to hard training and plenty of practice.

We probably play our first tie at Rugby against the East Surrey's on the 19th July next.

Last month, the Sergeants were lauded in these columns, as likely to win every match they played, and they won a good many. This month shews a slightly different record. How is this? Are they getting tired or lazy. Their captain should be able to answer this.

The only Regimental match played has been the one *versus* East Surreys. The ground was then in such a very bad state that no real opinion of the play could be formed. The result however was very luckily in our favor. We managed to score the only goal just before the call of time.

We have been asked to publish the following:—

DALHOUSIE *v.* "C" COMPANY.

Played at Dum-Dum on Saturday the 17th of May, and resulted in a draw (nil to nil) after a a very hard and fast game, on ground which suited the Dalhousie team much better than the Company. At half time, and at the end of the game the Dalhousie team were entertained by "C" Company to refreshments, and the Company congratulated themselves on not being beaten by the Demons on a flooded ground.

The following are all Association Matches.

Date.	Teams.	Winner.
28-5-90	Sergts. *v.* E Coy.	Sgts. by 1 to 0
7-6-90	H Coy, *v.* Dalhousie.†	Dalhousie 3 to 0
10-6-90	B Coy. *v.* G Coy. *	G Coy 1 to 0
12-6-90	„ *v.* E „ *	E „ 2 to 0
14-6-90	C „ *v.* G „ *	C „ 1 to 0
16-6-90	B „ *v.* D „ *	D „ 1 to 0
19-6-90	Sergts. *v.* A „	A „ 5 to 3
21-6-90	„ *v.* G „	G „ 4 to 0
22-6-90	D Coy. *v.* G „ *	D „ 1 to 0
23-6-90	Buffs *v.* E. Surrey	Buffs 1 to 0
25-6-90	Signallers East Kent Buffs *v.* Signallers E. Surrey Buffs. Played at Jalapahar.	East Kent Buffs 1 to 0
14-6-90	Buffs *v.* E. Surrey	Buffs 2 to 0
16-6-90	N.-C. O's. Depôt *v.* Buffs	„ 7 to 0
17-6-90	„ „ „	„ 4 to 0

The drawings for the Cup Ties have resulted as follows.—

Rugby Union Cup Ties.

FIRST TIES.

1. Armenians *v.* Seetpore College A. C. (Hindu Team)
2. Calcutta *v.* Medical College.
3. East Surrey *v.* The Buffs.
4. Seetpore *v* La Martiniere.

SECOND TIES.

1. Winners of 1 and 3 in first ties.
2. Do. 2 and 4 do.

FINAL.

1st Ties to be played off by the 31st July.
2nd Do. do. do. 25th August.
Final Do. do. do. 15th September.

Trades Challenge Cup Ties.

FIRST TIES.

1. East Lancashire *v.* Medical College.

SECOND TIES.

1. Sova Baza *v.* 1st Team East Surrey.
2. La Martiniere *v.* The Buffs.
3. Winners 1st Ties *v.* Dalhousie.
4. 2nd team East. Surrey *v.* Robert's College.

THIRD TIES.

1. Winners of 1 and 2 in second ties.
2. Do. 3 and 4 do.

FINAL.

1st and 2nd ties to be played off by 26th July.
3rd Do do. 16th August.
Final Do. do. 30th August.

† Played at Calcutta.
* Association Cup ties.

Digitized by Google

THE BIG DRUM PAYS FOR ALL. *

Away ye sable *suas* all, and *jaldi jao ek dum*
Levant ye whining dusky throng, why look ye sad and glum?
Why cringe and crawl and weep and wail, for pice so often call?
You've lived here long enough to know the big drum pays for all.

CHORUS.—Then buck up drummer, bang the drum,
Oh wack it long and loud,
Away we march and leave behind
Nought but of dust a cloud.
'Tis sweet to feel an honest man,
It fills one's heart with glee.
Farewell Ram Singh and Rumna Mull.
Farewell, away we flee.

I owed the milkman three months dudh, and played his *makhan* up.
He weeps upon my boots and moans, 'Sahib, you sell me a pup,'
Box wallah, nappy, dhobie, cook, each breaks his heavy heart,
But I dont mean to part with dibs since I so soon *dib-part*.

CHORUS:—Then buck up drummer, etc.

Oh mark yon portly old baboo who stands a bit aback,
And eyes me much, he lent me once, of rupees quite a sack,
He comes and kneels 'Oh Sahib,' says he. 'would you *garib admi* fleece'?
I raise him up 'Baboo dont grieve' (ba-boo they say to geese.)

CHORUS:—Then buck up drummer, etc.

Adieu, adieu, ye sad *sabchiz*, the *paltan* tramps away,
Remember every bow-wow boys enjoys its little day,
For eighteen months you've swindled all the Tommies you could find,
Now comes *our* turn, away we go and leave our debts behind.

CHORUS:—Then buck up drummer, etc.

OSWALD KENDAL.

SOLDIER'S PAY 1793.

The Soldier's pay of to-day slightly differs from that of the last century, for in 1793, the following was the pay of the British Army:—

Sergt.-Major and Qr.-Mr.- Sergt.	per diem,		1/6
Sergeant	,,	,,	1/-
Corporal and Drummer	,,	,,	-/8
Private	,,	,,	-/6

All ranks were allowed 1½d a day for bread, and privates, 12/8¼ per year for necessaries. The total pay therefore of a private was £12 13 6 per annum. The clothing supplied by his Col., was, one coat, one waistcoat, one pair breeches, one pair hose, one pair shoes, one hat and cockade. His food cost £7 16 5½ per annum, so he had a balance left of £4 17 0¼, out of which £3 12 2½ was stopped for necessaries. Tommy Atkins of 1793 therefore had the great sum of 6d a week for himself.

* An ancient and time-honored tradition prevails throughout the British service, that on leaving a station the first bang of the big drum as the troops march away liquidates all outstanding debts, and it is a comic and soul inspiring sight to see a throng of niggers weeping and wailing around a departing regiment for unsettled accounts which they know full well will never be paid except by the big drummer.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to acknowledge with thanks subscription from Col. H. T. Halahan entitling him to copies of *The Dragon* up to, and for, No. 58.

The Dragon addressed to Pte. Fox, 4th Battn. King's Royal Rifles, Chakrata, has been returned to our office.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS,

Captain E. E. Ravenhill completed his term of service as Adjutant of the 2nd Battn. on the 20th ultimo, and has been succeeded by Lieut. N. H. Vertue.

The undermentioned Officers successfully passed on the 19th May 1890, in subjects A and B qualifying them for promotion to the rank of Lieutenant:

2nd Lieuts. J. Hasler, and R. F. Pearson.

The undermentioned man has been discharged at his own request after 12 years service, and has proceeded to Canada, to which place he has elected to reside.

No. 1586 Private R. Smith. 29-5-90.

The undermentioned men have re-engaged so as to make up a total continuous period of 21 years service:—

No. 1569 Private James Wiseman, 17-6-90.
,, 1588 ,, Thomas Pollard, 25-6.90.

The undermentioned men having passed an examination in Army Signalling, are qualified as Regimental Signallers:—

Ptes. F. G. Greenslade, and G. Martin.

Lieut-General J. N. Sargent, C.B., formerly belonging to The Buffs, having been for five years unemployed, was placed on the retired list on the 31st March 1890.

Digitized by Google

The following promotions and appointments have been made by the Commanding Officer:—

To be Sergt. and Ordery Room Clerk:—

No. 1366 Acting Sergt. W. H. Gorin, *vice* Barnes deserted 19-4-90.

To be Sergeants:—

No. 743	Lce.-Sergt.	T. Green	14-3-90
„ 1070	„	H. Lock	15-3-90
„ 1144	„	J. A. Peach	16-3-90
„ 780	„	J. Field,	18-4-90
„ 1154	„	A. Adley	24-4-90

To be Lance Sergeants with Pay:—

No. 780	Lce.-Sergt	J. Field	14-3-90
„ 1661	„	A. Behrens	15-3-90
„ 998	„	P. Godfrey	15-3-90
„ 1178	„	G. Cork	24-3-90
„ 1308	„	M. Roach	18-4-90

To be Lance Sergeants:—

No. 46 Corporal T. Ward,
„ 630 „ J. Smith,
„ 1447 „ J. Stirke,
„ 2747 „ E. R. Goose.
„ 936 „ J. Alexander.

To be Acting Lance Sergeants:—

No. 1419 Corporal W. Cox,
„ 76 „ J. P. Reynolds,
„ 2983 „ H. Nossiter.

To be Corporals:—

915	Lce.-Corpl.	J. Davies	13-3-90
771	„	P. Edwards	14-3-90
1233	„	A. Parsons	15-3-90
1276	„	W. Rogers	15-3-90
1084	„	J. Harlow	15-3-90
874	„	T. Latter	14-3-90
930	„	F. Marchant	15-4-90
1230	„	A. J. Hall,	18-4-90
1860	„	C. Aitkens.	18-4-90
1744	„	G. Jubb,	24-4-90

To be Acting Corporals:—

„ 1880 Lce.-Corpl. F. Smee,
„ 1622 „ F. Dann.

To be paid Lance-Corporals:—

1880	Lce.-Corpl.	F. Smee	13-3-90
1544	„	W. Hurrell	13-3-90
1622	„	F. Dann	15-3-90
860	„	J. A. Price	15-3-90
342	„	R. Golds	15-3-90
1587	„	E. A. Wynne	24-3-90
1041	„	W. Sexton	15-4-90
1214	„	E. Gouge	18-4-90
1920	Lce.-Corpl.	C. Crumby	18-4-90
1363	„	F. Hilderbrand	21-4-90
764	„	H. A. Gaunt	28-4-90

To be Lance Corporals:—

No. 1562	Private	W. Farrell.	
„ 1464	„	E. Cross,	
„ 1967	„	A. Brown,	
„ 2344	„	H. Wood,	
„ 2587	„	J. Towers,	
„ 36	„	T. Boyles.	
„ 329	„	E. Carter,	
„ 422	„	W. Hawkins,	
„ 1182	„	G. Stanford,	
„ 1199	„	C. Newport,	
„ 1467	„	W. Blackborrow,	
„ 1497	„	W. Beeslee,	
„ 1824	„	H. Bradford.	

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to confirm the appointment to Lance Corporal. of No. 1672 Lance Corporal T. Lynch with effect from the 22nd October 1889.

Lance Sergeant T. Ward was appointed Provost Sergeant, on the 6th May 1890.

The undermentioned N.-C. Officer has been appointed Instructor of Gymnastics at Darjeeling:
Lance-Sergt. J. F. Stirke.

The undermentioned men have become entitled to Good Conduct Pay at rates and from dates specified.—

No. 2573	Pte.	A. Dobson	1d	18-6-90
„ 2042	„	W. H. Sharp	1d	21-6-90
„ 1270	„	A. Waldash	2d	23-6-90
„ 1272	„	G. Woodhatch	2d	23-6-90
„ 2547	„	J. Martin	1d	18-5-90
„ 789	„	H. Lindsay	2d	8-6-90
„ 2538	„	F. Sponder	1d	23-5-90
„ 1247	„	T. Brenchly	2d	27-5-90
„ 1264	„	A. Henderson	2d	20-6-90
„ 1228	„	C. W. Hobbs	2d	16-4-90
„ 2536	„	W. Howland	1d	17-5-90
„ 1274	„	F. Sinden	2d	26-6-90
„ 2587	„	J. Towers	3d	4-6-90
„ 1590	„	G. Martin	3d	2-6-90
„ 2559	„	A. Gray	1d	12-6-90
„ 2297	„	W. Plumpton	1d	27-6-90
„ 1265	„	H. Sherwood	2d	16-6-90
„ 2132	„	W. Swift	1d	25-6-90
„ 1246	„	J. Oudnie	1d	6-4-90
„ 2561	„	F. Wright	1d	4-6-90
„ 2535	„	A. Crapnell	1d	17-5-90
„ 2560	„	A. Turner	1d	12-6-90
„ 1254	„	W. Freed	2d	5-6-90
„ 1268	„	A. Shears	2d	18-6-90

Digitized by Google

VARIETIES.

People who always do write—Authors and Editors.

In what position does a fellow in the WRATZ sleep? Horrors-zontal of course.

HE.—Darling, When I'm gone will you love me?
SHE.—Yes dear of course, that is, if you are not too far gone.

The following was overheard on the rifle range the other day.—That chap cant fire a little bit. Begorra I could fire him meself, with me left oye shut.

Old lady: (to little boy caressing dog) That's right little boy; always be kind to dumb animals.
Little Boy: Yes, I've a nice tin pot ready to tie on his tail as soon as I get him quiet.

English Tourist (at window): What station is this, guard?
Guard: Divil a station at all, sir; but it's a gran' field for mushrooms.

Receipt for Boulogne Sausages:—Take an eel skin and stuff it with ground cat or dog; season it with scotch snuff and castor oil; lay it out to dry, and then hang it in a sweet-stuff shop for three months, for the flies to give it the necessary trade marks.

Magistrate: to delinquent charged with begging. Three days imprisonment on bread and water, take him away officer.
Beggar: I've plenty of time yer honor, make the livin' a trifle richer, and I'll stop a week.

"It is very kind of you to stay at home with your poor sick mamma," she said. "You want to help me to bear the pain I'm sure; don't you darling?"
"Oh no," replied Tommy; "I want to see you *double up* and *holler*, mammy."

A man was sick in Hospital with fever, "Will you give me something to drink Sir please," he asked of the doctor faintly. "Certainly," said the doctor, and offered him a glass of water. He put up his hand feebly, "Give it to me in a tea-spoon, please Sir, until I get used to it."

Magistrate: You are accused of keeping a dog without a license. Owner: Well, but yer honor, the dog never had a licence. Magistrate: Then you will be compelled to take out one for him now. Owner: I don't believe the dog cares whether he has a license or not. Magistrate: Well but I do. Owner: I can't for the life of me see why you take such an interest in my dog.

A sentry at the door of a certain picture gallery had strict orders not to allow anyone to pass without first depositing his walking stick. A gentleman came along with his hands in his pockets, and was about to enter the building, when the soldier seized him by the arm and said:—
"Wheres your stick?" "My stick? I havn't got one." "Then you'll have to go and get one before I let you pass."

A lawyer was looking over some papers his German client had brought. Every letter was signed, "A. Schwindler."
"Mr. Schwindler, why dont you write your Christian name in full? You don't want people to think you are a swindler, do you?"
"Vell, meinheir, I write him in full. How much better you dink that looks? A-dam Schwindler."

THE WHISTLE.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood.
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline,
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood;
How I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered; "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side, and would there take her place."

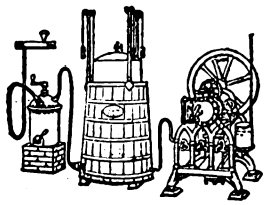
"Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried;
"A favour so slight one's good-nature secures!"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth; "and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's cheek
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."
She smiled, and then placed her white arm round his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine
Would bring me the third time an exquisite bliss—
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee:
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for—what you might take."

Digitized by Google

The  Buffs'

AERATED WATER FACTRY.

Every description of Aerated Waters supplied at 10 annas per dozen all round, every day except Sunday.

ORDER BOOKS SUPPLIED FREE ON APPLICATION.

THE BUFFS'

REGTL. WORKSHOPS.

Every description of work performed by Regtl. Artificers:

PRINTING,
BOOK BINDING,
CABINET MAKING,
PAINTING,
HORSE-SHOEING,
GLAZING, &C.,

For further information apply to the Non-Commissioned Officer in charge.

"THE DRAGON"

The whole of the back numbers are ready and can be obtained on application, single copies annas 2 each, or

BOUND IN THE LATEST STYLE RS. 6.

Apply to the Sub-Editor at the Regimental Workshops.

T. KERODE & Co.

No. 2 CHOWRINGHEE ROAD,
CALCUTTA.

Wholesale Tobacconists, Regimental Mess Contractors, and general order suppliers

TOBACCONISTS, TEA DEALERS, & GENERAL AGENTS.

A large stock of cigars always on hand, of the best qualities and brands at current market prices.

JUST ARRIVED:

MANILLA CIGARS of the finest quality and prices.

BROSLY'S CHURCH WARDEN PIPES, ~~Rs~~ 2 per doz.

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

FRESH ARRIVALS OF LATEST DESIGNED PIPES &C.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION.

TRIAL ORDER SOLICITED.

Printed for the Editor at The Buffs' Regimental Press—Dum-Dum.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1998

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No 40. **DUM-DUM, JULY 31st 1890.** Price 2 Annas.

NOTES.

We are sorry to have to mention that there is a falling off in the number of subscribers to our Regimental paper, there can be no doubt that *The Dragon* is quite equal to any other Regimental Paper, and deserves the support of all ranks; the difficulty is to get matter of interest for our readers; there *must* be talent in the Regiment, and we hope to receive some proof of it in our coming numbers. *The Dragon* is "*a paper for the men of The Buffs*," and must be a means of keeping our friends and relations in England, and in other parts of the world, acquainted with the fact of our well-being, and the receipt of our monthly issue is we are sure welcomed by all. If every man was to send a copy of our paper home, it would probably be a means of inducing men, and good men, to join The Buffs, as they would see by it how much goes on out here in the way of amusements.

Athletic Sports, Cricket, Football, Rifle Shooting etc. are continually taking place, and there is no doubt that India is a good place to serve in, notwithstanding the heat.

* * *

We wish to remind the keen rifle shots in the Battalion that the time is drawing near for the Bengal Presidency Rifle Association Competition. The programme for the year has not up to the present been received, but it behoves those good shots who intend to compete, to have constant practice, and under as changeable conditions of weather as possible. No musketry is going on at present, and the range is always available mornings and afternoons.

It is quite time The Buffs came to the front in the Indian Shooting World, as they did when this Battalion last served in India.

* * *

In a Rifle match, Army Harrow Veterans *v.* Harrow School, Major G. E. Harley, The Buffs, now on the Hythe Staff, made the highest score: 200 yds. 31, 500 yds. 29, total 60.

Major Harley has been appointed Secretary to the new committee on musketry assembled at Aldershot.

* * *

Some excellent photographs are the result of Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd's visit to Dum-Dum in May last, and the Commanding Officer has most kindly presented the following photographs to the Reading Room suitably framed:—

The Sergt. Major, The Dragon, Regimental Workshops, Best Shooting Company, Best Shots

Digitized by Google

1890, Regimental Gymnasts, Regimental Signallers, Regimental Athletes (prize winners '90), Musical Club Class, Regimental Tug-o-War team, Regimental Rugby Football team, Regimental Association Football team, Regimental Cricket team, and the Officers' Mess Centre Piece.

* * *

Some of our readers may have seen in *Vanity Fair*, how a red lancer scout was captured lately by a body of Cyclists at some recent manœuvres at home. Our Regimental Cyclists should remember this incident as a warning. It appears this lancer professed to his captors that he did not know how to ride an "Iron horse," and showed such interest in the thing that they at last consented to let him try. At first he wobbled about, and fell off occasionally to deceive his captors, at the same time affording them some amusement. He afterwards improved a little, and at a favourable spot dashed off at a tremendous speed, showing in spite of his feigned modesty that he was a first class Cyclist. The pursuit was naturally hot, but the Lancer with a good start got clean away, with not only his liberty, but his enemny's bicycle. History does not relate what became of his charger or the bicycle.

* * *

Hear ! ho my tea drinking friends, what a German traveller says of *cha* (tea) when visiting India (Bombay side) in 1638. "At our meetings every day we took only *cha*, which is commonly used all over the Indies, not only among those of the country, but also among the Dutch and English, who take it as a drug that cleanses the stomach, and digests the superfluous humours by a temperate heat particular thereto."

* * *

And hear ! ho ye marksman ! what the same traveller says of a stingy old Moghul Governor of Ahmedabad in 1638. "To improve the shooting of his soldiers he would cause them to shoot at a mark, and judge of their abilities himself (but mark this, ho ye third class shots !) he augmented the pay of such as did well, at the cost of the others, out of whose pay there was so much abated." This may have been a good rifle club rule in those days; but rule X of our Regimental Rifle Club, no doubt will also improve rifle shooting, and it also gives encouragement for 3rd class to practice more. *Now is a stock time on the rifle ranges, and now is the time to practice, ye third class shots! and to puckerow some rifle club money.* It does not rain every day and as the M.W.D. (Much Worked Department) have repaired the bridges, our patent ammunition cart can travel easily, and you can manage to get to most of the firing points dry shod by going a little about. Lance Corporal Boyles will show you the way, and will shew you the way to shoot as well, and I know he will tell you there is nothing like practice ! practice !!

* * *

Can any of our readers inform us what is the difference between "Men of Kent," and "Kentish men," and the reason of their being so called?

* * *

The attention of Officers is called to the suggestion made by "Old Buff" in his letter, we think it a very good idea, as it would save a deal of trouble to the Orderly Room officials at the Depôt.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

:o:

OUR HOME BATTALION.

Aldershot, 24-6-90.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Since I last wrote, the dreaded time has arrived, and now the field column is a thing of the past, of course we could only form an opinion, as to what it would be like by what others told us, and the general opinion was that the result has been agreeably disappointing, as we had only three men returned to Aldershot the whole time we were out, and they were cases as may occur in Barracks, and, with the exception of two fine days, it rained almost continuously. The other Regiments (old Aldershot warriors) had about fifty or sixty returned through the effects of marching etc., so we were as usual well to the front, and I think also about the same on the tactical list. Another column goes out about the 30th, but that doesn't affect us much.

The Ascot week has passed, and on the Gold Cup day, the members of the Sergeant's Mess attended in great force; drove there in brakes,

Digitized by Google

and as usual maintained the hospitable reputation of The Buffs. We had a splendid lunch, and kept open house, and everything passed off very well, except that part called *spotting the winners*. We apparently wanted to be original, and almost to a man *spotted the losers*. It is needless to say the Officers were there also, on the Regimental drag, but not in *our* enclosure, and I believe they were original also.

Major Kelly has joined the Regiment for duty, also Lieut. Eales, off sick leave, he is not quite as well as the majority, but no doubt our salubrious clime. assisted by a few field days, will restore him to health completely.

Captain Lewis has been here on a visit, looking the picture of health.

An old 1st Battn. man, Qr.-Mr.-Sergt. Garford, Gymnastic Staff has been here also. and wishes to be remembered to all old friends, he is in charge of a school at Plymouth, and has been specially selected (from out stations) to perform at the Military Tournament, Agricultural Hall.

Sergts. Barton and Ward have proceeded to Depôt and Militia for duty respectively.

Up to date the Battn. heads the Disision as best Shooting Regiment, and in a Divisional order published by the G. O. C., the result of our shooting, (mentioned in my last) was held up as an example of what could be done by careful training.

On the 28th, a party of recruits under Lieut. Hill, proceeded to Stony Castle, near Pirbright, for Musketry practice.

I am asked to express a hope that by this time your bicycles have arrived, and that a twenty mile spin is considered nothing, our show is flourishing, and Buffs can be seen wheeling in all directions.

Cricket is now in full swing, and lots of matches are arranged; to-day the Officers played the Battn., the latter were successful by twenty-seven runs. "Nobby."

OUR DEPOT.

Canterbury, 27-6-90.

Dear Mr. Editor.

Recruiting is still slack, and by this mail I have forwarded you a copy of our Regimental poster, and hope you will be able to find room to publish it on the last page of *The Dragon*, as I'm sure with your large circulation throughout Kent it will enable us to obtain more recruits for the old corps. In every part of Canterbury these posters are stuck up, also in most of the villages in East Kent; so you will see we are doing our best to capture territorial recruits for you. They have only been printed and distributed a few days, yet we have already had some smart young lads present themselves for enlistment, wanting to be sent off to Calcutta by the next mail, but they will be there in due course I expect, and quite soon enough.

I heard our energetic Orderly Room Sergeant doing a wholesome grumble last week in consequence of letters coming here for Officers of The Buffs who are on leave from India and Egypt, and who do not let any one at the Depôt know their whereabouts, their letters have to be redirected and forwarded to Cox and Co. Now as this causes a lot of delay, might I suggest that when Officers come home on leave they send their addresses to the Adjutant; this will save our O. R. C. many naughty words.

The Regimental dinner took place last week, the names of those present you have no doubt seen. Col. W. F. Kerr kindly sent the Band of the 2nd Battalion who played a selection of music during dinner.

One or two items from the 2nd Battn. in case your correspondent at Aldershot does not send them. P. M. Sergt. (Q. M. Sergt.) Pears transferred to the corps of Military Staff Clerks, Col.-Sergt. Armistead has given up his color badge, at his own request. The Battn. does not expect to move until next spring and then to Ireland. Sergt. I. of Musketry Smith (late Mendham) is I hear about to be transferred to the Cape Mounted Rifles.

Col.-Sergt. Parker 3rd Battalion has been discharged to pension and Cook Sergeant Stock promoted Color-Sergt. vice Parker, Sergt. Ward from 2nd Battn. has been transferred to 3rd Battn. (Permanent Staff.)

The members of our Sergeants Mess challenged the Cavalry depôt Sergeants at cricket, and played last week, both Adjutants played. The Buffs Mess won, thanks no doubt to the good batting of Capt. Porter. I enclose you the scores, also the scores of a match against the Wye Cricket Club herewith.

1850 Pte. T. Clarke discharged time expired, Lc.-Corp. Dorrington and Duddy, Pts. Saunders, Douglas, and Rudd have been discharged unfit.

Digitized by Google

Pts. Siggins and Cork, transferred to home Battn. for duty. Pte. Goldsborough has arrived home and is making very anxious enquiries for his deferred pay. Corpl. Higgins has been sent to home Battalion for duty. Color-Sergt. Butler is still at Netley. Captn. Lewis paid a flying visit to Canterbury this week and dined with The Buffs Officers.

Pensions have been awarded to Colour-Sergeant Parker 3rd Battalion 2s. 3d per day for life, Pte. W. Douglas 9d per day for life, Cpl. Hyatt 1s 3d per day for life, Pte. T. Clarke 1s 1d per day for life, Sergt. A. Kennett 2s per day for life, Pte. J. Reene 7d per day for 18 months final, Pte. W. T. Rudd 7d per day for 12 months conditionally, Lce.-Cpl. O. Dorrington 7d per day for 12 months conditionally, Pts. R. Clinton 6d per day for 12 months conditionally, G. Gravett 6d. per day for 12 months conditionally, O. Taylor 7d per day for 18 months conditionally.

The claim to pension of Lce.-Corpl. T. Saunders was rejected. Pte. Watson formerly of The Buffs but transferred to Oxford L. I. has done his magazine rifle drill with The Buffs.

Yours faithfully
OLD BUFF.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir,

In answer to "Another Old Buff," I have much pleasure in informing him, that Mr. Burke is in London. He is a member of the corps of Commissionaires, and if he would take a walk down New Oxford St., and stop at Mudie's Library, he would see Mr. Burke on sentry, as fine a looking man as ever he was. His address is, No. 89, F Block, Queen's Buildings, Newington Causeway.

I was at home last year on leave and I saw him, I also saw Sergt. Holt, whom some may recollect. Mr. Burke is married and has a family. We were old chums in the cricket field, woe to the loose ball that came within his reach. And then at General's Inspection he would always call into requisition half a dozen of us band boys. We would trust our lives in Sergt. Burke's hands. Athough in Meerut at the time I'm sorry I cannot give the name of the man who shot the leopard, he was suddenly contronted by the animal behind the buts. He fired and only wounded him, the leopard went for him, but the dog he had with him at once attacked the leopard and managed to draw him off. The man then reloaded and killed the leopard. He received the usual reward. '64 Recruit.

Mr. Editor.

When I joined the Army, (as the country folk called the Depôt at Limerick,) there laid alongside of us, two lots of the Holy Boys, and two lots of the 17th, and they called the lot of us the 17th Depôt Battn. One day we had a snow-ball match, as Limerick is not much of a place for amusements for recruits, one side of the Barrack-square against the other, and all the officers joined in, and a jolly good fight it was; nearly every window in the Barrack-square was broken, and the next morning the Colonel ordered one side of the Barracks to pay for the windows of the other side, but the officers paid the lot, so we youngsters had all our fun for nothing, but it was roughish work I can tell you.

We liked going to the Limerick Steeple-chases and the course at that time had the biggest jumps I ever saw, and at nearly every meeting, there was some one killed or next door to it. They have lowered that stone wall considerably since, and some of the other jumps as well. But it was after the races the fun began to many of the Irishmen. Its not 32 years since, when you could see a fine strapping fellow, with knee breeches, swallow-tailed Irish frieze coat, and a tall old battered chimney-pot hat, twisting his shillelah about and challenging every body to fight, for the love of the thing. Taking off his coat he would trail it on the ground, and ask any body to tread on the tail of it. These fights generally ended in a faction fight, the Muldoons against the O'Connors etc., and a big thing too. One could hear the rattle of the blackthorns against one another a long distance off, and making as much noise as blank ammunition being fired out of the old musket. The end of it all was many broken heads, the approach of the Irish constabulary, arrests, and much abuse to that fine body of men (the finest in the world I should say) for doing their duty.

A very old Buff.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

As we have not intruded on your valuable paper for sometime now, we will feel obliged if you will kindly find a corner for the following, and trust that by so doing, our comrade, "Old Buff" will not mind. We must re-

Digitized by Google

member that both in the 2nd Battn. and other places where our Regimental paper goes, that there are some good earnest workers in the Temperance cause, whose hearts would be gladdened by the knowledge that Total Abstinence was still holding its own in the old Regiment. As I ramble on then for a little, let me ask those who do not see, as we do, to think of those who will appreciate this small item of Temperance News.

On the 9th July, the Gospel Temperance Association (quite a young society) gave its first public Tea Meeting and Entertainment, which we are glad to say proved a success. The tea seemed to give general satisfaction, and the public meeting, after, was thoroughly enjoyed by all, the fact that nine came forward to join, lead us to think that the addresses were not without fruit.

Following this on the 11th inst., was the monthly meeting of the Army Temperance Association, and the proceedings which were lively throughout, terminated in a distribution of honors, the most notable of which was seeing nearly forty of our oldest members decorated with the new and pretty honor, given for eighteen months faithful service; this is a very neat and pretty Star with the Regimental motto encircling the Dragon, and the only fault we can see in it, is the striking resemblance the Dragon has to *Snobby's Dog*. However, we were heartily glad to see so many who had nobly and faithfully stuck to their pledge, come forward to receive the coveted honor.

On the 16th inst., the Gospel Temperance Society (who by the way hold their meetings in the Wesleyan Chapel) gave us another treat in the shape of an address on Total Abstinence, by the Rev. W. M. Spencer of the Wesleyan Mission, Barrackpore, and this he gave in his usual spirited manner, and must have convinced everyone present that Total Abstinence was really the best and only remedy against drunkenness. One rule the G. T. A. might adopt is that "Punctuality is the soul of success," for the majority of men in The Buffs understand 8 p.m. to mean 8 p.m. and not 8.50 p.m. (Can't help it.)

The next stir in Temperance history came off the next day, 17th inst., when about 4.30 p. m. the members of the A. T. A. assembled outside their bungalow for the purpose of being photographed, and well it was for our Canteen Steward, that he did not come along at the time, for his heart would certainly have sunk below zero had he have beheld so many Buffs, with their breasts covered with medals and stars gained in the cause of Total Abstinence. Shortly after this, outside the Soldiers' Home, the members of Hope and Perseverance Lodge, I. O. G. T. (the Regtl. Lodge) gathered together and underwent the same ordeal as their friends, viz., the A.T.A. and proud we were to see in their ranks some of the oldest advocates of Total Abstinence of our Regt. This organization has unfortunately had to struggle on against great odds since we came to Dum-Dum, but there are now signs of the cloud lifting, and there is a whisper that we shall soon hear them at work again in earnest, but more about this in the future. The same night the above lodge held its weekly Session, having we are glad to say four new members join. The Good of the Order (Question Box) was ably presided over by Bro. A. F. Parsons. Now Mr. Editor I trust I have not taken up too much, if I have please forgive me.

TIP.

A Marseilles paper gives some interesting particulars with regard to the daily training which is being given to seven dogs of war which are attached to the 55th regiment of infantry quartered at Nimes. Two men are sent out as orderlies and placed at first at a distance of about half a mile from the camp. One of them holds the dog by a chain, while the other returns to his post. The dog is then set loose in the direction of this post, upon reaching which he returns to his starting point. The man whom he is sent in pursuit of often hides, but the dogs invariably find him out. These dogs are made to carry dispatches, and they always come up with outstretched necks to have the small bag in which the dispatches are placed attached to it. As sentinels they are found to do their work very well, indicating by a pricking of the ear, a bark, or a growl. the presence of any one in strange dress at a distance of 100 yards or more. But they are easily quieted either by a caress or a sharp reprimand. As scouts they also do their work very well, the mode of procedure being for several men to take them out and pretend to be searching for the enemy, taking care not to let them get too far away. All of a sudden some men, who have been dressed in strange uniform and placed in concealment, jump up before the dogs, which run back barking to those who have

Digitized by Google

brought them out. In the same way they are made to search for wounded men, and those who have fallen out of the ranks from fatigue, while it has also been found possible to make them carry cartridges inclosed in waterproof bags. They are also employed at the rifle practice of the regiment to convey the results of the shooting at each target, and are being utilised in other ways which were never thought of until quite recently.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

The great event of the month has been our victory over the East Surrey, a full account of which will be found below. The easy victory augurs well for further successes.

In the Company Association Ties, Letter H Company has been easily victorious in the two matches played, beating E Company by 3 goals, and B Company by 9 goals.

The following are the matches that have been played up to date with the results:—

B	*versus*	G	won by	G	by	1	Goals
C	,,	D	drawn				
B	,,	E	won by	E	,,	2	,,
B	,,	D	,,	D	,,	1	,,
C	,,	G	,,	C	,,	1	,,
D	,,	G	,,	D	,,	1	,,
E	,,	H	,,	H	,,	3	,,
B	,,	H	,,	H	,,	9	,,

E COMPANY *v.* ST. XAVIERS

This match was played at Dum-Dum on the 10th July, St. Xavier's winning the toss, E Company kicking off. The game was a very quiet one, nothing being scored until nearly half time, when the ball was passed to Wickens, then to James, who succeeded in scoring a goal. Wickens played well; several shots were made by him, but owing to the good play on the part of the St. Xavier's goal keeper nothing more was scored.

The game ended in a victory for E Company, 1 goal to nil.

E COMPANY *v.* ST. XAVIERS.

This was a return match played in the College Grounds at Calcutta on the 17th July, St. Xaviers winning the toss E Company kicking off, St. Xaviers scored a goal shortly after play was commenced. The play was of a very equal nature until near the call of time, when St. Xaviers secured another goal. Their full back deserves great praise for the way in which he played, the game ended in a victory for the College 2 goals to nill.

The Trades Challenge Cup Competition begins this week. Our opponents in the first ties La Martiniere College have scratched. We meet the Sova Bazaar in the second ties, but in view of their win against the E. Surrey, must not be too confident. The East Lancashire team have arrived from Benares and have been beaten by the Dalhousie Club.

First Round Rugby Union Football Competition CUP TIE.

EAST SURREY *versus* THE BUFFS.

The above, played in Calcutta on Saturday July 19th was our first outside match of the season, and was looked forward to with the greatest keenness, not only by every man in the Regiment, but by a very great number of Calcutta people. The Lieutenant Governor of Bengal and many ladies were present, and all round, the ground was well packed with onlookers. It was a pity that the two military teams should have drawn against each other in the first round, for of course it meant that one must go to the wall. The East Surrey have played two matches previous to ours with the Calcutta Football Club, winning one, and loosing the other; so this gives us some idea of the C. F. C. form, which will however improve considerably as the season goes on and finals draw nigh. In a paper printed daily giving Calcutta news, we have been abased for not playing matches previous to cup tie ones with the Calcutta Club, and also with "Pot Hunting." As regards the former I suppose we can please ourselves, have our own opinions, and furnish legitimate reasons; as to the latter the term "Pot Hunting" is inappropriate, and evidently shews, the meaning of the term is foreign to the writer.

The ground was in perfect condition, a sprinkling of rain had just softened it enough, and yet made the going light and favourable to the outside men. Our opponents had tried and fast men outside the scrimmage, who wanted a lot of watching, and we expected from them some clever runs judging from their former play. On arrival on the ground we were much disappointed to find that one of our smartest forwards, Mr. Bell was unable to play owing to a bad attack of fever. It is chiefly through him that our team was put into the field in such good condition, and as he has played in every practice match, no one could have been more sorry at his not being able to play than himself.

Corporal Davies was our umpire, and acted fairly in his decisions; if only he could have got fit he would have been in his old place of last year. Lieut. Greenway of The King's did referee, and to him we are indebted for impartial and practical decisions.

Just before 6 p.m. Corporal Hilderbrand started the leather, which was dribbled down to the East Surrey's twenty-five, dropped to our backs, and returned by them. Here a free kick from an offside was claimed and given by our opponents, of whom one who ought to have known better exclaimed, "We shall get lots of those." It is very easy, as we know, for a forward to get offside, and we were certainly not alone in the infringement of the rule, as will be afterwards seen. The ball was returned by our backs after the free kick, and soon after this Adams took it over the goal line, had a maul and came off victorious: the kick at goal failed. After

Digitized by Google

the drop out we scrimmaged back into the vicinity of their goal line, and Want succeeded in obtaining a try, which Wenman skilfully shot through the posts, thus converting it into a goal. Some general play then ensued, and the good passing of our half backs, and smart tackling was noticeable, and from a throw in from touch, Want who was not properly marked nipped over the touch line and obtained a third try: the place was a long one, and although to many looked liked a goal, passed to left of the posts. Soon after this half time was called. On play being resumed we had the slope of the ground in our favour, and our forwards indeed made good profit of it, somewhat demoralising the East Surrey forwards, and despite the efforts of Lieut. Dickson, and some good drop kicks by Lieut. Paterson, the ball was forced into their quarters and Corporal Hilderbrand added another try to our score, and by an accurate place kick this became a goal. The game was then more or less within the twenty-five of the Fort William team and two tries were obtained, but disallowed, one by Cpl. Hilderbrand, the other by Corporal Marshall from a strong and direct run. The Referee gave it against us as his head and shoulders lay over the touch-in-goal line, since the ball passing over their goal line became dead on account of the closeness of the ropes to the goal posts. These, and a touch down relieved the pressure on them for a short time. In this period two offsides were claimed by us and given, from which Wenman by brilliant drops, increased our win by two goals. Gallagher here, well cheered on, had a dodgy run and some tight scrimmages and strong collaring brought the game to a close, resulting in a win for us by 4 goals and 2 tries to nil.

The game was a forward one, ably supported by telling drop kicks from our backs. Below is a list of the names.

EAST SURREY.—Lieut. Smith back, Lieuts. Dickson, Taylor and Pte. Fowler three quarter backs, Lieuts. Dwyer, and Paterson half backs, Lieuts. Elderton and Rawlins, Pts. Parker, Roberts, Lee, Corpl. Ellerhorne, Corpl. Baldwin, Corpl. Moore Sergeant Ford, and Pte. Jolly, forwards.

THE BUFFS.—Pte. Wenman back, Corpl. Marshall, Ptes. Gallagher, Hills and Evans, three quarter backs. Corpl. Price and Pte. Sewell half backs, Lieut. Tarte Corporals Crumby and Hilderbrand, Pts. Adams, Want, Veal, Hagell, and Vickers, forwards.

THE BUFFS *v.* DALHOUSIE.

Played at Dum-Dum on the 12th July and ended in a victory for The Buffs by 3 goals to 1. At the set off the Dalhousie took the game into their own hands, and by some well concerted play on the part of their forwards secured the first goal. After this The Buffs rallying, kept the ball in their opponents ground pretty well for the rest of the game. The Dalhousie forwards made a few brilliant endeavours, but were well repulsed by our backs, who with the half backs were a bit unsteady at first, but settled down very soon. It is fair to the Dalhousie to mention that they were suffering from the loss of their best back. Teams:—

THE BUFFS.—Forwards. Pte. Wickens, Corpl Marshall, Sergt. Godfrey, Pts. Evans and McGinnell. Half backs. Corpl Hartley, Pte. Hussey Backs. Pts. Evans and Truscott, Goal. Corpl. Hilderbrand.

DALHOUSIE.— Forwards. Turner, Wilson, Lindsay, Metcalf, and Arthur. Half backs. Howell and Brown. Backs. A. B. Truefitt and Breakwell. Goal. W. Newson.

"H" COMPANY THE BUFFS *v.* ROYAL ARTILLERY.

This match was played at Calcutta on Saturday the 5th July, but owing to the weather which was very bad, play was not so good as it ought to have been, nothing occured until about twenty minutes from the start, when "H" Company getting well down to the R. A. goal Cpl. Crumby was enabled to score the first goal. The play was then very even up to half time. During the second half "H" Company played up a great deal better than they had done in the first half, but so good was the defence of the R. A. that they kept them from scoring until about ten minutes before time, when from a neat pass from Sergt. Cork, Sergt. Godfrey scored the second goal for "H" Company. Nothing else occured before the whistle blew leaving "H" Company winners by two goals to nil.

SERGEANTS THE BUFFS *v.* "F" Coy. CALCUTTA VOLUNTEERS.

This match was played on the 17th July, on the Dalhousie ground, the winning team being the Dalhousie (or as they termed themselves) "F" Company, Calcutta Volunteers, who scored one goal. The game throughout was well contested; the defeat was not so great considering the team that played, the Sergeants fully expected to be beaten when they saw seven of the Dalhousie's picked team turn up. After the game was over, "F" Company entertained the Sergeants at dinner, followed by a "sing-song," at their Institute. The room was very tastefully decorated indeed, at one end a stage, and at the other two billiard tables; everything so neat and handy. The dinner, one could not describe as anything below "regal" in its style, and Lieut. Truefitt proved himself an able, energetic, and very entertaining host. After dinner Mr. Baker very ably presided at the piano, and opened the

Digitized by Google

sing-song. This was one of the pleasantest evenings the Sergeants of The Buffs have spent in Calcutta.

Too much praise cannot be given to Lieut. Truefitt and the men of his Company for the efficient way in which they seem to carry on the Institution. Among the interesting things to be seen, are the old Calcutta Guard flags, and the inter-regimental rifle cup, won by the Calcutta Volunteers at Meerut in 1887-88.

"H" Coy. *v.* Medical College.

This match was played at Dum-Dum on the 18th inst. H Company kicked off, and some good play was shown on both sides. The ball was taken down by the home team, and Evans kicked a goal. After the re-start the visitors playing well together took the ball down, but the goal-keeper cleared in good style, and the home team getting again well down, Godfrey scored the second goal; shortly after, half-time was called.

On the ball being kicked off play was very even for some time, travelling from one end to the other until Wilson shot a good goal for the visitors. After the kick off, H Company played up and kept the visitors' backs well employed. Cork kicked a third goal; and soon after, Godfrey scored a fourth, and Evans a fifth, the match thus ending in a victory for H Company by five goals to one.

"H" Company *v.* R. A.

This match was played at Dum-Dum on the 24th inst., and after a rather one-sided game, ended in a victory for H Company by eight goals to nil.

H Company's, team is playing very well this year & seem to have a good look in for the Challenge Cup. The Company have scored no less than twenty-seven goals against one scored against them in five matches played.

Good Templars. Calcutta *v.* Dum-Dum.

A match was played under the Association rules on the Dalhousie ground Calcutta between a team from the Good Templars of Calcutta and another from Dum-Dum; it was evident from the first that the visitors were by far the stronger team, and kept their opponents throughout on the defensive. Several unsuccessful attacks were made at the Calcutta Goal, one from a corner kick just touching the post; the Dum-Dum Good Templars however played a strong game and eventually obtained a goal before half time was called. On play being resumed after a short recess, they again proved themselves to be the better team, and secured another goal; after this Calcutta had to play entirely on the defensive and when time was called lost the game by two goals to nil.

The return match was played on the 18th at Dum-Dum, when the home team were again victorious, one goal was secured just before half time was called by a long shot from Mears. On resuming play the ball was kept round the opponents goal, but nothing else was scored, and when time was called the visitors had lost the game by one goal to nil.

The visitors were entertained afterwards, and a very pleasant evening was spent by all.

AT JALAPAHAR.

Band *v.* No. 2 Sec. The Buffs. Band 2 goals to nil.
" " No. 3 " E. S. Regt. " 6 " to "
" " Combined Depôt " 3 " to 1
" " Nos. 2 and 3 Sections Draw nothing [scored.

SOLDIER'S EXHIBITION.

Owing to the Camp of Exercise probably taking place from the middle of November to the middle of December between Attock and Nowshera, the Soldiers Industrial Exhibition will open at Rawal Pindi on January 15th, and not on December the 11th as fixed before. All articles intended for the Exhibition ought to be despatched so as to arrive at Rawal Pindi between the 10th and 25th December. *C. and M. G.*

IRISH CUTS. ORIGINAL.

Pat was servant to his Reverence the Parish Priest, in the town of Freshford, and a most comical servant he was; Pat always went to confession once a week, to get forgiveness for moonlighting outrages, murders, resisting the evictions etc., well, this was his day, and he was sitting in the kitchen waiting his turn to go in, thinking of his darlint achusla Biddy, and her wains, and pondering how he was to procure

Digitized by Google

food for the morrow, when he espied a gam of bacon suspended from the rafters, "the very thing" says Pat; Well it is very seldom the Devil can keep out of an Irishman's heart, and he had got into Pat's in earnest this time, so up jumps my brave Pat, tucks the gam under his coat and walks boldly into confession.

"Is that you Patrick Murphy?" says the Priest, "Yes your riverence!" says Pat.

"Well Pat, answer all these questions truthfully, or it will be a sorry day for ye; Have you paid any rent this gale?" says the Priest "May the Divil fly away wid me if I did," says Pat. "Did you go and join the moonlighting raid against Dennis O'Connor?" "Yes your riverence, I gave the Spalpeen a dose of rusty nails myself yer honor." "Did you help to tar and feather Rory Pollock's horse and cow?" "That I did yer riverence, I tied a can of oil to his tail and set the baste on fire."

"Well Pat you have done well, and may the blessing —" "O stop yer riverence" says Pat, "I have more to tell." "What now" says the Priest. "Here" says Pat pulling the gam of bacon out "I stole it your riverence," says Pat quailing.

"Well I dont want it Pat, you had better return it to who you stole it from." "I did yer riverence, but he said he didnt want it." "Well Pat," says the Priest "keep it, and may blessing always hang over your head."

So Pat got his gam, and the Priest's blessing into the bargain.

CAVALRY AND INFANTRY.

It was hard lines when Miss Elvira Figginson the opulent greengrocer's only daughter, of No. 16 Sneergate Street, Dover, transferred her fickle affections from me to a carrotty haired, bandy legged beau sabreur of Hussars.

Of course I was only a humble private of the line, but I did think that moral worth and an intensely loveable and poetic nature would more than counterbalance the gaudy belaced uniform of the fatuous dab-toed son of the sabre. I was mistaken, the capricious damsel despising a noble and glowing heart beating beneath the crimson fustian of an infantry kersey, bestowed her hand on a suit of clothes paid for by regular stoppages of fifteen shillings per mensem.

Time assuages grief, they say; six months after my disappointment I set sail for India with the supreme satisfaction of having seen my successful rival in love, six weeks after the nuptials, an inmate of the provost cells at Dover, working off 168 hours H. L. for smashing his coal-box and assaulting his better half with a burnisher.

From Malta I despatched a farewell message to Elvira enclosing the following lines which have since served my purpose in many an *affair de cœur*.

The warrior forced by duty's call,
Neath distant climes long years to dwell,
Neglected lives forgot by all
The friends he once, and still loves well.

Deem not a soldier's heart ere proof—
'Gainst aught but strife and war's alarms.
Oh, deem not that he dwells aloof,
From beauty's smiles, from beauty's charms.

For oft can casket's mean disclose—
Rich gems and treasures priceless keep,
So oft neath r—r—rugged breasts repose,
Affections boundless as the deep.

It is sad but true that the infantry-man is placed on a level distinctly below that of his better dressed mounted brother-in-arms, your dashing militaire of the stage, never struts the boards without his swan-neck spurs and clanking cavalry sabre, the military hero of romance is invariably either a Dragoon, Lancer or Hussar.

The smiles and rabbit pie of the amorous cook, or the coy blandishments of the flighty housemaid, bountifully bestowed on a shell jacketed and spurred suitor are disdainfully denied to the thick booted, glengarry capped linesman, who is not even in the running with a policeman.

Clothes are at the bottom of all the disabilities under which the unfortunate foot soldier labors. and as long as a niggardly Government persists in habiting its infantry in a hideous unsightly uniform, so long will they play second fiddle to the better dressed branch of the service.

Give, oh give us back our shell jacket *à bas* that monstrosity of headgear the glengarry; attired in suitable raiment. the downtrodden infantryman could once again raise his diminished head, snap his fingers in the faces of all the cavalry in the United Kingdom and give away a stone to Solomon in all his glory.

Oswald Kendal.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

DICK PO.—We would recommend you to ask Corpl. Kendal the meaning of the words you are in doubt about, we think he might have a dictionary which will explain them, they are not given in ours.

Digitized by Google

CRICKET.

THE BUFFS v. STURRY AND FORDWICH C. C.

This match was played at Fordwich on May 21st. Scores were as follows:

THE BUFFS.

Sergt.-Major Cumber, b Theobald	3	b Theobald	22
Cumber Jun, c Blackman b Theobald	3	,,	9
Sergt. Hobson, run out	21	,,	0
Pte. Relf, b Spratt	2	lbw, b Theobald	5
Sergt. Winter, c & b Spratt	15	b J. Jezzard	23
,, Cornwall, b Theobald	2	lbw, b Jeffrey	9
,, Graham, c Theobald b Spratt	6	b Theobald	3
,, Cornelius, b Theobald	0	not out	0
Corpl. Tester, not out	4	b Spratt	20
,, Walker, c Jameson b Theobald	2	b Theobald	6
Pte. Holman, b Theobald	4	,,	4
Extras	6	Extras	8
Total	66	Total	109

FORDWICH AND STURRY.

Mr. Jameson, c Hobson, b Relf	6	b Cumbet jun	0
,, Jeffrey, b Cumber jun.	0		
,, A. Spratt, b Relf	1	not out	3
,, Theobald, c & b Relf	4	not out	2
,, J. Jezzard, b Cumber jun.	0	st. Relf, b Gumber	0
,, A. Jezzard, b Cumber jun.	7		
,, H. Spratt, not out	0	b Cumber jun	3
,, Blackman, c Cornwall b Cumber jun.	2		
,, Burton, b Relf	0	b Cumber jun	0
,, Smith, b Cumber jun	0		
,, Kennett. c & b Cumber jun	0		
Extras	1	Extras	3
Total	21	Total	11

DEPOT THE BUFFS v, WYE CRICKET CLUB.

This match was played at Canterbury on June 4th, and resulted in a win for The Buffs by 26 runs, on the first innings.

THE BUFFS.

Sergt.-Major Barton. c Kennett b Terry	3
Sergt. Cornwall, c Kennett b Terry	22
,, Hobson, b Terry	3
Sergt,-Major Cumber, c Kennett b Terry	0
Captain Porter, b Law	23
Pte. Relf, c Lutton b Kennet	0
Mr. Cumber Jun, c Lewin b Terry	37
Sergt. Graham, not out	27
,, Hemsworth, b Law	2
,, Barton. c Lusted b Law	0
,, Cornwall, b Kennett	4
Extras	4
Total	125

WYE CRICKET CLUB.

Mr. J. Law, b Relf	4
,, M. Town, b Relf	25
,, J. Herbert, c Hemsworth b Relf	28
,, E. Terry, c Hobson b Relf	4
,, E. Spicer, b Relf	13
,, G. Kennett, c Hemsworth b Relf	11
,, A. Amos, not out	9
,, W. Lewin, b Relf	0
,, W. Lutton, b Relf	1
,, C. Lusted, run out	0
,, P. Rains, b Cornwall	1
Extras	3
Total	99

SERGEANTS MESS (BUFFS) v. SERGEANTS MESS (CAVALRY.)

Played at Canterbury on June 16th. Scores;

THE BUFFS.

Capt. Porter, b Hepburne	25	c Hepburne b Mayle	79
Sergt. Cornwall, b Melville	10	c Percy b Melville	6
Sergt.-Major Barton, b Hepburne	0	b Matthews	2
,, ,, Cumber, run out	8	c Percy b Hepburne	0
Sergt. Graham, c & b Melville	5	b Hepburne	1
,, Hobson, run out	5	c Mayle b Finch	5
,, Cornwall, b Berners	6	b Mayle	3
,, Duncan, b Hepburne	0	c Finch b Mayle	0
,, Winter, b Berners	2	not out	4
,, Barton, b Hepburne	4	run out	9
,, Hemsworth, not out	0	b Matthews	8
Extras	17	Extras	8
Total	82	Total	125

CAVALRY.

Mr. Berners, b Barton	2	c Barton b Duncan	14
Sergt. Hepburne, c Hobson b Barton	3	stp. Hemsworth b Duncan	1
T. S. M. Percy, b Hobson	1		
Sergt. Mayle, b Barton	7		
,, Melville, run out	0	c Winter b Barton	0
T. S. M. Laing, b Hobson	7	run out	3
Sergt. Dannells, run out	3	not out	0
,, Finch, not out	7		
,, Prince, b Cornwall	7		
,, Welton. c & b Cornwall	0		
T. S. M. Matthews, b Graham	22	not out	0
Extras	11	Extras	3
Total	73	Total	21

AT JALAPAHAR.

Band *v.* No. 3 Section, E. S. Regt., No. 3 Sect. won by 27 runs.

,, ,, 2 ,, The Buffs, Band won by 7 wickets and 2 runs.

,, Staff and Sergeants, Band won by 1 innings and 83 runs.

,, N.-C. Officers of Depot, Band won by 74 runs.

Digitized by Google

INFANTRY ATTACK.

Major Newnham-Davis, The Buffs, delivered a lecture on Friday, the 18th inst., to the Volunteers at Simla on the above subject. The lecture at its commencement deals with the gradual development of attack. First the mailed masses of mediæval days, then the thinner formation that the early firearms necessitated, and on to the processional turning movement and rigid wall-like attack in line of Frederick the Great's Ironsides. Then it touches on the more mobile column formation and clouds of skirmishers with which Napoleon smashed and shattered the armies who tried on him the out-of-date tactics, and form of attack of the great Prussian King. The lecture deals then with our insular peculiarity of, alone amongst the great Powers, holding to the line formation in attack and defence, and shows how Napoleon and his great Marshal, in vain at Waterloo and Albuhera sent their dense columns against the thin red British line. Alma shows the British attacking columns in the same formation as they receive the enemy's assault, and, noting the death-blow given to, even comparatively, dense formations, on the fatal afternoon when the Prussian Guards struggled up the smooth glacis that led to St. Privat, the lecture deals with the modern attack following a small force from the moment it is launched to the attack, to the moment that the victorious first and second line stand on the captured earthwork. Then it deals with each rank, and the duties thrown on the lower ranks by our present system, and insists on the absolute necessity of the non-commissioned officers and privates remembering that it is in their hands, that the success of an attack lies.

Glancing at the French, German, and Russian forms of attack, the lecture goes on to deal with the attack of the future. What form of attack will the coming rifle and the omnipresent machine guns necessitate? If a regiment now is launched like a rudderless vessel against a position from 3,000 to 1,700 yards distant, at what distance in the future will a regiment lose the guiding hand of the Colonel and the field officers and pass through the hands of the company officers, into those of the non-commissioned officers commanding sections? It is in the air that the Germans, recognising the futility of trying to escape the slaughter that passing over an exposed field of battle necessitates, whether in open or close order, are, regardless of losses, going to push their men in thick formations as rapidly as possible up to the enemy's position. Shall we be called upon to adopt this, or shall we have to trust to our junior officers and non-commissioned officers acquiring that military training and knowledge that will enable them to meet any danger which may suddenly assail their immediate commands in advancing in our present loose and scattered formation?

SERGEANTS' BICYCLE CLUB.

The above club which in future will be known under the name of "The Invicta Bicycle Club," is in a flourishing condition. We now number nineteen members, all of whom are anxious to mount the "iron horse;" and to see some of us learning, must put visions of promotion into the heads of those a little further down the roll.

The bicycle selected is the "Imperial Humber" safety roadster. The first consignment arrived here on the 17th inst., and we are all exceedingly gratified with the selection, the only difficulty is that we are not able to get them out from home fast enough to meet present demands.

It is hoped that by the end of next month we shall be able to render an account of at least one good "run" which under the able captaincy of Qr-Mr-Sergt. Nicholas, assisted by his Vice, Col-Sergt. Talbot, should prove a success.

The roads about Dum-Dum are well adapted for bicycling, but the stupidity and obstinacy of hackery and gharry wallahs render it rather difficult at times to pass those obstacles without getting a "spill," especially for learners.

W. N. Patterson, Col-Sergt
Secretary.

A correspondent informs us that the Army Cycling Club, in Dublin alone, musters 67 riding members, and that they are all Sergeants.

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

Promotions and appointments:—

To be Corporal:—

No. 847, Lc-Corpl. W. Carter 7-6-90.

To be Acting Corporal:—

No. 1544, Lc-Corpl. W. Hurrell

To be Paid Lc-Corpl.:—

No. 951, Lc-Corpl. H. Borland 7-6-90.

Digitized by Google

The undermentioned men have become entitled to good conduct pay at rates and from dates specified:—

1310,	Pte.	F. Hart	2d	26-7-90
1306,	„	G. Hayes	2d	25-7-90
3014,	„	H. Reid	1d	19-7-90
830,	„	R. Sageman	2d	9-7-90
2288,	„	C. Williams	1d	1-7-90
1262,	Drmr.	E. Letchford	2d	17-6-90
547,	Pte.	C. James	1d	30-7-90
2581,	„	B. Snell	1d	17-7-90
2393,	„	W. Weller	1d	31-5-90
3075,	„	J. Wel's	3d	23-7-90
2187,	„	J. Coppard	1d	23-7-90
1263,	„	J. Hunt	2d	16-6-90
2199,	„	E. Sickell	1d	2-7-90
1290,	„	W. Billing	2d	15-7-90
1314,	„	F. Nailer	2d	31-7-90
1302,	„	W. Hannam	2d	25-7-90
1097,	„	A. Trollope	1d	19-6-90

RIFLE SHOOTING.

"G" *v.* "H"

Fired on the 3rd inst., and won by G Coy. by 46 points. Distances—200, 500, and 600 yards; Wimbledon Targets, 7 rounds at each distance. Scores:—

G Company	Points.	H Company	Points.
Pte. Willmott,	82	Lce.-Corpl. Crumby,	84
Lce.-Corpl. Boyles,	73	„ Hannaford,	71
„ McKeating,	70	Sergt. Clifton,	66
Pte. Nailon,	67	Lce.-Corpl. Tennant,	64
„ Russell,	67	„ Pickett,	61
Corpl. Harlow,	66	Pte. Beilby,	56
Pte. Adams,	61	Lce.-Corpl. Gouge,	52
Sergt. Patten,	49	Color-Sergt. Hoar,	50
Pte. Wilson,	44	Pte. Wardle,	29
	Total 579		Total 533

"G" *v.* "E"

Fired on the 4th inst., and won by G Coy. by 33 points. Distances—200 and 500 yards, 7 rounds at each distance, Wimbledon targets. Scores:—

E Company	Points.	G Company	Points.
Sergt. Boulter,	54	Lce.-Corpl. Boyles,	62
Pte Seager,	53	„ McKeating	56
„ G. Brown,	51	Pte. Russell,	51
„ Smith,	50	„ Newing,	51
Lce.-Corpl. Marlow,	46	Corpl. Harlow,	50
Pte. Kenney,	44	Pte. Hickmott,	49
Color-Sergt. Talbot,	43	„ Willmott,	49
Pte. Griffin,	41	„ Adams,	45
„ Nicholls,	39	„ Christie,	38
„ Smith,	33	Lce.-Corpl. Else,	35
	Total 454		Total 487

"G" *v.* "D"

Fired on the 10th inst., and won by G Coy. by 40 points. Wimbledon targets and marking, 6 rounds, distances 200, 500 and 600 yards. Only four men of each company fired, the whole of G Coy's. team was on the range, but owing to the bad weather, only four of D Coy's. team turned up. Scores:—

D Company	Points.	G Company	Points.
Color-Sergt. Featherstone,	59	Lce.-Corpl. Boyles,	63
Pte. Evans,	46	Pte. Willmott,	62
„ Page;	45	Pte. Nailon,	53
„ Goddard.	30	Lce.-Corpl. McKeating,	42
	Total 180		Total 220

"G" *v.* "B"

Fired on the 22nd inst,, and won by G Coy. by 83 points. Distances- 200, 500, and 600 yards, Wimbledon targets and marking, seven rounds at each distance. Corpl. Boyles' fine score, included a 34 out of the possible 35 at 500 yards. Scores:—

G Company	Points.	B Company	Points.
Lce.-Corpl. Boyles,	91	Pte. Ware,	79
Pte. Bing,	80	„ Hurl,	77
„ Nailon,	76	Major Ommanney	74
Color-Sergt. Watts,	74	Lce.-Sergt. Baker,	73
Pte. Collet,	73	Corpl. Blackborrow,	69
„ Russell,	73	Pte. Withey,	69
Lce.-Corpl. McKeating,	71	Color-Sergt. Patterson.	61
Corpl. Harlow,	69	Pte. Childs,	61
Pte. Willmott,	69	„ Heffren.	51
„ Newing,	64	„ Russell,	43
	Total 740		Total 657

"G" *v.* "C"

Fired on the 26th inst., and won by C Coy. by 4 points. Distances—200, 500 and 600 yards, Wimbledon targets and marking, seven rounds at each distance. Scores:—

C Company	Points.	G Company	Points.
Pte. Page,	84	Pte. Willmott,	91
„ Brenchly,	76	Lce.-Cpl. McKeating,	81
Lc.-Cpl, Marshall,	74	Pte. Nailon,	76
Pte. Kent,	73	Lce.-Corpl. Boyles,	67
„ Letchford,	70	Pte. Bing,	66
Lce.-Sergt. Reynolds,	69	„ Russell,	65
Rte. Richards,	68	„ Hickmott,	64
„ Taylor,	67	„ Collett,	61
Dr. Michell,	65	„ Newing,	61
Lce.-Corpl. Towers,	40	Color.-Sergt. Watts,	50
	Total 636		Total 682

The following is an extract from the Rifle Exercises (Magazine Rifles) of 1890, and from which it will be seen that the number of movements in the Manual Exercise is reduced from thirteen to eight, and the "Port Arms," done away with.

CAUTIONS MANUAL EXERCISE.

1 Present Arms, 2 Shoulder Arms, 3 Charge Bayonets, 4 Shoulder Arms, 5 Slope Arms, 6 Advance Arms, 7 Order Arms, 8 Unfix Bayonets, Close-order, March.

Digitized by Google

The following tables illustrate the great importance of Range Finding, and may be of interest to our readers:—

TABLE I.

Example of volley firing at Aldershot with range judged by eye and corrected by observation of the effects of the fire.

Fire from	Target.	No. of rounds fired.	Range Yards.	Hits per 100 of shots fired.
30 Magazine Rifles.	Column 60 feet wide 60 feet deep.	About 150.	1500	Nil.
M.-H. Rifles.	Line of 3 feet dummies. No depth.	About 400.	540	5½.

TABLE II.

Example of volley firing at Aldershot with range known beforehand, or ascertained by Range-finder.

Fire from.	Target.	No. of rounds fired.	Range. Yards.	Hits per 100 of shots fired
30 Magazine Rifles.	Column 60 feet wide. 60 feet deep.	150	2000	18
Do.	Do.	150	1500	69
Do.	Line 6-ft. dummies, 16-ft wide, no depth.	150	800	64
Nordenfelt gun. Magazine Rifles.	Column 70 feet wide. 60 feet deep.	50 guns 24 Rifles.	1340	53
Nordenfelt gun. Magazine Rifles. M.-H. Rifles.	Line 6-ft., 140 feet wide. No depth.	130 guns. 72 Magazine 30 M.-H.	980	26

The following it an extract from the "Military Notes" in the *Pioneer* of July 10th, and as it appears to be a very good match, we hope it may soon be instituted in The Buffs:—

Lieut.-General Sir Evelyn Wood, Commanding at Aldershot has instituted an Army Rifle Match which is sure to become an annual event, and likely to be followed in that country. The match will be fired at Bisley during the meeting of the National Rifle Association. The teams will be Company strength, one Officer and 36 of lower rank. The teams will fire and manœuvre as in the "Attack" third zone from 800 yards, and the targets representing the position will be a line of heads and shoulders, representing entrenched troops with supports in rear. Each team will act as a Company in the first line of the "attack" formation. The attack will be in two stages, the targets representing the supports being moved up into the first line in the second stage simultaneously with the reinforcement of the attacking line. In estimating the value of the practice, control, fire, discipline and drill will be considered, besides the percentage of hits to rounds fired.

REGIMENTAL DINNER.

The Annual Regimental Dinner of The Buffs, was held at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue on the 18th June, and was attended by the following Officers, past and present:—

General Julius A. R. Raines, C. B., (Colonel-in-Chief) in the chair. General Sir F. F. Maude V. C., G. C. B., Lieut.-General J. N. Sargent C. B., Colonel R. Douglas. Colonel H. T. Halahan, Colonel F. Morley, Colonel E. J. Lynch, Colonel W. Carr, Mackinnon, Surgeon W. H. Day. M. D. Majors J. B. Backhouse, G. E. Harley W. A. Daubeney, W. E. R. Kelly, J. O. Wemyss, L. T. Spens, A. Worthington Captains D. A. Hamilton, T. Jones, D. F. Lewis, C. Verry, Cosmo H. Gordon, H. R. Knight, A. McLachlan, C. B. Vyvyan, G. A. Porter, W. S. Stewart-Savile. Lieuts. A. A. Barnard, R. G. Marriott, H. F. Sparrow, A. Vickerman, G. E. B Ibridge, A. R Eustace, B. R. Mitford, N. H. Virtue, H. M. Oliver. Mr. J. C. Wallacott Secretary.

The following toasts were proposed:—

By the Chairman, "The Queen," and "The past Officers of The Buffs."

Responded to by Genl. Sir F. F. Maude, V. C., G. C. B.

By General Sargent C. B., "The present Officers of The Buffs," coupled with the names of Colonel Harrison and Officers 1st Battn. and Colonel Kerr and Officers 2nd Battn.

A telegram was then sent to Colonel Harrison intimating that the toast had been drunk, and it was duly recieved.

Responded to by Major Kelly 2nd Battalion.

By Genl. Sir F. F. Maude, "The health of the Chairman."

The Band of the 2nd Battn. from Aldershot attended, and played the following selection of music under the able management of Mr. Kelly Bandmaster of the 2nd Battn., the Band returned to Aldershot the same night.

PROGRAMME.

1. Regimental March of.....The Buffs,.....Handel,
2. Selection.....“The Gondoliers,”.....Sullivan
3. Waltz.....“Bellcville,”.....Millocker
4. Overture .....“Mirella,”.....Gounod
5. Charakterstück.....“Die Wachtparade Kommt”.....Eilentring
6. Selection .....“Dorothy,”..... Cellier
7. Gavotte .....“Queen of Hearts,”.....Le Thier
8. Waltz .....“Dames Paroles,”.....Waldteufe

Digitized by Google

VARIETIES.

H. M. S. *Tamar* appears to have been appropriately selected to convey the Grenadier Guards into exile after their insubordinate conduct. It should now be re-named the *Guards Tamer*.

An Officer on parade was thrown from his horse. He said to a friend, "I thought I had improved in my riding, but I find I have fallen off."

Why is the Prince of Wales, musing on his mother's government, like a rainbow?

Because it is the son's (sun's) reflection on a steady reign (rain).

A prisoner on being sentenced to penal servitude for the term of his natural life, was consoled by one of his friends in Court shouting out:—"Be aisy Tom me jooil, we'll give ye a roight foine spree when ye've sarved yer toime."

Bugler: (to sentry on guard room door). You go on again from 3 to 5 in the morning don't you Frank?

Frank: Yes: why?

Bugler: Give me a call at half past four will you?

Frank: Yes, alright, I will if I'm awake.

On one occasion an old Buff took his wife to the Zoo, and on seeing the Zebra shouted loud enough for everybody to hear "Look Pat, look, look at that dunkey with the striped shirt on." Some one else was heard to say, on another occasion, when asked what a Zebra was, "It's nothing but a funny little horse that wears striped stockings all over—right up to his ears."

A Scotchman proud of his wit, took a trip to Ireland; on the passage he met a stupid Irishman as he thought, so he walks up and accosts Pat, says he. "Suppose the Divil was to come now, which of us would he take first?" "You of course" says Pat "for he knows d——d well he can have me at any time." Collapse of Scotchman.

"Sergeant," asked a young lady of an old soldier. "Did you get the Victoria Cross?"

"No, my pretty dear," replied the veteran, "but I ought to have had it, for I saved a life in battle."

"Whose life was it? Tell me all about it!"

"It was my own, my dear. The enemy were in great force, and I was unwilling that they should go home and boast that they had killed even the humblest subject of Her Majesty. So I hid behind a haystack until the battle was over, and defeated their designs."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A name which Abu Klea's desperate fight
Surrounds with fame, as lasting as 'tis bright.

LIGHTS.

1. A famous letter, they in times gone by
   Got, but ne'er made a semblance of reply.
2. Twice three and two should plural be 'twould seem,
   Which yet we yearly singular do deem.
3. Cold, pure and bright as virgin chastity,
   And yet a little warmth as you will see,
   Or transposition, and it "mud" will be.
4. When first it was discovered by mankind
   'Twas fraught with safety, joy, and peace of mind,
   Next used for bloody war, and now we see,
   For male salutes, and female frippery.
5. Of Cyprus and the Jews return he wrote,
   Of buildings, and of other things of note.
6. With part of a bridle or part of a cloud
   An alternative spelling is often allowed.
7. Jousting is dead, men are such peaceful lambs,
   The Eglinton was but a sham of shams.

☞ Answers to the Acrostic should be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd proximo, and the names of those sending correct or incorrect answers will be notified in our next issue.

CHESS PROBLEMS.

No. 1.
White.—K on K Kt. Sq: Q on K R 8: R on Q B 5: Bs. on K Kt. 2; and Q B 7: Kt on K 8; and Q 7: P on Q R 4, 8 Pieces.
Black.—K on Q R 3: R on Q R Sq: Bs. on Q B Sq. and Q Kt. 3: P on K Kt. 6: P on Q B 5: P on Q R 2. 7 Pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

No. 2.
White.—K on Q Sq: Q on Q 3; B on K Kt. 3: P on K R 2: P on K R 5: P on K B 5: 6 pieces
Black. K on K Kt. 5: P on K R 6. 2 Pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

No. 3.
White.—K on K Sq: Q on Q Kt. Sq: Kt. on K 3: B on Q 8: P on Q 6: P on K B 2: P on Q B 5. 7 Pieces.
Black.—K on Q 5. 1 Piece.
White to play and mate in two moves.

No. 4.
White.—K on K R Sq: R on Q R Sq: B on K R 8: P on Q B 6: P on Q R 7. 5 Pieces
Black.—K on Q R Sq.: P on K R 6. 2 Pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

The following problem by S. Lloyd of New York will be found to be very amusing:

No. 5.
Set the White pieces on the board as in the beginning of the game; then place the Black King where he can be mated in three moves.

☞ Solutions to the above must reach our office not later than the 15th of the month, and should be marked "Chess."

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 41. **AUGUST 31st, 1890.** **Price 10 Annas.**

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS. 1998.

Notes.

THE Battalion will proceed to Calcutta about the 30th December and be encamped on the *maidan* until about 21st January 1891. This is as far as we know how affairs stand as regards our move in the cold season; no doubt many of us, if not all, would have preferred to have gone direct into Barracks in Fort William, but instead we are to have 3 weeks under canvas, certainly it was very pleasant last year, although the Camp was some way from the town, on the other hand we were close to the race-course and we imagine the many "Sporting ones" in the Battalion benefitted by watching the morning galops. We wonder what the general opinion is as to our move, it is divided no doubt, but we cannot help thinking that as a whole this move is popular. Dum-Dum is just a little too far from Calcutta, and the trains are not convenient; even when Sealdah is reached it is a day's journey from the place we wish to go to. No doubt those men to whom the move is not popular, are the lovers of dogs, and they are not few. Fort William is a bad place for dogs, only a few are allowed to be kept by each Company, and their life cannot be a happy one. We hear rumours of a Dog Show before leaving Dum-Dum, so let the dog fanciers get their kennels in order, for if this is the case, there are sure to be prizes for all sorts and conditions of dogs.

GREAT consternation has been caused by the appearance of an alligator, or what is believed to be an alligator, in the bathing tank; several ardent "Isaak Waltons" state they saw it, and their account of its length and appearance have greatly varied; bathing was stopped and the order issued for the tank to be dragged, this was carried out before an eager audience but the alligator preferred the bottom of the tank, the result of the drag being a few fish, but it was a soul-inspiriting sight to see the Gymnastic Sergeant, and his myrmidons armed to the teeth, waiting for the alligator's appearance. The next day, the Sergeant Major had a shot at the beast, and of course did not miss him, but strange to say, his brother we presume, turned up the following day. However the alligator, and his brother, or whatever the animal may be, appear now to have had enough of the bathing tank; we heard it remarked "the water was too strong and that he had been poisoned," and has left, so bathing is now permitted.

WE heartily congratulate Mr. Lloyd on his entertainment which, we are certain, everyone will endorse as a decided success, and hope that this is only the first of a series of entertainments of the same kind. Dum-Dum is not the most cheerful of stations so the revival of these sing songs does much to keep up our spirits. We hear a talk of Company competitions which may be a means of bringing

Digitized by Google

forward new talent, and only hope it may be true. An account of the entertainment will be found further on in our pages, and we thank all the performers for the very pleasant evening afforded to us on the 19th August.

"NOBBY" has written a very hurried note saying he hasn't time to write his usual monthly contribution, and requests forgiveness. He promises us a double header next moon. He says the 2nd Battalion is hard at work field firing; their Regimental sports take place this month; the Army meeting at Aldershot has come off; and Sergeant John Quinn took first prize, putting 18lb. shot, and first prize, Old (N.C.O's.) Soldiers' race, 220 yards; and he promises to send our Sergeants the rules of their Bicycle Club next mail, in case they would like to see them.

NOBBY is forgiven. We hope he will give us a good newsy letter next month, as letters from home are so eagerly looked forward to.

THE *Civil and Military Gazette says.*—"We "hear that the teams of the different regiments "in the various Punjab Stations are in strong "training for the Durand Cup, at present in "the possession of the 74th Highland Light "Infantry. Football is a game that our soldiers "have taken to keenly, and does more to keep "men in health than any other sport. Now "that it has attained to such approved notoriety, "would it not be well if the Government could "see its way to granting free or reduced pas-"sages by rail to the various teams competing "at Simla?"

We would very much like to see free passages granted to Football teams. The change of air to Simla would do our Regimental team a lot of good, besides putting them on their metal, and finding out the play of other Regimental teams.

THE Indian Government have sanctioned the annual grant of free passages by railway to and from Bangalore for teams from different stations in that Presidency competing at the Rifle Meetings, so as football becomes more popular, we may hope for a "*Simla*" concession in Bengal.

A RUMOUR reaches us from China that Color-Sergeant Milne, late of the 2nd Battalion, who took his discharge at Hong-Kong to join the Shanghai Police has recently won a first prize in a large Manilla lottery value $60,000—or some £12,000 sterling, the gold dollar being worth 4*s.* 2*d.* The rumour further goes on to say that while on his way home to England *viâ* America, to enjoy the proceeds of his good fortune he died of heart disease the day he reached San Francisco. We sincerely hope this latter rumour is not true. Sergeant Milne was for many years Color Sergeant of E. Company, 2nd Battalion, and was one of the very few, if not the only one, present from the regiment at the defence of Rorke's Drift South Africa. He has many friends still in both battalions who will be delighted to hear of his good fortune, and who will wait anxiously to hear the news of his death contradicted.

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer will not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of "The Dragon."

SIR,

During the years that the Regiment was in Meerut and Dagshai, I dare say that about three hundred men re-engaged to complete a service of 21 years. Whether it was the large bounty given in those days for the second term of service or the love of our most Gracious Majesty the Queen's uniform, I cannot say, but take on they did. I often thought that the Hickey fraternity was responsible for a good deal of it, for no one could take on without their knowing something about it, and the most important part, that of the bounty, could not be well spent without their help and advice, backed up by the assistance of the Canteen Sergeant, whose three months in the Canteen was a little fortune to him. Money was more numerous than the tart wallahs in the Barrack Square at home, and generally ways and means had to be contrived to get a few extra pots, or bottles of rum, the latter was very acceptable, the only objection was the price, Rs. 5 per bottle; the Canteen Sergeant did not in any way object to this as long as the rupees were forthcoming, but the Provost Sergeant and Corporal had strong objections. During the evening issue of beer and rum it was no common thing to see the table of the Hickey brotherhood filled with

Digitized by Google

pots of beer, and it was nothing uncommon to see one man get his five or six pots, but it was certain to be a gone case with the Corporal pegging up if he was caught; the writer was pegging up on one occasion and finished by getting pegged himself, for obliging Hickey with an extra pot of beer. Our Provost Corporal Buckingham (I beg his pardon for introducing his name), a more conscientious old soldier I never saw, and one who would do his duty, no matter what the consequence was; found out that I was not doing mine and prevented me from doing any more for that night. The Hickey brotherhood being annoyed at this, thought they would pay the poor fellow off, which they did as follows :—

Corporal Buckingham was a married man, and his wife, a very nice attractive body, had charge of the female hospital. During the time that the writer was at the Orderly Room, waiting to be told off, Mrs. Buckingham received an invitation (which was supposed to be from a friend of hers) to go and spend the day with her, and being of a cheerful disposition and fond of gossip, she accepted the invite, and went her way to her friend's house in the Depôt Barracks, which was no small journey. The fraternity referred to, seeing her clear away took the opportunity of having a letter placed upon her table, which was supposed to be from Mrs. B. to her husband (the writer of the letter, if I am not mistaken, is in the Regiment at the present day) stating that she was tired of living with him, and that she had eloped with some one she liked better, and that he was not to expect that she would ever return, for she intended being well on her way to Kalka before he received her letter. Our friend, on returning home to breakfast, did not stay very long, for shortly afterwards he was seen putting his best leg foremost on his way to the bazar, and again winding his way round the khuds on a bazar tat, making all the speed he possibly could under the circumstances, to Kalka. Any of the old hands in the Regiment, who were in Dagshai, are aware of the splendid view there is from the barracks, and that it is almost possible to distinguish a person all the way along the road until they eventually disappear behind the hills at Kalka, where our friend pulled up at the Dun Cow Hotel, and made enquiries for a lone female, and, as luck would have it (as the boys said) was told that a lady and gentleman had just passed through to Umballa. Our friend thinking that he was on the track of his rival, never stopped to make any enquiries, but followed in a dak gharrie, which cost him Rs. 20 for the fifty miles. On arriving at Umballa station in the evening, almost frantic, he enquired from the Police Sergeant on duty for a lady and gentleman, who had just arrived by dâk from Kalka. But the protector of the peace took a different view of our friend's case, and seeing that he did not belong to the Regiment stationed there, took him before the Brigade Major. Having heard what our friend had to say about the loss of his wife, sent him back to Dagshai a prisoner. I shall never forget the day that our friend arrived from his wild goose chase, I dare say that the whole Regiment stood in their varandahs, watching poor old Buck pass, and the shouts and laughter that greeted him are more to be imagined than described. As he belonged to my Company, I was placed in charge of him, and found out the particulars of his trip; and when I told him that some one must have made a fool of him, and that Mrs. Buckingham, was at home pining for her spouse, his temper was almost uncontrollable. However, when his wife made her appearance in the evening with a nice cup of tea and a change of clothing, the change was almost instantaneous, whether it was her smiling face or the thought that he had not lost her, I cannot say, but it ended in his enjoying the laugh as much as any body else. The day following, I escorted him to the Orderly Room, the evidence looked very black against him, having been picked up at Umballa almost 70 miles from his Regiment. However, when he was called upon for his defence, things changed, and the Orderly Room became more like a theatre than a court of justice, the Colonel, the Adjutant, and the officer of our friend's Company lost all control over themselves, and for some time their laugh could be heard at the Main Guard and poor old Buck got off with a wigging. I think I am not mistaken in saying that it was the only time during his long service that he was ever brought before an officer.

EX-BANDSMAN TOM.

To the Editor of "The Dragon."

SIR,

With reference to an enquiry sent by one of your correspondents, and which appeared in your May number concerning the name of the man who shot the leopard in rear of the Rifle Range at Meerut, and after waiting for two numbers for some older Buff than myself

Digitized by Google

to answer, I take the liberty to send you the following :—The man's name was either Thomas or Robert Cottle ; he was a married man, and a great part of his spare time was spent in shooting in the vicinity of the station, and Meerut at that time was a noted place for game. The dog mentioned in the enquiry, although a cur as regarding the breed, was as good a dog for his work as any in the Regiment, and on that occasion saved the man's life by his pluck and sagacity in attacking the leopard, for it drew his attention to itself, allowing the man sufficient time to re-load and kill the animal, without further injury being done to either himself or the dog.

W. H. Tozer.

To the Editor of "The Dragon."

Misther Dragon.

They used to talk in my Company, when I was a soger, as you know was a long time ago, that the old corps had been recked at sea, twice within the membrance of man living. I've heerd tell, once off Dungness, before Waterloo time, and agin somewheres near Ameriky in a ship they called the *Ponsbourne* and on both occasions all baggage was lost. In my time three or four companies were recked off the Cape and a nice shiprecked lot they looked when they arrived at Dover in 1861 with no kits but what they stood up in, and then they tells me our second Battalion was recked near the same place. Don't ye think Mistner Dragon you have had enough of this kind o' thing in the Regiment, and that Mr. Neptune, I heerd them sailor boys call him by that name, might let you alone for a bit, because I've been a thinkin yo've had your fair share o' shipreks.

Another Old Buff.

To the Editor of "The Dragon."

Sir,

Many men are troubling their minds who are homeward bound this year whether the ration of beer, which has been issued on board ship is stopped ; many say they would not do it. They say, "stop the beer on board ship, no, never," but still I believe such is the case, and I am not sure, I have been informed that there was an Army Order for the month of April, which stated that the ration of beer on board Her Majesty's Troopships would be stopped, and that in lieu of this there would be a free ration, or rather I should say that which the soldier has paid for on boardship will be issued free. Therefore, making the soldiers pay 1*s.* per diem, besides G. C. pay, if entitled to such.

I should be very thankful, Mr. Editor, if you can answer this question for the benefit of many who are at the present time in doubt, and especially to those who may be Mess-Orderly on board.

Yours sincerely,

Orderly-Man.

An Army Order has been issued regarding messing and stoppages on boardship, the reading of which is quite clear. No malt liquor is now issued to troops.—Editor.

To the Editor of The "Dragon."

Sir,

Being one of the Rugby team of The Buffs, 15 years, ago, I hope I may be excused for making a few remarks on the match on Saturday last, Buffs *versus* the Armenians. The play of The Buffs was far superior to that of their adversaries ; and in my mind, goals would have come oftener, had there been less noise and confusion ; I don't mean to say that the noise was all on the side of The Buffs, far from it ; but I think, that it would have been more becoming of The Buffs to have shown the Armenians, that they were not only superior at the game, but in manners also they could teach them a lesson. In the old days, no one was allowed to speak or make an appeal but the Captain ; and that rule was strictly carried out, and once the decision of the Umpire was given, it was final, but on Saturday this rule was reversed, and both teams were inclined to argue the point.

I hope my remarks will not be taken amiss, and that when The Buffs meet Calcutta, that they will not only beat them, but also show the spectators that they are thoroughly under the control of their Captain.

J. H. Lawton,
Late The Buffs.

OUR HOME BATTALION.

Dear Mr. Editor,

General's inspection of the depôt for 1890 is a thing of the past. We were inspected on the 7th instant by Major-General Montgomery—Moore who was accompanied by Colonel (now Major-General) F. Gregorie, C. B., A. A. G., of the S. E. District. After a most minute inspection on parade the recruits turned out for drill

Digitized by Google

under their instructors, and the old soldiers and 1st Squad of recruits were put through the "attack" by Captain Chippindall. The General saw the 1st Squad do the Physical Drill with and without arms. Kits, dinners, books, &c., were afterwards inspected and the Inspecting Officer expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with everything he had seen.

The Sergeants of the Permanent Staff of the 3rd Battalion had a day at Barham Downs on the 2nd instant, for the purpose of firing for a very handsome Silver Cup, which was presented to them by their officers during the last training. The Cup was won by Color-Sergeant Vile who managed to beat Sergeant Ward by one point, Sergeant Bovenzer close up. Mrs. Porter kindly presented the Cup to the winner.

I enclose you a cutting from the *East Kent Gazette*, and you will see that an old Color-Sergeant of the Buffs (Color-Sergeant Judd) has been keeping up the credit of the old Corps. Several of your readers will no doubt remember No. 615, Private H Spencer, lately discharged for being "insane." Well, he managed to pass into the Royal Navy as a stoker, but tiring of his new job, gave himself up as having served in the Army; Sergeant Bovenzer was sent to Portsea to identify him, which he did, sentence on Spencer was deferred, but he has been held to serve in the Navy, much to his disgust no doubt. Color and Pay-Master Sergeants Clent and Smith have been appointed Military Staff Clerks on probation, Sergeant R. Williams has been appointed Probationary Staff Clerk and posted to Station Pay Office, Hounslow. I am sorry to say that Color-Sergeant Butler is still at Netley suffering from chronic dysentry. A draft under Lieutenant Eales and 2nd Lieutenant Macpherson will leave for India in October, I cannot tell you the numbers yet but will in my next. Major Backhouse and Color-Sergeant Bennell took a draft of 28 recruits from here to Aldershot to join 2nd Battalion on 1st instant. No 2143 Private W. T. Miller was discharged at Netley on 24th June 1890 without any pension. The following "Old Buffs" have died lately: No. 778 Private T. Gascoigne, 2nd Battn. died 21st June 1890, aged 50, at Heckmondwike, Yorkshire, he was discharged to pension after 21 years' service on 23rd May 1882. No. 1438 Private Henry Cullinan, 1st Battalion died 21st May 1890, aged 52, at Callan, he was invalided after 20½ years' service, on 8th October 1878.

I saw an enquiry from "Another Old Buff" about Tom Burke, well I am happy to say I saw him in London a short time ago outside Mudies' library in Oxford Street. He looks as fine a specimen of an old Soldier as you would wish to see, not a grey hair in his head, and as straight as an arrow. At night though, is the time to see him in all his glory outside the Empire theatre, he has more gold lace on him than a dozen Royal Horse Artillery Sergeant-Majors put together. I cannot tell you of his exact occupation at the Empire, but I think it is a door-keeper. I will tell you the whereabouts of the other people he enquired for in my next.

Yours faithfully,
"OLD BUFF."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OLD BUFF.—Although contributions should always be written on one side of paper only, our "*Chappe*" Staff have made a concession in your favor. You may write on both sides if you like and on the other side as well.

TIME EXPIRED AT SOME FUTURE DATE.—Your letter is rather too long for publication. We quite agree with you, however, that men taking their discharge may still be anxious to hear of the doings of the Battalion, and as is already done in a great many cases, any ex-Buffs who are anxious to continue subscribing to the paper can do so by sending their names and addresses to the Sub-Editor, Lance-Sergeant A. H. Baker and paying the annual subscription of Rs. 3 in advance before leaving India, or by forwarding an English money order from home for the amount; its equivalent can always be ascertained at the post offices at home, where money orders are obtainable. Thanks for your compliment regarding the *Dragon*, and we hope we may always create as much interest in others as we appear to have done in you. We do our best to make the paper as interesting as possible, and are always grateful for contributions or suggestions likely to improve its columns.

Regimental Items.

THE undermentioned N. C. O's. and men have become entitled to prizes of Rs. 10 each for efficiency in signalling at the last inspection:—

No. 89 Sergeant W. Hunt, 1178 Lance-Sergeant G. Cork, 1390 Lance-Corporal. J. Montgomery, 1367 Privates J. Greenwood,

Digitized by Google

1113 G. Latimer, 1134 M. Clancy, 1819 J. Moth, 1181 A. E. Hurd.

Lance-Corporal W. Blackborrow has gone to Roorkee, to join the Surveying Class which commences on the 1st September next.

The undermentioned Officer has been posted to the Battalion and will embark for India this trooping season.

2nd Lieutenant N. Macpherson.

The undermentioned N. C. Officers and men have extended their service.

No. 1731 Pte. John Cashen.
786 Sergt. H. J. Pay.
847 Corpl. W. Carter.
1744 Pte. H. Melia.
1589 „ G. Curry.

Sergeant J. H. Dray has gone to Calcutta for temporary employment in the Ordnance Department.

No. 1233 Lance-Sergeant A. F. Parsons has been granted a certificate qualifying him for the appointment of Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry.

No. 1632 Private A. Bird embarked on the 8th July for Brisbane on discharge.

Surgeon-Major N. Leader, M. S., arrived at Dum-Dum on the 5th July, and took over charge of the Station Hospital.

Lieutenant L. G. N. Eales has been ordered to join the 2nd Battalion for duty, pending embarkation for India this trooping season.

Lieutenant R. Bayard has been appointed an attached Lieutenant in the Army Service Corps on probation

---

Sergeant-Major J. W. Cook has been permitted to continue in the service beyond 21 years under section 85 of the Army Act of 1881.

1304 Corporal J. Tomlin has been appointed acting Lance-Sergeant.

Color-Sergeant M. Talbot has joined the class of instruction in Musketry at Pachmari, which commenced on the 23rd instant.

The undermentioned officers have been granted leave :—

Lieutenant-Colonel H. D. Harrison, from the 15th instant to 14th October 1890.

Major J. W. Hind	from 25th	August	to 15th	October.	
Capt. R. E. Philips	„ 15th	„	14th	„	
Lieut. A. G. Trollope	„ 6th	„	5th	„	
„ J. Hasler	„ 15th	„	14th	„	

Lieutenant F. D. J. Annesley, in extension from 25th July to 11th October.

The undermentioned Officers have rejoined off leave :—

Lieutenant C P. Lloyd.
„ R. H. D'Aeth.
„ F. W. B. Dyne.
Captain A. H. Tylden-Pattenson.

Major A. E. Ommanney, assumed command of the Battalion on the 15th instant.

Captain G. V. Dauglish passed the Lower Standard Examination in Persian on the 9th July.

THE MONUMENT.

Many of us looking from the verandah in the Regimental Institute at Dum-Dum, and admiring that handsome column, close to the Small Arms Ammunition Factory, may not, from the simple inscription thereon, know of the gallant deeds performed by Nicholl's Troop of Horse Artillery.

The gallantry of the Gunners during the first Afghan War is a matter of military prowess and valour of which every English soldier is proud. Kaye's History of the War in Afghanistan, is full of their daring and courageous conduct, on all occasions during the war and, anyone desirous of knowing more about these brave men's exploits, should read that work.

Although Dum-Dum is no longer an Artillery station, the British Infantry soldier quartered at Dum-Dum, when under the shadow of this column, in the absence of their Gunner comrades, will always think of, and honor the heroic conduct of Nicholl's Troop of Horse Artillery. The following extract from "Kaye's History" relating to the fight in the Jugdullock Pass on the 12th January 1842 will interest some of our readers, it is only one of many eulogies of Nicholl's Troop, recorded in that interesting book:—"And here, too, fell Captain Nicholl of the Horse Artillery, who with his men all through the dangers of the investments and the horrors of the retreat, had borne themselves as gallantly as the best of

Digitized by Google

English soldiers in any place and at any time. Ever in the midst of danger, now charging on horse, and on foot, were these few resolute Artillery men. With mingled admiration and awe the enemy marked the desperate courage of the 'red men' who shrank from a close conflict with what seemed to be superhuman strength and endurance. There is not much in the events of the outbreak at Cabul, and the retreat to Jellalabad to be looked back upon with national pride; but the monumental column on which is inscribed the names of the brave men of Nicholl's Troop, who then fell in action with the enemy, only displays the language of simple unostentatious truth, when it records that on 'occasions of unprecedented trial, officers and men upheld, in the most noble manner, the character of the regiment to which they belonged,' and years hence, when it has become a mere tradition, that Dum-Dum was once the Head quarters station of that distinguished corps, the young artillery man standing in the shadow of the column, will read how Nicholl's Troop, the oldest in his regiment, was annihilated in the fearful passes of Afghanistan, will dwell on the heroic conduct which preceded their fall, and glow with pride at the recollection that those brave men, were a portion of the regiment which now bears his name on its rolls. At this Jugdullock barrier it may be said that the Cabul force ceased to be.'

A MEETING was held in the Buffs Theatre on the 12th instant in connection with the Soldiers' Christian Association, and was largly attended considering the unsettled state of the weather. The chair was taken by Lieutenant Colonel H. D. Harrison, supported by the Reverend C. H. Barlow of Barrackpore, the Reverend J. R. Broadhead, Lieutenant A. E. Paul, R.E., and R. A. Oram, Esq., the District Secretary of the above Association Mr. R. A. Oram read the report of the Association, and delivered a very able and interesting address on behalf of the working of the Society throughout India. The Reverend C. H. Barlow, Reverend J. R. Broadhead and Colonel Harrison made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, and the Programme which consisted of solos, duets, and recitations was proceeded with, after which the meeting closed.

ANNUAL INSPECTION.

EAST KENT RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.—The annual inspection of the 1st Battalion, East Kent Rifle Volunteers, took place at the camp at Bobbing on Friday, as briefly announced in our last issue. The inspecting officer was Colonel Hobson, of Canterbury, commanding the 3rd Regimental District. The battalion paraded between 600 and 700 strong at eleven, and at half-past eleven was inspected by companies. The battalion afterwards paraded on the drill ground, formed into line, and received the inspecting officer with a general salute, afterwards marching past in grand division and in quarter-column. The Volunteers were then put through the manual and firing exercises by Major Cheeseman, together with other movements, the manœuvres finishing up with the formation of attack. The men were then formed in quarter-column, and were briefly addressed by Colonel Hobson, who congratulated them upon the general efficiency of the battalion, observing that their drill was good. Colonel Knocker also said a few words, remarking that the conduct of the battalion had been good during the week, only one case having been brought before him throughout the camp. The battalion was then dismissed for dinner. The drill and bayonet exercise competitions took place in the afternoon, by which time there was a large number of visitors on the ground. These competitions were open to the whole battalion. The prize in the drill contest was a silver bugle and £5, given by Colonel Knocker. In 1885-86, when the competition was initiated, the Sittingbourne Company were victorious, winning it two years running; in 1887 it was won by Dover, and in 1888-89 was carried off by Hythe. Each detachment in the competition consists of 44 men, including officers and non-commissioned officers. The Dover men were drilled first, followed by the Sittingbourne detachment, under Sergeant Instructor Judd. The various movements were admirably executed, the men performing the manual exercises, and forming square with almost machine-like precision. Hythe, last year's winners, then competed, Ashford declining to turn out. Major Backhouse, of the East Kent Regiment, Canterbury Depôt, who was umpire, subsequently awarded the prize to the Sittingbourne Company, and when the result was known it was hailed with cheers. Certainly the Sittingbourne men acquitted themselves well, and while they were going through the competition they received special commendation from several officers and brother Volunteers who were among the bystanders. Out of the Sitting-

Digitized by Google

bourne detachment there were no less than 30 recruits, and much credit is due to Sergeant Judd, the Drill Instructor, for turning out such a smart lot of young fellows. The prize for the bayonet exercise competition, amounting to £3, was also carried off by the Sittingbourne Company (Sheerness detachment). Altogether the Sittingbourne corps have every reason to be satisfied with the week's work. Out of 83 men in the company there was only one absentee on inspection day. The bulk of the Volunteers left camp on Friday evening, and the remainder marched out on Saturday morning. The week was pleasantly passed, and the general behaviour of the younger Volunteers was excellent.—*East Kent Gazette.*

THE GARRISON CLASS.

The 'little ten gods' have a wonderful notion;
Before a poor devil can get his promotion,
(Whatever his gallantry, skill and devotion)
An examination they force him to pass

So, to add to his troubles and pains,
They bundle him off to the hills in the rains:—
Set him a playing kriegspiel, and surveying
And racking his brains at a garrison class.

CHORUS.

Oh then here's luck to the garrison class;
Don't I just wish it may help me to pass
For my promotion, or else I've a notion
When I rejoin I shall look like an ass.

'Tis the veriest deuce of an examination
That ever occurred to your imagination;
In tactics, surveying and fortification,
And all kinds of things of no manner of use;

All sorts of finicking questions they ask
Touching the cubic contents of a cask,
Theories tactical, problems unpractical,
Trigonometrical questions abstruse.

CHORUS.

And now to my song there of course is a moral, sir,
Though with the learned I'm likely to quarrel, sir,
If by good luck you should manage to floor all their
Blessed conundrums, yet where is the use?

What, I ask, is the good of it all?
Once the muskets are loaded with ball
The side that shoots straighter wins sooner or later,
And that which shoots crooked is certain to lose.

CHORUS. H. B.

Rifle Shooting.

THE following suggestions may be found of use to those men who wish to make themselves good shots. It is most necessary that every man should keep a record of his own firing and not be contented with having his score put down on a register, the best score register we believe to be "Andrew's Score Register" and Notes on Rifle Shooting, from observation by W. H. Gilder. This book can be obtained from Messrs. Manton and Co., Calcutta; price Re. 1-8. In addition, a Vernier scale is required, Jeffrey's patent combined sight elevation and wind gauge is recommended; by means of this the sliding bar can be moved 1-150th part of an inch, full instructions are in a card sold with Vernier. The following are some chief points to be observed in rifle shooting taken from above mentioned book:—

ATMOSPHERE.

In cloudy, damp, and warm weather, lower elevation is required.

In hot, bright, and dry weather (this is especially so with wind in the east) higher elevation is required.

WIND.

A wind from the front (or 12 o'clock wind) requires higher elevation; a wind from the rear (or 6 o'clock wind) requires less elevation; in proportion to its strength, a very strong wind from right or left which necessitates an allowance of about 4.150th, as the back sight requires a rise of 1-150 in elevation.

MIRAGE.

Mirage or refraction requires a higher elevation than is usually used, if it increases, more elevation is required; for every 10 degrees rise in the thermometer 1½ 150th rise of elevation is required, likewise a fall in the thermometer which decreases the mirage or refraction requires a fall of elevation 1½ 150th in 10 degrees fall of thermometer.

SIGHTS.

Be most careful to keep the sights perfectly upright; if a man is in doubt as to this let him ask some one to observe his sights when firing, the slightest inclination to right or left will cause the bullet to go to the right or left and low, the further the distance from the target the more it affects the bullet. Side wind lines on Government M.-H. give 18 inches allowance of wind for every 100 yards.

BAROMETER.

When the barometer is high it generally indicates high elevation, when low, low elevation.

SIGHTS.

If the sky is bright and becomes cloudy lower elevation is required.

If the sky is cloudy and becomes bright higher elevation is required, there are many more variations in light which require careful

Digitized by Google

watching and more or less elevation, the amount only to be learnt by much practice.

FOULING.

On a hot, dry day (especially with the wind in the East) fouling will affect the bullet by obstructing its passage through the barrel. This can be lessened by breathing through the barrel between the shots.

HIGH AND LOW SHOTS.

If the elevation of a shot is high or low correct it with the Vernier, never attempt to take more or less foresight.

JEFFREY'S VERNIER SCALE.

One degree (1'150 part of an inch) gives one inch difference in elevation in every 100 yards. Thus at

200 yards	one degree	equals	2 inches.
300	ditto	ditto	3 ,,
400	ditto	ditto	4 ,,
500	ditto	ditto	5 ,,
600	ditto	ditto	6 ,,
700	ditto	ditto	7 ,,
800	ditto	ditto	8 ,,

and so on.

The allowance is also the same with wind gauge. Thus at

500 yards	two degrees	equals	10 inches
600	ditto	ditto	12 ,,
700	ditto	ditto	14 ,,
800	ditto	ditto	14 ,,

and so on.

SHOOTING MATCHES.

SERGEANTS *versus* LETTER "G." COMPANY.

Fired at Dum-Dum on the 19th instant and won by the Sergeants by 78 points. Seven shots at 200, 500 and 600 yards. Scores :—

SERGEANTS.		"G." COMPANY.	
Major Ommanney.	94 points.	Pte. Nailon	74 points.
Sergt. Laing	82 ,,	,, Munday	72 ,,
Lce.-Sergt. Baker	81 ,,	,, McKeating	71 ,,
Sergt. Dr. Lawrence	79 ,,	,, Bing	69 ,,
Cr.-Sergt. Cheal	77 ,,	,, Hickmott	69 ,,
Lce.-Sergt. Godfrey	74 ,,	Lce.-Corpl. Boyles	67 ,,
,, Reynolds	72 ,,	Pte. Christie	64 ,,
,, Ward	65 ,,	Corpl. Jubb	61 ,,
,, Sale	57 ,,	Pte. Collett	56 ,,
		,, Willmott (Counted out)	56 ,,
	681	Total ...	603

Major Ommanney made 34 out of 35 at 600 yards.

SERGEANTS THE BUFFS *versus*
SERGEANTS, ADMINISTRATIVE BN. PRESIDENCY VOLUNTEERS, CALCUTTA.

The above teams journeyed to the Belghurriah Rifle range on the 26th instant to fire a friendly match, which had been on the boards for some weeks past. The Volunteers having beaten the Sergeants of the East Surrey Regiment only a short time since by 129 points, it was considered a foregone conclusion, that our Sergeants would have been beaten also, however they kept up their pluck, and on leaving 200 yards led the Volunteers by 5 points, this was so encouraging that at 500 yards they increased their lead by 12 points, and at 600 yards again added 24 points to their lead, thus winning a close and exciting match by 41 points. A nice light tiffin was provided on the range by the Volunteers, which, it is needless to say, was most acceptable. On the conclusion of the firing an adjournment was made to the refreshment tent, where the usual speeches and cheering on both sides took place before breaking up to catch the trains &c. Both teams are eagerly waiting for the return match which will soon come off on the Home ranges. Sergeant-Major Harwood informed us that the last time these Volunteers were beaten by a Military team was in 1875 at Belghurriah, and on that occasion also The Buffs were victors. Sergeant-Majors Harwood and Campbell fired splendidly for their side, and Sergeant-Drummer Lawrence topped the roll for The Buffs. The following are the scores in order of merit :—

SERGEANTS, VOLUNTEERS.

	200	500	600	Total.
Major W. Harwood ...	32	32	30	94
,, J. M. Campbell ...	29	34	27	90
Sergt.-Inst. J. Swain ...	30	31	27	88
,, Major A. Lees ...	31	26	27	84
Color-Sergt. E. A. Le Franc ...	31	18	28	77
Sergt.-Inst. J. Edwards ...	28	24	22	74
Sergt. F. Vandyke ...	26	29	19	74
,, Inst. J. Lane ...	29	27	17	73
Capt. A. A. Barrett ...	26	17	21	64
Staff Sergt. G. Girard ...	27	20	16	63
	289	258	234	781
Average ...				78·10

SERGEANTS THE BUFFS.

	200	500	600	Total.
Sergt.-Dr. H. Lawrence ...	31	31	29	91
,, G. W. Boulter ...	32	30	26	88
Color-Sergt. T. Cheal ...	28	27	29	84
Lce.-Sergt. A. H. Baker ...	30	26	27	83
Color-Sergt. F. Andrews ...	30	26	27	83
Sergt. C. Gray	30	26	27	83
,, J. Laing	26	30	27	83
Color Sergt. H. E. Featherstone	27	26	25	78
Lce.-Sergt. P. Godfrey ...	28	26	23	77
Major A. E. Ommanney ...	32	20	20	72
	294	270	258	822
Average ...				82·20

Digitized by Google

Shooting Competition.

The permanent staff of the 3rd East Kent Regiment (The Buffs) had a shooting match on the 2nd instant at Barham Downs for a handsome silver cup, presented to them by officers of the Regiment. The cup has to be won two years in succession to become the property of the winner. After a most exciting contest it was won by Color-Sergeant Vile, Sergeants Ward and Bovenzer being 2nd and 3rd. Sergeant-Major Cumber, Depôt The Buffs, (who was a guest of the Staff) beat the winner by one point. Captain and Mrs. Porter and Captain Colley attended, and Mrs. Porter provided a first rate lunch. After the match was over Mrs. Porter very kindly presented the cup to the winner.— *Canterbury Press.*

THE BIG GUN OF DUM-DUM.

Some details about the old gun in the Barrack Square which has just been provided with a carriage may not be without interest. It partly tells its own story, for the inscription on it in Arabic characters informs us that it was made by a man called Mathura Dass in the year 1676 in the 18th year of the reign of Aurangzeb, one of the Mogul Emperors of Delhi. The full inscription, which is rather "high-falutin," reads thus—"The great father of Victory and Religion—the brave Aurangzeb Bahadur Alamjir—in the year 1676—18th year of coronation—prisoners fort conquering gun—Mathura Dass, son of Ramjee—Victory-giving cannon."

Its construction is peculiar as it possesses a steel tube, thus anticipating modern ordnance; the metal of it is very mixed as it is supposed to consist of eight different kinds, among them gold, silver and copper. Anybody with a big head is warned not to see if it fits the muzzle, as a soldier once tried and couldn't get his head out again; and they eventually had to build up a platform under him to get his body in line with the gun (it was then on a carriage): and so worked him out by degrees, but not till he was half dead from suffocation.

A gentleman, long resident in Dum-Dum, informs us that the gun was brought here as a trophy by the Bengal Artillery after the battle of Maharajpur, which was fought near Gwalior in the year 1843, in the same campaign in which the battle of Punniar, which we bear on our Colours, was fought. The old carriage has been removed or rotted away, and the gun has been allowed to lie on the ground, until this month, when it has been put in a more dignified position. It goes by the name of the "Gwalior Gun."

The natives have, of course, a story all to themselves about it; that it was mounted in the fort at Agra, but that when we came to attack the place, objecting to fall into the hands of the unbeliever, it strolled down to the river and swam down to Dum-Dum. That the shot marks on it were received while it was taking this walk; also that it is still so fond of the water that it occasionally takes a midnight swim in the Hughli. One fails to see the point of the gun swimming down to Dum-Dum to escape from the English; but that's the story as the natives give it.

A BRAVE MAN.

"Pen," *apropos* of Major Panitza's execution, writes in the *Times of India*:—"Colonel Campbell, who did his soldiering during the first half of the present century, gives a curious account of the execution of a French soldier in our service who was shot for desertion at St. John's. 'A private of De Monroe's regiment,' he says, 'was at this time to be shot.' The troops were formed in three sides of a square, at the other side towards the forest the grave was dug, and the coffin for the criminal to kneel upon was placed, as is usual upon such occasions, beside it. The Provost, with the firing party escorting the prisoner, and with the band of the regiment at their head playing the Dead March, entered the square—when, to my surprise, there proudly marched the prisoner, coolly smoking a cigar. Seeing at once the bad effect likely to result from such evident contempt of death, painful as it was to me, I called the Provost and ordered him to take away the cigar from him. On approaching the grave the prisoner walked quietly but steadily forward, looked into it and, turning round to me, said in French "It will do." But still more to my surprise, yet with equal calmness, he walked up to his coffin, and before I was aware of what he was about, with his middle finger and thumb he measured its length, and turning round to me, said in French, which his corps generally spoke: "It will do also." This was so far beyond anything I had ever before witnessed that I ordered the Provost to get on with the execution as quickly as possible. He therefore went up to the prisoner with a handkerchief, and, as is customary, offered to bind up

Digitized by Google

his eyes. He, however, pushed the Provost aside, exclaiming in French: "I am a brave soldier and have often looked death in the face, and shall not shrink from it now." The Provost then desired him to kneel on his coffin, but he replied; "I prefer standing. and shall do so firmly." His last words were "Vive l'Empereur: Vive Napoleon!" The party fired, and in an instant he ceased to exist. One cannot help wishing Colonel Campbell had let him finish his cheroot."

A HERO OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

ONE eve, whilst lingering at my supper beer
A double knock resounded loud and clear;
The door I opened, at the threshold stood
A hoary veteran with a leg of wood.
Forgive, kind Sir, this bold instrusion made,
Behold a hero of the Light Brigade,
Now old, rheumatic and a prey to gout;
These sands of life, dear Sir, d—d nigh run out.
Welcome, I cried, your state's a country's shame;
For those who figured on that field of fame
Should n'eer know want, nor sordid hunger feel,
Enter, old man, here's shelter and a meal.
The veteran entered and on supper fell
With knife and fork, he did his duty well;
This storm-tossed hero of the Light Brigade
Played fearful havoc with my marmalade.
His eye I marked glance on the jug of beer
'Twas empty; Sir, your thirst is great I fear.
One moment, while I swiftly sally out
And fetch a gallon of the finest stout.
The tipple purchased; fast I sought my nest,
But Light Brigadier, him I found 'non est.'
The hero fled of Balaclava's brunt!
My silver spoons and watch also 'non sunt.'
I never since that soldier brave have spied
Although to catch the blackguard, much have tried
Never shall I forget the charge he made,
Be hanged to veterans of the Light Brigade!

OSWALD KENDAL.

SMOKING CONCERT.

THE first of a series of smoking concerts was held outside the Institute on the 19th instant, under the able management of Lieutenant Lloyd (who promises to try and repeat them fortnightly), and was an undoubted success. The programme, a somewhat lengthy one, was gone through without a hitch. Surgeon Leishman (piano) and Color-Sergeant Featherstone (flute) took the place of the Band, (who are enjoying themselves at Jalapahar,) and nothing was wanting. The songs had all been thoroughly rehearsed, and were all, without one exception, well rendered. Sergeant Eaton caused most laughter, "His Funerals to-morrow" suits him exactly, and Mr. Lloyd, who accompanied himself on the piano, gave "The City Waiter" faultlessly. He also sang "Why Twins" a parody on White Wings; and although he tried his utmost to teach the chorus to the audience, "White Wings" could be heard above everything else. Lieutenant Dyne had promised to give a banjo solo, but owing to the damp, the instrument could not be wound up to the proper pitch without the strings breaking, and we were consequently disappointed; but next time we hope to have the pleasure of hearing him.

The following is the programme:—

1	Overture ... Love's Dreamland...	Surgeon Leishman.
	Pianoforte & Flute ...	Cr. Sergt. Featherstone.
2	Song ... The Tar's Farewell ...	Sergt. Reynolds.
3	Song ... The City Waiter ...	Lieut. Lloyd.
4	Step Dance	Corpl. Montgomery
	Banjo accompaniment ...	Corpl. Moon and Pte. Quillinan.
5	Song ... Near it ...	Sergt. Tomlin.
6	Song ... At the Ferry ...	Sergt. Sale.
7	Song ... Solomon's Proverbs...	Sergt. Eaton.
8	Song ... John McCormick ...	Corpl. Marshall.
9	Song ... Rootititoot she played the Flute ...	Pte. Hills.
10	Bones Solo	Corpl. Else.
	Banjo accompaniment ...	Corpl. Moon and Pte. Quillinan.
11	Song ... Love's old Shrieked Song ...	Pte. Phillips
12	Song ... His Funerals to-morrow	Sergt. Eaton.
13	Song ... Sister Mary walked like this ...	Pte. Hills.
14	Banjo Song There's another on'em John ...	Corpl. Moon.
15	Song ... Why Twins? That Nice Old Maid.	Lieut Lloyd
16	Song ... The Old Brigade ...	Sergt. Eaton.
	God save the Queen.	

THE ENGLISH RELIEFS.

The full list of Reliefs is as follows:—

TO ARRIVE AT BOMBAY.—The *Serapis* on 29th September, with the 16th Lancers; the *Crocodile* on 7th October, with drafts; the *Malabar* on 27th October, with 24th, 34th, 46th, 51st, and 54th Field Batteries, R. A.; the *Euphrates* on 10th November, with drafts; the *Serapis* on 9th December, with drafts; the *Crocodile* on 22nd December, with 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifles; the *Clive* on 31st December, with drafts; the *Malabar* on 6th January, with the 1st Bedfordshire Regiment; the *Euphrates* on 28th January, with drafts; the *Serapis* on 17th February, with 2nd Battalion Suffolk Regiment; and the *Crocodile* on 2nd March, the *Malabar* on 17th, the *Clive* on the 26th, and *Euphrates* on 8th April,—all with drafts.

HOMEWARD BOUND.—The *Serapis* from Bombay 9th October, with 17th Lancers; the *Clive* on 16th October, with time-expired men; the *Crocodile* on 23rd October, with the 4th, 37th, 73rd, 74th, and 77th Field Batteries, R. A.; the *Malabar* on 6th November, with 1st Connaught Rangers to Aden, and 2nd Leicestershire Regiment from Aden to England; the *Euphrates* on 13th November with 1st Border Regiment; the *Serapis* on 18th December, with time-expired men; the *Crocodile* on the 2nd

Digitized by Google

January with 1st King's Own Scottish Borderers; and the *Clive* on 2nd January, the *Malabar* on 15th January, the *Euphrates* on 6th February, the *Serapis* on 26th February, the *Crocodile* on 12th March, the *Malabar* on 26th March, and the *Euphrates* on 17th April,—all with time-expired men.

NICKNAMES.

Some nicknames have become portions of the authorized titles of regiments. Such are The Buffs, The Blues, The Greys. Everybody has heard of The Buffs. But the 3rd Foot have enjoyed other and less widely known sobriquets. During the Peninsular War they were first the "Nutcrackers," and afterwards the "Resurrectionists." The latter arose from their skill in discovering and unearthing concealed treasure. Originally, the 3rd had scarlet coats, faced and lined with buff, together with buff waistcoats, breeches, and stockings. Hence the name. In 1702, another regiment, the 31st, was raised and similarly clothed. Soon afterwards, the new corps displayed extraordinary valour in some action; so a general rode up and cried: "Well done, old Buffs!" A few of the men replied: "We are not the Buffs, sir."—"Then well done, young Buffs," said the general; and ever since we have had both "Buffs" and "Young Buffs." The 22nd Foot, again, once acquired the nickname "Red Knights" from having been served out with complete suits of scarlet; but they are better known as the "Two Twos." In like manner the 44th are the "Two Fours," and the 77th the "Two Sevens" or the "Pot Hooks."—*Chamber's Journal.*

INVICTA BICYCLE CLUB.

Owing to the unsettled state of the weather during the past month we have not been able to do much in the shape of long "Runs" On the 10th, however, we chanced a Run to Barrackpore. Mustering all available Bicyclists, at 5 A.M. we proceeded to our destination, which we reached without any casualties, and were very comfortably entertained by the Sergeants of our Detachment.

Commencing our homeward journey at 5 P.M., the first four or five miles were done in pretty good time. But the rain having descended rather heavily during the day, we soon found that the state of the roads necessitated a diminution of speed. Towards the end of the run our enthusiasm was rather "damped" by a steady downpour of rain which lasted until we arrived in Barracks.

The distance, (28 miles) although not much to talk about, may, I think, be considered as "creditable," especially when reminded that we are all fresh beginners.

As the time did not *quite* come up to "record" it is hardly worth mentioning here.

Boxa.

THE NEW MAGAZINE RIFLE.

The results of the individual firing of half-a-dozen corps of the troops at Aldershot has just been published. They are rather at variance with each other.

The 2nd Royal Scots, with eight companies and 740 trained men, made a figure of merit of 120·89, and the percentage of third class men was 28·78; the 2nd East Kent, four companies and 267 trained men, made a figure of merit of 141·50, and a percentage of third class men of 13.85; the 1st Devonshire, eight companies, showed merit figure 116·67, and third class men 27·75; the 1st Somerset Light Infantry, four companies, 269 men, merit figure 122·26, and third class 24·90. The band of this regiment having 36 trained men, had no third class, and the figure of merit reached the high total of 15·17. The 1st King's Royal Rifles, eight companies, had a figure of merit of 128·08, and a percentage of third class men of 26·13.

The General Officer Commanding (Sir Evelyn Wood) considers the percentage of third class men to be too high, except in the case of the East Kent and the band of the Somerset Regiment. The very variable results with this, our latest arm for Infantry, is attributed to want of familiarity with the new sight, to variable ammunition, and to the more difficult course of practice which some of the battalions carried out. The General Comanding draws attention to the fact that in one battalion, in which special interest and care is taken by all ranks, the third class shots are as many as ever; while the better results gained by the East Kent and the band of the Somerset show that with careful supervision the new condition need not be seriously considered in estimating the value of the new course of musketry.—*Home paper.*

FOOTBALL NOTES.

Since last month our Rugby and Association Teams have each scored a victory in the Cup Ties, the former over the Armenians by one goal and one try, the latter over the Sova Bazar by eight goals. This leaves both in for the final.

The Association Team plays the Dalhousie Club too late for an account to appear in this *Dragon*, but let us hope to be able to record a victory next month. The date of the final Rugby tie is not fixed at the time of going to press.

Digitized by Google

In the Association Company Cup Ties the following have been played off :—"E." *versus* G ; won by "G.," 1 to 0 "A" *versus* "B;" won by "A" 4 to 0. "A" *versus* "D ;" drawn. "A" *versus* "H;" won by "H," 1 to 0. The whole competition up to date stands thus.

"B"	*versus*	"G"	Won by	"G	by	1	Goal
"C"	,,	"D"	Drawn		...		
"B"	,,	"E"	Won by	"E"	,,	2	,,
"B"	,,	"D"	,,	"D"	,,	1	,,
"C"	,,	"G"	,,	"C"	,,	1	,,
"D"	,,	"G"	,,	"D"	,,	1	,,
"E"	,,	"H"	,,	"H"	,,	3	,,
"B"	,,	"H"	,,	"H"	,,	9	,,
"E"	,,	"G"	,,	"G"	,,	1	,,
"A"	,,	"B"	,,	"A"	,,	4	,,
"A"	,,	"D"	Drawn	...	...		
"A"	,,	"H"	,,	"H"	,,	1	,,

The competition rather drags at present owing to the Regimental games standing in the way, but after the middle of September, when all outside ties are over, we may expect to see both Association and Rugby Company Cup Matches going along merrily.

CUP TIES.

Buffs *versus* Sova Bazar (Association). Played in Calcutta on the 14th August and resulted in a hollow victory for The Buffs by eight goals to nothing. Three of them were obtained during the first half hour and five during the next. The Sova Bazar had not a chance, and the only time they came near our goal was right at the beginning, when they took a long shot at it, but the ball passed a long way outside the goal posts. Our opponents played a plucky game, but were quite out-matched.

Buffs :—Lance-Corporal Hilderbrand, Privates Truscott, Hawkins, Evans, Hussey, Lance Corporal Hartley, Lance-Sergeant Godfrey, Lance-Corporal Marshall, Privates Evans, McGinnell and Wickens.

Sova Bazar :—J Chuckerbutty, K. Mitter, M. Dass, Subhadari Curry, S. Mitter Lal, D. Bose, N. Bose, N. Banerjee, N. Subhadari Curry, B. Dass, B. Bose.

BUFFS *versus* SOVA BAZAR (ASSOCIATION).

News of this match just comes as we go to press ; The Buffs winning by one goal and one try to *nil*. It seems that our team did not play at all up to form, and only obtained the tries right at the end of the match. However, as we've won, it doesn't matter much.

BUFFS *versus.* E. LANCASHIRE (ASSOCIATION.)

We had a very pleasant game with the East Lancashire on the 31st of July, and beat them by three goals to nothing. As usual, our team were a bit pressed at the beginning, but also as usual, soon rallied and warmed up to their work, keeping the ball well in their opponents' ground and scoring three very well obtained goals.

OFFICERS OF THE DISTRICT *versus* CALCUTTA.

This match was played in Calcutta on the 6th August under Rugby Rules, and resulted in a victory for Calcutta by three goals to nothing. A good many of the officers have not been playing this year, and were consequently out of form, which will account for the easy victory of Calcutta, who, after call of half time, had things pretty well their own way, though up to that, the officers did very well. The officers of the Regiment showed up well, providing nearly half the team. A return match is to be played.

GOOD TEMPLARS OF THE BUFFS *versus* ROBERTS' COLLEGE.

On the 15th August a match was played under the Association Rules between the Roberts' College and the Good Templars of The Buffs, which ended in a victory for the latter by one goal to *nil*. The visitors won the toss and the leather was put in motion at 6 P.M. At half time the play was very even, no goals being scored by either side. During the last half-time, however, Brother Ware scored a good goal for the Templars. After play was finished a light tiffin on the I. O. G. T. principle was partaken of by the players.

The home team was as follows :—

Right Wing ...	Brothers Mears	and Hollands (Captain).
Left Wing ...	,,	Tizzard, and Pretty.
Centre ...	,,	Ware.
Half Backs ...	,,	Papworth, Spickett and Collins.
Full Backs ...	,,	Stanton and Darby.
Goal ...	,,	Parsons.

"C" COMPANY THF BUFFS *versus* MEDICAL COLLEGE, CALCUTTA.

The above match was played at Dum-Dum on the 1st August, and resulted in a draw, each side scoring 1 goal.

The home team did not play in their usual form having 2 of their players away, hence the good form showed by the Medical College.

Digitized by Google

For "C" Company Lance-Corporals Marshall, Hartley, Privates Truscott and Scott, worked very hard indeed.

At the termination of the match the visitors were hospitably entertained by "C" Company before returning to Calcutta.

Cricket.

LETTER "A" COMPANY'S CRICKET MATCHES FOR 1889.

THE Company played seven matches, winning four losing two and drawn one. Private Sewell heads the batting with a very good average of 26·2 for twelve innings. Corporal Leek Corporal Dyer and Private Speller all batted well. In the bowling Corporal Dyer comes first with a very good analysis of 46 wickets at 5·14. Private McCalla and Private Speller also bowled well.

Matches played 7: Won 4: Lost 2: Drawn 1.

"A"	*v*	"D"	won by an innings and 52 runs.
"A"	*v*	"G"	,, ,, 8 runs.
"A"	*v*	"H"	,, ,, 10 wickets.
"A"	*v*	"G"	,, ,, 86 runs.
"A"	*v*	"E"	lost ,, 5 wickets.
"A"	The Buffs	*v*	"E" E. Surrey drawn.
"A"	,,	,, *v*	"A" E. Surrey lost by 4 wickets.

Batting Averages.

Name of Batsmen.	No. of Innings.	No. of runs.	Times not out.	Most In.	Average
Pte. Sewell ...	12	288	1	73	26·2
Corpl. Leek ...	10	112	1	59	12·4
,, Dyer ...	10	106	0	60	10·6
Pte. Speller ...	6	57	0	30	9 3
,, Howe ...	10	81	0	27	8·1
,, Hewitson ...	6	40	1	16	8·0
Corpl. Brown ...	12	92	0	36	7·8
Sergt. Sale ...	8	61	0	15	7·5
Pte. Mc. Calla ...	6	45	0	18	7·3
,, Dunham ...	9	49	1	15	6·1
,, Reed ...	4	22	0	13	5·2
,, Corner ...	7	17	1	8	2·5
,, Barnes ...	10	24	0	6	2 4
,, Colvin ...	10	10	5	4	2·0

Bowling Analysis.

Bowler's name.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets	Average.
Corpl. Dyer ...	82	22	244	46	5·14
Pte. McCalla ...	40	13	158	26	6·2
,, Speller ...	63	16	130	20	6·10
,, Sewell ...	11	1	22	3	7·1
Corpl. Leek ...	8	1	18	2	9·0
Pte. Howe ...	34	6	109	8	13·5
Sergt. Sale ...	14	3	49	3	16·1

SIMON LANGTON SCHOOL *v.* BUFFS SERGEANTS.

PLAYED AT ST. LAWRENCE, 9TH JULY 1890.

The score in this match was as follows:—

BUFFS SERGEANTS.

Sergt.-Barton, c Cumber, b Ledger ...	1
,, Friend, b Ledger	1
,, Major Cumber, b Cumber	3
,, S. G. Cornwall, l-b-w b Cumber ...	12
,, Hemsworth, b Cumber	18
,, Winter, b Paine	5
,, Cornwall, b Cumber	1
Colr.-Sergt. Ongley, b Cumber	13
Sergt. Hobson, l-b-w b Cumber	0
,, Duncan, c Paine, b Cumber ...	2
Colr.-Sergt. Cornelius, not out	0
Extras ...	9
Total	65

SIMON LANGTON SCHOOL.

Mr. Ledger, c Cornwall, b Duncan	4
,, H. S Cumber, b Duncan	12
,, P. Biggleston, b Cumber	3
,, Bastow, b Cumber	0
,, H. Grace, b Cornwall	19
,, A. J. Paine, run out	15
,, Lindley, b Cumber	19
,, G. Shorto, run out	9
,, T Moor, not out	1
,, W. Shorto, c Barton, b Cornwall ...	0
,, F. Jeffrey, b Cornwall	0
Extras	7
Total	89

BAND *versus* NO. 2 SECTION (The Buffs.)

NO. 2 SECTION.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings*	
Mitchell, b Bowden ...	4	l.-b.-w. Howe ...	5
Bluton, b Howe ...	0	b Bowden ...	0
Mansfield, b Howe ...	0	b Bowden ...	6
Hewitson, b Howe ...	5	std Lawrence, b Bowden ...	2
Lce.-Corpl. Hall, b Bowden ...	1	run out ...	0
Cherry, run out ...	2	b Howe ...	3
Reynolds, c and b Howe ...	4	l.-b.-w. Bowden ...	5
Martin, b Howe ...	0	not out ...	1
Lce.-Corpl. Woods, not out ...	2	b Howe ...	6
Corpl Alderton, b Bowden ...	0	b Bowden ...	22
Adams, absent ...		c. Lawrence, b Bowden ...	3
Extras ...	6	Extras ...	6
Total	27	Total	59

BAND.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
G. Cooper, b Hall ...	0	not out ...	2
Hasler, c Martin, b Woods ...	19	c and b Adams ...	2
Howe b Hall ...	8		
Lawrence, c Cherry, b Hall ...	1		
Bowden, c Mansfield, b Woods	19		
Pettitt, c Woods, b Mitchell ...	9		
Corpl Tozer, run out ...	4		
Lce.-Corpl. Wilson, b Woods ...	9		
Greaves, b Woods ...	6		
Knight, not out ...	2	not out ...	1

Digitized by Google

H. Cooper, c Mansfield, b Woods	0				
Extras ...	3		Extras ...	4	
Total	80		Total	9	

Won by 9 wickets and 3 runs.

BAND *versus* N. C. OFFICERS OF DEPOT.

	1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Condr. Niel, c Wilson, b Bowden ...	0	b Howe ...	0	
Condr. Chase, c Tozer, b Howe	0	run out ...	2	
Corpl Glennon, c Tozer, b Bowden	0	not out ...	3	
Sergt. Fuller, b Bowden ...	6	c and b Bowden	0	
,, Mahoney, b Bowden ...	1	b Bowden ...	3	
Lce.-Corpl. Hall, b Bowden ...	0	run out ...	4	
Sergt-Major Farthing, b Bowden	0	c Tozer, b Bowden	0	
Lce.-Corpl. Woods, c Tozer, b Bowden ...	0	b Howe ...	2	
Sergt. Steele, b Howe ...	0	l.-b.-w. Bowden...	8	
Lce.-Corpl. Kendal not out ...	2	b Howe ...	1	
Mr. L'Estrange, c Howe, b Bowden ...	0	b Howe ...	0	
Bye 1 ; no ball 1 ...	2	Extras ...	0	
Total	5	Total	23	

BAND.		
Bowden, b Farthing ...	...	1
Howe, c Niel, b Kendal ...	...	0
Hasler, l-b-w Kendal ...	...	3
Lce.-Corpl. Wilson, b Farthing	...	20
Knight, c and b Steele ...	...	11
Corpl. Tozer, b Farthing ...	...	1
G. Cooper, b Hall ...	...	1
Greaves, c Wood, b Kendal ...	...	14
Pettitt, not out ...	...	18
H. Cooper, b Steele ...	...	10
Wittering, b Glennon ...	...	0
Extras ...	...	14
	Total	93

Won by an innings and 65 runs.

Bowden took 8 wickets for 2 runs, and by hard luck did not manage the hat trick. The no-ball was bowled by Howe taking Kendal's wicket before he had scored, so it was hard luck on Howe too.

Varieties.

Tip. So you didn't go out last night, why?

B——No. I laid down about 5 and slept till ten, reading a book.

"Do you always strike the gong with the clock sentry?" Asked the Orderly Officer, "No. sir, never!" said the sentry indignantly, "I always sthroike it wid a tint peg."

"HURRY up, Pat my boy, your house is afire and aburning up." "I know better nor that ye rascal, ye can't fool me, for the door is locked safe, and oive the kay in me pocket."

A MAN was drinking beer in a public house —his son standing by—and when he had nearly finished the contents, he handed the pot to the boy, saying to some one "Takes after his father," "Takes very little after father!" muttered the boy, swallowing the dregs.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A Busy insect
To strive with superiority
What a banker does with his safe
A new innovation in the Sergeants' Mess
What hay is made into
A nourishing intoxicating liquor
A letter of tale.

PUZZLE.

THREE fourths of a cross
A circle complete,
A perpendicular line
Where two semi-circles meet.
A braced up triangle
Standing on two feet,
Two semi-circles
And a circle complete.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

To add an epithet unto his name
Is not by aught to add unto his fame.

LIGHTS.

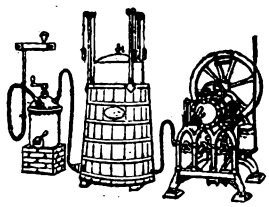
1. 'Tis sometimes taken secretly we are told,
   'Yet if tis good, it should not be kept we hold.
2. 'Tis cut out into hollows, a kind of depression,
   Which yet leaves the contrary kind of impression.
3. A weight and a coin which were greatly in use
   In the earliest times as we know among Jews.
4. A King of Persia conquered Egypt slew
   His brother and by accident withdrew.
5. The lowly reed by us is understood
   There where the French see height, conjoined with wood
6. One of the mighty seven who are shown
   By Milton to be nearest to the throne.
7. By this oppressed which still avoids the sun
   You hold that you can neither speak nor run.
8. A carriage made for our old Thames defence
   Where wit excused a patent lack of sense.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S DOUBLE ACROSTIC—HERBERT STEWART.

GENERAL SIR HERBERT STEWART was shot in the thigh at the Battle of Abu Kha and died at Gadkal Wells on his way to Korti from mortification of his wound.

We hold the "lights" over, as no correct answers have been received—ED.

Digitized by Google

The  Buffs'

AERATED WATER FACTORY.

Every description of Aerated Waters supplied at 10 annas per dozen all round, every day except Sunday.

ORDER BOOKS SUPPLIED FREE ON APPLICATION.

THE BUFFS'

REGTL. WORKSHOPS.

Every description of work performed by Regtl. Artificers:

BICYCLES REPAIRED.

PRINTING,

BOOK BINDING,

CABINET MAKING,

PAINTING,

HORSE-SHOEING.

GLAZING, &C.,

For further information apply to the Non-Commissioned Officer in charge.

"THE DRAGON"

The whole of the back numbers are ready and can be obtained on application, single copies annas 2 each, or

BOUND IN THE LATEST STYLE RS. 6.

Apply to the Sub-Editor at the Regimental Workshops.

T. KERODE & Co.

No. 2 CHOWRINGHEE ROAD,

CALCUTTA.

JUST OPENED.

REAL ASBESTOS PIPES

(JACKSON'S PATENT.)

Each pipe has an Asbestos branch in its stem to absorb the nicotine.

Plain Billiard Shape	...	1	8	0	each.
Do. with engraved silver band in case	...	4	0	0	"
Do. companion with a vulcanite and an amber mouth piece	...	12	0	0	"

Printed for the EDITOR, at the "STAR" Press, 19, Lall Bazar Street, Calcutta.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 42. **SEPTEMBER 30th, 1890.** Price 2 Annas

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTHS.

MARSHALL.—At Ashford on 28th June 1890, wife of Sergt. Instr J. Marshall of twin boys (premature).

BOULTER.—At Dum-Dum on the 11th August 1890, the wife of Sergt. G. W. Boulter of a daughter (Edith Frances Stella Boulter).

SUTTON.—At Jalapahar on the 3rd instant, the wife of No. 164 Pte. J. Sutton of a son (Frederick Albert Sutton).

GREEN.—At Allahabad on the 22nd instant, the wife of Store-Sergeant J. Green, Ordnance Department Arsenal, late Pioneer Sergt. The Buffs of a son.

Notes.

How quickly time flies no one knows better than the Editor of *The Dragon*. This small Dum-Dum world runs on, day after day, very much alike, our great source of amusement football, has run its course, and with the deciding tie of the Rugby Match in Calcutta, the season for this year may be said to have ended; we hoped much to have been able to chronicle in this number, the double event of having won both the Calcutta football cups, but it was not to be, so we must rest content for this year with the Association Cup, and console ourselves with the fact that we played in the final tie for the other, the match was a good one, but we were apparently outpaced, hence our defeat, however we put the Calcutta team on their mettle, as leaked out at their Annual Dinner, cheroots and pegs were given up and a certain amount of training done before the final match. We shall have one more try for the Cup before leaving Lower Bengal, and hope to see our team in the final tie again.

VERY shortly the cricket season will commence. Owing to a variety of causes last year, the season as regards regimental matches was a very poor one, we are informed by the Captain of the Regimental Cricket Club that every endeavour will be made to have a full programme this year, and already are glad to see that the cricket ground is being got ready as an earnest of the fact, we hope the same success may attend us in "Cricket" as in "Football."

WE have written a good deal on games, but there is the all-important subject of "Musketry," we might almost bring this under the heading of games, although it is a part of our "Military training," it is certainly a delightful pastime, and one, the more a man goes in for, the more interest he takes in it; the excuses to be heard on the range as to why "that shot missed," invariably, "the fault of the rifle," but, "never of the firer," when if a man would only take the advice of the good shots of his Company, or watch them carefully when firing, how much he would learn, and soon be able to make that coveted string of Bull's-eyes. We did well in

Digitized by Google

our last Annual Course, but let us do better this and may all the Companies follow the example of "G" Company, and no Companies be so far behind the others as two were last year. Let every man bear in mind that each time he hits the target he increases the "Figure of Merit" of the Battalion, it is the misses that do the harm, if a man has the misfortune to miss several times, let him do his best to get his other shots *on*, not get disheartened or lose his temper; in conclusion we would remind all ranks that rifle shooting requires practice, and no man in the Battalion can say he has had no opportunity of firing.

One of the printers evidently thinks that *The Dragon* is thrown away at 2 annas a copy, and last month raised the price to 10 annas, we are much obliged for the hint, but not having as yet heard that the paper does not pay, we will still continue the old price of 2 annas, unless we have a large quantity of letters for our next issue asking that the price be raised to 10 annas.

The Regimental Almanac for 1891 is nearly finished. Any man requiring a copy is requested to give his name, and number of copies required, to his Color-Sergeant, the price is 4 annas paper cover, cardboard neatly bound 8 annas; if a man does not give his name in soon he may not be able to obtain a copy, as only a limited number will be printed. A great deal of trouble and pains has been taken to make this almanac a success, a large amount of information will be found in it of a most useful and varied nature and its matter extends over eighty pages. We strongly recommend our readers to invest in a copy, and in years to come when they are sitting cosily by their firesides in old England, a glance at the almanac will recall many a pleasant reminiscence of years gone by, old companions and happy days when in "The Buffs."

We wish to remind our contemporaries that we send them a copy of our paper *The Dragon* monthly, and would esteem it a favour to have a copy of theirs in return, if we have omitted to do so, we hope to be reminded of it.

Our Association football team, who won the "Trades Cup" in Calcutta, has gone to Simla to compete for the Durand Cup. We wish them every success, and shall be disappointed, after their good play here, if they do not go near winning it, but we are quite in the dark as to the play of the Regiments up-country. The following are the names of the team who have been granted a furlough from the 10th instant to the 15th October:—

Lce.-Sergt. P. Godfrey, Lce.-Corpls. F. Hilderbrand, T. Hartley, W. L. J. Walker, Ptes. J. Evans, A. Harding, J. McGinnell, H. Drury, C. Truscott, A. Hussey, E. Wickens, J. Evans, and H. Hills.

They will have to look after themselves if they want to have a look in at the final for the Durand Cup, and some idea of the keen competition which it is exciting may be gathered from the following, sent by a Nowshera correspondent to the *Civil and Military Gazette*:— "The football team of the Royal Scots Fusiliers about to compete for the Durand Challenge Prize leaves Nowshera on the 18th instant in a special train for Simla *viâ* Lahore and Umballa. The experiment of taking a travelling branch of the Regimental Institute will be attempted for the first time. By this means the men are enabled to have their meals carefully cooked, as well as continue their training in the railway train by use of the portable horizontal and parallel bars, dumb bells, Indian clubs, etc. The men are trained to the hour, and it was feared that two days' relaxation in the railway might prove injurious. The party is in charge of an officer, and is accompanied by the trainer, and three trained shampooers. On arrival at Simla they will be kept quiet in a house taken for the purpose. The team is raw, and it is feared will not be able to repeat the victory of 1888 this season." We call this training with a vengeance; time and the result will prove its necessity. We would like to see our team win, and hope they will, but they haven't received training like this, but we flatter ourselves they were "pretty fit" when they left Dum-Dum.

We call attention to "Nutcracker's" letter and his concluding remarks about cricket, which we fully endorse. Cricket must never be on the wane in the Battalion, we must strive to beat Calcutta as we have at football (Association game). The stuff is in us no doubt. Don't we belong to the oldest cricketing county, if not the best, in all England? Begin practising at the net, is our advice to cricketers, as soon as possible, and remember the cricketing season is now coming on.

Digitized by Google

A DISTRICT meeting for the B. P. R. A. will be held on the Dum-Dum Ranges between 1st October and 6th November. Lieutenant Bell, Officiating D. A. A. G. for Musketry, is appointed President; and Lieutenants Lloyd and Dyne are on the Committee; the Battalion competes in—

1. Inter-Regimental Team, 10 of all ranks.
2. Volley, Company Team of G Coy, 8 N. C. O's. and men.
3. Non-Commissioned Officers' Team of 6.
4. Officers' Cup, Team of 4.
5. Running Contest, Team of G Coy, 4 N. C. O. and men.
6. Inter-Company Team from G Coy, 6 of all ranks.
7. Not open to Infantry.
8. Revolver Match.
9. For Mounted Infantry only.

and about 10 men will fire through the series of matches for Bronze Medal, a great many good shots have come forward since last year, and we hope to see some good scores made and money prizes won.

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

To the Editor of "The Dragon."

MR. EDITOR,

Do you or any of your readers remember the name of a good old soldier and cricketer, who left "The Buffs" about 27 years ago. He was the last man in the regiment who was at the battle of Punniar, and when he took his discharge he had the Punniar, Crimean, Turkish, China, and Good Conduct Medals. When he left the regiment the Officers gave him a gold watch and chain, and if I recollect right a well filled purse too. He was in the Band, and I think played an instrument, in shape like a very large brass pipe, I don't know its name. It was as a cricketer I knew him best, and some one must remember his name, when I describe his bowling. "Well" he was a medium-paced underhand bowler, and always bowled from the offside. Before commencing to bowl he always took up a position, about fifteen yards to the rear of the wicket, and four or five to the left side, and from there would have a look at the batsman. From this position he commenced to bowl, and would run in a curl round, as wide as he could, to the offside of the crease, and deliver his ball. He used to say himself this gave additional break on the ball; however, it was generally a most infernal ball to play and often very much of the daisy cutter kind, notwithstanding he was a most successful wicket taker. Whether it was good cricket or not, I will leave the present generation of cricketers to say, but it was only through his bowling, the regiment beat the Royal Artillery at Woolwich, in a return match played at the Oval, when the Battalion was quartered at the Tower of London in 1862 or 1863. I often think, would bowling from such a position in the field be allowed now, or if there is any rule against it, perhaps some cricketer might enlighten me on this point. I can only say, I never knew this Punniar "Old Buff" to be no-balled, and I have played with him many times. What has become of all those old scoring books, they would be interesting and revive old and pleasant memories of cricket to many old "Buffs," if some of the matches were republished in "The Dragon." About 1863 the 1st Battalion engaged a professional bowler, he no doubt gave a great impetus to cricket, and improved the play in the regiment very much. I cannot recollect any regiment beating us at that time, nor can I remember all the eleven; but Captains Turner, Suttie and Wray, Lieutenants F. Jones and Hobson, Ensign Bayley, Private Chalmers, the "Punniar Old Buff" and "Nutcracker" were all good men in the cricket field and delighted in playing the game. Football, I know from reading "The Dragon," flourishes in the old Corps, but I don't see so much about "cricket." The regiment must never say "die" to cricket, it makes many friends, and is the finest outdoor game in the world. You will have a splendid ground at Calcutta.

"NUTCRACKER."

OUR DEPOT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Very sorry to see by your leader in the July number that the subscribers to the old *Dragon* are falling off, it is very discouraging to your hard working and *unpaid* staff, and only those who have had experience in getting up the news for a Regimental paper have any idea of the amount of trouble and loss of time it entails and of the disappointment when not supported. Of course there are a few grumblers in a Regiment, who are never satisfied with

Digitized by Google

anything that is done for their or other's amusement, and it is probably to those few dissatisfied ones that you owe your decrease in sales, as by passing one or two remarks such as "rotten paper," "d—bad grammar," "ancient jokes," " never saw such trash," &c., &c., the would-be subscriber hesitates to purchase, as he is afraid of being laughed at by his grumbling comrades. Now, Mr. Editor, I can assure you that your little paper is thought a good deal of in Kent, as I have been to several villages around here with cricket teams, and at one or two places when they have found out we were Buffs, somebody wanted to know whether we had seen the last number of the *Dragon*, and when was the next one due, as they should like to see it, as by the last one they saw that "Jarge Carter was made a corporal" or that "young Arry Kennett had got tuppence conduct pay." Now I am sure that speaks for itself and shows you the paper is popular, and it is a pity that the present Buffs serving with the Regiment do not send it a little more regularly to their friends. Why, I actually saw one last month lying on the counter of a village public house. You would be surprised how eagerly we at Canterbury look for the 3rd or 4th mail day in the month to come round so as to get a glimpse of your doings, and I am asked to request you will kindly publish in your current number the dates of the expiration of the S. Mess and Library subscriptions, so that the Presidents of those institutions may renew them.

I see a '64 recruit (a little and good one I suspect) has answered your correspondent "Another old Buff" with regard to Tom Burke. His memory, I am afraid, is getting a little defective when he cannot call to mind the name of the man that killed the "Cheetah" at Meerut in 1867. It was Uriah Cottle of E Company (Color-Sergeant J. W. Colley). Cottle was a great Shikaree and kept it up until the time he left the Battalion in 1874. He is alive and well and lives near Exeter.

The Recruiting Officer desires me to thank you very much for publishing the regimental poster, we want recruits badly as I hear the draft which leaves for you on the 15th October consists of 205 and later in the year another one of 80. Lieutenant Eales will not take these out as he will soon be posted to the Egyptian Army. Goodness only knows what the second Battalion will do to fill up their ranks after the draft has gone, as we do not supply them with many men, the last draft from here consisting of the grand total of 15. By a recent Army order the orderly room Sergeant of the Militia (Colonel Sergeant Duffin) has been transferred to the depôt. 901 Pte. S. Barker has been transferred to the Army Reserve. 1643 Pte. B. Mahon discharged T. E. 1st period. The undermentioned have been discharged as unfit for the service: Lce.-Sergt. C. F. Cook, 2143 Pte. W. S. Miller, 2429 Pte. J. L. Adams and Color-Sergeant J. J. Butler. Pensions have been awarded to Col.-Sergt. Butler 2*s* per day for life, Lce.-Sergt. Cook 10*d* a day for 24 months final, Pte. Adams 7*d* a day for 21 months final. Sergeant Freeman and Corporal Smith have rejoined the 2nd Batalion for duty. 1924 Pte. W. George and 1617 Pte. J. Hehir have joined depôt for duty. The Sergeants of the depôt have played the Canterbury City Police at Cricket (two matches) and have been the winners on both occasions, I enclose the scores. The annual trip to Whitstable of the Juvenile Buffs and their Mammas and Papas took place on the 20th ultimo. They left Canterbury by an early train and had a long day by the sea. Colonel and Mrs. Hobson, Major and Mrs. Backhouse and Captain and Mrs. Colley went down during the afternoon and had tea with the party. Privates Hubbert and Noakes have both been to Canterbury, also Pte. Burke (Dodger), all looking and doing remarkably well.

Yours faithfully,
"OLD BUFF."

The *Dragon* is sent from the Library here to the Library at Canterbury gratuitously every month. The subscription for the copy sent to the Sergeants' Mess expired on the 30th June last.—EDITOR.

OUR HOME BATTALION.

DEAR, MR. EDITOR,

Here again another month and one very eventful, and owing to incessant Field days you were again almost forgotten.

The Battalion is at present not very strong, and now we are alarmed by the news that you in India require 200 shortly, so if you get them I'm rather inclined to think at the present rate of recruiting for the Buffs, we in England will hardly have enough to do Orderly man. During the month, Tom Burke, late Sergeant, visited the Regiment and stayed a few days, and of course, sends the usual wishes to any old friends in the East, he is doing well and looks it.

Visitors.

On the 12th instant the annual sports of the Battalion took place and were in every respect a success. There were good entries resulting in close finishes, the Champion Quinn, of course, being barred from a lot, otherwise the remainder of competitors would have fared poorly; as usual tea was provided by the Sergeants to their visitors, and I think all Aldershot had the tip as the enclosure was simply packed. This year Swings, Shooting galleries, and Cocoa-nut Shows were provided, so Tommy had heaps of sport and whilst on the sports subject I want to growl. Last year our depôt friends were angry at not receiving an invite, so one was sent this year in good time, but no depôt representative could be seen, although our Field Glasses were used in all directions, (I might add, all our Sergeants carry binoculars) consequently the hearts of your correspondent and others were sad, and it took quite 3*d*. of cocoa-nuts and a couple of swings before we were ourselves again; but we are naturally of a forgiving disposition, so we bear no malice.

Sports.

Digitized by Google

Draft.

We had a draft of 15 men to join the regiment on the 15th instant, 14 for recruits' drill and one for a course of oakum instruction in the Academy, he having already matriculated at St. Augustine's. You will probably be introduced to him this trooping season.

Shooting.

The Sergeants of the regiment shot a friendly match against the Sergeants of 19th Hussars; on the last occasion the 19th beat by 24 points, this time we beat by 65; after the match we conveyed them in Brakes to our mess and entertained them to a Buff's Smoker, when a thorough jolly evening was spent. The Officers turned up in force and ably assisted to keep the ball rolling. On the 28th we go to Bisley for Field firing, but that does not finish the Musketry of the Battalion as we then have about 130 recruits to fire, so Musketry will be on the go for another month or so.

NOBBY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Leather hole.—This question was answered in *Tit Bits* some weeks ago, as follows:—

It is computed that the docks of Liverpool will hold 20,000 vessels of ordinary dimensions. Now, the total water area of the Liverpool docks amounts to 511 acres, whilst the total water area of the docks of London amounts to 558 acres. If, therefore, we take the Liverpool average of about 40 to the acre, we get for the London docks something like 22,320 vessels of ordinary dimensions.

Artist.—Here you are, all the colors in the rainbow.

Mixing	Red and black makes	...	Brown.
,,	Take and white makes	...	Rose.
,,	White and brown makes	...	Chestnut.
,,	White, blue, and lake makes	...	Purple.
,,	Blue and lead color makes	...	Pearl.
,,	White and carmine makes	...	Pink.
,,	Indigo and lamp black makes	...	Silver grey.
,,	White and lamp black makes	...	Lead color.
,,	Black and venetian red makes	...	Chocolate.
,,	Purple and white makes	...	French white.
,,	Light green and black makes	...	Dark Green.
,,	Red and yellow makes	...	Orange.
,,	White and yellow makes	...	Straw color.
,,	White, blue, and black makes	...	Pearl grey.
,,	White, lake and vermillion makes		Flesh color.
,,	Umber, white, and venetian red makes	... ...	Drab.
,,	White, yellow, and venetian red makes	... ...	Cream.
,,	Blue, black, and red makes	...	Olive.
,,	Yellow, white, and a little venetian red make	... ...	Buff.

Regimental Items.

Good conduct pay has been granted as under:—

1322	Private	F. Cook	@ 2d 19-8-90
1328	,,	J. Firman	,, 2d 21-8-90
1330	,,	F. Maynard	,, 2d 25-8-90
954	,,	A. Vickers	,, 2d 8-7-90
1297	,,	T. Love	,, 2d 22-7-90
353	,,	W. Clist	,, 2d 30-8-90
1118	,,	J. Potter	,, 1d 1-7-90
1115	,,	E. Bannister	,, 2d 15 8-90
1284	,,	G. Knight	,, 2d 10-7-90
1316	,,	G. Weller	,, 2d 8 8-90
1341	,,	M. Day	,, 2d 25-8-90
1334	,,	F. Howe	,, 2d 26-8-90
2374	,,	A. Thistletwaite	,, 1d 9-8-90
2153	,,	F. Bowler	,, 1d 26-7-90
1244	,,	W. Walker	,, 2d 21-6-90
1901	,,	G. Wraight	,, 2d 9-8-90
1311	,,	G. Prior	,, 2d 8-8-90
1383	,,	C. Eggleston	,, 1d 28 8-90
2062	,,	F. Scott	,, 1d 18-8-90

Sergeant G. E. M. Brewin passed the L. S. in Hindustani on the 7th July 1890.

The undermentioned N. C. O's. have gone to Calcutta for the purpose of being employed as 3rd Class Drill Instructors to the Calcutta Volunteer Rifles:—Lance-Corporals E. A. Wynne, H. Mobley, T. Else, G. Holmes, W. Reese, and T. Hartley.

Lieutenant B. R. K. Tarte took over the pay duties of the Battalion from the 1st instant inclusive, in accordance with Special Indian Army Circular, dated Simla, the 15th July 1890.

The undermentioned N. C. Officers and men have extended their army service:—

1479	Pte. G. Watson	...	2-9-90
1640	Corpl. C Burrows	...	3-9-90
1013	Pte. J. Withey	...	3-9-90
1094	Corpl. J. Harlow	...	10-9-90

Boy James Thomas Hanney (stepson of Private West, 1st Battalion The Buffs) enlisted on the 9th instant.

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

To be Sergeant—1308, Lance-Sergeant M. Roach, *vice* Murray reduced, 23-7-90.

To be Band-Sergeant—1308, Sergeant M. Roach, *vice* Steele resigned, 17-5-90.

To be Paid Lance-Sergeant—1208, Lance-Sergeant F. Staunton, *vice* Roach promoted, 23-7-90.

Digitized by Google

To be Corporal—1880, Lance-Corporal F. Smee, *vice* Roach promoted, 23-7-90.

To be Paid Lance-Corporal—1390. Lance-Corporal J. Montgomery, *vice* Smee promoted, 23-7-90.

To be Lance-Corporal—1937, Private T. Croucher.

To be Acting Lance-Sergeant—Corporal W. Donnelly.

Sergeant W. Webster has been appointed Rest Camp Sergeant at Madhapore.

The undermentioned men have volunteered from the 2nd Battalion Leicestershire Regiment, and have been transferred to the Battalion with effect from the 1st instant:—Privates G. Hornsby and W. Morris.

The undermentioned officer has been granted leave to England for twelve months on private affairs:—Captain G. V. Dauglish.

On the recommendation of a Medical Board, 120 days' leave of absence has been granted to 2nd-Lieutenant R. F. Pearson.

2nd-Lieutenant R. Swetenham proceeded on sick leave on the 17th instant per S. S. *Golconda en route* to England, and took with him No. 1505, Private J. Hodge, as his soldier servant.

The following extracts from remarks by H. E. the C.-in-C. in India on the inspection of the Battalion have been published in Regimental Orders lately :—"I saw the 1st Battalion The Buffs at Calcutta last January, and was much pleased with the turn-out and appearance of the men." "A few months later I visited the barracks at Dum-Dum, was glad to find the interior economy good, and the comfort of the men carefully looked after." The conduct of the Battalion speaks well for the way in which discipline is maintained. As regards Musketry, the Battalion is in a decidedly satisfactory state of efficiency, and all ranks are reported to take an interest in this very important subject."

The undermentioned N. C. O's. on the unattached list have been transferred to the Battalion:—Sergeant J. Howard, Chief Warder, Military Prison, Saugor; Sergeant-Major George Stone, Garrison Sergeant-Major, Fort William; 1st class Sergeant-Instructor J. Wilson, Puracah Volunteer Rifle Corps.

Lieutenant L. I. B. Hulke proceeded to Quetta on the 16th instant for employment on the Zhob Valley Railway.

No. 2605, Sergeant T. Steele, and wife and child, left Dum-Dum on the 20th instant *en route* to Deolali for embarkation in H. M. Troopship *Serapis* sailing from Bombay on the 9th October 1890.

Under instructions from Horse Guards, it has been notified for information that H. R. H. the C.-in-C. has decided that the present Warrant Officers, Quarter-Master Corporals, Majors, and Quarter-Master Sergeants, who held those ranks prior to the 1st August 1889, may be recommended for commissions as Quarter-Masters and Riding-Masters, irrespective of whether they hold 1st class certificates of education or not.

Nineteen men and one prisoner (Private Baker) under command of Captain G. V. Dauglish have been allotted passages in Troopship *Clive* which leaves Bombay on the 16th of October.

BELL AND BETTY.

A Tale without a Moral.

How I got married to Betty has often been asked me by my children, as Betty hailed from the Emerald Isle, and I am a "Man of Kent." Well, once upon a time, I was quartered in an Irish town called Skittereen, and some of you who read this, and are really anxious to know where that truly Irish town is, I refer you to Black's map of Ireland. When I was there, it was in Munster. When I say truly Irish town, I mean to say the place smelt of turf smoke, and most of the younger and rising generation at that time wore neither boots nor stockings, and judging from the appearance of their pretty faces, water, I should think, was a scarce commodity in some of the cottages. To come to the point, Bell and Betty lived at Skittereen, their parents had been tolerably well-to-do people, before tenants refused to pay their rents, and here I may mention, this has been a peculiar failing in most parts of Ireland for many years. Bell's parents having died when she was young, she went to live with her aunt, Betty's mother. Bell was younger and far prettier than Betty, but they were both handsome girls. I liked.

Digitized by Google

Bell best, and she I suppose liked me, because before leaving for Canada with my regiment, we were an engaged couple. I went to Quebec and wrote regularly to Bell by each mail. Before going on with my story, I must tell you Bell's aunt, Betty's mother, had always been against my marrying Bell, she had made up her mind I should not marry her, but Betty, and she succeeded in her diabolical ends. I will now try to tell you how she managed it. In the first place, before leaving Ireland, she stipulated all correspondence between myself and her guardian, as she called Bell, should go through her, and my readers, I am sure, will say that was a hard nut to crack, but what will a man bear and what will he not do, when deeply in love, is the question I ask you all.

It will be seen, therefore, this old vixen could do just as she liked with our letters. Bell had promised me most faithfully to write every mail (fortnightly in those days), and we had the greatest trust in one another, and we vowed nothing but death should part us, and the old story.

I had not been long in Quebec when I not only received no fortnightly letter from Bell, but a very regular fortnightly letter from her aunt, in which she at first commenced finding fault with my girl, and gradually got on, till she told me Bell was carrying on in such a way with a very eligible young party, as she called the man, that she was sure she did not care for me, and that I had much better pay my attention to some one more worthy of an honest and true man. She hinted that Betty was the girl for me. You can imagine how it grieved me hearing all this about my Bell, so I determined to write direct to Bell, a very short letter I'll own, yet long enough for the purpose, and it was to tell her to come out to Canada at once, and I would marry her; but, of course, like many other letters. I have found out since, it never reached her. I must tell you also, I sometimes wrote to Betty a commonplace letter, which that dear old mother-in-law of mine took very good care Betty should receive. I can only say this duplicity (unknown to me at the time) on the part of my respected mother-in-law ended in my last letter to Bell, asking her to come out at once, being handed over to Betty as coming from me. She turned the name "Bell" to "Betty," which any one can see is not a very difficult piece of forgery; she made the "l's" into "t's" and put at the end a "y," and thus my darling Bell became Betty. It is many years since this happened; but I have been informed the consternation and grief this caused my Bell, nearly drove her mad, and she never believed it. The next letter I got from my wretched mother-in-law was telling me what she had done, and asking to be forgiven, at the same time saying Betty was coming out by the next mail to marry me, she had done it for the best, she said, and she knew better than myself that Betty was just the girl for me.

You must imagine the predicament I was in, a young girl coming out to Canada to marry me, almost unprotected, and I cared no more for her than a door nail. What could I do? She was actually on the way out. True that dear old mother-in-law had persuaded me, Bell did not care for me, but I could not change round so suddenly as this. However, after mature consideration, and out of pure revenge to Bell, I put a bold front on the situation, went to meet the mail steamer conveying Betty, married her, and to this day she does not know how it came about. Betty has been a good wife to me, but I often say to myself Bell would have made a better. Thank goodness the mother-in-law, "the old forger" as I call her, never dares show herself in my house.

TOMMY.

SMOKING CONCERTS.

Lieutenant Lloyd has faithfully kept his promise and this month he has favoured us with two more of these most popular entertainments. Being held in the beautiful grounds outside the Outram Regimental Institute, the almost intolerable heat which would be felt in an enclosed building, is superseded by a nice cool evening breeze, which considerably adds to the comfort and spirits of the audience. No rose without a thorn however, and we feel bound to say that the evening's enjoyment was on both occasions considerably marred (especially on the last) by the presence of one or two men at the canteen end of the grounds, who seemed to have come with the express idea of annoying those near them with their vulgar jokes and vile language—luckily this stamp of man is extremely rare in the regiment we are pleased to say, and unluckily (for them) they are cunning enough to escape detection, but these little incidents are extremely discreditable and must do considerable damage to the reputation for gentlemenly behaviour we have always borne as a Regiment, especially to strangers, besides

Digitized by Google

being a very ungracious return for the trouble that has been taken by those performing for their amusement. We trust we shall not have occasion to speak on this subject again. The first concert was held on the 3rd instant and consisted of the programme detailed below. The songs were all very nicely sung and nearly all received the encores they deserved. Color Sergeant Featherstone's flute solo was especially pretty and cleverly rendered, Sergeant Eaton was, as usual, "all there" and pleased his audience each time he appeared before them, he was loudly encored to the echo, and although his name appeared three times on the programme he was compelled after each song to give "just another" which were received with as much enthusiasm as the first. Lieutenant Dyne is a perfect master over the banjo and gave a very pretty solo, but he again had considerable difficulty in tuning his instrument as the strings kept bursting, the weather being so damp. Lieutenant Moline, of the "Young Buffs," sang two songs in character in such perfect style, that although he had no other songs or costumes with him, he was compelled to come in again and repeat the last verses as encores. Lieutenant Lloyd was for several days before the concert suffering from a slight attack of local fever, and after a most severe struggle appeared and sang his songs, but the last one was too much for him, and he had to be helped off the stage, but we are pleased to say it was only temporary, for the next day he was up and about and as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

PROGRAMME.

Overture	...	... The Drums.
Song	... The Captain called the Mate	Sergt. Tomlin.
,,	... The City Waiter	... Lieut. Lloyd.
,,	... When you come to think of it	Sergt Eaton.
Flute Solo	Les Folies	... Col.-Sergt. Featherstone.
Song	... Will ye be mine, Pretty Bird?	Pte Quillinan.
,,	... Cabby knows his Fare	... ,, Hills.
Banjo Duet	...	Lieuts. Dyne & Lloyd.
Song	... Loves' Golden Dream	... Sergt. Sale
,,	... Ask a Policeman	... ,, Eaton.
,,	... Jug of Beer (Doris)	... ,, Reynolds.
,,	... A very Different Place	... Lieut Moline.
Banjo	... ...	... ,, Dyne
Song	... ...	... Capt. Wood, R.A.
,,	... They've all got 'em	... Pte. Hills.
,,	... She's the Boss!	... Sergt. Eaton.
,,	... Thou of my Thou	... Lieut. Moline.
,,	... Longshoreman	... ,, Lloyd.

The second concert was held on the 19th instant in the same place, and the programme, (on account of the lady and gentleman artistes from Calcutta,) was headed GRAND GALA NIGHT! GALAXY OF TALENT!! and naturally something extraordinary was expected, nor were we disappointed, for a more successful concert we don't remember ever having attended. Color-Sergeant Andrews came from Barrackpore and sang "Steering Home" in his usual style "The White Squall," a most difficult song to sing, was beautifully rendered by Pte. Beilby. Mr. Robertson sang "The Putney Bus," and as an encore "One more *Polka*," in both songs each verse required incidental "business," which Mr. Robertson proved to be a perfect adept in, and we hope he will favour us with his presence at our next "smoker." Miss Byrne sang two very pretty songs and accompanied herself on the piano. It is most difficult for a lady to make herself heard in the open air, but those in the front rank who were lucky enough to hear the dulcet notes of the pretty refrains she was singing, did their best to let her know she was highly appreciated. Too much cannot be said about Sergeant Eaton, he has such a happy knack of pleasing, that the audience are continually shouting for him after he has sung one song, that they seem to forget it requires a great deal of strength and energy to keep singing song after song, especially in the open air. This evening he sang no less than six songs, (including encores of course.) Captain Blackburn composed some verses for him (which we have published in another part of the paper) to the tune of "When you come to think of it," and this he sang so well that cries of "author" were heard which were almost deafening. Captain Blackburn says he didn't respond to this call because his dogs have been killing a lot of cats lately, and he thought the audience might have been treasuring up their corpses to applaud with; *we* however think, he preferred, like the rose, to blush unseen. Lieutenant Lloyd, dressed beautifully as an injured and ill-used wife, sang a parody on "Queen of my heart" and introduced a few of her favourite weapons wherewith to knock her old man about, and Lieutenant Moline wound up the proceedings by giving "Choruses," which were lustily responded to.

PROGRAMME.

Overture	... Pelican	...	Drums, The Buffs.
Song	... Tar of The Queen	...	Sergt. Reynolds.
,,	... Ask a Policeman	... ,,	Eaton.
,,	... My Pal Jack	... ,,	Tomlin.
,,	...The Fairy of the Ring	...	Lieut. C. P. Lloyd.
,,	... ...	...	Miss Simpson Byrne.

Digitized by Google

Song	...	White Squall	... Pte. E. A. Beilby.
,,	...	Razzle Dazzle	... Sergt. Eaton.
,,	...	The City Waiter	... Lieut. C. P. Lloyd.
,,	...		... ,, Moline, E.S.R.
,,	...	The Putney Bus	... Mr. D. Robertson.
Fantasia	...	The Emerald Isle	... Drums, The Buffs.
Song	...	Steering Home	...Col.-Sergt. Andrews.
,,	...	Bang goes the Bell	... Pte. Quillinan.
Step Dance	...		... Pte. Terry.
Song	...	The Bugler	... Sergt. Sale.
,,	...		... Mr. D. Robertson
,, When yer comes to think of it			... Sergt. Eaton.
,, Queen of my Heart (parody)			... Lieut. C. P Lloyd.
Symphony and Choruses			... Mr. Moline.

SPY.

TOPICAL VERSES TO "WHEN I COME TO THINK OF IT."

I came to India three years since, and landed on the shore of it—Now I come to think of it.
I really do not seem to care how little I see more of it—Now I come to think of it.
They taught me in my youth a hymn about the coral strand of it,
And how the sunny fountains run about the golden sand of it;
I really did expect that I should find a better land of it—Than I seem to think of it.
They made me sing of Ceylon's spicy isle,—and all the rest of it—Now I come to think of it.
It seems to me that Greenland's icy mountains get the best of it—Now I come to think of it.
They haven't got the heat of it, the dust of it, the fleas of it.
Instead of grilling in the sun, they've only got to freeze a bit,
And then, you know, they haven't got to sniff the 'spicy breeze' of it.
I don't like the stink of it.
I hear that in the winter time we've got to make a move of it—Now I come to think of it.
I wonder if the regiment in general approve of it—What d'you really think of it?
We're going soon to take our place in the Fort William Garrison
And March into Calcutta with Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison.
(I'm not good at rhymes—any gentleman oblige me with one?—Thank you.)
To try and rhyme to words like these is really most embarrassing.
If you don't happen to think of it.
Our first Association team have won the local cup for us—Now I come to think of it.
And now they've gone to Simla where I hope they'll play well up for us—If they'll only think of it.
And as for their success, I hope they will not make sell of it
Nor count their chickens in the egg before they've chipped the shell of it.
And for the final Rugby match—don't talk to Mr. Bell of it.
Should you chance to think of it.
My voice is getting husky, I can't sing another note with it—Now I come to think of it.
The Canteen beer is handy so I'll go and damp my throat with it—Go and have a drink of it.
I'll go and get a pot of it, and have a modest drain from it,
No matter though the A. T. A. would like me to abstain from it.
That's all right for a fellow who can't manage to refrain from it
When he's had enough of it.

H. B.

SELF-HELPS TO A COMMISSION.

A Gratuitous Wrinkle for Gentlemen in the Ranks.

It is delightfully plain-sailing for the well born army recruit with influential powers at his elbow to push his interests in the right quarter and ensure his rapid apotheosis through the protoplasmic stages of Lance-Corporal, Corporal and Sergeant to that glorious goal of ambition—a Commission.

But the average young fellow of gentle birth, whom adverse fortune, hunger, ultra patriotism, *cher chez la femme* or what not, has driven to the ranks; has not so brilliant and unclouded a prospect before him.

Perchance the son of some needy professional man, or the first born of an impecunious clergyman with a quiverful of olive branches, he enters the service sans patronage or assistance, destined to pursue the too, too even tenor of his way along a congested Non-Commissioned road, till at the end of seven weary years, bitterly disgusted and disillusioned, our ill-starved warrior finds himself a humble Corporal and likely to remain so for an indefinite period.

This is hard lines, my embryonic Wellingtons, ploughed by the fell hoof of bitter neglect, your case is decidedly hard, but a remedy lies at hand, self-advertisement is your sheet anchor, you must cull a leaf from the book of Barnum and forcibly make yourselves known

An outlay of a pound or two will procure you a gold ring, get the family crest engraved on it, and wear it ostentatiously on the little finger of the left hand, have the crest engraved also on a few quires of stationery, this will get you known as the scion of an illustrious race, and will afford a glamourous background to your career on the military stage; in order to gain a reputation for intellect obtain a few erudite volumes on Esoteric Buddhism, Neo-Hellenism, or Transcendentalism for instance, and leave them on your bed cot to attract the argus-eyed company officer when he makes his morning barrack room inspection,

Digitized by Google

he will commence to take an interest in you and will perhaps push you forward.

It is a great mistake to maintain too good a character in the service, badge men live their dreary round of virtue, unrewarded and unknown, individualize yourself at the Orderly Room with a comic drink or some strikingly original crime.

I recollect the case a few years ago of a Lance-Corporal picked up from a Dhurrumtollah gutter seemingly intoxicated and helpless, by the Military Police. When brought before the Commanding Officer, the irrepressible unpaid one defended himself with vigour and acumen, proved that he had lain in the gutter in a proper Wimbledon position, that his left foot was crossed over his right, and argued his case with such consummate dexterity that he got off scot-free and now holds a Commission in the Bermuda fencibles.

Never black the heels of your ammunition boots, but bestow the greatest care on the rest of your accoutrements and clothes, the brilliant but erratic genius of the Edgar Allen Poe order always commands respect in this present age, and the Adjutant will admire you as a man of a marked individual type.

Accept with gratitude, my worthy gentlemen rankers, these eminently useful wrinkles, and you will ascend with despatch the ladder of fortune and promotion.

Prospectively scanning a vista of years yet to come, in my mind's eye I behold wealthy Generals, abdominous Colonels, redundant Majors, sprung from the rank and file and gratefully remembering the obscure author of their success in life to whose gratuituous hints they ascribe their brilliant fortune; this vision is a pleasant one, and makes my heart, like Longfellow's village blacksmith, rejoice.

O. H. K.

THE BENGAL ARTILLERY.

In a late number we referred to the 1st troop of the Bengal Artillery. Here is another story about the regiment. After the First Afghan War was concluded, the then Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, held an enormous camp at Umballa, which was not, of course, then British territory. His Lordship's object was twofold, to receive with honour the "illustrious garrison" of Jellalabad under General Sale, who was killed a few years later at Ferozshah, and to show Maharajah Runjit Singh—the ruler of the Punjab, what British troops were like. The miserable massacre of the brigade under General Elphinstone had lowered terribly the British prestige. A review was held, at which Lord Ellenborough and the Maharajah were both present. The Maharajah expressed his admiration of the troops and then asked to see the Artillery fire ball. A battery of Bengal Horse Artillery under Captain George Campbell, a grandson of Sir Archibald Campbell of Invernail, who commanded the Army in the First Burmese War, was called to the front and told to fire at a mound. The practice was good, but the Maharajah said that the mound was too large a mark and in his heart he wished to blacken the face of the British before his Sirdars and retinue. To the horror of Major-General Sir Walter Gilbert, who was in Command of the troops, the Maharajah requested that his imperial *chattah* (an enormous umbrella) might be made the mark to be fired at. Sir Walter was in a fix, for he quite saw the extreme importance of foiling the Maharajah's secret desire and of showing the Sikhs the British Army at their very best, and at the same time understood that the Artillery would have great difficulty in hitting so small a mark as the umbrella—enormous though it was. However an effort, at all events, to hit the umbrella had to be made. Sir Walter rode up to Captain Campbell's battery of Horse Artillery and said: "Campbell, the honour of the British Army is in your hands. I have selected your battery, not only to fire at, but to hit that d—d umbrella." Captain Campbell trotted up his battery to a range of 400 yards and then told the men what they had to do. The guns were loaded and Captain Campbell laid and fired the first gun himself. A roar arose as the shot was seen to knock over the umbrella. "Don't fire another shot" shouted Captain Campbell to his men "ride to the rear as hard as ever you can. We will not give the Maharajah another chance of blackening our faces." "Wah! Wah!" said the Maharajah to Lord Ellenborough. "Such troops cannot be beaten." Great was the rejoicing that day in the camp. Lord Ellenborough had an extra tot of rum served out to all the troops, and the men of the different regiments vied with each other in entertaining at their canteens the men of Captain Campbell's battery.

The Maharajah's umbrella is still to be seen in the R. A. Museum at the Rotunda,

Digitized by Google

Woolwich, to which it was presented by Captain Campbell.

There may yet be living in Dum-Dum some persons who remember the late Major-General Campbell and this incident. Some fifty years ago when the late General was quartered at Meerut as a Subaltern, a rogue elephant came across the Ganges from the Sewaliks in the Bijnore district, into the Meerut district and commenced to destroy native huts and to kill their inhabitants. The General and a Mr. Smith, C.S., went after the elephant and eventually killed him. Both gentlemen were ignorant of the anatomy of the beast; they fired over two hundred shots at the elephant before they bagged him. Shot after shot was fired into the head, but not one was correctly aimed for the brain. In those days in India rifles were unknown and all sportsmen used 14 or 16 bore muzzle-loading guns charged with round bullets and 2½ drachms of powder. Despairing of killing the elephant by firing at his head these gentlemen fired at the heart. After firing at the elephant for two *days* the sportsmen succeeded in killing him. This animal's skull, riddled with bullet holes was presented by the late General Campbell to the British Museum, where some of our readers may have seen it at the top of the staricase leading to the Natural History Section.

General Campbell Commanded the Benares Division after the Meeting and lived for some years in the Dehra Dun. Until his eye-sight failed him the General was a noted and most successful deer stalker. The natives in the Dun and the inhabitants of the villages round about Mussoorie perfectly remember the late General, and they still talk about him as Jāj Kummul (George Campbell) Sahib.

MADRASI.

THE MOHURRUM.

DURING the last week of August, parties of natives might have been seen (and, to a still greater extent, heard and smelt) parading up and down the roads, waving flags, whacking paraffin tins, yelling, and making themselves generally objectionable.

To the mind of the uninitiated, two questions present themselves. First, what leads the mild Bengali to make himself so especially offensive at this time of year? Secondly; why is he allowed to?

With regard to the first question, a person unacquainted with the peaceful nature of the animal would suppose that these parties were going round asking each other to tread on the tails of their *dhoties* and preparing for a merry old fight. But on seeing two of these parties meet, this illusion is shattered. They set up a terrific howling, and bang their paraffin tins till you would think all the powers of Sheol were let loose. AND THEN—they join and get away drumming and shrieking together quite friendly.

The faction fight theory then won't do. Le us try another. Can it be a hostile demonstration against the regiment? It looked like it one day when a large procession tried to march through barracks, yelling something that sounded like 'Yah Hobson! Yah Harrison.' However, this theory also won't wash for two reasons; first, that no attempt of a Bengali to pronounce an English word ever sounds the least like the original, so these words can have no reference to the two Colonels; secondly, that this show has been going on long before either officer entered the regiment and even before they were born.

Can it be the survival of some prehistoric Congress demonstrating against some ancient Governors or Secretaries of State; thus 'Yah Hastings! Yah Cornwallis!' and so forth. Or can it be a patriotic section of the people bidding defiance to our supposed enemies on the frontier 'Yah Roosian! Yah Proosian?' Can it be—but we are getting no nearer a solution of the problem. Let us pass on to the second question.

The answer to this is simple. Because he is black. You may perhaps not see the bearing of this. That is because you have no legal training. The distinction between black and white, which to your mind is so trivial, appears a most weighty one in the eye of the law.

If you and I, gentle reader, were to borrow the fire irons and cooking pots of the regiment and sneak the big drum and go clashing and banging round the cantonments at midnight, we should probably fail to make half the row the natives do, but certainly in the sweet seclusion of police cells or guard-room we should have plenty of leisure to reflect on the subtle distinction between black and white. To black our faces, like Christy Minstrels, would be no palliation, for you cannot make yourself black, you must be born so.

H. B.

Digitized by Google

I. O. G. T.

True to the rumour that was whispered some time since the "Good Templars" of the Regiment are found pushing their way to the front again, as the following will show.

On Monday, 22nd September, a Public Tea and Entertainment was given by the members of "Hope and Perseverance Lodge" and judging from the smiling faces and good feeling which existed throughout was a perfect success, and should be an encouragement to the members to continue this pleasant means of bringing our aims to the notice of those who may be in the dark as to our intentions.

The chair was taken at 7-30 P.M. by the Reverend J. R. Broadhead, Wesleyan Chaplain. The Progamme was commenced by singing The Opening Ode, and prayer, after which we listened to a stirring address by the Chairman, explaining, our object in warring against strong drink and was specially encouraging to young Templars to continue the war and to imitate in their warfare, the same spirit that characterised the Knight Templars of old. In fact the address was delivered in Mr. Broadhead's best style and was thoroughly appreciated by a large audience: following came Corporal Marlow, with an old favorite song, Golden Locks are Silver now, then came Bro. Hobbs with a suggestive recitation, "Buy your own cherries" which was well rendered: following this came Color-Sergeant Montgomery and Pte. Hunt with a Duet, the Golden Gates: next came Pte. Curry with his song, "Temperance Bells' and after Corporal Hurrell had treated us to his song "Three cheers for the Temperance cause" we felt that the "Temperance Bells" had started ringing in earnest. Corporal Marlow then gave a short pithy reading followed by a Duet "Nearer Home" with Pte. Hunt. Then we were favored with a pretty song by Pte. Goodwin entitled "Mother's last request," which of course brought to mind those who are still interested in us in the "Old Country." Then came a treat in Miss Jennie Pollard "(a young Buff) who gave us a recitation, "The Drunkard's dying child" which was deservedly encored and responded to, and Pte. Hunt followed with the "Christian's War Song." Corporal Hurrell sang "How can he leave them." Then Sergeant Parsons gave some good advice about "Getting a Pig of your own" and on being encored gave us an idea of a savage and relentless pursuit of a "Mosquito" which kept the audience roaring with laughter throughout; Pte. Garner then rendered in good style "Mother's last letter to me" followed by Corporal Marlow with "Bonny Mary of Argyle." This closed the programme, and after the usual votes of thanks had been proposed and accorded in a hearty manner, the meeting closed by singing The Closing Ode and Benediction by the Chairman, and thus ended our first Public Meeting in Dum-Dum.

TIP.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

We have to record one victory and one defeat since last month. The first; the victory of the Association Team over the Dalhousie Club, which gives us the Trades' Challenge Cup for the next year and has emboldened the Regiment to send up the Team to Simla to have a try for the Durand Cup. We congratulate Sergeant Godfrey and his team heartily and wish them all success for their second venture.

It is unpleasant to chronicle a defeat, but for the sake of honesty we must. Our Rugby Team was badly beaten by Calcutta, but we can say this much, that two of the proper team were not playing, and that of those playing certainly three were too knocked up by previous illness to play. In conclusion, we must sympathise with Mr. Bell who has taken so much trouble about it, and hope he will do his best for the team next year and not be disheartened by defeat.

The Champion Association Company Cup can be seen, on application to Sergeant Clifton, at the Outram Regimental Institute. It has been presented by Major Newnham-Davis with the following conditions attached, *viz.*: The Cup to be held by the winning company till the conclusion of the following year's competition. It can never be won for good by any Company. There was some misunderstanding about the last cup, but now its down in black and white there can be no mistake.

Of Company Cup Ties three have been played off. "D" and "H," won by "D," by three goals to one; "A" and "E," won by "A," by four goals to none; "C" and "H," won by "C," by one goal. Six more, not counting the matches with "F" Company remain to be played off.

The ties at Simla for the Cup presented by Sir Mortimer Durand, the Foreign Secretary, and a football player, begin at the end of September. The 74th have won it for two years running and bid fair to do it again this year, by which they would keep the cup for good; so that Simla people are very anxious to get teams up there who are at all likely to make a fight of it.

Below are accounts of the Dalhousie match taken respectively from the *Englishman* and the *Indian Daily News*.

WINNERS OF THE DALHOUSIE CUP.

The final tie for the Dalhousie Cup, under Association Rules, was played of between the above teams on the Dalhousie ground on Saturday afternoon. The heavy rain made the field look like a swimming bath, but a large number of spectators turned out. The Buffs won the toss and elected to defend the river side goal.

Digitized by Google

The Dalhousie team were unfortunate in having two of their best men laid up, but nevertheless they made a grand fight for the cup. They were, however, rather over-matched, and though they played a capital defensive game, when half-time was called, The Buffs had scored a goal. On resuming play the ball was knocked about freely without any material advantage on either side. But just before time was called The Buffs managed to secure another goal, and thus won the tie and the cup, which will be presented to them at a public meeting of the Dalhousie Club, as soon as the names of their team have been engraved on it. The win was a most popular one, and well deserved, as The Buffs play a thoroughly good all-round game.—*Englishman*,

TRADES' ASSOCIATION CUP—FINAL TIE.

Dalhousie *v.* The Buffs.

The concluding match for the above Cup was played on Saturday afternoon between The Buffs and the Dalhousie, on the ground of the latter. The same two teams met last year for the final for the same Cup, and the Dalhousie after a well-fought match received the handsome trophy. A pelting shower of rain on Saturday, just before the match commenced, spoilt an otherwise glorious football day, and made the ground a morass. Those who knew something about it shook their heads ominously for the Dalhousie chances under such conditions, and as the course of events showed, their prophecies were fulfilled. At about 5-45 both teams were in the field, The Buffs defending the Red Road goal, while their opponents kicked off from the Museum end. The Dalhousie quickly shook into position, and Lindsay, dribbling neatly, brought the ball into The Buffs' ground. The Buffs handled the ball, and gave the Dalhousie a free kick near their own goal, from which no good resulted. The Dalhousie shortly after had another free kick with the same result. The Buffs now pulled themselves together, and commenced a vigorous onslaught on the Dalhousie goal. One shot, Newson stopped grandly and heaved the ball out. Wilder got the ball and brought it out, and B. Lindsay, Turner, and Wilson, by some good passing, forced The Buffs to kick out in self-defence. The Dalhousie accordingly obtained a corner kick, but again no advantage followed. The Buffs forwards, by splendid combined play, made matters look ugly for the Dalhousie. Another good shot at goal was well stopped by Newson; but The Buffs were not to be denied, and for some minutes longer they kept the Dalhousie backs employed, Currie and Breakwell doing all they knew to get the ball out from dangerous quarters. Godfrey and Evans at last got the ball, and dribbling splendidly, brought it within shooting distance when Marshall essayed a shot. Newson stopped it, but the ball, in its then condition, slippery as any eel, slipped out of his hands and went through the posts. The Buffs accordingly scored. The Dalhousie forwards now put on a spurt, and frequently brought the ball into The Buffs' ground, but, unfortunately, just as they were about to become dangerous, the ball was sent behind the goal line. Godfrey, Marshall, and Evans, the leading forwards of The Buffs, now showed themselves superior altogether to their opponents, and by some splendid play kept the Dalhousie on the defensive till the whistle sounded half-time.

The Buffs' kick off in the second half was a failure, and the Dalhousie immediately took the ball away, but gained nothing, sending it out behind the goal line at the critical moment. The Buffs in turn pressed them, but spoilt a remarkably good chance for a goal by one of their players getting offside. Turner then got the ball, and by some fine dribbling took it into The Buffs' ground and tried a long side shot at goal. The attempt was a good one, but was easily stopped by the soldiers' goal-keeper. Darkness now began to set in, and it became difficult to distinguish the players. The ball travelled up and down the field with considerable quickness, and finally seemed to settle in the Dalhousie ground. There ensued a fierce contest round the Dalhousie goal, when Evans put the ball through for The Buffs a second time. With barely a couple of minutes left to play and with the darkness, it was felt that the Dalhousie had no chance of retrieving the game The military element among the spectators, as soon as this conviction was borne in upon them, sent up a howl—we can call it nothing else—of joy. The game eventually closed without the home team scoring, leaving The Buffs victors by two goals to *nil*. We give the names of the contending teams :—

The Buffs.—Goal—Corporal Hilderbrand. Backs—Truscott and Harding. Half-backs—Hartley, Hussey, and Drury. Forwards—Corporal Marshall and Wickens, right wing; Sergeant Godfrey, centre; Privates Evans and McGinnel, left wing.

Digitized by Google

Dalhousie.—Goal—Newson. Backs—Currie and Breakwell. Half-backs—F. Lindsay, Markquick and Arthur. Forwards—Turner and Metcalfe, right wing; B. Lindsay, centre; Wilson and Wilder, left wing.

THE BUFFS GOOD TEMPLARS *v.* ROBERTS' COLLEGE.

This return match was played at Calcutta on the 20th August and ended in a victory for the Good Templars by one goal to *nil.* The College having won the toss, the Good Templars kicked off at 6 P.M., and up to half-time the play was very even, no goal being scored by either team. However, in the second half Brother Beaney secured a goal from a long shot, and the College had to confine themselves to the defensive to avoid a more marked defeat. Light tiffin was provided after the play, and in order that the Templars might participate therein without danger of getting riotous, this was served up in true temperance style.

The Templars have thus far shown a good record, for the water-drinking fraternity, having played four matches this season and scored a victory in each.—*Indian Daily News.*

Shooting.

HONOR AND GLORY MATCH.

A TEAM composed of three employés of the Small Arms Ammunition Factory and seven of the Regiment entered for this simultaneous match, which was fired off on the 20th instant. Some good scores were made by our team, but they only succeeded in averaging 83·50, which was not nearly good enough.

The match was won by the Changla Gully Musketry Class with an average of 92·10. The 7th Dragoons were second with 89·70, and the 5th Bengal Infantry were third with 89·00. Our scores were :—

	200	500	600	
Sergt.-Dr. Lawrence ...	31	33	29	93
Col.-Sergt. Andrews ...	30	29	33	92
Sergt. Boulter	32	31	27	90
Sub-Cond. Wilson ...	31	33	24	88
,, Chambers ...	30	30	24	84
Col.-Sergt. Cheal ...	28	31	24	83
Sergt. Laing	29	26	26	81
S.-Sergt. Turner ...	28	28	21	77
Lce.-Sergt. Baker ...	26	26	23	75
Private Ware	21	29	22	72
	286	296	253	835
			Average ...	83.50

We wish to mention that Sergeant Baker received a severe contusion to his right shoulder the day before the match, and was hardly in a position to fire, this will account for his indifferent shooting.—

Editor.

"OYEZ."

The C. O. will give Rs. 5 a month to be divided into two prizes, as the Editor of the *Dragon* may think fit, for the two best original stories by any one in the Battalion and to be published in the *Dragon.* They must be short, to the point, and not take up more than a column of our journal. The name of the writer will not be published unless desired. The Sub-Editor will give any futher information required.

NOTICE.

1. The Editor offers a handsomely bound copy of the "*Dragon*" (ending with last December number) as a prize to the N. C. O. or man of the 1st Battalion The Buffs who shall send in the greatest number of correct answers to the charades, enigmas, and acrostics which may appear in the paper up to and including the March number, 1891.

2. For less than four correct answers the prize will be withheld.

3. Answers to be allowed to count, must be sent to the Editor by the 20th day of the month following the issue of the number.

4. Every competitor must send in a fictitious name for publication, as well as his real name for the Editor's information.

N.B.—No correct answer having been as yet received to the Acrostic in the July and August numbers, any now sent will count towards this prize.

Cricket Matches and the account of the Annual Prize Meeting of the 2nd Weald of Kent Vol. Battalion have been unavoidably left out owing to want of space.

Digitized by Google

Varieties.

"There goes the Factory whistle" said—— "Can it be 4 o'c. already?" "Factory whistle be hanged! that's not the Factory whistle! that's our Bernard, singing in the Billiard room!!!"

The young lady who made 799 words out of "conservatory" last spring has run away from home because her mother wanted her to make three loaves of bread out of flour!

Theatrical conundrum—from Australia—"Where is J. L. Toole mentioned in the Bible?" "In the passage that tells how the wife of Heber the Kenite took a hammer and nailed Sisera to the floor of the tent. That hammer was a Jael tool."

What, wed a third class shot? she cried,
Accept a bungs fond kisses.
No, though you many misses make,
You won't make *this* miss, Mrs.

1*st Ragamuffin:* Penny, please, sir! *please*, kind sir!! *Gent. (forking out):* Here y' are. [*Gives penny.*]

2*nd Ragamuffin (proposing to repeat manœuvre):* Oh, sir: please, sir——

1*st Ragamuffin (coming to benefactor's rescue):* 'Ere, get out! Bill.' I've done the gent.

They won't have Bernard in the Commissariat because he's not heavy enough for a paper weight.

Overheard at a recent football match in Calcutta. Consequential Civilian to Sergeant: "How do you account for soldiers using such dreadful language, Sergeant?" Sergeant (one of the old school): "Well, sir, I am sorry to say it is the case, but it will always be the same as long as we have to recruit from the Civilians!"

Scene.—Regimental Refreshment Room.
Time.—7-35 P.M.
Tommy.—I say Bearer, tell that punkah-wallah to kinch.
Bearer.—Nai Sahib, not make it too much kinch, blow all cheese away.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

She rides at ease on the stormy sea
Held by my first as tight as can be,
When you take up your rifle my second take too
Or else on parade, Sir, I wouldn't be you.
Its dragging, make sail as soon as you may
And let us get out of this dangerous bay.
A scoundrel whom oft they've tried to take
But he gets off scot free, like a treacherous snake.
A companion and friend is expressed by this word,
Which doubtless our readers have frequently heard.
See how he hunts with nose so fine,
He never once has lost the line.
Once skating along I fell on my head,
And this little word was all that I said.
Screw it in tight or else it will fall,
And may interfere with the line of the ball.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A Letter.
2. A Name.
3. To grant entrance.
4. A place where arms are stored.
5. Total destruction.
6. Process of making rare.
7. What some of us hope to be shortly.
8. A device in heraldry.
9. Used in washing clothes.
10. An ornamental head dress.
11. A small fragment.
12. A Conjunction.
13. A Letter.

H. A. G.

CHARADE.

When forth the maids a-milking go,
O'er my first they lightly skip,
And dreaming not of harming me,
Homeward with their pails they trip.
My second in the merry mill,
Busy there is ever found,
With right good will it works away,
Till the corn at last is ground.
My whole a tiny little fay,
Ordained by nature's king,
Plough the meadows all the day
To jump, and skip and sing.

Answer to last month's Diamond Puzzle.

B
W I N
L o C K S
B I C Y C L E
R I C K S
A L E
E

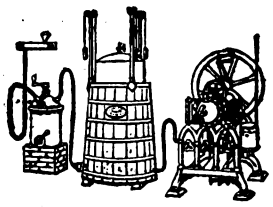
Correct answers received from H. A. G., Pompey, A. E. I. and Mongoose.

Answer to last month's puzzle.

TOBACCO.

Correct answers received from Pompey, Mongoose, H. A. G., A. E. I., The Imp and Many tries.

Digitized by Google

The  Buffs'

AERATED WATER FACTORY.

Every description of Aerated Waters supplied at 10 annas per dozen all round, every day except Sunday.

ORDER BOOKS SUPPLIED FREE ON APPLICATION.

THE BUFFS'

REGTL. WORKSHOPS.

Every description of work performed by Regtl. Artificers:

BICYCLES REPAIRED.

PRINTING,

BOOK BINDING,

CABINET MAKING,

PAINTING,

HORSE-SHOEING,

GLAZING, &C.

For further information apply to the Non-Commissioned Officer in charge.

"THE DRAGON"

The whole of the back numbers are ready and can be obtained on application, single copies annas 2 each, or

BOUND IN THE LATEST STYLE RS. 6.

Apply to the Sub-Editor at the Regimental Workshops.

T. KERODE & Co.

No. 2 CHOWRINGHEE ROAD,

CALCUTTA.

JUST OPENED.

REAL ASBESTOS PIPES

(JACKSON'S PATENT.)

Each pipe has an Asbestos brush in its stem to absorb the nicotine.

Plain	Billiard Shape ...	1	8	0	each.
Do.	with engraved silver band in case ...	4	0	0	,,
Do.	companion with a vulcanite and an amber mouthpiece ...	12	0	0	,,

Illustrated Catalogue free on application.

Printed for the EDITOR, at the "STAR" Press, 19, Lall Bazar Street, Calcutta.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 43 **OCTOBER 31st, 1890.** Price 2 Annas.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.

BROOKER.—At Dum-Dum on the 25th September, 1890, the wife of Pte. J. Brooker of a son, (Frederick James.)

HALL.—At Dum-Dum on the 6th inst., the wife of No. 1230 Corporal A. J. Hall of a son, (John James Mantle.)

HARLEY.—At Saltwood, Hythe, on 2nd September 1890, the wife of Major G. E. Harley, The Buffs, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

EDWARDS—BORLAND.—At St. Stephens Church, Dum Dum on the 27th inst., No. 771 Corporal E. Pinchin Edwards to Mary Louisa, daughter of Color Sergt. Borland, formerly of the 1st Battalion.

DEATHS.

SAUNDERS.—At Fort William, Calcutta, on the 1st inst. No. 1859 Pte. J. Saunders, (Mousey.)

DRAY.—At Calcutta, on the 4th inst., No. 723 Sergt. J. H. Dray, (Drowned Accidentally.)

WHITE.—At Dum Dum on the 24th inst., of Pneumonia, No. 1229 Pte G. White, "C" Company.

NOTES.

We have increased the size of our paper this month so as to publish our article on "Preservation of health in India," which we particularly wish to bring to the notice of our late arrivals from England. The duties will be heavy in Calcutta, and the fewer men we have in Hospital the better it will be for all. There is no doubt about it, if the suggestions which "Veteri frondescit Honore" points out, be carried out, there will be much less sickness amongst the new hands, as strangers to India are generally susceptible to illness unless they take proper care of themselves.

* * *

A frequent contributor to our columns has kindly sent us a photograph of the bungalow at Mussoorie, where Dost Mahomad Khan, Amir of Cabul lived, after he was taken prisoner during the first Afghan War of 1840. We propose presenting it to the Regtl. Reading Room as it may be interesting to some of our readers to see it.

* * *

Oul Regimental Records says:—"During this year (1842) the Regiment furnished two escorts over the ex-Amir, his son Mahomed Akram and about forty other Afghan prisoners. The first was supplied when the illustrious Chieftain was at Saharapore for about a month, the latter was entrusted with his safe custody while at Dehra, and subsequently at the Convalescent Depôt in the hill station of Mussoorie during a period of nearly seven month."

* * *

We have gathered the following from our

Digitized by Google

Mussoorie correspondent, about the Amir of Cabul, whilst he was at that station. The Officer in political charge of him was the late Captain Hutton, the well known Indian Naturalist, and it was a curious incident, for in the first Afghan War the Amir had offered Rs 1000 for his head dead or alive: the reason of this was Captain Hutton used to go into the Bazaars in Afghanistan, dressed up as a "Mualoie" (Priest) and thus gained information as a spy. When at Mussoorie, Captain Hutton and the Amir became great friends, chiefly owing to his being able to speak Persian fluently. Captain Hutton's son is now living at Mussoorie, and as a small boy well remembers Dost Mahomad, who would play with him, and he would sit on his knee and pull his long beard.

* * *

There is now living in the Landore Bazaar, a government pensioner, an old Chaprassie, who was for thirty-five years employed in the Post Office at Mussoorie, who remembers Dost Mahomad very well, and he showed our correspondent the bungalow and the Guard room, where the soldiers lived who had charge of him. He says there were two European sentries on the bungalow, (these of course would be "Old Buffs") and that the Amir only remained at Mussoorie about six months. The bungalow was then, and is now, called the Bola Hissor, the name of the citadel of Cabul, in which was the palace of the Amirs up to the time of the murder of Major Cavagnari in 1879, when it was razed to the ground.

* * *

The story of a "sporting pig," published in this issue is new to us. We have heard of Bissets (a native of Perth) "learned pig" which was exhibited all over England in our great grandfathers' time, and we should like to have an anecdote of this learned "ambassador" from "Hog," or any other correspondent, for insertion in a future edition.

* * *

Last month a prize was offered for the two best original stories sent to us, and we have great pleasure in informing "Thomas" that he is awarded the money for the story which we have published elsewhere. We would like a little more competition to take place and by and bye we might see our way to increasing the value of the prize. We also offered a handsomely bound copy of "The Dragon" for answers to our variety questions, acrostics &c., but we have failed to draw out any aspirants. When the Battn. was in India before the acrostic prize competition was a very brisk one. Why shouldn't it be so now? The acrostics we publish are very easy, and one short half hour's study should be sufficient for anyone to solve them in. We know positively that several of our readers actually take the trouble to work out the answers, but are too lazy (or something) to send them in. Why is this?

* * *

We have extracted some hints on cricket from "Forty years of Cricket" by W. G. Grace which will be found in our columns further on, and we would strongly advise our cricketers to carefully study "Dr. W. G. Grace's hints on batting!! an acquirable art" published in *The Englishman* of the 2nd October. Want of space prevents us from publishing it, but we feel sure lovers of the game would find it interesting and useful also.

* * *

Mr. Hulke had some very good sport last May shooting in the neighbourhood of Chittagong. His bag consisted of three Gaur including two bulls, one of which is a very fine head, three Sambar and several barking deer.

Captain Tylden-Pattenson spent his four months leave, shooting in Baltistan, Kashmir territory, where he bagged seven Ibex, one Orial and a Bear, besides several small animals. The measurements of the Ibex horns are 30½, 32½, 35, 35½, 33, 36 and 39 inches in length respectively.

Snipe have been fairly abundant this month and a good many have been shot by the officers of the station. The best bag in the station made by two guns this season is 57 couple.

* * *

Further on in our issue the letter is published which gives the permission for our Regimental colour to be "buff" instead of "white." The following, from the *Army and Navy Gazette*, speaks fully on the subject;—

"The whole Army will learn with satisfaction that Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to approve of the Regimental Colour of The Buffs being 'buff' colour instead of 'white,' of the Regimental motto being *Veteri frondescit Honore*, and in commemoration of services

Digitized by Google

rendered in the Peninsular War, of the Regiment being permitted to add the words 'Vittoria,' 'Orthes' and 'Toulouse,' to the distinctions already borne. His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief also approves of the facings of this distinguished old Regiment being given in future in the Queen's Regulations and Army List as 'buff' and not as at present described, viz., 'white.' May this be the first step towards the restoration of other time-honoured distinctions which were lost by our Line Battalions on 1st July 1881."

—:o:—

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any "nom-de-plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

—:o:—

THE ASSOCIATION TEAM AND THE DURAND CUP.

To the Editor of The Dragon,

Dear Sir,

As rumours have reached me that the Footboll Team grumble at the treatment they met with during their trip to Simla, I should like to give my account, so that the subscribers to the fund may know that there is another way of putting the matter.

I sent a letter to the Railway Station Master at Umballa with Rs 100, to be given to the Sergeant in charge of the team on arrival; the letter contained full instructions how they were to march up, and rations had been provided for them at the different halting places. All that had to be done was to show this letter to the S. S. Officer at Umballa and trust him to put them through, the General Officer Commanding the District had been communicated with, and had promised his official help. For some reason however, my letter was ignored, and the team determined to travel to Simla by tongas, a considerable additional expense; these not being at once forthcoming through the authorities, they made their own arrangements, and started at a wrong hour, in consequence of which they got no rations at Kalka next morning, and turned up at Simla about 9 p.m., being 5 miles from their proper destination; unfortunately it was a very wet day, and I was only too glad to find that none of them retired to Hospital.

I believe at Jutogh they had nothing to complain of, they had 8 annas a day per man, extra ration money and any small debts paid off. Although the meat may not have been of that excellent quality obtained at Dum-Dum, it was no worse than hill meat usually is, and I know the S. S. Officer did all he could to make the men comfortable, and they were allowed to remain mixed up with the Mountain Battery at their special request instead of being sent to a mess by themselves. The team moved to Annandale Camp after breakfast the morning of the match, getting in by 12 noon, had they pleased they could have marched earlier, the distance is under 5 miles and the Scottish Rifles did the same march; the camp was pitched ready for them, and, with the exception of Sergt. Godfrey, they had absolutely nothing to do till 4.30 p.m., when they played their tie. I do not think a walk of 5 miles in the morning with no kit etc. to carry should make any difference to a team in condition, and at all events their adversaries did the same.

I am afraid the camp life was not the ideal picnic, the native establishment was not quite as well organised as it might have been; and cooks, bhisties, and sweepers all fled in turn. Still it was lovely weather, except one evening, and it cannot be a great hardship for a soldier to have to cook his dinner and fetch water from a tank for once in a way; at least I should not care to have to make a campaign with any who think it is so. A small coffee shop and liquor bar were established, and for amusement there were football matches, or a gymkhana, or something, nearly every afternoon on the ground close by.

I think I have written enough to show that the men were not entirely neglected, and I hope those who so generously subscribed for the sake of sport will weigh what I have written with what they hear. Yours faithfully,

R. E. PHILIPS.

To the Editor of The Dragon.

Sir.

I should very much like you to publish this in *The Dragon* if you can find room. It is a proposal, the way to play for the Cricket Shield

Digitized by Google

this year, and I think that every true lover of the game will quite agree with it. The way I propose to play for it, is the same way as the county championship is played for, only instead of each company playing one another twice, they only play once, and a certain time laid down for each match to be played in, say two days, and play to commence at 10 a.m., and stumps to be drawn at 5 p.m., then I think all the companies would stand a better chance. I should also propose to count the points the same as the counties do, *i.e.*, one point for a win, lose one point for a lose, and a drawn game to count for nothing, so that at the end ot the cricket season the company with the most points win the shield. I think if my proposal is carried out we should see a great deal more cricket than we did last year, when the shield was played for. Last year there were not more than twenty matches played, and I think the above will be a good way to get the whole of the companies to take plenty of practice, and with plenty of practice we should soon get a team out of the Regiment to hold it's own with any club round about Calcutta, where I have heard there are some very strong teams. FAST BOWLER.

[We publish the above, but at the same time don't approve of the method suggested. We would like other opinions on the subject.—EDITOR.]

Dear Mr. Dragon.

Do you know any chap that minds the time when two coys. of ours, Nos. 8 and 9 went from the Curragh to Carlow on some expected election riots? it would be about 1864 if I remember rightly. Well I do. Those were good times for voters, there were no Home Rulers wanted in Ireland then, and a vote was worth having.

Well I was going to tell you. One day they had us out to quell the riots (as they said were going to happen) and to clear the streets. How do you think we did it? We turned out in about ten minutes, and at the head of our two companies, marched our commanding officer, with a magistrate, to read the riot act out if necessary, and a bit in front of them, marched a Roman Catholic Priest, and he did the street clearing business mighty sharp I can tell you, for to see that fine old genleman lamming right and left at those poor Irishmen, who were only a little elated from the drink the would be members of Parliament had given them, was a sight I shall never forget to my dying day, he did the business far better than we could, and kept everybody in roars of laughter as well.

There was a most extraordinary gentleman living in those parts at that time, and I've heard say he had a brother in the Regiment. His name was Mr. Cavanagh, and a good and kind gentleman they said he was to the poor folks living thereabout. Well this gentleman had no arms or legs, and when I tell you I saw him myself driving a coach and four, right well too, and whipping up his horses, you'll hardly believe me, but it is a fact, and I've heard say he could shoot and play billiards as well, so he must have had some wonderful mechanical arms; don't you think so? "Another Old Buff."

OUR DEPOT.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I was wrong in my last as to numbers and date of the two drafts you are getting sent out to you this trooping season, the arrangement at present is that 108 N.-C. O's. and men leave England on the 15th October next, and 100 N.-C. O's. and men leave in February, Sergt. Greig comes out with the first draft.

Your late Orderly-room Sergeant (Cr.-Sgt. F Butler) has applied to come back to the Colours and offered to pay back his deferred pay in a lump sum. He wanted to rejoin and register his name for a Military Staff Clerkship, but the War Office refused to entertain his application.

Pte. Revell who deserted from you at Dum-Dum some time ago was re-captured at Ashford early this month, and has been tried for desertion and having fraudulently enlisted into a Scotch Militia.

Major Reeves, Mr. Fowler, and Mr. Hunter were here on a visit a few days ago, and looked remarkably well.

Ptes. Moriarty and Batt have been found fit for further service, and posted to the Home Battalion for duty.

The undermentioned Old Buffs have died lately.

No. 3137	Pte.	D. Cranny,	24-7-90	Age	55
,, 2432	,,	C. Keys,	15-7-90	,,	40
,, ...	,,	J. McArdle,	18-5-90	,,	65
,, ...	,,	M. Dillane.	5-4-90	,,	53
,, 1440	,,	T. Gravey,	31-8-90	,,	56
,, 1593	,,	J. Shanley,	7-8-90		

Digitized by Google

Pte. Shanley was killed by accident on the railway. I dont think I told you before but Sergt. R. Williams has been appointed a Military Staff Clerk on probation and is at Hounslow. Color-Sergts and Pay-Master Sergts Clent and Smith of the 3rd Regtl District and 3rd East Kent Regt. respectively, were appointed Military Staff Clerks on probation in July last.

Of course all Buffs past and present are delighted at the order about our buff colors and facings and all the leading papers at home comment on it as being a step in the right direction, but why not issue our garments with buff coloured facings or effect an exchange with the Bays who I believe are issued with buff coloured facings and have to make them white.

The depot have finished their cricket season which has been a most successful one, they have played 18 matches and have won 16 and lost 2. The lost ones were games that Sergts only were playing in, one against the Cavalry Sergts and one against the Simon Langton Schools. The best bowlers have been Pte. Relf and Master Cumber who have taken the same number of wickets viz 71 each which is a very strange coincidence. Captain Porter heads the batting very easily but he has only played in 4 matches. We are going to try our hand (or rather feet) at football this winter.

Yours faithfully.

"Old Buff."

DEPARTURE OF BRIGADIER GENERAL W. L. AUCHINLECK.

Major General Viscount Frankfort de-Montmorency assumed command of the Presidency District on the 17th inst from Brig. General W. L. Auchinleck who has gone to Umballa on transfer, before leaving Calcutta he published a few farewell remarks in District Orders to the following effect. He leaves the District with regret, as the cheerful obedience which has invariably been rendered him by all ranks has made his time a pleasant one, He returns his best thanks to Major L. B. Irwin and the members of his staff for their exertions on his behalf, and hopes that in future their work will not be so severe, as the Staff is to be increased. He bids "Good Bye" to all and wishes them every success in after life.

OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret we have to announce that on Saturday 4th October 1890, Sergeant H. Dray was drowned in the river Hooghly. The deceased had recently joined the Ordnance Department at Calcutta as our readers will remember, for temporary employment, and was at this time in charge of the powder boat *Lady Alice* proceeding at 8.30 a.m. with a shipment of ammunition to the Steamer *Pundua* which was dropping down to Garden Reach. At Nemuck Mehal Ghat, the *Lady Alice* got alongside the steamer, and on arrival abreast of the Botanical Gardens, Sergt. Dray boarded the steamer for the purpose of obtaining a receipt for the ammunition. Having completed his business, he attempted to return on board the *Lady Alice*, which was secured to the *Pundua* by two ropes. As he was about to board the boat, a steam pinnacle passing at the time, made her sheer off a little, and instead of dropping into the boat, he fell into the river, and has not been seen since. A Mr. Owens, a saloon passenger of the *Pundua* gallantly jumped into the river to the rescue; but unfortunately Sergt. Dray never rose to the surface, we are told Mr. Owens himself, although an expert swimmer, had a very narrow escape, being carried some distance from his vessel by the rapid current, and he was picked up in an exhausted condition.

Sergeant Dray was a leading spirit at all our concerts and entertainments, and his loss is deeply lamented by all ranks who will always remember him by the name of *Billy Doo*, he having made himself notorious in a play bearing this title some years ago.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

1st CLASS CERTIFICATE.—Yes, the Missouri, Missippi is the longest river in the world. Its extent is 4,332 miles. The next is the Nile, 4,000 miles, and the next are the Amazon and the Congo.

A. E. C.—Your subscription received with thanks, it entitles you to *The Dragon* from No. 44 to No, 52 inclusive. Thanks also for your suggestion and contribution for Almanac, which we are sorry arrived so late. We will however keep it over for our next edition. You will see that a short history of the Regiment has been given in the commencement of the book, which we hope will be ready for circulation soon after this issue of *The Dragon*, & which you will receive in due course.

Digitized by Google

JESSIE.

A TALE WITHOUT A MORAL.

Jessie was a very precocious and bonny lass, she lived at Aberdeen, her father, a widower, was one of your "bang goes saxpence men," and Jessie was a little that way inclined, and liked to take care of her money, she was an excellent house-keeper and on this account her father wanted to keep her at home. In Aberdeen, as most soldiers know, a kilted regiment is often quartered there, both Scotch and English lasses are very fond of kilted soldiers, I never knew the reason why; I have often heard some people say their uniform is more attractive than that worn by other soldiers, and I've heard some even say bare legs have a certain attraction. At al events Jessie was either attracted by, or she attracted one of those Highland soldiers by name of Duncan. Jessie, like many another sensible girl, liked to have two strings to her bow, and of course she thought it right to have two lovers, Alexander was the name of the other.

Alexander was a fine young chap, but a "stay at home bird," Duncan was also a fine young fellow, but he wanted to see foreign parts, and so enlisted to be a soldier. Jessie's father favoured the "stay at home bird," if he had a choice, but he did not care for either of them, they had not enough money for a "bang goes saxpence man," so he threw every obstacle in the way of Jessie's courting. He told her I'll have neither of them at my house, and no letter writing mind, he said, or I shall say good bye to you for ever, if you see them out I have no objection to your walking with them but that must be all. Jessie was a good girl and she said she would obey orders. Now Duncan was a wide awake lad and belonged to the Regimental Signallers, and he got to know all about these new orders, so he said to himself I'll circumvent the old man, I'll give Jessie the Morse alphabet, and teach her how to signal. Well he carried the Morse alphabet in his sporran, and further instructions how to signal, for two or three days, and at last got an opportunity of giving them to Jessie. She being a quick and clear girl, soon was able to signal to Duncan with her pocket handkerchief to meet her on the bridge. From the garden at the back of her house, she could see the barracks, and she established a signal station there with Duncan. In time she became an expert at it, and snapped her fingers at her cruel father's orders, which she was obeying all the same, as she never wrote to Duncan. This signalling arrangement handicapped poor Alexander frightfully, and he was not now in the running, but all's fair in love and war.

Jessie's father often wondered how it happened Duncan and Jessie were so often to be seen walking about together, at most out of the way places, and he taxed them with it one day. Duncan promptly replied, "it was all by chance," nevertheless, the old man could not understand it, because he so thoroughly believed Jessie would obey orders. He eventually came to the conclusion it must be providence that brought them together, and being superstitious and of a fatalest turn of mind, he thought it wise not to interfere with them. At first he was very much against his daughter having anything to say to a soldier, who was half his time away from "Bonny Scotland," but Jessie did not see it in the same light, she was young and tired of Aberdeen, and wanted to see more of the world, she had heard of London, and the gay goings on there, and said to herself I must see London Town, whatever happens, and I don't see how I can do it, unless I marry Duncan. A few months afterwards she married Duncan with her father's consent, and she told him she only married him because she wanted to see London, but she always blesses the day Duncan gave her the Morse alphabet, and Duncan blesses the day he became a Regimental Signaller.

THOMAS

"VETERI FRONDESCIT HONORE"

The following letter is from the Adjutant General to the forces, Horse Guards, War Office. London. S. W., to the Commander-in-Chief, Army Headquarters, India, Horse Guards. War Office, 30th August 1890,

SIR,

"I have the honor, by direction of H.R.H. the Commander-inChief, to acquaint you, for the information of the Officer Commanding the 1st Battn,that Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to approve of the Regimental Colours of The Bufis) East Kent Regiment) being

Digitized by Google

of a 'buff' color instead of 'white' of the Regimental motto being

"*VETERI FRONDESCIT HONORE*"

and in commemoration of services rendered in the Peninsular War, of the Regiment being permitted to add the words:——'Vittoria' 'Orthes' 'Toulouse' to the distinctions already borne.

I am to add that His Royal Highness has approved of the facings of this Regiment being described in future, in the Queen's Regulations and Army List, as 'buff,' on the clear understanding that they be issued white from the Army Clothing Department, and colored buff regimentally, and that no expense be incurred by the public thereby.

I have the honor to be;
Sir, Your obebient servant,
(*Sd*) GODFREY CLERK, D. A. G.

NEW MUSIC.

The following is culled from a home paper. Our Drum-Major should procure this waltz and present it to our band.

"Mr. C. Lawrence, of Deal, is the author of a new valse, entitled "AFFECTION," which promises to be a very great success. Although only a few days have elapsed since its publication, it is being received with the utmost enthusiasm in many of the London theatres, at the Pier Pavilion, Deal, and also at Ramsgate, and Margate. By special permission, the valse has been dedicated to the Right Hon. Earl Granville.

EARNING A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES.

An article under the above heading appeared some time ago in the *English Mail*:—

It appears that a discharged soldier from The Buffs, Daniel Lamb by name, being about to leave the Nenagh workhouse made a very urgent appeal for a new suit of clothes to the Board of Guardians, commencing thus:

"Gentlemen,

My delapidated habiliment depot are deposited in the ward-room or clothing department, and to purge or purify them, I defy the proceeds of Mount Etna to accomplish it."

After a good deal in the same strain, he burst into poetry, bringing in the names of all the Guardians in succession, devoting a verse to each. We insert one specimen.

Bright Kennedy P.
Ever happy may be,
To the poor he will see
That they suffer no wrong.
I wish he knew me,
His answer would be.
Come brothers agree,
Give a fleece to the Lamb.

In conclusion he informed them that he was Daniel Lamb of H. M's. 3rd Buffs, and was prominent in bombarding and storming the walls of China, and carrying away the Golden Lion,&c.

On the motion of Major White, J. P., the poetical applicant was admitted to the Board Room, and after stating to them, that he had served fifteen years in the Army, and was at the capture of Delhi, through the Indian Mutiny, and the Crimean War; they unaminously voted a new suit of clothes for the poetical "Lamb.-'

RIFLE SHOOTING.

SERGEANTS *v.* CORPORALS.

A match between the above teams came off on the 10th inst., and resulted in a victory for Sergeants by 159 points. Sergt. Boulter headed the list with 97 which is a record in the Regt. Unfortunately his last shot was an "outer," or he might have reached the much coveted century.

SERGEANTS.

	200 yds	500 yds	600 yds	Total
Sergt Boulter	33	32	32	97
,, Laing	27	31	27	85
Cr-Sgt Andrews	28	29	27	84
Sgt-Dr Lawrence	30	26	25	83
Sergt Donnelly	24	25	28	77
Lieut. LLoyd	25	26	26	77
Cr-Sgt Cheal	28	33	16	77
Sergt Baker	24	28	22	74
P-M-Sgt Tomsett	32	21	14	67
Q-M-S. Nicholas	20	22	20	62
Totals	273	273	237	783

CORPORALS.

Corpl Crumby	25	29	21	75
,, Boyles	28	23	22	73
,, Hawkins	24	17	29	70
,, Marlow	21	23	21	65
,, Davis	20	20	20	60
,, Dillon	22	23	14	59
,, Hannaford	22	18	18	58
Lieut Dyne	19	23	13	55
Corpl Stevens	20	20	15	55
,, Price	19	15	20	54
Totals	220	211	193	624

Digitized by Google

SERGTS. THE BUFFS *v.* CALCUTTA VOLUNTEERS.

This was the return match between the above teams, and came off on the home range on the 13th inst., and this time the Volunteers were victors by 18 points. Tiffin was provided on the range, and after the match both teams adjourned to the Sergeants' Mess where a most convivial evening was spent, after which the visitors went on their way rejoicing.

The rubber comes off on the Volunteers' range at Ballygung on the 11th of next month.

VOLUNTEERS.

	200 yds	500 yds	600 yds	Total
Sergt Lefranc	26	34	30	90
Sgt-Maj. Harwood	32	29	24	85
„ „ Lees	31	27	26	84
Sergt Timms	29	33	22	84
„ Watson	29	28	26	83
Sgt-Instr. Swain	24	31	25	80
Sgt-Maj Campbell	26	26	26	78
Lieut Spooner	32	22	23	77
Sergt Vandyke	27	31	19	77
„ Rolonson	26	24	25	75
Totals	282	285	246	813

SERGEANTS.

Cr-Sgt Andrews	29	30	30	89
Sergt Boulter	30	33	24	87
„ Laing	27	33	26	86
Lieut. LLoyd	24	30	30	84
Cr-Sgt Cheal	28	27	27	82
Sergt Donnelly	32	23	25	80
Sgt-Dr Lawrence	29	26	23	78
Sergt Baker	28	25	21	74
C.-S Featherstone	25	23	23	71
Sergt Gray	21	15	28	64
Totals	273	265	257	795

FAREWELL SMOKING CONCERT TO SERGEANT BUCKLEY.

Every Sergeant, lucky enough to be off duty, surrounded a tastefully arranged table in their mess room on the 18th inst, to wish their popular comrade Sergeant Joseph Buckley (Moonlight) goodbye. The chairman, Quarter-Master Sergt. Nicholas (in the absence of Sergeant Major Cook at Darjeeling) informed the audience the object of their being assembled together, and after expressing a hope that all would enjoy themselves, commenced the programme which is detailed below. The 1st toast, The Queen, 2nd Colonel Haraison and Officers, and the 3rd SERGEANT BUCKLEY, were lustily given with the usual three times three, and musical honours, and after the latter, the chairman rose made his maiden speech, and presented a handsome watch and chain to Sergeant Buckley on the occasion of his leaving the Regiment. In response, Sergeant Buckley rose amidst much applause, and it was some time before order was restored and the opportunity given him to thank his brother Sergeants for their kindness towards him, he said he would never forget them and wished the Regiment "Good-luck." His health was then drank, and after he had been shouldered around the table, the programme proceeded.

Auld lang syne brought a most pleasant farewell gathering to a most successful close.

PROGRAMME.

Sergt. Eaton, "She's the Boss."
„ Reynolds, "The Fairy of the ring."
„ Sale, "Distant Shore."
„ Alexander, "Old folks at Home."
„ Tomlin, "She had to go without it after all."
Q.-M. S. Tomsett, "We've both been there before many a time."
Armr. Sergt. Rowles, "She wore a wreath of roses."
Sergt. Peters, "Botany Bay."
„ Fisher, "Bay of Biscay."
„ Field, "Tis but a little golden ring."
Q.-M. S. Nicholas, "Clara Nolan's Ball."
Cr.-Sgt. Hoar, "The Shoreditch Handicap."
Sergeant. Hunt, "Oh Johnny don't you go to sea."
Sergt. Buckley, "The Marseillaise."
Sergt. O. R. C. Gorin, "Harbour Lights."
Sergt. Patten, "Fish and Bread."
Auld Lang Syne.

MOONLIGHT SMOKING CONCERT.

Another of these most enjoyable open air smoking concerts was given by Lieut. LLoyd on the 10th inst., and was as usual a decided success. Each one is an improvement on the last, but on this occasion Sergt. Eaton having taken a holiday to Darjeeling, Mr. LLoyd had to "worry along" without him; and Pte. Hills just returned from Simla in time to help him through with a very fair programme.

Last month we were careless enough to forget to mention in our account of the outside concerts Surgeon Leishman's invaluable presence at the piano, for which we are sorry. Mr. Nicol's recitation from the "Babs Ballad," was also forgotten to be mentioned. Unfortunately owing to want of space we cannot publish the programme.

Digitized by Google

PRESERVATION OF HEALTH IN INDIA.

The heading of this article certainly does not look interesting, nevertheless the writer hopes, (if it is accepted by the Editor of *The Dragon*,) it will be waded through by every soldier in The Buffs; most of it will be well known to old soldiers, yet it will do no harm to refresh the memory, by having it again brought to their notice. A soldier in these times has a great deal to think of and learn in his profession, and a reminder as to health maxims, and how to take care of himself should always be well impressed on his mind. However, if the subject may not be of an interesting nature, it certainly is an important one, not only to the soldier himself, but to his country also. I maintain, a true soldier will do all in his power to preserve his health, and he will not ridicule a comrade, or think it old womanish or appertaining to feather bed ideas, when he sees a man taking every precaution to keep himself out of hospital.

Young men we all know, as a rule, are most careless of their health, they are apt to think they can stand a great deal more than nature expects them to. Any one, with the strongest constitution, if he neglects even the ordinary precautions often rues it, and regrets not having taken notice of a friendly warning. Soldiers, as young men, before they join the Army, are physically the cream of the English nation, all have been pronounced by a medical officer, after a searching medical examination, as fit to be a soldier, that is, sound in wind and limb, and capable of enduring the glorious hardships of a soldiers life campaigning, a most trying one to the constitution, and far more so than any a civilian is ever put to. It therefore behoves him as a good citizen to try and preserve his fitness that his Maker has started him in life with, so that when called upon to fight for his Queen and country, he may not be found wanting in this respect. If my readers will carry out the suggestions I am now about to relate, I know very well they will not only be fitter soldiers, but after their twenty-one years service, should they elect to stay so long in the Army, they will find they are still strong and hale men, with lots of go in them, and able thoroughly to enjoy a well earned pension. The writer of this article is not a Doctor, which will soon be found out, and he sincerely hopes, if by chance it should catch the eye of our esteemed medical officers, and if they should find anything in it not according to Cocker* they will wheel him into line, and very sharply too, for venturing to write on such a subject.

AIR:—Dr. Parkes says "it is necessary for health, to breath pure air into the lungs." The atmosphere that surrounds the earth is composed of oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, amonia, and a variable quantity of watery vapour. Pure air is composed of about 23 per cent of oxygen, and about 77 per cent of nitrogen, if we draw this mixture into the lungs, in these proportions, it will be all right. But what are the facts of the case in general life, in an improperly ventilated barrack-room. We inhale air, but when it gets into the lungs, a great deal of the oxygen remains in the system, and carbonic acid is thrown out in its place. The consequence is, if we live in a room with no ventilation, for any length of time, the air left in the room must be of an impure nature, in fact it would become nothing more than a mixture of nitrogen and carbonic acid. Now oxygen is not only a great purifier of the blood, but it also promotes warmth in the system, and it is as necessary to inhale it into our lungs, as water is to a fish. Carbonic acid alone is a deadly poison, a lighted candle will be put out by it. Men have been known to go down a well, so full of carbonic acid, that they have been killed on the spot. No one should ever go down a well, before first lowering a lighted candle, if it burns there is no danger.

Most of us have read Mr. Holwell's account of the horrible sufferings of those English men and women, who were imprisoned in the Black Hole at Calcutta, by that cruel and cowardly Nawab of Murshidabad, in 1756. There were crammed together in this prison, a cube of about 21 feet, with only a very small window, 146 men and women, for ten hours, and only 23 survived, the survivers were those who had strength to remain near the window. Those who did not survive, were smothered, and died no doubt from the want of oxygen, which at first brings on stupor and unconsciousness, and ultimately death. Mr. Holwell says, after he came out from the prison, his body was a mass of sores, which shows that there was no oxygen to breath, and to purify the blood. Of course this is an extreme case of want of ventilation. The lungs can stand a great

* Cocker I may mention was not a doctor but a mathematician.

Digitized by Google

many impurities in the air, such as a pea soupy air of a London fog, and that of other kinds, but they must have oxygen. How often have we heard of men being found dead from sleeping near a lime kiln, and again in bed-rooms with charcoal fires, whole families have been found dead in them, from the carbonic acid thrown off. The same acid is thrown off from our lungs, in a smaller degree, each time we exhale. Inhaling carbonic acid in small quantities, injures the coat of the stomach, weakens the appetite, from the effects of it, we waken up in the morning feeling drowsy, and not fit to do anything, this in time not only ruins our constitution, but also makes us much more liable to contract other diseases. A fire in a barrack-room is a good ventilator, but it is not sufficient for a room full of soldiers. Besides the exhalation from the lungs, there are the invisible and vapourous exhalations from the skin, which have a very deletrious effect, when they are inhaled into the lungs. Dr. Jaejers says, "if the water that streams down inside the window of a closed sleeping room be collected, one drop of this liquid impregnated as it is with the noxious exhalations given off by sleepers will suffice to poison a rabbit. I think I have written enough, to show how necessary it is to have plenty of ventilation in a barrack-room.

PURE WATER:—What is called chemically H. O., does not naturally I believe exist, it is composed of about 2 parts of hydrogen, to 1 of oxygen, but this is not the water one generally finds in wells, or the best spring water. The nearest approach to H. O. is rain water, snow water, or water one gets as a rule on board ship, which is condensed steam. It does not therefore follow, that water to be wholesome, should be made only of hydrogen and oxygen. Good drinking water is a most important consideration, nearly half the diseases in India are caused from drinking bad water. A soldier when on the march, or out shooting, should be most careful before drinking water, first, to find out where it comes from, then if satisfied, have it filtered, and if he is still doubtful, have it boiled. Sir W. Moore says, "Tank water should be avoided. Water from a well, constantly being drawn from it, is often the most satisfactory, but probably, water from a swift flowing river is best, as the motion of the stream, and the exposure to the air, tend to maintain the water good, notwithstanding the numerous impurities which find their way into rivers." Our water at Dum-Dum is from the Hooghly, and it is said to be the best drinking water in the world. Often the clearest surface water is quite unfit to drink, it may have been contaminated from the drainage of some village or house, and this is the kind of water which often looks so tempting, we should be careful of. Many wells in London, of late years, have been closed on account of the water being unwholesome, although to look at it, you could not imagine such clear and sparkling water to have anything wrong with it, yet I am told it is full of the germs of typhoid fever.

There is no excuse for a soldier drinking bad water. In every barrack-room, and on the march a filter is always at hand. Before marching, he should fill his bottle with filtered water, and try to drink as little of it as possible. The old saying "the more you drink, the more you want," particularly applys to drinking on the march. Drinking a lot does not assuage thirst, on the contrary it makes one more thirsty. If a soldier has a long march before him on a hot day, and dusty road, the best thing for him to do, is to rinse his mouth out with water, and not to swallow it, however hard it may be to resist the temporary pleasure of swallowing it. Cold tea, made from the evening meal tea-leaves, is the best thing to put in the water bottle, the drawback to this with a wooden bottle, is, that it taints it for a very long time afterwards. The head and hands wetted with water takes away thirst. I have heard it said, that Americans gauge their thirst as being a one, two, or three dollar thirst, according to the pleasure they have of assuaging it, but I beg of you Buffs never to satisfy your thirst, till you reach the end of your march, if you wish to keep up with the column, or to be in good health. We all must have noticed how insipid rain water, or water on board ship is, it is not so refreshing as good spring water, but it is far more wholesome. Water impregnated with chalk, is liable to give men gravel, and you will find this a common disease in chalky countries. Again, water impregnated with iron, has a most deteriorating effect on our teeth, this is very noticeable at Sheffield in Yorkshire, I never saw a good set of teeth there, and I was always told the water was the cause of it. There is one thing more about water I wish to call attention to, and that is the filth sold by natives in the bazaars, under the head of soda

Digitized by Google

water, lemonade. ginger beer, pop &c. No one knows where they get the water from to make it, and I am quite certain if the places were seen where it is made, no soldier would ever drink it.

BREAD:—I dont think any Englishman would like to get on without bread, from the earliest ages, it has been an article of food, yet how many men in The Buffs know how to make it. I confess I should not like to eat bread of my own making, b t I consider every soldier should know how to make it. Flour is often issued as a ration instead of bread, so I will write down a receipt for making bread and yeast, taken from Sir William Moore's book on family medicine for India. He says, "obtaining good bread is very often a difficulty in India. Soda and baking powder, which contain an alkali, are objectionable, beeause they neutralize the gastric juice. So is very often, the *Mussallah*† used by native bakers instead of yeast, which is not unfrequently sour. To procure yeast or barm is the difficulty in making good bread, which may be overcome, at least in the cooler weather, as follows:—Put half a breakfast cupful of good hops into a saucepan with two quarts of cold water, and boil slowly for some hours, until it is reduced to little more than one quart. Let this decoction get cool, then add half a breakfast cupful of sugar, stir till the sugar is dissolved, then bottle and cork. Let the bottle stand in a cool place for three days, when yeast will be formed.

To make bread, take six pounds of flour, three table spoonfuls of yeast, and one quart of luke-warm water. Put the yeast and water into the centre of the flour, mix, and cover with a cloth for five or six hours, till it rises, then add as much tepid water as will make the whole into dough, also a desert spoonful of salt, and knead properly, cover, and let the mass stand till it ferments, which is known by its cracking at the top, then divide into loaves and bake. Double the proportions of articles named will make better bread."

I once tried to find out from a baker in the Regt. how to make bread. It's a long time since now. He was in my company, and was making bread for a large camp, in an out-landish place, and right good bread it was, made in a field oven. I knew he could not procure either yeast or baking powder, so I asked him where he got his leaven from, he said "that is the secret, I cannot tell you that, if I do, my trade is gone, and the Commissariat will soon have another baker, I am being paid well for this job, and dont want to lose it." He kept his secret, and I am a no wiser man. Good bread, in colour, should be nearly the colour of our facings, buff or light yellow, if white, it has had, some alumn or other mixture put into it. white bread is not nearly so wholesome as buff bread. Good bread will keep for two or three days without going sour, it is light, the inside of the loaf will rebound if you press it in, like india rubber, it has got a sweet and pleasant smell, and to the taste there will be no bitterness in it. It should be well baked, not doughy inside, the crust should be brown and crisp, but I wish to point out, in this country, during the rainy season, and in damp weather, it is impossible to have a crisp crust. Soldiers in India are entitled to the best bread, but not what is called white bread, which is as I have said before, unwholesome.

MEAT.—Soldiers rations of meat, consist of beef and mutton, what we call the iron ration, and salt pork on board ship. Beef and mutton altho' not supposed to be the best that can be bought, must be well fed and not too lean, naturally, the fatter the animal, the greater will be the proportion of flesh to bone, and the better the ration will be, not only as regards the quantity of flesh but it will also be more tender. Good meat when cut into should be grained with white fat, like the veins in marble, it is these veins of white fat which make the meat tender, if the animal is not too old. If the meat has a very dark red look about it when cut into, you may depend upon it, the animal was an old one, or in all probability, was not slaughtered, but died with its blood in it. Both lean and fat should be firm to the touch, not moist or sodden, nor showing white jelly-like spots, the fat should be free from bleeding or dark spots. The meat of both old and young animals have their faults, the former is tough, the latter wastes away in cooking. There is a limit to age, of all animals being killed, for the use of soldiers. Bull beef and ram mutton are not allowed to be issued to troops, if other is procurable. Meat should be sweet and free from taint of any kind, a good way to test this is to stick a knife into it and smell the blade, it should be perfectly sweet.

Iron rations and salt pork (which as a rule is kept in barrels) if when opened the meat is not

† *Mussallah* is the native name for spices of all kinds.

Digitized by Google

tainted, they are wholesome and good. For a change soldiers like them better than beef or mutton, if not issued too often. Salt pork should be steeped in water, for some time, before being cooked, sometimes it is found to be bad after this and attention to this should be paid by the company cook, as well as to the tinned rations, which often become tainted after being opened a short time. Iron rations having been already cooked in the process of preservation, must on no account be heated any length of time, when being prepared for use, they should only be warmed through. Beware of country pork, sold in the bazaar. Unless the pigs are fed under European supervision, pork is unfit to eat.

POTATOES.—Should be as large as possible, they should run so many to the pound, according to the season of the year, they should not be watery, and if properly cooked, should be white and mealy.

RICE.—When husked, should be white, and the grain very little broken, there should be no dust or dirt in it. and the larger the grain, the better the quality of the rice if not too coarse, the best rice is called Bansmutte.

FRUIT.—Should be ate sparingly and never if unripe unless cooked, it is best to eat it in the morning. and the old Eastern proverb about fruit should always be remembered, that it is gold to eat in the morning, silver at mid-day and lead at night.

COOKING.—It is all very well to have good meat and vegetables, but they are thrown away if not properly cooked. The English are proverbially the worst cooks in the world, consequently they put up with what they can get, but there is no excuse for a soldier not being able to cook a great deal better than he does. The company cook should take the greatest pride in making the most of the rations handed over to him. and he should recollect the discontent he makes by serving up a badly cooked dinner. I feel certain if the men of a company, took more interest in the cooking of their meals, it would work wonders. This interest must come from the men themselves, however much interest an officer may take in the cooking &c., he cannot do anything without the men interesting themselves in it, a great deal more tean they do, and insisting on having well cooked food. One cannot make bread out of stone, but it is unpardonable, a dinner being spoilt by a careless cook. Soldiers have small enough rations, we all know, and they cannot afford to have them wasted. It is only comman sence when I say, if a dinner is relished when ate, it must have a more strengthening effect and make a soldier fitter as a fighting man than an unsavoury, badly cooked one, particularly so in India, when sometimes in the hot weather one feels unfit to eat anything. A well-cooked potato is a meal in itself. I always think one never gets a potato well cooked out of Ireland. It is said the more simple the food, the better and longer will the stomach prove a good servant. It is also said, to enjoy life, is to live on sixpence a day, and earn it, and the old proverbial injunction to leave off eating while you are hungry, are sound health maxims. A company cook should make as much variety out of the rations at his disposal, as possible, it is astonishing what can be made out of them, there should at least be a different kind of dinner every day in the week, our palate. like everything else, desires a change, and it is good for health also. Dr. Jaeger says, any one possessed of the self control necessary to make a trial of fasting, will at once be convinced of the extraordinarily beneficial influence, which is thereby exercised on the health and working powers, not only with such persons as banquet luxuriously, but with all classes down to the peasant and artizan.

SUNSTROKE.—How often have I heard a soldier cautioned to put on his helmet on a hot and sunny day, sometimes I really think he cannot be in his right mind or is wool gathering when he goes out in the sun without one. I have seen such numbers of soldiers ruined for life from sunstroke. I am quite sure if some of the young soldiers in The Buffs had seen so many, they would be more careful, and not run the risk. for the little extra trouble and inconvenience of putting on a good head covering. The liability to sunstroke is increased by the abuse of alcoholic drinks. A man suffering from sunstroke should be induced to drink plentifully of cold water, and cold water should be poured on the head. The spine requires as much protecting as the head from the sun. Placing a plantain leaf, or a damp handkerchief inside the helmet is a preventative against sunstroke.

CLOTHING, &C.—The old saying "you cannot put an old head on to young shoulders," is very true with regard to young soldiers, not caring what kind of underclothing they wear. It is positively

Digitized by Google

injurious to health, wearing a cotton shirt in India, however much a man may suffer from prickly heat; cotton shirts have long since been condemmed as part of a soldier's kit. A man, hot and sweating, with nothing but a cotton shirt on, when not moving about, is most liable to get cold, and which very often produces a bad country fever. The cholera belt should always be worn night and day. Wet clothes should be changed at once, if that is not possible, keep moving about, a draft in a cold climate should be avoided. There is too much sitting down on the damp grass and damp stone steps to preserve good health.

EXERCISE—At least two hours exercise should be taken daily independent of drills; polo, foot-ball, cricket, swimming, shooting, riding, and *bicycling*, or an hour in the gymnasium, will keep a soldier in good condition to march, as well as keep him in good health. To some constitutions very violent exercise in the hot weather is not a good thing. It is fatal to the liver, to sleep too much in the middle of the day, during the long and hot days of a tropical summer, particularly so after the mid-day meal. These long days while there is no pleasure going out, should be taken advantage of to improve the mind, by reading or doing some kind of mechanical work in the barrack room.

BATHING—The daily bath is an essential requisite in Indian life, it lends vigor and energy to the system.

CHANGE OF AIR—Although none but the sickly are allowed to go from the plains to the hills yet how soldiers as a rule hate going to a hill station, or what is called a Convalescent Depot. In my humble opinion, a soldier should never lose an opportunity of going there, if he wants to soldier or remain any time in India,

DRINK—I am not going to write much about this, it is well known in The Buffs the evil effects of it, taken in excess. In moderation it can do no harm, it good, but I beg of every soldier of the Regiment, not to drink the stuff in the Bazaars called bang, arrack, toddy, cape smoke, fix bayonets &c, or any other drink found there. They are all more or less a slow poison, and they are the source, as we all know, of half the trouble in a Regiment.

CONCLUSION—Sir William Moore, says, in his Family Medicine for India, from which I have taken most of the hints in this article, that "Moderation in all matters, whether in eating, or drinking, business or pleasure, is one golden rule; another equally important, being the endeavour to avoid those fits of temper, to which the European, fretful from heat of climate, and often annoyed by the not understood, dilatory, or otherwise objectionable conduct of the natives of India is apt to give way." In other words, keep your temper with native servants, if you wish to have a pleasant life.

"VETERI FRONDESCIT HONORE."

THE MONKEY TEMPLE, BENARES.

The old hands who were quartered with the Battalion at Benares in 1871 will know the story of how a monkey at this temple paid out a dhud wallah for watering his milk, and it is just as well the story should be impressed on our young hands, as there is no doubt about it, he will sell watered milk if he can, in spite of the soldier who looks after the milk cows, and their milking.

Well here is the anecdote taken from the Benares Guide Book, by an old resident.

An "Ahir" or milk seller having collected Rs. 30, intended to return to his native village, after having a bath in the tank close by the Temple. Having stripped himself, he placed his little bundle of wearing apparel, and the purse containing his money on the steps of a *ghat* within view. Shortly after, a large monkey (that monkey is there now, and is called the king of monkeys) came to the spot and coolly appropriating the purse, climbed up a tree on one of the banks' The dhud wallah tried to tempt the monkey to come down by offering fruits &c., but without success. At last to his chagrin, he saw that there was no help for him but to wait patiently. After about half an hour, the monkey bit the purse, and taking one rupee threw it into the tank, and another on the road, and this he did till fifteen rupees were thrown into the water, and the balance on the ground. The dhud wallah did his best to recover the money from the tank, but ineffectually, and previous to returning home, he confessed that he considered his loss to be an act of retribution, as he always adulterated the milk with an equal quantity of water. (The Guide Book says) I heard this anecdote from an European lady, who witnessed this monkey trick whilst on a visit to this part of the town.

[Our advice is, knowing the tricks of the dhud

Digitized by Google

wallah, always to see the milk *lota* turned upside down, before they commence to milk, and have the cow milked at your door. Watered milk is bad enough, but when watered with filthy water, it is murder. ED.]

A SPORTING DOMESTICATED PIG.

We all know pigs prognosticate wet weather, when they carry straw in their mouths, we also know of their generosity in Ireland in paying the "poor man's rint," but many of us may not have heard of a sporting one, the following story related in an old book, "Daniel's Rural Sports" clearly shows he is a far more intelligent animal than we give him credit for:—

"Some years ago, Mr. Toomer. game-keeper to Sir Henry Mildmay, bethought him of teaching a pig to act as a pointer, having been struck by the scenting powers of the animal in its search for palatable roots under ground. He began by allowing a young female pig to accompany his pointers, in their breaking lessons, to the field. Within a fortnight, to his own surprise, she was able to hunt and point partridges and rabbits. There being an abundance of them near the keeper's lodge, her education advanced rapidly by frequent exercise, and in a few weeks she was able to retrieve game as well as the best pointer. 'Slut' as this extraordinary animal was called, was considered to have a more acute scent than any pointer in charge of the keeper, and it was a kennel of the highest character. They hunted her principally on moors and heaths, and it often happened, that when left behind, she would come of her own accord and join the pointers. She has often stood a jack snipe, when all the pointers had passed it, she would back the dogs when they pointed, but the dogs refused to back her until spoken to. Toomer's dogs being all trained to make a general halt when the word wars given, whether any dog pointed or not, so that she has been frequently standing in the midst of a field of pointers. In consequence of the dogs not being much inclined to hunt when she was with them (for they dropped their sterns and showed symptons of jealousy) she did not very often accompany them except for the novelty. Her pace was mostly a trot, she was seldom known to gallop, except when called to go out shooting, she would then come home off the forest at full stretch, and be as much elated as a dog at being shown the gun. She always expressed great pleasure when game, either dead or living, was placed before her. She has frequently stood a partridge at forty yards distance, her nose in a direct line to the bird, after standing some time she would drop like a setter, still keeping her nose in an exact line, and would continue in that position till the game moved, if it took wing she would come up to the place and draw slowly after it, and when the bird dropped she would stand it as before." HOG.

CRICKET.

COOKS *v.* DEPOT.

This match was played at Jalapahar on the 13th inst. and was decided on the first innings in favor of the *Bawachies* by 8 runs.

COOKS.

Roberts, c Barton b Mason	3
Tilley, c Bates b Freeman	2
Weston, c and b Mason	1
Bolton, c Bowden b Freeman	0
Gunner, c Steen b Freeman	8
Burnett, b Freeman	15
Wilson, run out	0
Hammond, b Steen	1
Mansfield, not out	54
Holbrook, b Bowden	3
Crouch, not out	3
Extras	20
Total	110

DEPOT.

Fitzgerald, b Weston	21
Freeman, c Mansfield b Bolton	1
Yates, c Mansfield b Bolton	1
Mason, b Wilson	2
Hawkins, b Bolton	2
Cooper, b Weston	32
Steen, c Roberts b Crouch	0
Barton, b Weston	15
Martin, b Weston	22
Bowden, b Roberts	0
Bates, not out	1
Extras	5
Total	102

HINTS TO CRICKETERS.

The following hints as to batting are taken from "Forty years of Cricket," by Dr. W. G. Grace, and we hope may be of use to some of our readers interested in the noble game of cricket.

We would however strongly advise our Cricketers to carefully study Dr. W. G. Grace's hints to Batting "An acquirable art," to be seen in the *Englishman* of 2nd October, as want of space prevents us from publishing the whole of it.

Digitized by Google

It may be safely laid down that the first duty of a batsman is to make runs, and that he who can make them quickly or slowly as occasion requires, belongs to the very highest class. I am now speaking to the young player, and that tends upon details, that are too often neglected when he begins to play.

"Always play with a bat suited to your strength and height. I believe in holding the bat half way up, and with the hands in that position have always been able to defend my wickets against all kinds of bowling and still hit as freely as I desired to. Some stone wall players play with the right hand close to the shoulder, but that, while good for defence, will undoubtedly cramp your hitting powers.

While you are waiting for the ball, grip the handle firmly, and make sure the hands are in the right position, *i. e.* the left hand, uppermost, with the back of the hand to the bowler; the right hand with the back to the wicket, with the fingers and thumb opposite the bowler. Try and get some one to show you the right position, as you will in five minutes get a better idea of the right and wrong ways of doing it, than you would get in an hour from the most elaborate treatise ever written on batting.

"Where and how to stand at the wicket.,'

It makes very little difference whether you take guard to cover middle stump, or middle & leg, but the position of the first cannot be too carefully studied and practiced. Place the right foot just inside the crease, and make sure that the toes are clear of the wicket. The left foot should be outside the crease, at a distance to enable you to stand easily and comfortably with the toes clear of the wicket also.

Take your block a little more than the length of the bat from the wicket, and be sure to make a good mark; so that you will not lose sight of it.

You are now ready to play the ball, and will ground your bat in the block hole, when the bowler begins his run. One or two writers say, "Stand with your weight equally balanced on both legs," that I believe to be a great mistake. The weight should be chiefly on the right leg, and kept there when you raise the bat to play the ball; another mistake committed is twirling or flourishing the bat, it serves no earthly purpose, unless it is to cover your movements, and it is decidedly bad form. I very much question if you can come down as quickly or correctly on a shooter with the bat moving up and down, as you can holding it quietly a few inches from the ground.

And now we come to the first and important stage in batting, how to keep up your wicket. That must be the aim of the beginner, it is better a thousand times to be able to keep your wicket for an hour, even if you only score ten runs, than to make the same number of runs in the first over and be bowled the next. The art of defence may be summed up thus: The power to play back and forward, both styles must be cultivated, and in both the grand essential is to *keep the right foot firm, and play with a straight bat.*

If you contemplate to play back, you will have to draw back the left foot, but on no account must you move the right, that you must keep as firm as if it were rivetted to the ground, and do not forget to keep your left shoulder well forward and come down on the ball with firmness. To play forward you must advance the left leg, but you must take care not to over-reach yourself, or you will move the right foot; another very important thing to remember in playing forward is, never to place the bat further forward than the level of the left foot, and be sure to have the handle slanting, so that the top of it is nearer than the blade to the bowler.

The first thing in batting is not to be half-hearted about it, but when you make up your mind to hit, to do it as if the whole match depended on that particular hit. That applies simply to slow round arm or lob bowling. The fear of being stumped has deterred many a man from running out far enough, and a weak hit, followed by a catch is the result.

REGIMENTAL CRICKET CLUB.

COMMITTEE.

PRESIDENT—MAJOR OMMANNEY.
MEMBERS—CAPTAIN BRINE, LIEUT. LLOYD, LIEUT. D'AETH, 2ND LIEUT. HASLER.

The following prizes will be given in the ensuing season:

OUTSIDE MATCHES.

Matches between 1st Eleven and other Clubs.

1. Best average for batting, a prize value Rs.20
2. „ „ in bowling, „ „ „ 20

Digitized by Google

A bat will be given to any player who makes 50 runs in an innings.

To strike an average, a man must have played in three quarters of the matches played.

REGIMENTAL MATCHES.

PRIZES:—

Batting,	1st	prize	of	the	value	Rs. 15	
,,	2nd	,,	,,	,,	,,	7	8
,,	3rd	,,	,,	,,	,,	5	
Bowling,	1st	,,	,,	,,	,,	15	
,,	2nd	,,	,,	,,	,,	7	8
,,	3rd	,,	,,	,,	,,	5	

The averages to be computed from playing in any of the following matches:—

1. Half Battalion Matches,
2. Between 1st elevens of Companies,
3. Officers *v.* N-.C. O's. and Privates,
4. ,, *v.* ,, ,,
5. ,, *v.* Privates,
6. ,, *v.* Corporals,
7. Sergts. *v.* ,,
8. ,, *v.* Privates,
9. Corpls. *v.* ,,
10. N.-C. O's. *v.* Privates,
11. Officers and N.-C. O's. *v.* Privates.
12. Officers *v.* Sergeants,

N. B. (1) The above to be *bona fide* matches between best teams.

13. N. B. (2) The Band and Drums *v.* any of above enumerated to count for average.

RULES.

1. A man must play in at least eight matches to enable him to strike an average.
2. That the batting averages be decided by the total number *of runs* divided by the total number of times *not out.*
3. That the bowling averages be decided by the total number of runs obtained "off the bowler" divided by the number of wickets obtained by him.
4. That all matches to count towards computing averages, must be published in *The Dragon.*
5. The decision of the Committee to be final.

———:o:———

WHY EVERYBODY LAUGHED

A certain young newspaper man, who toils for his ducats not far from an office that had better be nameless, recently became the proud father of the handsomest baby in the world. (He says it's the handsomest, and he ought to know.) Last Saturday was his day off, and he and his wife thought they would give the town a treat by taking the baby out and exhibiting it to the admiring multitude. They made two short calls on friends, and the lady concluded to do some shopping, too, while she was out. The baby is a fine, healthy youngster, and after a while it began to get heavy. Hubby had been carrying it and to relieve him and allow him to stretch his cramped arms the young mother took a turn with it. Before long the proud father was again staggering along with the precious load, and after that they took turn about in carring it. Then a brilliant thought struck the father. Why not buy a baby coach? They needed one anyhow, and might as well buy it while they were out and wheel tootsy-wootsy home in comfort. To think was to act, and in a little while the fond parents were pushing a gorgeous coach down the street, with the hope, expressed by the father, that some of the boys on the other papers could see the finest baby they ever laid their eyes upon. At first they were oblivious to everything but how well the baby looked in the coach, but Hubby finally began to notice that people coming towards them seemed to see something funny. He could not understand what it all meant, and concluded to investigate. You wheel the coach while I go ahead and see what's the matter," he said to his wife. He passed coach a dozen yards or so, and then turned back. One look at the coach made him blush and then shake with laughter. They were nearing home, and he told his wife to cross over while he wheeled. She crossed the street ahead of the coach' then turned. gave a glance, and horror of horrors what met her gaze and with a feeling that beat sea-sickness, clutched a lamp-post for support. There in front of the coach was the placard which the careless dealer had forgotten to take off painted in large black letters, "Warranted Our own make."

Digitized by Google

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

The undermentioned have extended their services :

798	Color-Sergt. T. Cheal,	27 9 90
821	Sergt. B. Gates,	27 9 90
875	,, J. Patten	27 9 90
1826	,, W. Lishman,	3 10 90
945	,, C. H. Peters,	15 10 90
2884	Lce-Sergt. G. Sale,	16 10 90

The undernamed Officers have returned off leave:

Lieut-Col. H. D. Harrison
Major. J. W. Hind
Captain. R. E. Philips
2nd. Lieut. Julian Hasler
2nd. Lieut. F. W. B. Dyne

Sergt. D. Sheppard has joined the E. I. Railway Volunteer Corps. as Asst-Instructor.

2nd. Lieut L. I. B. Hulke, & 2nd Lieut A. G. Trollope, have been promoted Lieutenants and posted to the 1st Battalion.

Captain A. J. W. Allen has been appointed Station Staff Officer at Fyzabad.

The punkah wallahs fled on the 17th inst.

Sergt. T. Steele wife and child left for England in H. M. S. " Serapis " on the 9th inst., and are struck off the strength of the Battn.

Drummer J. Cullen has changed his religion from Church of England to Roman Catholic.

Lieut. L. G. N. Eales, 2nd Lieut. N. Mc Pherson, Sergt. Greig, 2 Corporals, 3 Boys and 102 Men are expected to arrive at Bombay in H. M. Troopship " Euphrates " on the 10th November, 1890.

The undermentioned N.-C.O. with his wife and child arrived at Bombay on the 29th of September last, and were taken on the strength of the Battn. from that date accordingly, and posted to Letter D Coy:——Corps of Armourers, No- 667, Armourer-Sergt. J. F. Davis.

The undermentioned N,.C. O. and men have been transferred from 1st Battn. Connaught Rangers, and posted to companies as under:—

Sergeant T. O'Maara, Ptes. T. Long and M. Long, to "B" Company. Ptes. J. Loftus and F. McKenna to "D" Company.

Instructions have been received from the Adjt. Gen. in India stating that any Warrant or N,-C. Officer of British Corps, applying for furlough on private affairs, must be given to understand that indulgence passages are not likely to be available, and that they must therefore be prepared to find their own way home.

The undermentioned N.C.O's. have been detailed, from Horse Guards, to proceed home during the present trooping season, under the provisions of G.O. 24 of 1883, and to be posted to 2nd Battn.:—2972, Lc-Sergt. W Donnelly, 76, Lc. Sergt J Reynolds.

Colonel W C Mackinnon, formerly of The Buffs, is now installed at Pall Mall East, as Secretary to the National Rifle Association.

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

To be Color-Sergeant.—No. 149. Sergeant R. Montgomery *vice* Butler discharged 20-8-90.

To be Sergeants:—1661, Lc.-Sergeant A. Behrens *vice* Cook discharged 5-8-90; 988, Lc.-Sergt. P. Godfrey *vice* Montgomery promoted, 20-8-90.

To be Paid Lc.-Sergeants:—46, Lc.-Sergt. T. Ward *vice* Behrens promoted 5-8-90 ; 630, Lc.-Sergt. J. Smith *vice* Godfrey promoted 20-8-90.

To be Lc.-Sergeants;—2972, Corporal W. Donnelly ; 1303, Corporal W. Tozer.

To be Corporals:—No. 1544, Lc.-Corporal W. Hurrell *vice* Behrens promoted 5-8-90 ; 1622, Lc.-Corporal F. Dann *vice* Godfrey promoted 20-8-90.

To be Paid Lc.-Corporals:—No. 2471, Lc.-Corpl. E. Bailey *vice* Hurrell promoted 5-8-90 ; 134. Lc.-Corpl. E. A. Cochrane *vice* Dann promoted 20-8-90.

Digitized by Google

To be Acting Lc.-Sergeants:—2032, Corpl. J. Fisher, 55, Corpl. E. Bing.

To be Acting Corporal:—342, Lc.-Corporal R Golds.

To be Lc-Corporals:—1943, Ptes, H. Newing, 1962, J. Henniker, 1984, W. Reeves, 2096, H. Hamilton, 2152, E. M. Dungey, 2272, T. Knight, 2318, J. Watson, 858, F. Palmer, 1621 Drmr. T. Manville, 2621, Ptes. W. Hobbs, 1939 H. Gamble, 1202, A. Beard, 1492, A. Hewer, 2188, W. Skinner, 33, Drmrs. H. Harrison, 783, W. Wittering, 547, Ptes. C. James and 1225, W. A. Featherstone.

To be Band-Corporal *vice* Roach promoted —No. 3073, Lc-Sergt. W. Tozer.

To be Sergeants: 1178 Lc-Sergt. G. Cork, vice Dray deceased 1-9-90. 1208 Lc-Sergt. F. Staunton, vice McDowell 26-9-90. To be Acting Sergeants: 46 Lc-Sergt. T. Ward, 632 Lc-Sergt. J. Smith. To be Paid Lance Sergeants: 1447 Lc-Sergt. J. F. Stirke, vice Cork promoted, 1-9-90. 2747 Lce-Sergt. E Goose, vice Staunton promoted 26-9-90. To be Lance Sergeants: 1304 Corpl. J. Tomlin. 76 Corpl. J. P. Reynolds. To be acting Lance-Sergeants, 2884 Corpl. G. Sale 935 Corpl. G. Moon. To be Corporals: 860 Lce-Corpl. J. Price, vice Cork promoted, 1-9-90. 2979 Corpl. W McDowell, absorbed on reduction, vice Staunton promoted 26-9-90. To be acting Corporals, 1587 Lce-Corpl E Wynne, 1041 Lce Corpl. W. Sexton. To be paid Lce-Corpls. 2034 Lce-Corpl O. Kendal vice Price promoted 1-9-90, 2084 Lce-Corpl J. G. Smith vice Gaunt reverted, 6-10-90. Officer's Mess Sergt., Sergt. T. Ward. Regtl Provost Sergt. Sergt. G. W. Boulter.

GOOD CONDUCT PAY.

1367	Pte. J. Greenwood	at	2d	16-9-90
1715	Lc.-Corpl. G. Leek	,,	3d	22-9-90
1354	Pte. R, Howarth	,,	2d	3-9-90
1358	,, W. James	,,	2d	6-9-90
1356	,, A. Smith	,,	2d	5-9-90
1288	,, H. Williams	,,	2d	15-7-90
2318	,, J. Watson	,,	1d	6-9-90
1332	,, J. Beard	,,	2d	26-8-90
1342	,, H. Hammond	,,	2d	25-8-90
1363	Lc-Corpl. F. Hilderbrand	,,	2d	13-9-90
1327	Pte. E. Drew	,,	2d	19-8-90
1370	,, A. Harding	,,	2d	22-9-90
1360	Pte. E. Judge	at	2d	8-9-90
1364	,, R. Ridgeway	,,	2d	13-9-90
1377	,, A. Isard	,,	2d	23-9-90
1329	,, G. Hyland	,,	2d	26-8-90
1309	,, H. Stevens	,,	2d	2-9-90
1368	,, J. Friend	,,	2d	20-9-90
1381	,, C. Adams	,,	2d	29-9-90
3101	,, F. Cozens	,,	1d	11-9-90
870	,, J. Heath	,,	2d	16-9-90
1359	,, J. Crump	,,	2d	10-9-90
2600	,, C. Day	,,	1d	25-9-90
2572	,, T. Roache	,,	3d	5-9-90
2076	,, G. Stevens	,,	1d	29-8-90
2174	,, G. Stupple	,,	1d	4-9-90
1452	,, C. Mepham	,,	2d	18-10-90
1395	,, W. Larkins	,,	2d	9-10-90
1390	Lc-Cpl. J. Montgomery	,,	2d	1-10-90
2599	,, W. Clark	,,	1d	25-9-90
2629	Pte. J. Dove	,,	1d	16-10-90
1414	,, G. Fisher	,,	2d	15-10-90
2173	,, T. Luxford	,,	1d	1-9-90
2631	,, W. C. Elvey	,,	1d	18-10-90
2572	Boy P. Mc,Grath	,,	1d	18-6-90
1420	Pte. E. Price	,,	2d	18-10-90
1421	,, R. Price	,,	2d	18-10-90
2609	,, W. Wall	,,	1d	1-10-90
1384	,, W. Westley	,,	2d	1-10-90
2137	,, H. Arms	,,	1d	4-10-90
2643	,, T. Burroughs	,,	1d	22-10-90
2647	,, G. Greenway	,,	1d	27-10-90
1429	,, J. Hunt	,,	2d	23-10-90
1391	,, J. Thornley	,,	2d	30-9-90
2613	,, H. R. Blinko	,,	1d	2-10-90
2621	,, W. F. Hobbs	,,	1d	9-10-90
1293	,, F. Matthews,	,,	1d	14-10-90
2617	,, J. Tester,	,,	1d	1-10-90
1389	,, J. Christie,	,,	2d	1-10-90
1387	,, F. C. Collett,	,,	2d	2-10-90
1386	,, F. Cook,	,,	2d	2-10-90
1399	,, W. G. Havell,	,,	2d	8-10-90
1394	,, C. Lawson,	,,	2d	9-10-90
2618	,, W. H. Pickard	,,	1d	4-10-90
1388	,, W. S. Russell,	,,	2d	2-10-90
1357	,, J. West,	,,	1d	16-10-90
1423	Lc-Cpl. G. Bryan,	,,	2d	18-10-90
1418	Pte. T. Blockley,	,,	2d	15-10-90
2607	,, J. Franklin,	,,	3d	9-10-90
1295	,, G. Greenland	,,	1d	29-10-90
916	,, R. C. North,	,,	1d	16-10-90
2640	,, H. J. Prince,	,,	1d	22-10-90
1422	,, J. Webb,	,,	2d	23-10-90
1411	,, C. Williams,	,,	2d	13-10-90

Digitized by Google

VARIETIES.

What a quiet fellow so-and-so is. Hold on a bit, wait till you hear him eating, you wont say he's quiet then.

From "Le Masque de Fer" :—

Calino is challenged to fight a duel.

—"Very well," he says, "I will fight; but on one condition."

— ?

—"I am so short-sighted that in order to equalise the conditions of the combat I demand to be placed ten paces nearer my opponent than he is to me."

Mrs. Brown: How provoking! Didn't you see Timothy, that the letter on my table had no address?

Timothy: Yes mum, but I thought you didn't want anybody to know who you was sendin' it to.

Man of business: I wish to insert an advertisement in the *Morning Bugler*.

Clerk: Yes, sir.

Man of business: Commence it in this way—"Pay Cash"—and put these words in large letters.

Clerk: Yes, sir.

Man of business: And I want you to give credit for the price of the advertisement for a month or so.

New England, according to the *Morning Post*, possesses "the greatest butter cow in the world." Her name is Eurotisama, and her weight is 820lb. Last year she produced 945lb. of butter. In fact, Eurotisama's butter weighs more than she does herself.

Wife—"The twentieth of November we shall celebrate our silver wedding. Don't you think we ought to kill the fat pig, and have a feast?"

Husband—"Kill the pig! I don't see how that unfortunate animal is to blame for what happened twenty-five years ago."

A Good Story is told of and against a young Englishman who was granted an audience by the Pope. The Holy Father graciously conversed with the father of the young man, and addressed some remarks to the latter, who however preserved a stony silence. On their leaving the Vatican, the following dialogue ensued:

Father: Why on earth didn't you answer the Pope?

Son: Well, the fact of it is I couldn't for the life of me remember whether to address him as *Saint Pére* or *Sacre Pére*.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the tear of a young lady weeping alone, like an armed Merchantman in time of war?

Why is beer like a Crusader's head?

Why does a herring resemble a Grocer's shop?

Answers solicited.

CHARADE.

My first is seen in every line,
And may of course be seen in mine,
My second howsoever near,
You cannot see but often hear,
While by my whole the man of trade
Has information oft conveyed.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His rags were searched by the icy breeze,
Which rent his form with many a sneeze;
But he smiled a smile, and his eyes grew bright,
As with trembling hands he grasped me tight:
And kissing my mouth with his lips so blue,
A deep long draught of my second he drew.
At once inspired with youthful fire,
He sat him down and twanged his lyre,
And thus he sang—

LIGHTS.

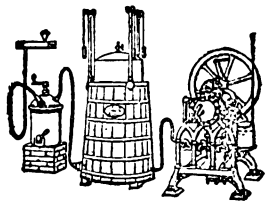
1 My first, my first, what is my first,
Not numbers own its name.
2 My second feign would slack his thirst
On e'en my old frame.
3 From my clothes take re,
And then you'll see—
A way to find my third.
4 My fourth is—guess—
But should you press
To know, I've said the word.
5 Beneath the shade ot my spreading fifth,
My aged form is flung,
6 And I weep salt tears, as my sixth
Calls back the days when young.

NOTICE.

No correct answers have been received to our Acrostic in the July, August, or September numbers, We hold over the answers so as to give our readers a chance of competing for the prize which we offered last month. We hope next month to be able to publish names of several who have sent us "correct answers."

Charades, enigmas, acrostics, puzzles, &c., received for insertion will always be published if approved of by the Editor and space admits.

Digitized by Google

The  Buffs'

AERATED WATER FACTORY.

Every description of Aerated Waters supplied at 10 annas per dozen all round, every day except Sunday.

ORDER BOOKS SUPPLIED FREE ON APPLICATION.

THE BUFFS'

REGTL. WORKSHOPS.

Every description of work performed by Regtl. Artificers:

BICYCLES REPAIRED.

PRINTING,
BOOK BINDING,
CABINET MAKING,
PAINTING,
HORSE-SHOEING.
GLAZING, &C.

For further information apply to the Non-Commissioned Officer in charge.

"THE DRAGON"

The whole of the back numbers are ready and can be obtained on application, single copies annas 2 each, or

BOUND IN THE LATEST STYLE RS. 6.

Apply to the Sub-Editor at the Regimental Workshops.

T. KERODE & Co.

No. 2 CHOWRINGHEE ROAD,
CALCUTTA.

JUST OPENED.

REAL ASBESTOS PIPES,

(JACKSON'S PATENT.)

Each pipe has an Asbestos brush in its stem to absorb the nicotine.

Plain Billiard Shape ...	1	8	0	each
Do. with engraved silver band in case ...	4	0	0	"
Do. companion with vulcanite and an amber mouthpiece ...	12	0	0	"

Illustrated Catalogue free on application.

Printed for the Editor by Ptes. F. Hunt and A. E. Corner, at The Buffs' Press—Dum-Dum.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

East Kent Chronicle.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1898.

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 44. **NOVEMBER 30th 1890.** Price 2 Annas.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTH.

WATTS—At Dum-Dum on the 14th inst., the wife of Color-Sergeant W. Watts, of a son. (William Amos.)

MARRIAGE.

BUTTANSHAW—HUGHES-D'AETH—October 22nd, 1890, at Denton Church, by the Rev. Wyndham C. H. Hughes-D'Aeth, Rector of Buckhorn Weston, Dorset, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. J. R. Holmes, Rector of Knowlton, and the Rev. G. J. Hussey, Rector of the parish, Edward Thornton Buttanshaw, Lieut. The Buffs, younger son of Colonel Buttanshaw, Indian Army, to Margaret Evelyn, fourth daughter of the late Narbrough Hughes-D'Aeth, Esq. of Knowlton Court, and of Mrs. Hughes-D'Aeth, Maydekew, near Canterbury.

NOTES.

A happy and merry Christmas and many of them, and the Compliments of the Season from *The Dragon* to the Men of The Buffs.

Before our next number is issued Christmas will have come and gone, so we must commence this number with wishing all our readers

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"Christmas comes but once a year" is an old saying, and we hope that every man in The Buffs will enjoy his Christmas of 1890. Christmas brings home to us many recollections, it is especially a time when families like to be gathered together, but unfortunately in Great Britain, as Her Majesty's dominions stretch so far and wide, and to such an extent that the sun never sets on them, there must be many absentees from the home circle, but doubtless none of us will be forgotten in the old homes, and our healths will be drunk and good wishes wafted out to us here in the sunny East. We must not in return forget them at home, and our Christmas fare will recall to us many happy days spent in the far off home from our boyhood to manhood. We do not wish to sermonize, but Christmas time is often made an excuse for many excesses, surely this need not be, and in the present advancement of education a custom that should be relegated to the past ages. We intend to have a good look round the Company Barrack-rooms at the dinner hour on Christmas Day, and our next number will give an account of the decorations, good fare, &c., and figuratively speaking, will express an opinion as to which Company

Digitized by Google

takes the cake.

* * *

The Cricket season for this year opened on the 17th November with a match between the Officers *v.* Sergeants, which resulted in a victory for the latter by 13 runs, the scores can be seen further on in our columns, the Sergeants were well to the front in the 1st innings, but the Officers made a near thing of it by the close of their 2nd innings.

Some of the matches played are published, and we hope to see the Regimental Eleven well to the front. Sergt. Godfrey and Pte. Straw each made over 50 runs in the first match versus Barrackpore, thereby each obtaining a bat.

Sergt. Godfrey is bowling very well, and we hope by the time his turn comes round to go home, he will have made up his mind to re-engage. He will be a great loss to our eleven.

A list of the matches arranged is published, as many as possible will be played on our ground previous to going into Fort William, and we hope to see a goodly gathering of the men to cheer our team to victory. The Company matches for the Cricket Shield will be played off in the same manner as the football cup matches, which we think seems the best way of ascertaining the strongest Company; there is a certain element of luck in cricket, and it requires a match or two to show one eleven's strength.

* * *

Since our last issue, the Regimental Meeting for the Bengal Presidency Rifle Association has been concluded, and we are glad to see that out of the twelve competitors who fired for the Bronze Medal Aggregate, eleven have obtained places in the first two hundred and twenty-five, and have therefore qualified to compete for the Championship at the Meerut Central Meeting. This is really a great advancement, and we wish those of the eleven who are able to go, every luck, and that they may obtain some really good prizes. It is not as yet known what money has been won in the local meeting here, but Lce.-Corpl. Boyles' score of 34 at 500 and 33 at 600 yards out of a possible 35, should put him towards the top of the list. Several other good scores were made, and will we think take places in the prize list, Sergt. Baker 94, at 200, 500. and 600 yards, Sergt. Laing and Sergt. Baker, each 60 at 800 and 900 yards, and Sergeant Boulter 46, and Pte. Dunham 43 at 800 yards. A detail of the scores will be found elsewhere.

The teams that fired for the Inter Regimental and Non-Commissioned Officers matches have also qualified to compete at Meerut for the Inter Regimental Cup and Non-Commissioned Officers Plate. We would very much like to see the Officers and Sergeants Messes owners of these trophies, but we are afraid our shootists are not yet able to beat the teams they will meet at Meerut.

The Companies also are shooting well, " D " Company making the splendid figure of merit of 168.58, with 49 marksmen out of 79 men, the Band 163.63 with 19 marksmen out of 36.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*Correspondence or Articles intended for insertoni must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence, &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any " nom-de-plume " can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.*]

:o:

OUR HOME BATTALION.

Aldershot, October, 1890.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Apologies I suppose should be the commencement of this chronicle of events, but I'm sure if you knew the amount of work lately done by your special correspondent, so great would be your grief that I'm sure you would weep so copiously that the office boy would be under the impression the monsoons had prematurely arrived; so with this vague statement in extenuation for past remissness, and promises for better behaviour in future here goes for news of The Buffs at home.

MUSKETRY:—With the exception of a few recruits going through their preliminary, the musketry season is at an end, and the Battalion stands well to the front as far as Aldershot is concerned; it would be wrong to assert without proper statistics, but I think when the return is published, The Buffs will be at the top of the tree as far as the 3rd Brigade is concerned, our figure of merit being 134.19. 47.10.

The best shooting company in the battation and winners of the shield being " D " Company.

Digitized by Google

Figure of merit, 148.87. 48.49.

The last lot of recruits exercised (126) were the best in the Division, figure of merit, 191.92 45.27, so altogether shooting has been satisfactory.

CRICKET:—Of course cricket is at an end and has been some time, the season, though not quite so successful as might be wished, has been better than last.

CYCLING:—Cycling is drawing to a close, as is always the case at home when winter approaches; the short days putting an end to very long runs, but the past summer has been a very pleasant one for wheelers. At present, Sergeant-Major Aherne heads the list for long runs, having completed a run of about 300 miles, quite putting in the shade our club run of 90 miles. We are now getting a "sociable" to enable some to take their divinities for a spin, so now divided skirts are in demand in the vicinity of North Camp.

By this mail I forward a copy of rules, and hope they are not too late to be of use, there is one rule now which might be of use, viz:—

"No members are allowed to try clearing water jumps and hedges, any doing so purposely will be liable to expulsion, those doing so accidentally will be supplied with plaster and bandages at the nearest hospital."

Most of our members were, at first, very partial to jumping hedges etc., especially your special correspondent.

FOOTBALL:—The football season is now on, and The Buffs are playing matches every day, there is a great improvement on last years form. I'm sorry to say in the Army Cup ties, the Medicos knocked us out by five goals to four, the match was very exciting, as at time to finish both sides were four goals each, and the teams agreed to play an extra half hour, with the above result. I believe a protest has been lodged against the victors, as they brought men from Netley and elsewhere to play for them.

In the Regimental League Matches, 'E' Coy. stands at the top at present, having beaten 'C' Coy. by 3 to nil, and 'F' the same. 'H' Coy. and The Band played, The Band winning by 2 to 1. 'C' Coy. played the corresponding Coy. of the A. & S. Highlanders, and contrary to expectation, were only beaten 2 to 1, it may seem funny to expect to be beaten, but the Coy. of the Argyles have four of their Regimental Team which means a great deal.

Our Sergeants played the Sergeants Argyles, ond beat them easily, the playing of Cr.-Sergts Coulby, Farrell, and Light being very much admired, the former as goal keeper and the latter two as forwards, in fact they made the game.

And now I think I'll conclude as there's nothing much to tell, of course the Regimental talk is about a change of Station, but *we have not yet decided where we'll go* the only places *we've picked* being, Ireland, Devenport, Warley, Woolwich and Guernsey, C. I. So for present good-bye and good wishes from all. NOBBY.

OUR DEPOT.

Dear Mr. Editor.

Thanks very much for your information about the gratuitous copyof *The Dragon* for the Reading-room, I'm sure the President is very pleased, as owing to the scarcity of recruits, he is not overburdened with funds.

It was thought some few years ago that when the short service system was got properly into working order it would do away to a great extent with married soldiers in the Army, it does not appear to have got into the desired groove yet, as they are going to build 28 more married soldiers quarters at this Station shortly.

Recruits are coming up pretty sharp since the beginning of this month, and I think at the rate we are getting them in, that by Christmas we shall have at least 200 here, as they are coming from all quarters of England daily, and are a very fine lot of young fellows all burning (or rather freezing this weather) to go to Calcutta, some say it is the Recruiting Officers glaring poster has fetched 'em! what do you think?

Your correspondent "Nutcracker" wants to know the name of the last man serving in The Buffs who had the Punniar Star, it is J. McLeary.

I have often heard Chris. Whyatt speak about him, and I think he taught Whyatt to bowl, by the description "Nutcracker" gives of his bowling which is very much like Whyatt's.

One of the gentlemen mentioned in his letter is still serving, and an ardent cricketer, he played with the Depôt last year in 3 or 4 matches.

Captain Chippindall took 28 recruits from here to Aldershot to join 2nd Battn., on the 1st inst. Pte. Hodge has joined the Depôt after having handed Mr. Swetenham over in London to his friends. Col. Hobson has re-joined from

Digitized by Google

leave of absence, and Captain Chippindall has gone on leave until 31st December.

2163, Pte. A. H. Davies was discharged at Netley unfit for further srrvice, and has been awarded 6d a day for 12 months, conditional.

Another Old Buff has passed over to the majority:—Pte. T. Sullivan died on the 3rd of October 1890, at Liverpool, aged 63. He was discharged from The Buffs in 1867.

I enclose a list of some of the oldest Buffs at present alive, it is a very complete list and I am indebted to our very obliging pension clerk (Mr. Calladine) for it. If you can possibly publish it I am sure it will prove interesting to some of your readers.

The Permanent Staff of the 3rd Battn. fired a match last week with the Volunteers at this Station and gave them a decided beating.

Canterbury, Yours faithfully
29-10-90. OLD BUFF.

SIR,

In reply to "Nutcracker's" letter the name of the last man who served in The Buffs and in possession of the Punniar Star was No, 1783, Pte. John McLeary. He enlisted at the age of 16 years and 2 months, on the 15th April 1843. Served in the East Indies, Malta, Greece, Crimea, Corfu and China, and when discharged in 1864 was in possession of the Bronze Star for Punniar, English and Turkish Medals for the Crimea, China Medal, and the Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct. I think he must be dead now, as he is not on the Pensioners' Roll of The Buffs.

Canterbury Yours faithfully
30-10-90. OLD BUFF.

To the Editor of The Dragon

Sir.

Some time ago, "Old Buff" stated in his letter, that Pte. R. Edmonds (Totty) had applied to rejoin the Colors. Pte. Edmonds has asked me to contradict this, for he wrote and informend me that he has never applied to rejoin the Colors, and that he has always been in constant employment.

Hoping that you will insert this in your columns.

Yours faithfully,
M. C.

The following is a list of some of the oldest Buffs at present alive:—

Regtl. No.	Rank and Names.	Born.	Served From	Served To	Residence.	Remarks.
904	Pte. Blunt, J.	1814	1834	1856	Newport Pagnel.	Punniar Star
1600	" Baxendale, J.	1820	1839	1857	Preston,	"
2451	" Cronin, M.	1828	1847	1857	Ballinasloe	Crimean & Turkish M.
1485	" Draper, H.	1822	1840	1861	Preston	Punr., Crimean & Turk.
1195	" Eaton, G.	1819	1839	1857	Northampton	No Medals
1561	" Down, T.	1822	1840	1861	Kelso	Punniar, Crimean, Turkish, China & G.C. Medals
7258	Sgt. Elmes. W.	1813	1853	1880	Canterbury,	East Kent Militia.
525	Pte. Eagan, A.	1808	1826	1842	Rochdale	Invalided, no medals.
1108	" Gale, A.	1811	1834	1856	Hungerford	No Medals.
1[illegible]7	Sgt, Ging, P.	1816	1837	1858	Naas	"
9[illegible]	Pte. Hextall, E.	1814	1834	1855	Warwick	Punniar, & G. C. Medals
1662	" Harford, F.	1821	1836	1857	Devizes	Punniar Star
1713	" James, J.	1826	1842	1865	Stourbridge	Long Service and G.C.
1152	Sgt. Jenkins, T.	1818	1838	1860	Oldham	Punniar, Crimean, Turkish, & G. C. Medals.
1092	Cpl. Longshaw, J.	1818	1835	1857	Chipping Norton	Punniar Star
885	Sgt. Lovell, W. C.	1816	1834	1856	Crowborough	Do.
1213	" Mullett, C.	1823	1839	1860	Sligo	Do.
1710	QMS Mansfield. J.	1816	1831	1855	Portsmouth	Do. & G. C. Medal
1104	Pte. Munday, I.	1817	1836	1852	Basingstoke	Punniar Star
	" Older, J.	1803	1824	1841	Petworth union	No Medals.
1629	Sgt. Palmer, H.	1820	1840	1861	Uxbridge	Punniar Star, & G.C
956	" Powell, R.	1814	1834	1856	Kinsale	Do. do.
2801	Pte. Tombs, J.	1834	1851	1856	London	Crimean & Turkish. Invalided. gun shot wound.
845	" Wills, J.	1816	1834	1856	London	Punniar Star.
895	" Whitehurst, F.	1815	1834	1847	Derby	No Medals
1022	" Walsh, M.	1808	1826	1845	Castlebar	Punniar Star.

Dear Mr. Editor.

It may be interesting to many of your readers to know how, and in what manner the Regiment was disappointed in not taking part in the 1st Afghan War 1838-9. It was in this way:—

The Regiments from Bengal ordered to take part in this Campaign had been specially selected by Sir Henry Fane, the Commander-in-Chief, on account of their efficiency, which had been clearly demonstrated to His Excellency on his late tour of inspection. The Buffs was one of the Regts. so selected and formed part of the "Army of the Indus" as it was called, and took part in the great review of English Troops before the Governor General, and Runjeet Singh, "the Lion of the Punjaub," near Ferozepore in 1838. Shortly after this it was made known to the Army, that the Persians had raised the seige of Herat, and such a large force was not necessary to advance into Afghanistan. The Commander-in Chief was therefore ordered to reduce this force, and it devolved upon him to dash the hopes of some of these Regiments to the ground. He being unwilling to make an invidious choice after having before selected them, he decided to settle the question by casting lots as to which Regiments should go, and it was thus the 13th Light Infantry formed part of this expedition,

Digitized by Google

instead of what might have been The Buffs, had fortune smiled on the Regiment.

"It is said that the principals of selection should have been adhered to on the reduction, as well as on the formation of the force, if this had been the case The Buffs would not have been left behind, for it is also said the 13th Light Infantry ever zealous and full of alacrity, were shattered by desease at Ferozepore, the spirit of its soldiers were willing but unequal to the task, whilst it doomed to inactivity The Buffs, one of the most efficient European Corps in India."

This is the impartial testimony of an officer of the 13th Light Infantry, and it was written immediately after the first camping of the "Army of the Indus." Had The Buffs advanced with this column into Afghanistan, instead of the 13th Light Infantry, we should have borne the honors of Afghanistan, Ghaznee, and Cabul on our colors and in all probability we should have taken part in the heroic defence of Jellalabad—such is luck however.

The British Regiments present in the early part of this campaign were the 16th Lancers. 13th Light Infantry, (Somersetshire Regiment,) and Bengal Fusiliers, (now the Royal Munster Fusiliers) from Bengal. The 17th Leicestershire Regiment, and the 40th South Lancashire Regiment from the Bombay Presidency.

Yours faithfully,

A VERY OLD BUFF.

THE CRICKET SHIELD.

SIR,

With reference to the scheme submitted by "Fast Bowler" in your issue of the 31st ult., for the competition for the Cricket Shield, I venture to offer a few objections, and to suggest another plan for deciding the inter-Company contests for the trophy.

"Fast Bowler's" proposal is very much on the lines of the recent Association Football competition with its palpable disadvantages of too many matches and waning interest taken in the affair by Companies which have sustained a defeat or two, and consequently have lost heart and either scratched or turned out with only half a team. It would be a great pity if the keenness and interest necessary to a contest of this description should be lost through the same means in the approaching cricket competition which would certainly be the case if it was carried out in the manner suggested by "Fast Bowler."

The following scheme for carrying out the cricket contest then would I think answer better:

Let each half battalion play inter-Company matches and the best team of each half battalion play off for the trophy, by this means each Company will play three matches, and the two best companies in each half battalion, four, the contest consisting of thirteen matches in all, this would afford every company a fair chance and share in the struggle for the trophy. In the event of a tie between two companies in one half battalion, these two companies play together again before competing with the best company in the next half.

All matches to be played to a finish. The whole arrangement of the competition to be in the hands of the Cricket Committee, including selection of umpires if possible.

This scheme would justly decide the respective merits of the companies, and would furnish all with an opportunity of competing, and would also contribute greatly to the public interest in the final, as the struggle would be between the two half battalions' representatives.

F. C. HILDERBRAND, Lc-Cpl.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS!

WAGER—*Aut cursu, aut cominas armis.* This is the Regimental motto of the 16th Lancers, and means, "Either in the charge, or hand to hand,"

C. C. C.—If we are able to answer questions put to us, we are always willing to do so through our columns.

NOBBY,—Thanks very much for the Bicycle Club rules. We have handed them over to the Secretary of our Club and have no doubt they will be of service in framing others for the 1st Battalion. As soon as we get to Calcutta, our Cyclists intend being photographed. The Dragon Cycling Club will receive a copy in due course; please send yours if ready.

MUSKETRY.

B. P. R. A. 1890.

We held a local meeting here, and had some very good weather, but the Dum-Dum ranges are never what marksmen care about, the wind,

Digitized by Google

the light, and everything is different to every other range and really good scores are very scarce. However our Inter-Regimental team and Non-Com. Officers' team have both taken places in the first twenty teams, and go to Meerut, so we mustn't grumble, and out of the twelve members who fired through for the Bronze Medal Aggregate eleven have qualified to shoot at Meerut for the Championship; so we pat ourselves on the back and congratulate ourselves that we haven't done badly after all.

Below are the scores in detail and in order of merit;—

BRONZE MEDAL AGGREGATE.

H.P.A.S.—315.

Distances	500	600	800	200 500 600	200	800 900	Total
Lc-Corpl. Boyles	34	33	29	82	21	54	253
Sergt. Laing	26	28	28	82	24	60	248
Lc.-Sgt. Baker	30	21	23	88	18	60	240
Sgt. Poulter,	31	21	28	86	23	51	240
Pte. Dunham	29	27	22	78	23	53	232
Cr.-Sgt. Andrews,	25	26	28	78	22	47	226
„ Cheal	27	30	24	86	15	37	219
Sgt. Dr. Lawrence	26	27	17	82	21	37	210
Lc.-Cpl. Seager	24	29	25	71	19	36	204
„ Crumby	19	19	14	78	24	44	198
Cr.-Sgt. Montgomery	28	24	25	54	18	47	196
Pte. McKeaning	24	23	20	76	18	26	187

TEAM MATCHES.

INTER-REGIMENTAL.

Fired on the 4th Nov. 1890. H.P.A.S.—840.

Lc-Sergt. Baker	94
Sgt. Drmr. Lawrence	85
Lc-Corpl. Boyles	83
Sergt. Boulter	82
Lieut. LLoyd	81
Major Ommanney	80
Sergt. Laing	77
Col-Sergt. Cheal	74
Total	656
Average	82·00.

NON-COM. OFFICERS' MATCH.

Fired on the 6th Nov. 1890. H.P.A.S.—420.

Lc-Sergt. Baker	59
Sergt. Boulter	59
Sergt. Laing	58
Sgt. Drmr. Lawrence	57
Col-Sergt. Cheal	55
„ „ Andrews	53
Total	341
Average	56·83.

LONG RANGE COMPETIAION.

	800	900	Total.
Sergt. Laing	37	41	78
Sergt. Boulter	46	30	76
Pte. Dunham	43	30	73
Lc-Corpl. Poy'es	37	34	71
Lc-Sergt. Baker	36	30	66
Pte. Seager	40	21	61

SERGEANTS CALCUTTA VOLUNTEERS *versus* SERGEANTS THE BUFFS.

The final "heat" in a series of three matches between the Sergeants of The Buffs and Sergeants of the Presidency Volunteer Battalion, with an Officer in each team, was fired on the Ballygunge Range on the 11th inst. and resulted in the Volunteers winning by 38 points. The conditions were: 10 a side; seven shots each at 200, 500, and 600 yards. The Volunteers averaged slightly over inners, the veteran Sergt-Major Harwood again taking the place of honour at the head of the poll. The first match of the series, fired at the Belgurriah range, was won by The Buffs with a lot to spare; the second match, fired at Dum-Dum, was won by the Volunteers, by 18 points, and the third, fired at Ballygunge yesterday, also by the Volunteers, who thus won the rubber. Tiffin was provided on the range, and after the match there were one or two speeches, Colonel Chatterton, commanding the Presidency Volunteers (just returned from England), proposing the health of The Buffs team, and Major Ommanney returning the compliment. Both sides assured each other in stentorian tones that they were jolly good fellows, and a few good songs

Digitized by Google

followed.

The shades of night falling fast as the party left the range. Colonel Chatterton and Major Ommanney both hoped the Volunteers and The Buffs would have more equally pleasent contest. and as the Buffs are coming into the Fort, this is very probable. It is an excellent thing for the Army and the Volunteers to be brought thus into friendly rivalry, and such matches are greatly to be encouraged. We should mention tnat The Buffs had their revenge insome measure, an informal match got up after the big event of the day between three officers of the Volunteers and three officers of the Buffs—seven shots at 600 yards—resulting in a victory for The Buffs. We give the scores of the Sergeants' team;—

SERGTS. PRESIDENCY VOLUNTEER BATTALION.

	200.	500.	600.	Total.
Sgt.-Maj. Harwood,	30	32	30	92
Sgt. Watson,	27	32	32	91
Sgt.-Maj. Campbell,	28	30	30	88
Sgt. Timms,	31	34	21	86
Sgt. Law,	30	30	26	86
Lieut Hodgson,	30	31	24	85
Sgt.-Maj. Lees,	27	28	29	84
Sgt. Dring,	29	27	25	81
Col.-Sgt. LeFranc,	22	27	31	80
Sgt. Miller,	27	23	22	71
			Total	844
			Average per man	84.40

SERGEANTS," THE BUFFS."

	200.	500.	600.	Total.
Sergt. Laing,	33	28	29	90
Major Ommanney,	29	32	27	88
Col.-Sergt. Cheal,	30	30	25	85
Band Sergt. Roach,	27	34	23	84
Sgt.-Dr. Lawrenee,	26	29	28	83
Col.-Sgt. Featherstone,	27	31	24	82
Sergt. Baker,	27	30	24	81
Col.-Sgt. Andrews,	22	27	29	78
Sergt. Boulter,	27	23	22	72
Sgt.-Major. Cook,	24	21	18	63
			Total	806
			Average per man	80.60

LETTER "C" COMPANY.

The figure of merit and classification of Letter "C" Company is as follows:—

Range and individual firing	157.40
Independent and volleys combined	63.53

Classification:—

Marksmen	27
1st Class Shots	21
2nd „ „	18
3rd „ „	3
Total completed ...	69

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with chapter vii., para. 215, B. M. R., 1887.

Gold Guns and £1 10, as best marksman of Company. No. 1598 Lce.-Corpl. Marshall, score, 245.

Worsted guns and 10s. as marksmen in order of merit:

1461	Lce.-Corpl. Hartley,	Score 227
947	Private Byford,	„ 222
1262	„ Letchford,	„ 215
936	Lce.-Sergeant Alexander,	„ 213
819	Private Woods.	„ 210
76	Lce.-Sergeant Reynolds,	„ 205
	Worsted guns only.	
149	Color.-Sergt. Montgomery.	„ 221
1077	Private Tussler,	„ 200
1247	„ Brenchly,	„ 198
1981	„ Tibbal,	„ 194
835	„ Page,	„ 194
851	„ Scott,	„ 190
1674	„ Castle,	„ 188
1680	„ Lackie,	„ 187
1227	„ Garner,	„ 183
406	„ Michell.	„ 184
1304	Lce.-Sergeant Tomlin.	„ 182
2587	Private Towers,	„ 181
1420	„ Price	„ 180
1770	„ Dartnell	„ 178
956	„ Knight	„ 175
1556	„ Court	„ 170
1508	„ Quillinan	„ 169
1096	„ Harryman	„ 168
950	„ Reynolds	„ 167
2545	„ McCallan	„ 165

LETTER "D" COMPANY.

The figure of merit and classification of Letter D Coy is as follows;—

Range Individval Firing	168.53
Independent and Volleys combined	65.50

Digitized by Google

Classification:—

Marksman	49
1st Class Shots	18
2nd „ „	12
3rd „ „	Nil
Total Complete	79

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with chapt. vi. para 215, B. M. R., 1887. Gold Guns as best Marksman of Company, 1175, Pte. H Goddard, score 223.

Worsted Guns as Marksmen in order of merit:—

2198	Lc-Corpl. W Skinner	score	213
977	Private C Page	„	210
1199	Lc-Corpl. Newport	„	205
1407	Private J Simmonds	„	205
570	„ F Bellchambers	„	204
1762	Col-Sergt. H Featherstone	„	203
814	private F Wilson	„	203
1447	Lc-Sergt. J F Stirke	„	199
1558	Private S Barrett	„	199
1815	„ A Haselden	„	196
2678	„ C Williams	„	195
965	„ H Blackwell	„	193
1675	„ A Roberts	„	192
1527	„ G Piper	„	189
1670	„ E Young	„	189
971	„ W Walker	„	186
1384	„ W Westley	„	185
1163	„ R Gallagher	„	185
920	„ E Jordan	„	184
422	Lc-Corpl. W Hawkins	„	182
915	Corporal J Davies	„	181
1621	Lc-Corpl. T Manville	„	181
2292	Private J Page	„	181
547	Lc-Corpl. C James	„	180
1933	Private W Parker	„	180
1503	„ W Papworth	„	178
740	„ F Goodwin	„	176
2058	Lc-Corpl Revell	„	175
1441	Private J Gray	„	175
1683	„ A Greenstreet	„	175
	„ J Loftus	„	174
1151	Drummer P Breen	„	174
2370	Private J Jarvis	„	174
1622	Corporal F Dann	„	173
1223	Private J Connor	„	173
1354	„ R Howarth	„	172
2088	„ J Pearson	„	171
1857	„ A Penfold	„	171
2253	„ A Care	„	170
2397	„ G Cork	„	169
735	„ C Hickmott	„	169
860	Corporal J Price	„	168
2270	Private J Brown	„	168
1486	„ R Crouch	„	168
990	„ R Warren	„	168
1861	„ J Constable	„	167
945	Sergeant C Peters	„	166
905	Private R Collins	„	166

BAND AND CASUALS.

The figure of merit of the Band and Casuals is as follows:—

Range Individual firing	163·38.
Independent and Volleys combined	57·35.

Classification:—

Marksmen	19
1st Class shots	9
2nd „ „	6
3rd „ „	2
Total completed	36

The following honorary distinctions are awarded:—

Gold Guns as best marksman of party, 1303, Lc-Sergt. W Towzer, score 227.

Worsted guns as marksmen in order of merit:—

1352	Private H Hammond	score	218
1942	„ C Nicholson	„	214
970	„ W Gower	„	200
2045	„ R Pierce	„	192
534	„ W Greaves	„	187
2374	„ A Thistlethwaite	„	187
1312	„ H Mudd	„	185
511	„ A Ward	„	183
1332	„ F Howe	„	183
1604	„ F Mitchell	„	180
771	Corporal E P Edwards	„	179
503	Lc-Corpl. J Sheed	„	178
1250	Private J Wells	„	175
533	„ A Lawrence	„	175
1232	„ W Hasler	„	168
1657	„ J Knight	„	168
1360	„ J Starkie	„	167
1480	„ E Appleton	„	165

LETTER "B" COMPANY.

The following are the scores obtained by the Officers firing with the company:—Major A E Ommanney, 218. 2nd Lieut. F W B Dyne, 209.

The figure merit and classification of letter "B" Company is as follows:—

Range Individual Firing	169·90
Independent and Volleys combined	61·75

Classification:—

Digitized by Google

Marksmen	41
1st class shots	21
2nd „ „	5
3rd „ „	Nil
Total completed	67.

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with chapt. vi., para-215, B.M.R. 1887:—

Gold guns as best marksman of company:—No. 733, Pte. Yeo, score 230.

Worsted guns as marksmen in order of merit:—

1007	Private J Saunders	score	226
1507	„ H Hollingdale	do.	215
1471	„ J Chapman	do	213
234	Lce.-Sergt A H Baker	do	210
1623	Private G Childs	do	209
680	Color-Sergt W N Patterson	do	206
2032	Lce-Sergt. J Fisher	do	203
1649	Private G Ward	do	199
1961	„ W Beckett	do	197
2177	„ J Bishop	do	197
2070	„ G Steele	do	196
1902	„ D Benton	do	194
1619	„ T Amos	do	191
1006	„ P McElligott	do	190
874	Corporal T Latter	do	188
181	Private W Buckwell	do	187
322	Sergeant W Levason	do	186
1162	Private J Mansfield	do	185
250	„ J Rogers	do	183
1022	„ F Hearn	do	182
2178	Drummer R Gray	do	180
904	Private W Ware	do	177
2521	„ G Savin	do	176
821	Sergeant B Gates	do	176
1080	Private W Crayford	do	176
1048	„ G Cox	do	174
1036	„ A Read	do	174
1544	Corporal W Hurrell	do	173
807	Private T Bridges	do	172
490	„ E Heffran	do	172
2554	„ J Hammond	do	172
1516	„ G Briggs	do	172
1031	„ J Hall	do	171
1013	„ J Withey	do	169
2614	„ J Oliver	do	169
2383	„ M Buckley	do	168
2599	„ W Clarke	do	166
2023	„ J Berry	do	165
3076	„ J Stacy	do	165
847	Corporal W Carter	do	165

MONSOON POLO TOURNAMENT

The first match in thh first ties was played yesterday afterneon on the Calcutta ground between Calcutta and The Buffs. teams were:—

CALCUTTA POLO CLUB		THE BUFFS.	
Maharajah Cooch of Behár (back)		Lieut Tarte (back)	
A Caine	3	„ Dyne	3
A T Rawlinson	2	„ Hasler	2
W L Alston	1	Capt. Pllips	1

A goodly number of spectators mustered to see the match which commenced at 3-45 sharp Captain Richardson umpired for The Buffs, and Mr. Apcar for Calcutta.

1st period.—From the hit off Calcutta took the ball up the ground into the vicinity of their opponents' goal, which had a narrow shave from a long hit by Rawlinson. On its being hit out, Calcutta again assumed the offensive and Caine scored the first goal for Calcutta. The Buffs had the best of the remaining time, Hasler and Tarte playing very well together. At call of time the game stood—

Calcutta 1 goal to love

2nd period.—The play was even at the hit off but it was evident that the home team were stronger and playing better together than the visitors Rawlinson took the ball up the ground in excellent form well backed by Alston who placed the ball neatly between the posts. Caine also scoring shortly afterwards from a free hit by The Buffs. Rawlinson scored again before time was called and the game stood

Calcutta 4 to love

3rd Period.—The ball was immediately taken into The Buff's ground but no goal obtained. A good hit out enabled Dyne to get the ball shortly afterwards, and carrying it down the ground he scored a goal for his team in excellent form. Calcutta. however were too strong, and scored 3 more goals before time was called

Calcutta 7, Buffs 1.

4th & last Period—Play was very fast throughout The Buffs pluckily playing an uphill game. A good backhander from the Rajah gave Rawlinson a long shot at goal which just missed the post, but the Rajah from a free hit added another goal to the Calcutta score. Alston shortly after hit a good goal followed by another from the Rajah which brought the game to an end, the home team winning by 10 goals to 1.—*The Englishman.*

Digitized by Google

CRICKET.

Calcutta C. C *v.* The Buffs

On the 22nd inst., a match between the above teams was played off on the Calcutta ground, and resulted in a win for Calcutta on the first innings by 14 runs. Calcutta having the luck of the toss, elected to bat, sending in Pearce and Hechle to face the bowling of Godfrey and Dyer. In the first innings Hechle, Deakin and Walker were the only ones who scored double figures, and just before tiffin the team was out for 91. The Buffs then took their turn, but were also very unlucky, only four—Lieuts. D'Aeth and Booth, and Ptes. Lawrence and Simmonds—getting into double figures. Calcutta then went in again, sending Mackenzie and Swinhoe to the wickets. The former being bowled by Godfrey after scoring 11, Browne taking his place; Swinhoe was next accounted for by Dyer after he had made 11, when Pugh went in. On Browne (8) being caught by D'Aeth, he was joined by Paterson, and both men playing well, carried out their bats for scores of 25 and 18 respectively.

The following are the scores:—

CALCUTTA C. C.

Mr. H Pearce, c and b Godfrey	1
„ J H Hechle, c Godfrey b Dyer	17
„ L E Pugh, c Nicholas b Godfrey	6
„ H Deakin, c Dyer b Godfrey	28
„ W Browne, l b w, b Godfrey	5
„ S N Walker, b Dyer	22
„ F E Paterson, b Godfrey	8
„ N W Hewitt, b Godfrey	0
„ C Swinhoe, c Godfrey b Dyer	0
„ Muir Mackenzie, not out	0
„ S K Douglas, c Dyer b Godfrey	4
Extras	0
Total	91

THE BUFFS.

Qr-Mr-Sergt, Nicholas, c Deakin b Mackenzie	7
Pte. Straw, c Pearce b Hechle	0
„ Lawrence, b Mackenzie	18
Lieut. D'Aeth, c Walker b Hechle	10
Sergt. Godfrey, c Pearce b Hechle	0
Pte. Dyer, c substitute b Hechle	1
Lieut. Hasler, c Hewit b Hechle	0
„ Booth, not out	12
„ Dyne, c Walker b Mackenzie	0
Major Ommanney, b Pearce	9
Pte. Simmonds, b Pearce	15
Extras	5
Total	77

The Buffs *v.* Barrackpore.

Played on the 20th inst., and resulted in a rather easy win for The Buffs. For the winners Sergt. Godfrey played well for 94, and he was well backed up by Pte. Straw (65). In the 1st innings of Barrackpore, Pte. Dyer, bowled in good style, securing seven wickets for 12 runs. For the losers Mr. Stephen, played good cricket for 30.

THE BUFFS.

Qr-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas, run out	22
Pte. Straw, b Ansell	65
Lieut. Booth, c and b D'Aeth	4
Pte. Sewell, b D'Aeth	1
Sergt. Godfrey, c Alexander, b Ansell	94
Pte. Dyer, c Stephen, b Ansell	4
Capt. Brine, not out	21
Major. Ommanney, b Veal	7
Lieut. Dyne, not out	7
Lieut. Lloyd, Pte. Simmonds } did not bat	
Extras	10*
Total for seven wickets.	235

* Innings declared closed.

BARRACKPORE.

	1st Innings		*2nd Innings*
Lt. D Aeth, b Dyer	2	b Simmonds	0
„ Alexander, c Booth b Dyer	0	b Simmonds	4
Bomb. Blackburn, b Dyer	1	b Simmonds	4
Mr. Stephen, b Dyer	0	not out	30
„ Searling, b Dyer	0	c Dyne b Godfrey	11
Pte. Veal, b Godfrey	0		
Gnr. Gadd, c & b Dyer	4		
Sergt. Ansell c Booth b Godfrey	2	not out	1
Drmr. Mewitt, b Dyer	11		
Lt. England, b Godfrey	3		
Capt. Connelly, not out	7		
Extras	14	Extras	4
Total	44	Total for 4 wkts	54

THE BUFFS *v.* HOWRAH C. C.

Played at Dum-Dum on the 27th inst., and resulted in an easy win for the home team by one innings and 58 runs. Godfrey and Dyer bowled exceptionally well, securing all the wickets between them, the former 11 wickets for 16 runs, the latter 7 for 21. The game being finished at 3.30 p.m. the Howrah team kindly gave their opponents a second innings to keep the Band company which played a nice selection during the remainder of the game.

The scores were as follows:—

Digitized by Google

THE BUFFS.

1st Innings

Q.M.S. Nicholas run out	0
Pte. Lawrence, b Bell	0
Sergt. Godfrey, c Tarras b Halford	28
Lieut. D'Aeth, b Halford	4
Pte. Dyer, c Blackburn b Halford	1
„ Sewell, c Sub. b Bremner	31
„ Wickens, c Sub. b Bremner	15
Lieut. Lloyd, not out	3
„ Booth, b O'Brien	2
„ Hasler, c Sub. b O'Brien	11
„ Dyne, b Bremner	1
Extras	5
Total	101

2nd Innings

Lieut. LLoyd, b Bell	12
Pte. Lawrence, c Bremner b O'Brien	18
„ Dyer, c Halford b Bremner	7
Sergt. Godfrey, c Archer b O'Brien	0
Q.M.S. Nicholas, c Sub. b Bremner	15
Pte. Sewell, not out	39
„ Wickens, b Blackburn	24
Lieut. D'Aeth, not out	76
„ Hasler, „ Dyne, „ Booth } did not bat	
Extras	19
Total for 6 wickets	210

HOWRAH C. C.

	1st Innings		*2nd Innings*	
Mr. Cox, b Godfrey	0	run out	1	
„ Halford, b Dyer	2	c Nicholas b Dyer	0	
„ Archer, c Nicholas b Dyer	0	not out	5	
„ Tarras, b Godfrey	4	hit wkt. b Godfrey	5	
„ O'Brien, b Dyer	7	b Godfrey	7	
„ Blackburn, c Lawrence b Dyer	0	c Dyer b Godfrey	0	
„ Bremner, not out	2	b Dyer	0	
„ Kelly, run ont	0	b Godfrey	0	
„ Barron, c & b Dyer	0	st. Lawrence b Godfrey	0	
„ Russell, b Godfrey	0	c Lawrence b Godfrey	4	
„ Adams, b Godfrey	0	b Godfrey	0	
Extras	4	Extras	2	
Total	19	Total	24	

CRICKET MATCHES IN DECEMBER.

Thursday 4th *v.* La Martiniere, at Dum-Dum.
Monday 8th } *v.* St. Pauls' School, Darjeeling,
Tuesday 9th } at Dum-Dum.
Thursday 11th { Officers Buffs *v.* Officers and Civilians from Barrackpore. At Dum-Dum.
Saturday 13th, *v.* Mariners C. C., as Dum-Dum.
Saturday 20th, *v.* Ballygunge, at Ballygunge.

The return matches will be played in Calcutta.

"F" Coy. CALCUTTA VOLUNTEER RIFLES.

On Saturday evening the 22nd inst., the above company, mustering about 45 members, marched from Dalhousie Institute, under command of Lieut. Truefitt, to Dum-Dum. They came along the route at a good swinging pace, and were met on the Dum-Dum Road by the Drums of the Regiment who escorted them to their camp-ground where tents had been pitched for their reception.

Supper was provided in the Regtl. Institute, and if appearances can be accepted, the march had not deprived any of the Coy. of their appetites or drinkititesesither. Supper over, the tables cleared of empty plates and dishes, and everybody settled down to a sing-song which continued merrily until the gong striking the midnight hour warned the revellers that it was time to "turn in," being Sunday morning, and an adjournment was reluctantly made to the tents. At day break all were moving about washing, cleaning, and brushing up, and *chota hazri* over. Church parade was the next business. The Volunteers marched to Church escorted by the Band, while the Regiment marched behind the Drums and Fifes. After Church, breakfast, then the Band played for two hours on the square, during which time several cameras were to be seen hard at work photographing dogs, deer, &c., &c., pets of the men of The Buffs. Dinner soon after was discussed after which Buffs and Volunteers were pitted against one another in friendly rivalry in out-door games, such as shot throwing, quoits, jumping, cock fighting, &c, &c.

The *Indian Daily News*, in finishing the account of the above, writes, "The Sergeants of The Buffs were most hospitable and entertained their citizen comrades in a royal manner. The Volunteers returned to Calcutta on Sunday evening having had a most enjoyable outing. The only and general regret was that the time spent under canvas was so short."

The Volunteers were so thoroughly pleased with their outing, that they have decided to present our Regiment with a piece of plate in commemoration of the event, to be competed for annually either at cricket, football, or shooting, on the anniversary, if possible, of the day that The Buffs and "F" Company Calcutta Volunteer Rifles met so sociably at Dum-Dum. SPY.

Digitized by Google

FOOTBALL NOTES.

The scene in barracks has changed so effectually from the soft to the hard ball game this last month that any notes on the past season's football and the company challenge cups would be quite out of place,

The Rugby ties, we regret to see, were not played at all, being left till too late in the season. This is hard on Letter "G" Company as they had already won it twice and would have been well in the winning to make the cup a permanency of it in the Company.

Below we append a diagram shewing the results of the different matches of the Association Challenge Cup, presented by Major N. Newnham-Davis.

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
A	...	1	½	½	1	...	½	0	3½
B	0	...	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
C	½	1	...	½	0	1	1	1	5
D	½	1	½	...	1	1	1	1	6
E	0	1	1	0	...	...	0	0	2
F	...	1	0	0	...	...	1	0	2
G	½	1	0	0	1	0	...	...	2½
H	1	1	0	0	1	?	1	...	5

EXTRACT FROM LOW'S "SOLDIERS OF THE VICTORIAN AGE."

A story is told of Col. Sir Charles Pearson, C.B., K.C.B., late Commanding 2nd Battn. The Buffs, when serving as a Captain in The Buffs at Gibraltar which indicates the reputation he bore as a young officer for stubborn determination to do his duty.

One day whilst on duty at the Main Guard, a well known and wealthy tradesman was brought up as a prisoner before him for walking through the streets late in the evening "without a light and a permit," this indulgence only being permitted to officers of the Garrison. The civilian blurted and fumed, and threatened Pearson with all the terrors of the civil law if he was not immediately released. "Keep quiet," said the little Captain, "or you must be locked up." This however only exasperated the tradesman, who angrily shook his fist at the assembled guard, "lock him up," said Pearson to the Sergeant, "and see that he cleans out his cell in the morning," which was a duty always performed by the prisoners. The infuriated "scorpion" as natives of the "Rock" are called in the service, was dragged below to the cells, thundering anathemas against the British Army generally, and upon Pearson in particular. In the early morning a message was brought to the Captain of the guard, that the prisoner was anxious to capitulate, or in other words, was ready to apologize. "Bring him up" said Pearson laconically, and the dislevelled tradesman was escorted to the sitting-room of the officer on guard, "I have come to apologize for——" he began. "You can go, sir" said Pearson, waving his hand, adding assuredly if you had not apologized to the guard, I should have made you sweep out the cell you slept in.—Extract from Charles Rathbone Low's "Soldiers of the Victorian age."

HOW HE KNEW IT WAS ALL RIGHT.

At a moment when the battle of Sadowa was as yet undecided, and when, indeed, the Prussians appeared to be losing ground, Bismark was wandering over the battlefield like a soul in agony. Certain historians have gone so far as to say that he kept a loaded revolver in his hoster for the express purpose of blowing his brains out if the Austrians had won the day. Presently he fell in with Von Moltke, who was qnietly looking on at the fight. Being anxious to arrive at an idea of the exact state of affairs, he pulled out his cigar case, in which only two londres were left, one of them extra good, & the other of very inferior quality. He handed the case to Von Moltke, who after examining the cigars for a long time, silently helped himself to the best. That was enough for the chancellor, and he remarked to someone at hand. "When I saw Von Moltke use such deliberation in choosing his cigar, I knew that was a sign that things were going well with us." And he was right.

Digitized by Google

REGIMENTAL ITEMS.

The undermentioned Non-Commissioned O's. and men have become entitled to Good Conduct Pay, at rates and from dates as specified:—

1473	Pte.	E Dyer	at	2d	20-11-90
1440	„	J Etherington	„	2d	3-11-90
2269	„	J Lepper	„	1d	2-10-90
2677	„	J Matthews	„	1d	15 11-90
142	„	A Croxon	„	2d	14-9-90
2635	„	A Horne	„	1d	22-10-90
2625	„	C Hutchinson	„	1d	11-10-90
2614	„	J Oliver	„	1d	2-10-90
2636	„	G Wood	„	1d	22-10-90
2660	„	T Fagg	„	1d	7-11-90
2639	„	L Gates	„	1d	22-10-90
1461	Lc-Cpl.	E Hartley	„	2d	6-11-90
1315	Pte.	R Horrocks	„	2d	25-11-90
1441	„	J Gray	„	2d	6-11-90
1466	„	W Hills	„	2d	18-11-90
1280	„	C Hoare	„	2d	12-11-90
1481	„	G Lehane	„	2d	8-11-90
1450	„	E Mepham	„	2d	6-11-90
1451	„	H Price	„	2d	6-11-90
2666	„	R Rist	„	1d	7-11-90
1446	„	J Chase	„	2d	3-11-90
1449	„	A Hutchings	„	2d	12-11-90
2612	„	W Savage	„	1d	3-10-90
1706	„	T Smith	„	3d	26-11-90
1365	„	J Starkie	„	2d	15-9-90
2240	„	W Bishop	„	1d	2-10-90
2610	„	G Cause	„	1d	1-10-90
1139	„	W Cross	„	2d	30-10-90
1019	„	W Davies	„	1d	26-11-90
1385	„	H Anderson	„	1d	1-11-90
1717	„	J Cassidy	„	3d	9-11-90
1372	„	F Hammond	„	1d	1-11-90
2672	„	A McCann	„	1d	15-11-90
1349	„	F Piercey	„	1d	1-11-90
1831	„	D Saunders	„	1d	7-11-90
1413	„	J Evans	„	2d	14-10-90
1987	„	H Holbrook	„	1d	2-10-90
1392	„	C Martin	„	2d	4-10-90
2634	„	G Muddle	„	1d	20-10-90

The undermentioned N.-C. O's. have been awarded certificates for passing in Transport duties:—

No. 1190 Lce.-Corpl. J. A. Willis,
„ 1199 „ C. Newport,

The undermentioned N.-C. O's. and men have been permitted to extend their services to complete 12 years with the Colours:—

No. 1233 Lce.-Sergt. A. F. Parsons,
„ 2747 „ E. Goose,
„ 903 Pte. G. Ware.
„ 1052 „ J. Cafferty,
„ 1503 „ W Papworth,
„ 1391 „ J. Thornley.

The undermentioned men have heen assigned territorial numbers as stated opposite their names:

Recruit C. F. F. Philips, E. K. 3192
„ J. F. Hanney, „ 3305
Private G. Hornsby, „ 3306
„ W. Morris, „ 3307

The following N.-C. O's. and men have been awarded certificates of education as stated opposite their names:—

329 Corpl. E. Carter, 2nd Class,
1640 „ C. Burrows, 3rd „
2188 Lc.-Cpl. W. Skinner, 3rd Class,
1598 „ H. Marshall, „
1939 „ H. Gamble, „
1962 „ J. Henniker, „
2072 „ W. Clark, „
288 Private F. Pidgeon, „
2584 „ F. Taylor, „
2522 „ W. Slaughter, „
2909 „ W. Wall, „
2088 „ J. Pearson, „
1500 „ C. Costin, „
1497 „ W. Beestee, „
3078 „ J. Brenmam, „
2314 „ W. Paramore, „
1893 „ G. Munday, „
2956 „ A. Foord, „
2078 „ A. Humphreys „
2539 „ G. Warren, „
1249 „ J. Seager, „
2934 „ G. Muddle, „
2921 Boy W. Culmer, „
2573 „ A. Dobson „

The undermentioned Officer is granted leave to England for 12 months on private affairs:—

Lieut. A. L. Lynden-Bell.

The undermentioued officer is posted to the Battalion:—

2nd Lieut. W. A. Eaton,

Digitized by Google

"NAN."

A TALE WITHOUT A MORAL.

Nan and I were born in a village under the Hampshire Downs, our market town was Alton. At the time I write about, I don't think in all England you could find a more happy and contented country folk, with their long khaki smocks, worn at that time by the agricultural labourer. Yet I cannot say I was one of them, for the reason I am about to relate.

Well, Nan was at the bottom of all my troubles, as women generally are with we men. Nan was the belle of the village and for miles around, and a prettier or merrier lass with a more sensible tongue, there could not be; her father was our next door neighbour, I had been brought up with her, and from a child she had always told me she should be my wife some day. As time rolled on, I became a lanky youth, she a precocious and handsome young woman, a long way ahead of me as a woman, than I as a man, although I was two years her senior, this annoyed me very much. It was in 1854, the night before our village club feast, I had been talking to Nan about her promise to marry me, she told me she could not marry a boy, I must wait for a long time to come, it outraged my feelings very much, being called a boy by her, and I left her without saying more.

My troubles I may say then began, I did not sleep that night, and the next day being a holiday, with all kinds ot sports, merry-go-rounds, dancing &c. I could not enter into any of them on account of Nan thinking me a boy, and when I saw her dancing with and being made much of by a man ten years older than myself, I could not stand it any longer, and as soon as a favourable opportunity occurred I went up to her and said good bye Nan, I'm going to be a soldier, good bye, Tom, she said I cannot marry a boy, you are only a boy you know, and I want a man to take care of me. Good bye my dear boy, and thus I left her. Now about this time we often saw Russian prisoners from the Crimea, in their ugly grey uniform passing through our village, on the London and Portsmouth road, escorted by soldiers, the whole village used to turn out to see them, and I am sure the sight gave a lot of us lads a desire to be a soldier; I amongst the rest, but I never dared mention this to Nan as I thought she would never have anything more to say to me if I did. Well, I went to Winchester (our depôt in those days) the next day presented myself to the Non-Com. Officer on gate duty at the barracks, told him I wanted to enlist. I soon passed the doctor and the recruiting Officer, got my uniform and was hard work at recruits' drill, being attentive, I got on fast, and was told I should very likely go out with the next draft to my Regiment in the Crimea if I smartened myself up a bit.

A few months later I left Portsmouth for Balaclava, but landed there too late to take part in the siege of Sebastopol; peace had been proclaimed, much to my regret, before arriving. From the Crimea I went with the Regiment to Corfu, India, and China, and then home. On arriving in England two months furlough was liberally given to any man wishing it. I took mine and thought I would look up Nan. I soon found out she had married an old man with lots of money, and was living near Aldershot; It was heart-breaking news to me, and I did my best not to show it, so after a short stay with my friends, I thought it best to clear out of the village and try to forget all about Nan by joining my Regiment again.

Three years afterwards, I was one day the General's orderly at Aldershot, at a big review, and had to remain at the marching-past point in the Long Valley. It was the first visit of the Prince of Wales to Aldershot, and a great many carriages and spectators were at the saluting point waiting to see the Princess of Wales and the march-past. I had not been long standing there, when I heard a well remembered voice say to another lady sitting beside her in a smartly turned out carriage, "I am sure that is my dear boy Tom, in soldier's uniform behind the General;" I turned round, and who should I see but Nan, she beckoned me to come to her carriage, I did so, and she told me I was still her dear boy, that her husband was dead, she was rich, and that as I was now a man and a handsome one too, if I wished she would marry me. I need not say I purchased my discharge as soon as I could, and married Nan. I am getting old now but she still calls me her boy, although she knows I don't like it yet, but these women folk must have their own way some times, Nan often tells me that when I first left her I was only a hoble-de-hoy between a man and a boy, that going to be a soldier had made a man of me and a good husband too.

TOM.

Digitized by Google

VARIETIES.

Tommy (whom his father has helped plentifully to sugar). Why, papa, I thought one spoonful was always enough for my coffee?

Tommy's Papa: This is a restaurant, my son. Take as much as you like.

Scene. The park of a Kentish nobleman, not a hundred miles from Maidstone. Three dispirited gentlemen discovered, well equipped with tackle, bait, nets, &c., fishing in a pond Enter grim visaged keeper.

Keeper: "What are you doing there?"

First Angler: "Fishing, and have been for some time."

Keeper: "Who told you to fish there?"

First Angler: "Pray be civil. We have permission; see! "*(Produces letter.)*

Keeper: "Oh, all right. Only I was going to tell you that that pond was dragged yesterday." *(Slow music.)*

---

11 O'clock p.m., Wednesday. Snowy; Good night Sub-hard-hitter, long parade to-morrow, I'm going to fall in for it now.

Mamma—Now Johnny what name shall we call baby?

Johnny—Dont call it any of the names Papa was calling it last night when it was crying; it mightn't like them when it grows up.

Bearer, take this away, and tell the Khansamah it isn't fit for a pig to eat, and I'm not going to eat it.

John dear, I wish you wouldn't have your hair cut so frightfully short, it looks like a reflection on my amiability.

Mick.—Well Dinny, did you see anything of Pat Donnelly while you were in London?

Dennis.—No Mick, and I'm afraid we shall never see the poor chap agin, he met with a most unfortunate accident lately.

Mick.—Whisth, how?

Dennis.—Well its like this, he was standing on a plank talking devoutly to a priest in Old Bailey somewhere, when suddenly the plank gave way, and poor Pat got his neck broke entoirely.

The Slave of Routine.—A military funeral took place some time ago in Austria. The N.-C. Officer in command marched the firing party into the grave-yard with their bayonets *fixed*. A superior officer, who happened to be present, sent for the N.-C. O., and said, "Sergeant, dont you know that in the Austrian army, and I believe every other army, a funeral guard always marches with unfixed bayonets?" The Sergeant saluted and answered, "Yes, sir, I am aware of the custom, but with all due respect, sir, I beg to observe that the unfortunate deceased, both during his illness and at the time of his death was a prisoner. I therefore marched the party to his grave with fixed bayonets, as he had never been regularly released from confinement." *Pioneer.*

Scene, a company's barrack-room in Dum-Dum; time, about 5-30 p.m.

Mick.—What's up with the M——, Tip? Is he sick?

Tip.—Yes, sick of keeping awake.

NOTICE.

THE BUFFS' ALMANAC for 1891 is now ready. Anybody requiring a copy will please give his name to his Color-Sergeant as soon as possible. Only a limited number have been printed, so those who come first will be served first. Bound copies, like those in the Library, eight annas, with paper covers four annas.

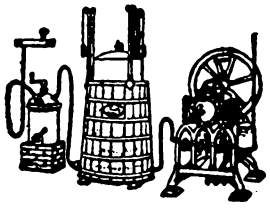
This Almanac contains a lot of most useful information, and no one in the Battalion should be without a copy.

PLEASE ORDER AT ONCE.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

We have not published any acrostic or puzzle this month, as no answers have been received to those inserted in previous numbers. We invite attention to the conditions of the prize which we offered in our September number, and inform our readers that we will accept answers for all acrostics &c. from the July number, and if we find anyone anxious to compete we will continue to publish more in future numbers.

Digitized by Google

The  Buffs'

AERATED WATER FACTORY.

Every description of Aerated Waters

at 10 annas per dozen all round

every day except Sunday.

ORDER BOOKS SUPPLIED FREE ON APPLICATION.

THE BUFFS'

REGTL. WORKSHOPS.

Every description of work performed by Regtl. Artificers

BICYCLES REPAIRED

PRINTING,
BOOK-BINDING,
CABINET MAKING,
PAINTING,
HORSE-SHOEING,
GLAZING &c.

For further information apply to the Non-Commissioned Officer in charge.

THE DRAGON.

The whole of the back numbers are now ready and can be obtained on application, single copies 2 annas each, or

BOUND IN THE LATEST STYLE

~~Rs~~ 6

Apply to the Sub-Editor at the Regimental Workshops.

T. KERODE & Co.

2 CHOWRINGHEE ROAD,

CALCUTTA.

To Smokers!!!

If you want really a good SMOKE in this season

Send for a box of OLD JACKS manufactured of pure Burmah leaves, no ADULTERATION, quality guaranteed

If not approved of will be taken back without any objection.

No. 1	1	8	0	per	100.
„ 2	1	4	0	„	„
„ 3	1	0	0	„	„

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION.

Printed for the Editor at The Buffs' Regtl. Press—Dum-Dum, by Ptes. F. Hunt and A. E. Corner.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAGON

EAST KENT CHRONICLE

A PAPER FOR THE MEN OF THE BUFFS.

No. 45. DECEMBER 31st, 1890. Price 2 Annas.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1893.

Domestic Occurrences.

MARRIAGE.

At Buxar, on 15th November 1890, No. $\frac{45 \text{ Bde.}}{1711}$ Sergeant G. J. Avis (1st class-Sergt. Instructor, E. I. Railway Volunteers.)

DEATHS.

On H. M I. M Steamer *Canning*, at sea, on 29th November 1890, of Peritonitis, No. 2788, Private G. Lewis.

At sea, on 3rd November 1890, No. 2470, Private H. Reeves.

At Dum-Dum, on 14th December, of Acute Heptatis No. 1744, Corporal G. Jubb.

At Dum-Dum, on 19th December, of Abscess of Liver, No. 1722, Sergeant D. Leary.

Notes.

We must apologise for the lateness of the *Dragon* this month, as owing to the move of the Regiment and a change of Sub-Editors it was impossible to get it out before.

By the time the *Dragon* is in the hands of our readers the "Buffs" will have settled down in Fort William. The Regiment marched from Dum-Dum on the 30th, the married families having gone on by train on the 29th. This change should be beneficial to the Regiment in every way, as Fort William is not so damp and certainly far livelier than Dum-Dum. The detached Company from Barrackpore preceded the Regiment by several days so that the whole of the Battalion is together once more.

Another Christmas has come and gone and to all appearances for the "Buffs" a very merry one. We were again fortunate enough this year to spend it in Barracks, so that all kinds of preparations were possible to make the X'mas a comfortable one. For two or three weeks prior the noise from the improvised poultry yards outside the different Companies' bungalows was deafening as well as suggestive of good things to come The great event, the X'mas dinner, according to all accounts was a success everywhere. A good deal of trouble was taken in the way of decorations, and there was a kind of friendly rivalry between the different Companies on this point.

The Band room certainly took the palm, it being a perfect picture in its way. Some enterprising individuals had arranged the names of the different musical composers in pairs round the room in a way which said much for their artistic taste. "A" and "D' Companies' rooms came a good second and third and did great credit to those who had worked so hard in honor of Father X'mas.

Digitized by Google

Correspondence.

Correspondence or Articles intended for insertion must be sent to the Editor not later than the 22nd of each month. The Editor reserves the right of publishing any correspondence &c. The name of the writer need not be published, any "nom de plume" can be used, but the correct name must be sent as a guarantee.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE DRAGON."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Paperchases have again commenced at the depôt, and on a Saturday afternoon it is not an unusual sight to see a couple of sturdy Lance-Sergeants being pursued by 50 or 60 young "Buffs" (not quite so sturdy) along the Margate or Dover Roads. It is, no doubt, first class exercise for the young fellows and helps them to lay in a store of muscle and wind for some future hard work at Aldershot. Some of the members of the depôt mess gave a quadrille party on the 25th instant in the gymnasium and it was well attended by the civil population of Canterbury. Colonel and Mrs. Hobson, Major and Mrs. Backhouse, Captain Colley and Lieutenant and Mrs. Eves of the "Buffs' were there and seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. I should think that altogether nearly two hundred people were there, and the most of them managed to stay till nearly four o'clock in the morning at which hour the last dance was got through. Everybody enjoyed it and would like a "Buff" dance once a month; so I heard somebody say. Captain and Mrs. Porter were unavoidably prevented from coming.

A very good order has just been promulgated to all troops in the S. E. District, it is:—"Any soldier going on leave can now travel to any railway station in the United Kingdom and back again for the single journey fare The soldier must produce his pass or furlough to the booking clerk when applying for his ticket." This is a great boon to all soldiers and one that has been a long while coming, but "better late than never."

A squad of our recruits took part in an assault-at-arms here last week and they went through the Physical Drill with and without arms. The drill with arms was performed to music and they sang to the drill without arms. These two events fairly brought down the house, and their instructor Color-Sergeant Bennell is to be congratulated on the efficient manner he has drilled to such perfection young soldiers not one of whom has two months' service.

A football match under Association Rules is, I hear, to be played on the first Wednesday in December between the "Buffs" Sergeants. Mess and the Simon Langton Schools. Rumour also says that the two Sergeant-Majors (Foley and Cumber) are to be employed as goal-keepers for the "Buffs."

An old "Buff" named John Wyatt has just died in the Isle of Wight aged 69. He was discharged after 21 years' service on 11th November 1862.

Sergeant-Instructor D. Sweet (Volunteers) is about to be transferred to the Commissariat and Transport Corps (Barrack Section) in London.

Color-Sergeant Kesby, 3rd Battalion, is, I hear, to relieve Sergeant Sweet on the Volunteers.

A heavy fall of snow (first this season) is now taking place.

CANTERBURY;
27-11-90.

Yours faithfully,
"OLD BUFF."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

There is very little fresh news to tell or comment upon here at present as this time of the year is always quiet so far as soldiering is concerned, the only thing being the usual Military Training, the right half Battalion having nearly finished, the work done being very instructive as there is plenty of scope for embryo Wellingtons, and needless to say there are plenty of those in The Buffs.

Next month there are about two hundred N. C. officers and men going on furlough and I expect more than this number in January as the Railway authorities have very generously agreed to let T. A. proceed to any part of the United Kingdom return journey at single fare, so consequently there are more applicants for furlough than have been known before.

Dances are now of weekly occurrence, either one or other Regiments giving one, so lovers of the "light fantastic" have plenty of opportunity. We in North Camp find it too far to go to South Camp often, so have hit upon the expedient of having a practice dance weekly, the other two Regiments in the Brigade doing ditto, so really we have three dances weekly—of course they are not so stylish as the proper quadrille party, but every bit as jolly and, in fact, if anything

Digitized by Google

jollier, the "ammunition squad" taking a hand. The ladies don't seem to mind although one said she thought it would be necessary to have her boots armour-plated as one couldn't tell what would happen when twelve stone of "Buff" walked about on them for ten minutes.

Major Kelly has, as was expected, introduced concerts at the Gymnasium, and although the first was purely experimental it turned out an unqualified success (I enclose programme.) The local papers speak very highly of the articles and they justly deserved the high praise bestowed upon them Major Kelly simply brought down the house. We have another on the 28th. The string band was simply superb and greatly assisted in making the evening pleasant.

We are quite the talk of the place as every afternoon we have a Football match on, either a Company one or against another Regiment, and I am glad to say, that though we sometimes meet with a reverse, fortune smiles on us more than she did last year. The sergeants have quite a formidable team and the combination is very good. It would be invidious to particularize but I cant help mentioning the splendid forward play of Sergeant Barrett and Mr. Keating who plays with the Sergeants. Of course they are both known to some of you, so you will understand how they have both displayed great modesty in not playing before.

I almost forgot to mention but each Company wears distinguishing coloured flannels, so when they are in a scrimmage one imagines he has seen the collapse of a rainbow. "D" Company being rather conservative has up to date stuck to the regulation "Grey-back;" it looks well (when clean or new) and relieves so much colour, but sometimes these articles are "not new."

We have had another batch of recruits, so I expect that completes us for the year.

We hope your bicycle club is progressing, of course here cycling is almost out of the question on account of the roads. I hope I'm not divulging state secrets, but I hear that there may, in the not far distant future, be a cycle corps attached to and formed by the "Buffs".

Every one here sends to you all in India X'mas. Greetings and New Year Wishes.

NOBBY.

ALDERSHOT; 24-11-90.

SMOKING CONCERT BARRACKPORE.

A MOST successful smoking concert was given by the Sergeants of the Detachment at Barrackpore in their Mess on Christmas Eve. About 8-30 P.M. a numerous circle of friends assembled round a table, well furnished with singing materials Mr. Neale opened the evening with a well-executed solo on the banjo, after which Sergeant Anderson, R. A., gave the death of Nelson in fine style, Sergeant Major Brown fairly brought down the house with "Mind the Paint." Sergeant Peach recited "My Wife's Cousin" (or some of it) very well. Sergeant Andrews then proposed the health of the guests, which was drunk with the usual honours, and was responded to by Sergeant-Major Brown in a very neat and flattering speech. Indeed, if all the nice things he said of the Sergeants of the Buffs are true, they have no cause to feel other than highly satisfied with themselves. After this the waits arrived and treated the company to some Christmas Carols which, if a little deficient in tune, were made up for in volume. The waits, having been disposed of our well-known tenora Sergeant Gray, favoured the company with "new and highly original rendering of "Sailing" Color-Sergeant Andrews sang "They All Love Jack" in his usual style. Mr. Neale gave some banjo selections in fine style accompanied by Mr. Carter on the violin. Sergeant Cork sang "I Went with Him." About half past 12 the usual walk round came off, followed by "Auld Lang Syne." After which the meeting concluded; everyone feeling that they had spent a most pleasant evening, and all departed homewards in a fit and proper condition to enjoy the festivities of Christmas.

DRIFTINGS OF A DRAFT.

AN Aldershot parade ground on a cold morning, with a thick fog hanging about everything, is not a pleasant place to find oneself in, at 7-30 A.M., more especially after the farewells of a night before, but the chilliness of the weather was amply made up for by the high spirits, every one of the draft was in, and so, after a few kind words from Colonel Kerr, we started off; and after the usual delays at the Brigade and Divisional parade grounds, down we marched, headed by the bands through Aldershot to the station, and amid much leave-taking and hand-shaking before we quite knew

Digitized by Google

how it was done, we were in, and out of the train, and on board H.M.S. *Euphrates*.

At the very first start off, we experienced bad weather, and Aldershot, with its pleasures and pains, was soon forgotten in the agonies of sea sickness.

Daily parade was at 10 A.M. when the draft used to go through physical drill, and at the special request of the Captain gave a solo performance, which went off without the slightest hitch. The contrast of Boy Brown, 4 feet nothing, alongside of our right-hand man, Private Ditch-burn, 6 feet 4 inches (and the tallest man on board), afforded much amusement. The monotony of life on board was relieved by two or three Sing Songs ; at one of these a "Private of the Buffs" recited by Boy Brown, was received with much applause.

One day was much the same as another, and none of us were sorry when Bombay was reached, and when we were invested in our new helmets, the admiration and envy of all the other drafts.

There is not much to record as to our weary fortnight at Colaba Depôt,most of the time was spent in washing and mending up, and so, in varied costumes on 24th November, we embarked on I.M.S. *Canning* for voyage to Calcutta.

Life on the *Canning* was certainly more enjoyable than on the *Euphrates* more room and fine weather being the chief causes, and the daily routine was varied by concerts, at which Private Hutchings—step dance—Privates Guthrie and Hedges—songsters and Boy Brown—reciter—came to the front. Mention must also be made of Corporal Boarhill, East Surrey, who showed us some most amusing wax-works. One great event—athletic sports—was a great success. We furnished the first three ; Privates Taffall, Ellis and Carne in the Obstacle Race ; Boy Heifnan first in the Boys' Race, and our Tug-of-War team were only beaten, after a good pull, in the final tie by the Somersets. The distribution of prizes—leg of mutton, roast ducks, &c.—proved a finale that was much appreciated.

Some excitement was caused by our picking up a boat in mid-ocean, its crew had been four days without water, and were in a terrible plight, and very thankful to get on board. On the 6th we sighted Calcutta, but before closing this account, it would be as well to hark back a little. We started from Aldershot 108 strong. We lost Privates Reeves and Lewis, buried at sea, and Private Roe left behind at Malta sick. Our numbers were increased at Bombay by two transfers from the Leicestershire's, and finally we landed at Kidderpore Docks 107 strong. Our promotions and appointments were as follows :—Corporals Seath, Butcher, Davison and Beadle, promoted Sergeants. Lance-Corporals Bradley Snowdon, Kemp and Goodhew. Privates, Horne and Bullock promoted Corporals. Private Carne, Orderly Room Clerk both on the *Euphrates* and on the *Canning*. Sergeant Greig, Acting Sergeant-Major, and Lieutenant L. G. Eales Acting Adjutant on the *Canning*. Both Colonel Murdoch, commanding troops on the *Euphrates*, and Major Harris on the *Canning* spoke in high terms of the behaviour of the draft, not a single man having been wheeled into line, and thus with clean defaulter's sheets and weary feet on 7th December we marched into Dum-Dum after nearly two weary months of travel.

Musketry.

B. P. R. A., 1890.

THE Bengal Presidency Rifle Association Central Meeting at Meerut for 1890 closed on Saturday, the 20th December.

This being the first year that any of our shootists have competed may probably account for the rather poor show they made amongst the prize winners, but if they do as well next year as they appear to have made up their minds to do, *all* the cups, medals, and other prizes will find their way to the Buffs. We hope, however, that an improvement on this year's shooting will be made anyhow. The range with its line of 40 moving targets is certainly a very imposing sight, and the arrangements made by the Committee for shooting are very complete, practice, and plenty of it, is all that is required ; and if a man can't shoot at Meerut it is odds against his shooting well any where else. The weather was on the whole good, with the exception of one day (when Match IV at 800 yards came off) when rain and a very strong wind prevented any body who had the misfortune to be squadded after 3 P. M. from making any scores at all Most of our team happened to be amongst this number, and some of them even failed to hit the target

Digitized by Google

at all, and this of course prevented them from appearing in the aggregates, although some of them were very well up before this.

Captain Blyth of the 2nd Battlion Warwickshire Regiment won the championship with a score of 278 points out of a possible 315, which represents 22 points over winners and an average of 4·34 per shot.

Twenty-one teams competed for the Inter-Regimental Cup (a magnificent trophy) and was won by the North-Western Railway Volunteers with the splendid score of 733, or an average of 91·62 per man. Our team was sixteenth on the roll with a total of 660 points and just in front of the 7th Dragoon Guards who made such a wonderful score in the local meeting Scores :—

	200 yards.	500 yards.	600 yards.	Total. yards
Col -Sergt. Cheal,	31	34	30	95
Lce.-Sergt. Baker,	33	32	30	95
Sergt.-Dr. Lawrence,	29	30	27	86
Col.-Sergt. Andrews,	27	29	29	85
Pte. Dunham,	25	27	26	78
Lce.-Copl. Boyles,	31	25	22	78
Sergt. Boulter,	26	27	21	74
Sergt. Laing,	26	28	15	69
Total.	...		...	660
Average per man.			...	82·50

The Non-Commissioned Officers' Cup (another splendid trophy) fell to the Durham Light Infantry, who fired with the firm resolution of winning it and succeeded too. Our team might have done better had they had some one to coach them, they were conspicuous as being the only team on the range without an officer, or warrant officer, to look after their shooting, the distance from Dum-Dum to Meerut is probably accountable for this Scores :—

	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total yds.
Sergt. Dr. Lawrence,	29	31	60
Color-Sergt. Andrews,	28	29	57
Lce Sergt. Baker,	29	28	57
Sergt. Laing,	24	29	53
Color-Sergt. Cheal,	29	21	50
Sergt. Boulter,	30	20	50
H. P. S 420.		Total ...	327
		Average	54:50

Color-Sergeant Andrews, Color-Sergeant Cheal, Sergeant-Dr. Lawrence, Sergeant Boulter and Lance-Sergeant Baker each secured prizes in some of the individual matches.

The match, British Army *versus* Volunteers, was won by the Volunteers by 4 points only, the averages of both teams were splendid.

The Volunteers totalled 1,127 out of a possible 1,260, or an average of 93 91 per man.

The Army scored 1,123, on average of 93·58 per man. Both teams were selected by Committees appointed for the purpose. The highest score in the match was made by Lieutenant Dale of the E. I. R. Volunteers, 100 and the lowest by Sergeant-Intructor Kibblewhite, 87.

Sergeant Laing ran away from Dum-Dum in such a hurry, that he hadn't even time to see if he had his own rifle, consequently when he arrived at his destination he found he was in possession of one he had never seen before ; this was of course very disheartening and bad scores under the circumstances only could be expected. He will probably be more careful in future.

The Figure of Merit and Classification of letter "B." Company is as follows :—

Figure of Merit	Individual Firing ...	169·90
	Independent and Volleys combined ...	61·75
Classification.		
Marksmen ...	... ...	41
1st Class Shots	... ...	21
2nd " "	... ...	5
3rd " "	... ...	Nil
	Total completed ...	67

The following are the scores obtained by the officers firing with the Company.

Major A. E. Ommanney ...	... 218
2nd Lieut. F. W. B. Dyne ...	... 209

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with chapter VI. para. 215, B. M. R., 1887 :—

Gold Guns as best marksman of Company—
No. 733 Pte. C. Yeo score ... 230

Worsted Guns as marksmen in order of merit—

No.	1007	Pte.	J. Saunders	Score 226
"	1507	"	H. Hollingdale	" 215
"	1471	"	J. Chapman	" 213
"	234	Lce.-Sergt.	A. H. Baker	" 210
"	1623	Pte.	G. Childs	" 209
"	680	Colr.-Sergt.	W. N. Pattenson	" 206
"	2032	Lce.-Sergt.	J. Fisher	" 203
"	1649	Pte.	G. Ward	" 199
"	1961	"	W. Beckett	" 197

Digitized by Google

No. 2177	Pte.	J. Bishop	Score 197
„ 2070	„	G. Steele	„ 196
„ 1902	„	D. Benton	„ 194
„ 1619	„	T. Amos	„ 191
„ 1006	„	P. McElligot	„ 190
„ 874	Corpl.	T. Latter	„ 188
„ 181	Pte.	W. Buckwell	„ 187
„ 322	Sergt.	W. Levason	„ 186
„ 1162	Pte.	J. Mansfield	„ 185
„ 250	„	J. Rogers	„ 183
„ 1022	„	F. Hearn	„ 182
„ 2178	Drmr.	R. Gray	„ 180
„ 904	Pte.	W. Ware	„ 177
„ 2521	„	G. Savin	„ 176
„ 821	Sergt.	B. Gates	„ 176
„ 1080	Pte.	W. Crayford	„ 176
„ 1048	„	G. Cox	„ 174
„ 1036	„	A. Read	„ 174
„ 1544	Corpl.	W. Hurrell	„ 173
„ 807	Pte.	J. Bridges	„ 172
„ 490	„	E. Heffran	„ 172
„ 2654	„	J. Hammond	„ 172
„ 1516	„	G. Briggs	„ 172
„ 1031	„	J. Hall	„ 171
„ 1013	„	J. Withey	„ 169
„ 2614	„	J. Oliver	„ 169
„ 2383	„	M. Buckley	„ 168
„ 2599	„	W. Clarke	„ 166
„ 2023	„	J. Berry	„ 165
„ 3076	„	J. Stacey	„ 165
„ 847	Corpl.	W. Carter	„ 165

The following money prizes for the Musketry Season, 1890-1891 having received the sanction of the Major-General Commanding Presidency District are awarded to the N. C. Officers and men as follows:—

LETTER "D" COMPANY.

Pte. H. Goddard best shot of Company £1-10-0

Lance. Corpl. W. Skinner
Pte. C. Page
Lance.-Corpl. C. Newport
Pte. J. Simmonds
„ F. Bellchambers
„ E. Wilson
Lance. Sergt. J. Stirke
} 10 per cent. best shots of Company, each 10 shillings.

Color-Sergeant Featherstone for best shot of Sergeants £1-0-0, for best Section Commander "E" and "F" field practices 10*s*

Lce.-Corpl. C Newport
Drumr. P. Breen
Pte. F. Brown
„ T. Constable
„ R. Gallagher
„ A. Grainger
„ H. Hoare
„ E. Jordan
„ T. McKenny
„ W. Parker
„ H. Price
„ J. Simmons
„ C. Williams
} Best section of Company in "E" and "F" Field Practices, each 3*s*.

Lance.-Sergt. W. Tozer "G" Company
Pte. H. Hammond "G" Company
„ C. Nicholson "C" Company
„ W. Gower "C" Company
} 10 per cent. best shots of Band and Casuals each 10*s*.

Lce. Corpl. C. Newport "D" Coy.
„ „ G. Leek "A" Coy.
} Best shots of Companies in Field Practice "G" (Moving Targets.)

Lce.-Corpl. H. Marshall "C" Coy.
Pte. T. Richards "F" Coy.
} Best shots of Companies in Field Practice "G" Moving) Targets.)

The figure of merit and classification of Letter "H" Company is as follows:—

	Company.	Casuals.
Range Individual Firing	160·68	145·78
Independent and Volleys combined	66·03	61·47

Classification.

	"H" Company.	Casuals.
Marksmen	32	15
1st Class Shots	33	9
2nd „	17	7
3rd „	Nil	5
Total Completed	82	36

The following honorary distinctions are awarded in accordance with Chapter VII. para. 215, B. M. R., 1887.

Gold Guns as best marksman of Company.

No. 1573, Pte. T. Roche ... Score 224

Worsted Guns as marksmen in order of merit, Letter "H" Company:

No. 1920	Lce.-Corpl.	C. Crumby	Score 222
„ 1776	Colr.-Sergt.	T. Hoar	„ 212
„ 2219	Pte.	G. Moon	„ 207
„ 226	„	J. Leabourne	„ 207
„ 1987	„	H. Holbrook	„ 206
„ 2526	„	G. Gregory	„ 200
„ 2296	„	G. Street	„ 200
„ 524	Drumr.	J. Pickett	„ 198
„ 1916	Pte.	H. Knight	„ 193
„ 1411	„	C. Williams	„ 191
„ 1016	„	W. Wright	„ 190
„ 2036	„	E. Lake	„ 190
„ 1028	„	T. Richards	„ 186
„ 1415	„	A. Wardle	„ 185
„ 593	Sergt.	E. Clifton	„ 183
„ 1149	Pte.	T. Morris	„ 180
„ 2062	„	T. Scott	„ 180
„ 1522	„	M. Cronin	„ 179
„ 2461	„	H. May	„ 178
„ 969	„	W. Brown	„ 177
„ 306	„	J. Brooker	„ 176
„ 1926	„	J. Henniker	„ 175
„ 1239	„	H. Redsell	„ 175
„ 1131	„	J. Hall	„ 174
„ 512	„	J. Scott	„ 174
„ 2221	„	J. Neville	„ 170

Digitized by Google

	No. 1794	Pte.	A. Attaway	Score	170
	„ 1422	„	J. Webb	„	167
	„ 1214	Lce.-Corpl.	E. Gouge	„	166
	„ 984	Pte.	H. Tavenor	„	165
	„ 2082	„	A. Hollands	„	165
		Casuals Attached.			
"B"	Coy. 2069	Pte.	J. Dore	Score	209
"G"	„ 1253	„	D. Barnett	„	200
"D"	„ 1587	Corpl.	J. Wynice	„	197
"C"	„ 1148	Pte.	C. Truscott	„	190
"D"	„ 1481	„	G. Lehane	„	187
"E"	„ 783	Drumr.	W. Wittering	„	185
"C"	„ 1189	Pte.	F. Wilson	„	185
"E"	„ 1	Lce.-Corpl.	G. Holmes	„	180
"D"	„ 1640	Corpl.	C. Burrows	„	178
"E"	„ 8 7	Drumr.	A. Dillon	„	175
"F"	„ 2973	Corpl.	J. Stevens	„	173
"B"	„ 1824	Pte.	H. Bradford	„	170
"D"	„ 1592	Pte.	J Evans	„	169
"A"	„ 912	Drummer	J. Cullen	„	168
"C"	„ 2124	Pte.	G. Raines	„	167

The figure of merit and classification of Letter "F" Company is as follows :—

Figure of Merit { Range Individual Firing 180·10 / Independent and Volleys combined ... 63·15

Classification.

	Company.	Attached.
Marksmen ...	40	4
1st Class Shots	13	—
2nd „ „	1	—
3rd „ „	Nil.	—
Total completed ...	54	4

The following honorary distinctions were awarded :—

Gold Guns as best marksman of Company.

No. 1535 Pte. W. Benge ... Score 231.

Worsted Guns as Marksmen in order of merit.

No. 2512	Pte.	J. Sayers	Score 223
„ 1198	„	C. Spinner	„ 219
„ 1543	„	W. Wenman	„ 219
„ 522	Sergt.	C. Grey ("D" Coy.)	„ 217
„ 1128	Pte.	W. Mitchell	„ 217
„ 1493	„	H. Mewett ("A" Coy.)	„ 211
„ 1013	„	J. Mansfield	„ 206
„ 1895	„	J. Beney	„ 205
„ 1273	„	J. Brewer	„ 205
„ 1204	„	T. Richards	„ 2 4
„ 1925	„	E. Wenman	„ 201
„ 1178	Sergt.	G. Cork ("C" Coy.)	„ 200
„ 1897	Pte.	J. Simms	„ 197
„ 1259	„	G. Veale	„ 197
„ 244	Colr.-Sergt.	F. Andrews	„ 196
„ 2047	Pte.	W. Clutton	„ 195
„ 1136	„	A. Sale	„ 195
„ 1058	„	W. Sadler	„ 192
„ 1024	„	A. Leary	„ 192
„ 2382	„	H. Childs	„ 190
„ 1924	„	J Clark	„ 190
„ 1881	„	J. Park	„ 190
„ 1944	„	S. Coveney	„ 188
No. 2989	Pte.	F. Dedman	Score 188
„ 134	Lce.-Corpl.	A. Cochrane	„ 188
„ 2028	Pte.	J. Barton	„ 187
„ 1901	„	G Wraight	„ 185
„ 2987	„	J. Green	„ 185
„ 1103	„	F. Williams	„ 185
„ 2180	Lce.-Corpl.	F. Bull	„ 185
„ 1161	Pte.	W. Austin	„ 184
„ 1019	„	W. Davis	„ 183
„ 1145	„	B. Sayers	„ 182
„ 2339	„	R. Greenway	„ 182
„ 2187	„	J. Coppard	„ 179
„ 2437	„	J. Brown	„ 178
„ 1607	„	S. Murray (E. Surrey Rgt.)	„ 174
„ 1823	Lce.-Corpl.	J. Watson	„ 171
„ 2240	Pte.	W. Bishop	„ 170
„ 1482	„	P. Slattery	„ 169
„ 2406	„	T Sheeran	„ 167
„ 1047	„	G. Munday	„ 167
„ 2617	„	J. Tester	„ 165

The figure of merit and classification of Letter "G." Company are as follows :—

Figure of merit { Range Individual Firing ... 159·08 / Independent and Volleys combined ... ... 73·37

CLASSIFICATION.

Marksmen	41
1st class shots	13
2nd „ „	17
3rd „ „	4
Total completed ...	75

The following honorary distinctions are awarded :—

Gold Guns as best marksman of Company.

No. 497, Colr.-Sergt. W. Watts ... Score 240

Worsted Guns as marksmen in order of merit.

No 1994	Pte.	J. Golder	Score 219
„ 998	Sergt.	P. Godfrey	„ 211
„ 1832	Pte.	W. Willmott	„ 208
„ 1167	„	W. Bing	„ 204
„ 83	„	A. Hussey	„ 203
„ 1389	„	J. Christie	„ 199
„ 1917	„	F. Nash	„ 198
„ 1584	„	W. Rigden	„ 194
„ 2458	„	J Maskell	„ 193
„ 1589	„	G. Curry	„ 191
„ 1893	„	G. Mundey	„ 190
„ 1222	„	J. McKeating	„ 190
„ 2477	„	H. Sales	„ 189
„ 1691	Lce.-Corpl.	T. Lynch	„ 187
„ 1388	Pte.	W. Russell	„ 187
„ 1363	Lce.-Corpl.	F. Hildebrand	„ 185
„ 875	Sergt.	J. Patten	„ 183
„ 2030	Pte.	S Prickett	„ 181
„ 2394	„	J. Keeler	„ 181
„ 1943	„	H. Newing	„ 179
„ 1717	„	J. Cassiday	„ 179
„ 1385	„	H. Alderson	„ 178
„ 2532	„	E. Fagg	„ 177
„ 1501	„	M. Collins	„ 177
„ 2125	„	C. Beer	„ 176

Digitized by Google

No. 2672	Pte.	A. McCann	Score 176
„ 1511	Sergt.	J. Ward	„ 174
„ 1116	Pte.	J. Gates	„ 174
„ 2013	„	J. Grant	„ 174
„ 1580	„	A. Goodwin	„ 174
„ 1387	„	F. Collett	„ 173
„ 1394	„	C. Lawson	„ 172
„ 1381	„	C. Adams	„ 171
„ 1092	„	S. Collins	„ 170
„ 2494	„	L. H. Cuerton	„ 170
„ 1332	„	J. Beard	„ 169
„ 1050	„	W. Want	„ 168
„ 2420	„	J. Strood	„ 166
„ 2394	„	F. Keeler	„ 166
„ 1978	„	J. Hickey	„ 165

Cricket.

THE BUFFS C. CLUB *versus* CALCUTTA C. CLUB.

Played at Calcutta on 23rd November 1890. The "Buffs" were beaten by 14 runs in the first innings. Godfrey bowled well for The Buffs taking 7 wickets for 27 runs, while Lawrence made a good stand at the wicket. Scores :—

CALCUTTA C. CLUB.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Mr. Pearce, c and b Godfrey	1	Mr. Muir Mackenzie, b Godfrey	11
„ Heckle, c Godfrey, b Dyer	17	Mr. Swinhoe, b Dyer	11
„ Pugh, c Nicholas, b Godfrey	6	Mr. Browne, c D'Aeth, b Dyer	8
Mr. Deakin, c Dyer, b Godfrey	28	Mr. Pugh, not out	25
Mr. Walker, b Dyer	22	Mr. Patterson, not out	18
„ Browne, l b w	5	Byes	4
„ Patterson, b Godfrey	8	Leg-byes	2
„ Hewitt, b Godfrey	0		
„ Swinhoe, c Godfrey, b Dyer	0	Total	79
Mr. Douglas, c Dyer, b Godfrey	4	(For 3 wickets.)	
Mr. Muir Mackenzie, not out	0		
Total	91		

THE BUFFS.

Qr.-Mr.-Sergt.-Nicholas, c and b Muir Mackenzie	7
Pte. Straw, c Pugh, b Heckle	0
„ Lawrence, b Muir Mackenzie	18
Lieut.-D'Aeth, c Walker, b Heckle	10
Sergt. Godfrey, c Walker, b Heckle	0
Pte. Dyer, c substitute b Heckle	1
Lieut. Hasler, c substitute b Heckle	0
„ Booth, not out	12
Dyne, c Walker, b Muir Mackenzie	0
Major Ommanney, b Pearce	9
Pte. Simmonds, b Pearce	15
Byes	2
Leg-byes	3
Total	77

THE BUFFS C. CLUB *versus* HOWRAH C CLUB.

Played at Dum-Dum on 27th November 1890, and resulted in a win for the Buffs by an innings and 48 runs. Scores :—

BUFFS C. CLUB.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas, run out	0	c Adams, b Bremnar	15
Pte. Lawrence, b Bell	0	c Bremnar, b O'Brien	1
Sergt Godfrey, c Terrao, b Halford	28	c Archer, b OB'rien	0
Lieut. D'Aeth, b Halford	4	not out	76
Pte. Dyer, c Blackburn, b Halford	1	c Halford, b Bremnar	7
Pte. Sewell, c substitute, b Bremnar	31	not out	39
Lieut. Booth, b O'Brien	2		
Lieut. Hasler, c substitute, b O'Brien	11		
Lieut. Dyne, b Bremnar	1		
Pte Wickens, c substitute, b Bremnar	15	b Blackburn	24
Lieut. Lloyd, not out	3	b Bell	12
Byes	4	Byes	12
		Leg-byes	5
Wide balls	1	Wide balls	2
Total	101	Total	210
		(for six wickets.)	

HOWRAH C. CLUB.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Mr. Cox, b Godfrey	0	run out	1
„ Halford, b Dyer	2	c Nicholas, b Dyer	0
„ Archer, c Nicholas, b Dyer	0	not out	5
Mr. Terrao, b Godfrey	4	hit wicket	5
„ O'Brien, b Dyer	7	b Godfrey	7
„ Blackburn, c Lawrence, b Dyer	0	c Dyer, b Godfrey	0
Mr. Bremnar, not out	2	b Dyer	0
„ Kelly, run out	0	b Godfrey	0
„ Barron, c and b Dyer	0	st. Lawrence, b Godfrey	0
„ Russell, c Lawrence, b Godfrey	0	b Godfrey	4
Mr. Adams, b Godfrey	0	b Godfrey	0
Byes	2	Byes	1
Leg-byes	2	Leg-byes	1
Total	19	Total	24

Digitized by Google

THE BUFFS C CLUB *vs.* LA MARTNIERE C. CLUB.

Played at Dum-Dum on 4th December 1890, and resulted in a win for The Buffs by an innings and 114 runs. Scores :—

THE BUFFS C. C.

1st Innings.

Qr.-Mr. Sergt. Nicholas, c Heefke, b D'Cruz	59
Pte. Lawrence, c McDonald, b Pritchard	32
„ Sewell, b Pritchard	2
Sergt. Godfrey, c Templeton, b Pritchard	5
Lieut. D'Aeth, b Philip	17
Pte. Dyer, c Twydale, b Philip	18
Lieut. Dyne, b Philip	5
„ Hasler, c Doran, b D'Cruz	5
Pte. Wickens, c Doran, b D'Cruz	1
Lieut. Booth, c D'Cruz, b Pritchard	1
„ Lloyd, not out	15
Byes	1
Leg-byes	1
Wide balls	3
Total	165

LA MARTINIERE C. CLUB.

	1st Innings.	*2nd Innings.*
Mr. T. Templeton, c Hasler, b Godfrey	13	b Godfrey 0
„ O. Templeton, b Godfrey	5	c Booth, b Godfrey 0
„ D'Cruz, c Booth, b Dyer	4	b Godfrey 3
„ Pritchard, c Godfrey, b Dyer	0	c Dyer, b Godfrey 0
„ Philip, c Lawrence, b Dyer	0	b Godfrey 0
„ Ridsdale, c Booth, b Godfrey	3	b Dyer 8
„ Cooper, st. Lawrence, b Godfrey	2	c and b Godfrey 0
„ Heefke, c Lloyd, b Dyer	0	c Dyer, b Godfrey 1
„ McDonald, c D'Aeth, b Godfrey	1	not out 4
„ Twydale, not out	0	c Lloyd, b Godfrey 4
„ Doran, b Dyer	1	b Godfrey 0
Byes	1	Byes 1
Total	30	Total 21

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL C. C., *vs.* THE BUFFS C. C.

Played at Dum-Dum on 9th December 1890, and won by The Buffs by 78 runs on the first innings. Godfrey made a score of 56, thereby winning a bat. Scores :—

THE BUFFS C. CLUB.

	1st Innings.	*2nd Innings.*
Pte. Lawrence, c Thomas, b Ansell	27	not out 23
Pte. Sewell, c Wilcox, b Ring	0	c Thomas, b Ansell 13
„ Dyer, b Ring	1	c and b Strong 5
Sergt. Godfrey, b Godfree	56	c Wilcox, b Strong 5
Lieut. D'Aeth, c Ansell, b Strong	11	c Ansell, b Strong 3
Pte. Hussey, b Strong	2	b Thomas 9
„ Wickens, c Wilcox, b Ansell	9	b Ring 16
Lieut. Hasler, not out	4	b Strong 0
„ Dyne, c Thomas, b Ansell	0	b Thomas 8
„ Lloyd, c Thomas, b Ansell	0	c Barnes, b Ring 2
Capt. Brine, b Strong	0	b Godfree 0
Byes	5	Byes 1
Leg-byes	1	
Total	116	Total 85

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL C. C.

	1st Innings.	*2nd Innings.*
Mr. H. G. Strong, run out	3	c and b Godfrey 11
„ G. E. Ring, b Godfrey	4	
„ C. Fink, b Dyer	2	
„ J. Thomas, c D'Aeth, b Godfrey	0	c D'Aeth, b Dyer 4
Mr. H. Wilcox, c Sewell, b Dyer	13	b Godfrey 26
„ W. Ansell, run out	0	
„ H. Godfree, c Godfrey, b Dyer	11	c and b Godfrey 4
Mr. A. A. Barnes, b Godfrey	0	
„ N. C. Wilcox, run out	1	
„ Mitchell, c Sewell, b Dyer	0	
„ Withy, not out	1	
Byes	3	Byes 1
		Leg-Byes 1
Total	38	Total 47

THE BUFFS C. CLUB, *vs.* BALLYGUNGE C. CLUB.

Played at Ballygunge resulting in a win for The Buffs by 48 runs. Score :—

THE BUFFS C. C.

1st Innings.

Pte. Sewell, b Duffus	5
„ Lawrence, b Alexander	24
„ Dyer, b Fox	32
Lieut. D'Aeth, b Lawton	39
„ Booth, b Fox	1
Pte. McKellar, b Duffus	10
Sergt. Godfrey, c Pointon, b Cameron	11

Digitized by Google

Pte. Wickens, b Lawton	...	14
Major Ommanney, c Cameron, b Lawton	...	4
Lieut. Macpherson, not out	...	7
Pte. Spiller, b Lawton	...	0
Byes	...	7
Leg-byes	...	7
Total	...	161

BALLYGUNGE C. CLUB

1st Innings.

Mr. Watinsley, c Sewell, b Dyer	...	5
„ Fox, b Dyer	...	18
„ Lawton, l-b-w	...	1
„ Cameron, b Godfrey	...	4
„ Alexander, c Ommanney, b McKellar	...	39
„ Foster, b Dyer	...	4
„ Shallow, b Dyer	...	22
„ Macnair, b Godfrey	...	0
„ Pointon, c Lawrence, b Dyer	...	7
„ Duffus, not out	...	4
„ Chase, Stumped Sewell, b Godfrey	...	1
Byes	...	7
Leg Byes	...	1
Total	...	113

THE undermentioned N. C. Officers and men were awarded 2nd class Certificates of Education at an examination held at Dum-Dum on the 14th November 1890.

No. 2291 Corpl. T. Cogger.
„ 1860 „ C. Aitkens.
„ 1621 Lance.-Corpl. T. Manville.
„ 2587 „ J. Towers.
„ 983 „ A. Marlow.
„ 2272 „ T. Knight.
„ 422 „ W. Hawkins.
„ 1840 „ W. Castle.
„ 1142 „ H. Smith.
„ 1749 „ W. Marsh.
„ 342 „ R. Golus.
„ 1182 Pte. G. Stanford.
„ 1407 „ J. Simmonds.
„ 1792 „ A. Matthews.
„ 2234 „ A. Avery.
„ 1117 „ H. Lovesay.
„ 2535 „ A. Crapnell.
„ 2060 „ A. Ashelford.
„ 558 „ C. Osborne.
„ 3305 Boy Hanney.

No 1447 Lance-Sergeant J. F. Stirke and No. 1860 Corporal C. Aitkens were appointed Assistant Sergeant Instructors in Gymnasia, with effect from the 1st December 1890.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following appointments: —

To be Acting Lance-Sergeants—
No. 405 Corpl. C. Perry.
„ 771 „ E. P. Edwards.
No. 1276 Corpl. W. Rogers.
„ 1084 „ J. Harlow.

To be Acting Corporals—
No. 1214 Lance.-Corporal. E Gouge.
„ 1920 „ „ C. Crummy.
„ 1363 „ „ F. Hilderbrand.
„ 951 „ „ H. Borland.
„ 1390 „ „ J. Montgomery.
„ 134 „ „ A. E. Cochrane.

To be Lance Corporals.
No. 1342 Private H. Hammond
„ 1803 „ A. A. Smith
„ 2394 „ F. H. Keeler
„ 2088 „ J. J. Pearson
„ 1228 „ C. W. Hobbs
„ 1249 „ J. E. Seager
„ 1429 „ J. Hunt
„ 1466 „ W. G. Hills
„ 1508 „ J. Quillinan
„ 1516 „ G. Briggs.

The undermentioned N. C. Officers and Men were awarded prizes as best workmen in the Regimental Workshop by a Committee of Officers.

Shoemakers.

	Prizes	Bonuses.
Corporal Palmer, 1st class workman	Rs. 10	
„ Marlow „ „	„ 10	
Bonuses to Corporals Marlow & Palmer (Rs. 25 each.)		Rs. 50

Printers.

Private Hunt, 1st class workman	Rs. 14	
„ Corner „ „	„ 14	
Bonus to Pte. Hunt.		Rs. 25

Bookbinders.

Private Oliver, 1st class workman	Rs. 10	

Painters.

Private Nicholls, 1st class workman	Rs. 15	

Bricklayers.

Private Hallet, 1st class workman	Rs. 10	

Blacksmith and Shoesmith.

Private Williams, 1st class workman	Rs. 12	
„ Rhodes 2nd „ „	„ 8	

Carpenters.

Private Gamble, 1st class workman	Rs. 12	
Corporal Hannaford, 1st class workman	„ 12	
Private Harryman „ „	„ 15	
Corporal Davis, 2nd „ „	„ 8	
Bonuses to Corporal Hannaford and Private Gamble (Rs. 25 each.)		Rs. 50

Tailors.

Bonus to Corporal McDowell. ...		Rs. 25
Totals ...	Rs. 150	Rs. 150

The undermentioned N. C. Officers and Men were awarded prizes for Attendance and Progress made at the Regimental Schools.

Private Matthews ... Silver Watch.

Digitized by Google

Lance-Corporal Hamilton Leather Writing Case and Book (Guide to 1st class certificate).
Private Lehane ... Leather Writing Case.
Lance-Corporal Baker Meerschaum Pipe.

The undermentioned men have been awarded clasps inscribed Burmah, 1887-1889 for service in Burmah.

No. 2386 Private J. West
„ 2383 „ M. Buckley

Quarter-Master Sergeant W. H. Nicholas is appointed acting Master Tailor to the Battalion with effect from the 29th September 1890.

The undermentioned Officers landed in India and were taken on the strength of the Battalion on 10th November 1890.

Lieut. L. G N. Eales
2nd Lieut. N. Macpherson.

The undermentioned N. C. Officers have been permitted to retain their Lance Rank from date of joining the Battalion.

No. 2545 Lance.-Corpl. A. Beadle
2668 „ „ T. E. Davison,

No. 1048 Private G. Cox has been permitted to extend his period of army service to complete 12 years with the Colours.

The following prizes were awarded by a Committee of Officers for the best gardens.

"A" Company	Pte.	Stutely	Rs.	11	0 0
"B" „	„	Bramble	„	11	8 0
"C" „	„	Varney	„	3	0 0
"D" „	„	Hickmott	„	1	8 0
"E" „	„	Hallett	„	6	0 0
"G" „	„	McKeating	„	4	0 0
"H" „	„	Meopham	„	8	0 0
		Total ...	Rs.	45	0 0

Lieutenant A. L Lynden Bell and Lieutenant A. G. Trollope have been granted leave to England on private affairs for 12 months.

No. 322, Sergeant W. Levason was appointed acting Pay Sergeant to the Attached Company at Fort William from 27th December.

At a recent examination of N. C. Officers the following qualified for promotion as under:—

For Sergeants.

No. 1084 Corpl. J. Harlow.
„ 1419 „ W. Cox.
„ 1568 „ T. A'herne.

For Corporals

No. 342 Lance Corpl. R. Golds.
„ 1214 „ „ E. Gouge.
„ 1587 „ „ E. Wynne.
„ 2084 „ „ J. G. Smith.
„ 1546 „ „ A. Pelling.

Army Schoolmistress Miss E. McCartney was transferred to the 1st Battalion, East Surrey Regiment, and Army Schoolmistress Miss M. Taylor was transferred from the 1st Battalion, East Surrey Regiment to the 1st Battalion, The Buffs, with effect from 31st December 1890.

The following absorptions have taken place in the Battalion:—

No. 443, Sergeant J. Greig, from Home Battalion *vice* Sergeant Steele to Kneller Hall.

No. 2514, Corporal H. J. Seath, from Home Battalion *vice* Murray reduced.

No. 2533, Corporal Butcher, from Home Battalion, *vice* Corporal Jubb deceased.

The Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions.

To be Sergeant.

No. 1223 Lance-Sergeant A F Parsons *vice* Sergeant Leary, deceased.

To be Lance-Sergeant.

No. 405 Corporal C. H Perry

To be Corporal.

No. 342 Lance-Corporal R. Golds.

To be Paid Lance-Corporal.

No. 1117 Lance-Corporal H. Mobley.

The undermentioned men became entitled to Good Conduct Pay at the rates specified below

No. 1512	Pte	F. D. Hamilton	granted	2d
„ 1493	„	H. G. Mewett	„	2d
„ 1509	„	A. Spicer	„	2d
„ 1516	„	G. Briggs	„	2d
„ 1514	„	H. Drury	„	2d
„ 1472	„	J. Chapman	„	2d
„ 1022	„	F. C. Hearn	„	2d
„ 2710	„	M. Sheen	„	1d
„ 1659	„	J. Wiseman	„	3d
„ 2616	„	W. G. Fassenden	„	1d
„ 2690	„	F. Egan	„	1d
„ 2704	„	J. Webb	„	1d
„ 1077	„	W. Tussler	(restored)	1d
„ 1508	Lce. Corpl.	J. Quillinan	granted	2d
„ 1480	Pte.	E. H. Appleton	„	2d
„ 1497	„	W. Beeslee	„	2d
„ 1223	„	J. Connor	„	2d
„ 1486	„	J. Crouch	„	2d
„ 2656	„	A. Foord	„	1d
„ 1815	„	A. E. Heselden	„	1d
„ 1437	„	P. O'Connell	„	2d
„ 1479	„	G. Watson	„	2d
„ 1513	„	C. Weathersby	„	2d
„ 1 87	Lce. Corpl.	E. A. Wynne	„	3d
„ 2472	Pte.	G. A. Brown	(restored)	1d
„ 1730	„	T. Copeland	granted	3d
„ 1445	„	H. Richardson	„	2d
„ 1520	„	F. Shirvill	„	2d
„ 1502	„	J Waters	„	2d
„ 1345	„	H Mitchell	„	2d
„ 1897	„	J. Simms	(restored)	1d
„ 1198	„	C. E. Spinner	granted	2d
„ 2697	„	W. Christie	„	1d
„ 1501	„	M. Collins	„	2d
„ 1500	„	C. Costin	„	2d
„ 2557	„	F. G. Harrison	„	1d
„ 2492	„	W. Maxwell	„	1d
„ 1253	„	D. Barnett	„	2d

Digitized by Google

No.	1351	Pte.	H. G Greenslade	granted	2d
„	1496	„	J. W. Foster	„	2d
„	1522	„	M. Cronin	„	1d
„	2404	Lce.-Corpl.	T. Tennant	„	2d
„	1044	Pte.	W. Smith	„	2d

WHERE GLENNIE WAS.

A Story of the American Civil War.

It was down in Louisiana, a few years ago, that several companies of us wicked Yankees were posted in a small town just far enough from New Orleans, and other important points to be of no strategic importance for its own sake; yet being on a direct route from the enemy's lines to the Mississippi River, was important as an outpost. The war was almost over, and the enemy knew it, and we knew they knew it, so we were not as vigilant as we might have been had we been stationed in front of Lee's army. The natives were loyally Southern, every man of them—perhaps I should say every woman, for the only men left in town were the few who had passed their three-score years and ten, one physician and one preacher. But the natives did not allow us to feel uncomfortable. The preacher gave us a sermon that reminded us of Sundays at home, and the old men would smoke and chat with us all day long, so long as we did not say what we believed about the future of military events.

As for the women, bless them, they were exactly like the majority of women everywhere else, very tenacious of their opinions so far as the war was concerned, but otherwise hospitable, gracious, and charming. They did not mean to give us the *entree* of local society, but somehow we got there all the same.

The women never let us forget that they were Southerners to the heart's core, and that we were merely Lincoln's hirelings; still, they were women; they did not like to see anyone appear careless of dress, so soon there was not a uniform coat with a loose hanging button.

To have a Southern woman, whether maid, wife, widow, or grey-haired grandmother, bring a needle and thread and tighten a button, while the wearer stood awkwardly in front of her, was to realise that Louisiana was not the only party to the war who was being "conciliated."

Every regiment had some officer, generally a young Lieutenant, whose ability, appearance and spirits compelled his comrades to pronounce him the flower of the flock. Ours was Will Glennie.

The natives approved our choice of their own accord, and we accepted their dictum without a bit of jealousy, fearing only that the youngster might cause some fruitless heartaches. But he didn't.

He was officer of the first picket line we threw out, and so impressed was he with the defensive possibilities of the place, that we were glad to have him relieve us of some responsibility by taking charge of the slight earthworks it seemed advisable to erect. He spent a full half of everyday outside the lines, looking for additional points of vantage, and as no enemy had been in the vicinity for weeks, he never cared for a guard.

Time passed so delightfully for a fortnight that there was little but roll-calls and picket duty to remind us that we were soldiers. Everything was too pleasant to last; so one day a rattle of musketry warned us that there was trouble on the picket-line. By the time bugles had recalled us from our hospitable lounging-places, and hurried us toward the front, a soldier with a broken arm came in and reported that some cavalry had tried to force their way into town by the western road, and, being repulsed, had dismounted, and were disagreeing in the usual military manner with the pickets, who had fallen back to Glennie's breastworks.

"Bless Glennie for the breastworks!" exclaimed our Major in command, after he had shouted "Double quick march!"

The resistance made by our entire force seemed to disgust the enemy, for in a couple of hours they ceased firing. A special roll-call showed that none of our men had been killed, and only two or three wounded, but a Captain approached the Major and said that Lieutenant Glennie was missing. He had gone nearly a mile to the front, to a little elevation, where he had thought a howitzer might advantageously be posted—gone two or three hours before the enemy appeared.

"Captured, then, of course," groaned the Major. "Confound it, gentlemen; for the good of the service, I'd rather have been captured myself."

Most of us felt the same way, and we were too dismal for the remainder of the day even to rejoice at having repulsed the enemy. The entire force went out as skirmishers for a mile

Digitized by Google

or two, asking questions at every plantation-house and cabin, but no one could tell whether or no the enemy, as they galloped away, had a Union officer with them.

We felt so ugly at our loss that we feared to face the natives when we returned to town. What would they think of us as soldiers, when they learned that the officer whom we all cheerfully acknowledged was the ablest soldier among us had fallen into the enemy's hands? The Major was so amazed that he actually bit off the mouth-piece of his pipe stem in a fit of anger; but this severe action did not return to us the flower of the regiment.

Just before sunset a sentry on the road startled all of us as we lay behind the works, by shouting :—

"Officer of the guard! Flag of truce coming!"

We all sprang upon the parapet, and saw emerging from the forest, nearly half a mile away, a horse, a rider, and a tiny white rag. The Major raised his glasses, peered through them a moment, dropped them and exclaimed :—

"Well! I've heard that the Confederacy had robbed the cradle and the grave, but I didn't imagine they'd been recruiting Amazons. That flag is carried by a woman!"

Then all of us wished we had glasses. The rider advanced slowly, until we could see that she was not armed; then that she had a good seat and a fine figure, and finally that she was young and pretty.

"Wants protection for her property, I suppose," growled the Major. "Those raiders are probably cleaning out the family's barn and smokehouse, there being nobody at home but women and children. What do they suppose a few infantry can do against nobody knows how many cavalry?"

Nevertheless he went slowly out, alone, to meet her, at which Glennie's Captain exclaimed :—

"This isn't according to custom. Who knows but she's a young man disguised; and will drop the Major with his pistol? Come on, boys." Several of us followed him. As we saw him twirling the ends of his moustache and tipping his hat slightly to one side, we followed his example in these respects also. We overtook the Major just as the rider halted, looked very pale, and said :

"It wasn't his fault, sir—really it wasn't."

"Whose fault, madam?" said the Major raising his hat.

"Mr. Glennie's," said the girl.

"Oh confound it! I mean—so they got him, did they?"

"Oh, no sir, but he wishes they had. And they would have done, only—only—"

"Well, madam?"

"Only they were prevented."

"Indeed—how was that?"

"Why, you see, sir, he stopped at our house, just for a drink of water, and while he was standing by the well, the Rangers—"

"Rangers?"

"Yes, sir; the Texas cavalry—they came across the hill just then. He started to run this way, but—but—"

"Well?"

The girl looked down a moment, coloured, raised her head, and said rapidly :—

"I told him he never would get there alive. I said they were a hundred to one, and he'd surely be killed. I'm a true Southern woman, sir; my father is Captain Grayson, of the artillery battalion, but I don't believe murder is war. So I made him come into the house. He declared he wouldn't; death was nothing to duty. But I made him come in."

"Indeed! What arguments did you use, may I ask?"

Again the girl looked down and coloured deeply. Some of the younger officers began to exchange winks.

"He declared he wouldn't," the girl resumed, "but I made him. He struggled with all his might, but—"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting," said the Major, biting his lip, "but—he escaped, then?"

"Yes, sir; but not a second too soon. I hadn't more than got him into the hogshead—"

"Hogshead?"

"Yes, sir, a big sugar hogshead in the cellar, that we had meant to keep sweet potatoes in—when two of the Rangers came in the front door. They said they'd seen a Yankee at the well and wanted him. I told them he had seen them, and made a dash for his own lines. He really did, you know, for a step or two, when—when—"

"When you warned him of his danger?"

"Yes, sir. Well, they took my word when I told them who my father was, and they went away."

Digitized by Google

"Ah! Where are the Rangers now?"

"They went back, I don't know where, hours ago."

"And caught him as they went?"

"Oh, no, sir; they couldn't. But he was in a dreadful excitement. He said he had no right to be outside the lines; he could be court-martialled for it and disgraced, and may be shot if things went wrong in the fight. He went on so that I would not listen to him, and I was afraid some of the Rangers might come back and hear him, so I wouldn't stay and listen to him."

"But why did'nt he return after they retired?"

"Because he couldn't, sir I wouldn't let him. I didn't want him to be court-martialled and shot, and all of those dreadful things, so I thought it would be only right to come and tell you it wasn't his fault."

"The enemy has been gone several hours," said the Major, turning with a suspicious look to us. "I'm afraid there's some ruse in this." Then he turned again to the girl, and sternly said: "Young woman, if your story is true, he should have returned by this time. He knows he has nothing to fear, and there is nothing to prevent him coming back if he knows the enemy has disappeared."

"Oh, yes, there is sir; there's a cover to the hogshead and a padlock beside."

"Oh—h—h!" said the Major with many inflections. "He's your prisoner, is he? But heavens, madam, if he has been locked in a hogshead all this time he's probably suffocated. Confound—"

"Oh. no," said the girl with an assuring smile. "There's a big bunghole to the hogshead, and I know he has sense enough to breathe through it, because when I went down and whispered through it that the Rangers had gone, again home he—"

"What did he say?"

"Nothing—he—but I knew he was alive and just like his old self." Then the girl suddenly dropped her eyes again and coloured deeply, while a very young Lieutenant murmured—

"Um!"

"I see," drawled the Major, very slowly. "Atten-tion! First company deploy as skirmishers. Forward!"

The girl turned her horse's head quickly, looked backward, set her lips firmly, and exclaimed—

"You're not going to court-martial and shoot him?"

"Suppose I were," said the Major as the men began to file from behind the "curtain" that commanded the road.

"Then," said the girl, "I'll gallop ahead at the risk of my life, and let him escape on my pony."

"Madam," said the Major, lifting his hat, "I give you the word of a soldier and gentleman that you shall be his sole judge."

The skirmish line advanced, and the officers of the other companies followed the girl and the Major. The latter should have ordered us to remain with our own men but he didn't. We reached the house more than a mile outside the lines, without annoyance, and when the girl had lighted a candle we followed her and the Major to the celler. The Major's suggestion that the girl should first whisper at the bunghole and see if the captive was still alive, was not acted upon. Instead, she said cheerily, as she turned the key and raised the cover.

"You've nothing to fear, Will."

"Will!" murmured the very young Lieutenant.

Just then Glennie's face appeared above the edge of the staves, and seemed somewhat disconcerted at the grinning faces before him Several pairs of hands helped him out, and as he stood before us, with crystals of light brown sugar glistening all over his uniform coat, the Major remarked.

"You're a sweet-looking object.

Miss Grayson smiled as if she thought so too.

"You see Major," began Glennie.

"Yes," said the Major. "I certainly do. I see, also, that one of two things must be done for the good of the service. Either our lines must be extended a mile or two farther into the country or you must persuade this lady's family to move to town."

The family moved, Miss Grayson finally moving all the way to New York. The wedding present from the bridegroom's brother officers was a miniature sugar hogshead in gold with a rosebud for a padlock. (American paper.)—

An old soldier, (in a railway carriage) noticing that his pipe troubled a lady said to her, "They don't smoke in your regiment ma'am." "In my regiment it is possible" said the old lady, "but in my company never."

Digitized by Google

Stranger. "If a man falls down an open coal hole can he sue the owner of the premises for damages?"

Lawyer. "Certainly Sir, certainly, big damages and get them too. Give me the particulars"

Stranger. "Well, as my brother was passing your house this morning he fell through a coal hole and broke his leg."

Lawyer. "Hem, did he use ordinary vigilance to prevent such an accident? Did he look at his feet as he walked? Did he stop and examine the condition of the pavement before entering upon it? Answer me that, Sir."

Stranger. "Stop? Why, no—"

Lawyer. "Ah, ha! I thought so. Guilty of criminal negligence. He might have fallen on one of my own family under the coal hole; might have killed us all, Sir. As it is I shall sue him for damages for mussing up my coal-bin."

THE LATEST FIGHT.

From American Sporting Paper.

THE other day one of the coloured waiters at our hotel made some sudden move in the serving room, which brought his elbow against the ivories of another waiter, and the face of the moon was at once covered with blood. Some of us noticed their belligerent demeanour and now and then we caught such expressions as:

Yo' ar' no gem'lan sah!

An' yo' is only a nigger!

I sco'n yo' sah—sco'n yo' fur low trash.

Hu! I'd like to be shut up in a room wid you about two minutes.

We were not therefore greatly surprised when we were waited on by a third party, who was a mutual friend, who asked us to arrange a meeting between the hostiles and see the affair through according to ship-shape rules. It wasn't to be a duel, but a set to with gloves and as we were tired of fishing, crabbing, sailing, and shooting porpoises we hailed the new departure with glad relief.

Yo' white folks dun knows all about it an', yo' go right ahead, an' fix it up said the mutual friend. We borrowed gloves, brought rope enough for a ring, made stakes, and the site selected was in the sand behind the scrub. The tip was given and when the hour came about seventy-five spectators had assembled. The rivals were on hand in time, but it was noticeable that both were trying hard to look pale, and there was a movement of the chin which betrayed much mental anxiety. They were known only as 'Jim' and 'Tom,' and while we were putting the gloves on Jim arose and called across the sands:

"Does you 'pologise to me' sah?"

"I dun 'pologise if you' pologise too;" was his reply "Den I dun—

But we stopped him and braced him up, and two or three minutes later they faced each other in the centre of the ring. Each man's teeth were chattering, each one's eyes were all white and there was a wabbling of the knees.

"Look out now yo' nigger! Ize gwine to bust yo' head off"

"Look out yo' self! If I hits yo' in de lung, yo' won't get over it in two weeks."

"Why don't yo' hit?"

"Why don't yo' hit?"

"Yo's skeert o' me!

"So's yo' skeert!"

They were walking around each other pushing at arm's length, and it would have stopped there but for the time-keeper who shouted to them to go in

"If I hit yo' in de eye look out!"

"If I hit dat nose you'll be dead?"

"Ize comin' for yo' purty quick!"

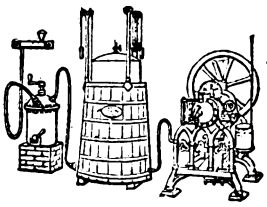
"I'll be right around dar"!

The referee shouted again, and moved to a sudden resolution, Jim flung off the gloves and grabbed Tom by the ankles, and lifted him off his feet and dumped him on the sand. Tom's gloves fell off as he rolled over, and he had scarcely struck when Jim made a break through the ring running like a rabbit. Tom scrambled up with a "Hu!" and broke through the other side, and while one legged it to the hotel the other sought safety behind the sand dunes, and the great match for blood ended in water. As I had acted as Jim's bottle-holder, I felt called upon to reproach him that evening at the kitchen door and he came out into the moonlight and exclaimed:—

"'Deed, sah, but I didn't mean to do it. I meant to stan' right up dar an' fight dat nigger one millyun rounds 'cordin' to Miss Queensberry rules, but when I got the gloves on my sand went right away sah—went right off down de coast a flyin' an fore I knowed it I was back heah in de hotel a wipin' spoons an a sayin' dat if ever I caught dat nigger out in the dark I'd smash him, sah.—I'd smash him till his own modder wouldn't dun remember his sad remains."

Digitized by Google

The Buffs'



ÆRATED WATER FACTORY.

Every description of Aerated Waters at 10 annas per dozen all round every day except Sunday.

ORDER BOOKS SUPPLIED FREE ON APPLICATION.

The Buffs'

REGTL. WORKSHOPS.

Every description of work performed by Regtl. Artificers,

BICYCLES REPAIRED,

PRINTING,
BOOK-BINDING,
CABINET-MAKING,
PAINTING,
HORSE-SHOEING,
GLAZING, &c.

For further information apply to the Non-Commissioned Officer in charge.

THE DRAGON.

The whole of the back numbers are now ready, and can be obtained on application, single copies 2 annas each, or

BOUND IN THE LATEST STYLE

Rs. 6.

Apply to the Sub-Editor at the Regimental Workshops.

T. KERODE & Co.,

2, CHOWRINGHEE ROAD,
CALCUTTA.

To Smokers!!!

If you want really a good SMOKE in this season
Send for a box of OLD JACKS manufactured of pure Burmah leaves, no ADULTERATION, quality guaranteed.
If not approved of will be taken back without any objection.

No.	1	1	8	0	per 100.
„	2	1	4	0	„ „
„	3	1	0	0	„ „

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION.

Printed for the Editor at the "STAR" PRESS, 19, Lall Bazar Street, Calcutta.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MAR 3 - 1936

Digitized by Google